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# *Radio and Television* **Radio Mirror**

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

**JANUARY**

**15¢**



LAURA DEANE DUTTON  
Blue Network Singing Star

✓  
✓(17)  
2237

**"AS LONG AS I LIVE"**—The Poignant Love Story of One Precious Day  
and Color Photograph of CHICK—Captivating Heroine of "Life Can Be Beautiful"



HE 8690  
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# "Forever in Love with YOU!"



● "What are you doing to him?" she choked. "Mike—what are you doing to him?"

"Trying to give him a bath," I explained, hope suddenly hot in my heart.

"Here—let me," breathed Anne. "Oh, the poor lamb—the poor little lamb . . ."

Here is the throbbing story of an adoring young husband whose lovely wife freezes him from her heart—after the death of their baby daughter. In desperation, he secretly adopts a baby boy and brings him into their home—but the problem only increases until...

Read "Forever in Love With You"—the book-length true novel featured in January True Story Magazine. You'll go hot and cold—with passionate sympathy, and with righteous indignation when you read this gripping story of a man who wooed his wife with another man's baby.

## "OUT OF ALL THE WORLD"

—the story of a local boy who made good, after he stopped being bad. Don't miss part I of this 2-part serial in January True Story Magazine.

## "RENDEZVOUS WITH MARRIAGE"

—it took a global war to unite this boy and girl whose path to marriage was beset with detours. Another complete true novel— in January True Story Magazine.

These are but three of the **28** stirring true stories and features you'll enjoy in the January issue of True Story Magazine. Your greatest bargain in reading—now only 10c. Get your copy of True Story today!

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**TUNE IN  
TRUE STORY  
THEATRE OF THE AIR**

Every Wednesday Night  
at 8:30 New York Time  
Henry Hull and a strong  
supporting cast present  
stirring dramas based  
upon stories selected from  
True Story Magazine. Be  
sure to tune them in on

**MUTUAL BROADCASTING  
SYSTEM STATIONS**





# Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

## hearts surrender to a radiant smile!

To give your smile extra sparkle and appeal, brighten your teeth with Ipana and Massage!

**T**AKE COURAGE, plain girl—and smile! You don't need beauty to win your heart's desire. Just glance about you at the girls who are well-loved—the brides-to-be—the happy young wives—

Very few can claim real beauty... *but they all know how to smile!* Not timid, half-hearted smiles. But big, heart-warming smiles that light their faces like sunshine!

You, too, can have that same mag-

netic appeal—compelling, irresistible. So smile, plain girl, *smile!* Let your smile turn heads, win hearts, invite new happiness for you.

But it must be a *brave* smile, flashing freely and unafraid. For that kind of smile, you must have teeth you are proud to show. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

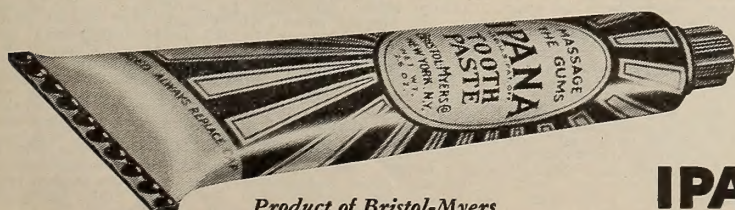
### "Pink Tooth Brush"—a warning!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. He may say your gums have become tender—robbed of exercise

by today's soft, creamy foods. And, like many dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it helps the health of your gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means gum circulation is quickening—helping gums to new firmness.

Make Ipana and massage part of your regular dental routine and help yourself to have brighter teeth and firmer gums—a more attractive, sparkling smile!



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**IPANA and MASSAGE**



*Discovery*  
IN CHIC!

*Perfume*  
IN A **NEW** FORM



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The world's most precious fragrances captured in a SOLID PERFUME! So chic! So daring! So convenient! Ric fits into your handbag, a dab or two merges the glamorous odour with your own personality. Ric costs little, and lasts long! 12 exquisite fragrances . . . at drug and cosmetic counters.

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*Perfume Stick*

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# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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**ON THE COVER—**Laura Deane Dutton, Blue Network Singing Star  
Color Portrait by Ben de Brocke  
(Miss Dutton's dress, courtesy of Russeks, New York)

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# Overheard

## EXPOSING HIDDEN HUNGER

**I**F you're still wondering just what and how much food to give that family of yours, then here's an unbeatable daily guide: Milk, 2 glasses; fruit and vegetables, 2 helpings of each, one raw, if possible; 1 egg; about 2 tablespoons of butter; 5 or 6 slices of whole wheat or enriched bread; fish or poultry or meat, one serving; cheese, one serving; plenty of good, cold water to drink, tea or coffee, of course; but only the rationed amount.—Richard Kent—The Travelling Cook, The Blue Network.

## EXCELSIOR PEANUTS

In sending packages to the boys in camp, make sure the goodies arrive unbroken by filling the space between the containers with peanuts. These will keep the small objects from rattling and also supply some edibles the boys will be glad to munch on. Peanuts are so light in weight that they add very little to the weight of the packages—Mrs. H. Fine, St. Joseph, Missouri, household hint prize-winner, Meet Your Neighbor with Alma Kitchell, Blue Network.

## COOK'S PALS: MARBLES

**Candy-making hint:** Drop three or four marbles into the bottom of the pan while the candy is cooking. This will keep it from burning, and will do most of the stirring, as the boiling will keep the marbles in motion.—Nancy Craig's Woman of Tomorrow program, WJZ, N. Y.

## HOME DRY-CLEANING

More dresses are ruined by incorrect pressing than in any other way, according to Phil Cooper, speaking for the cleaning industry.

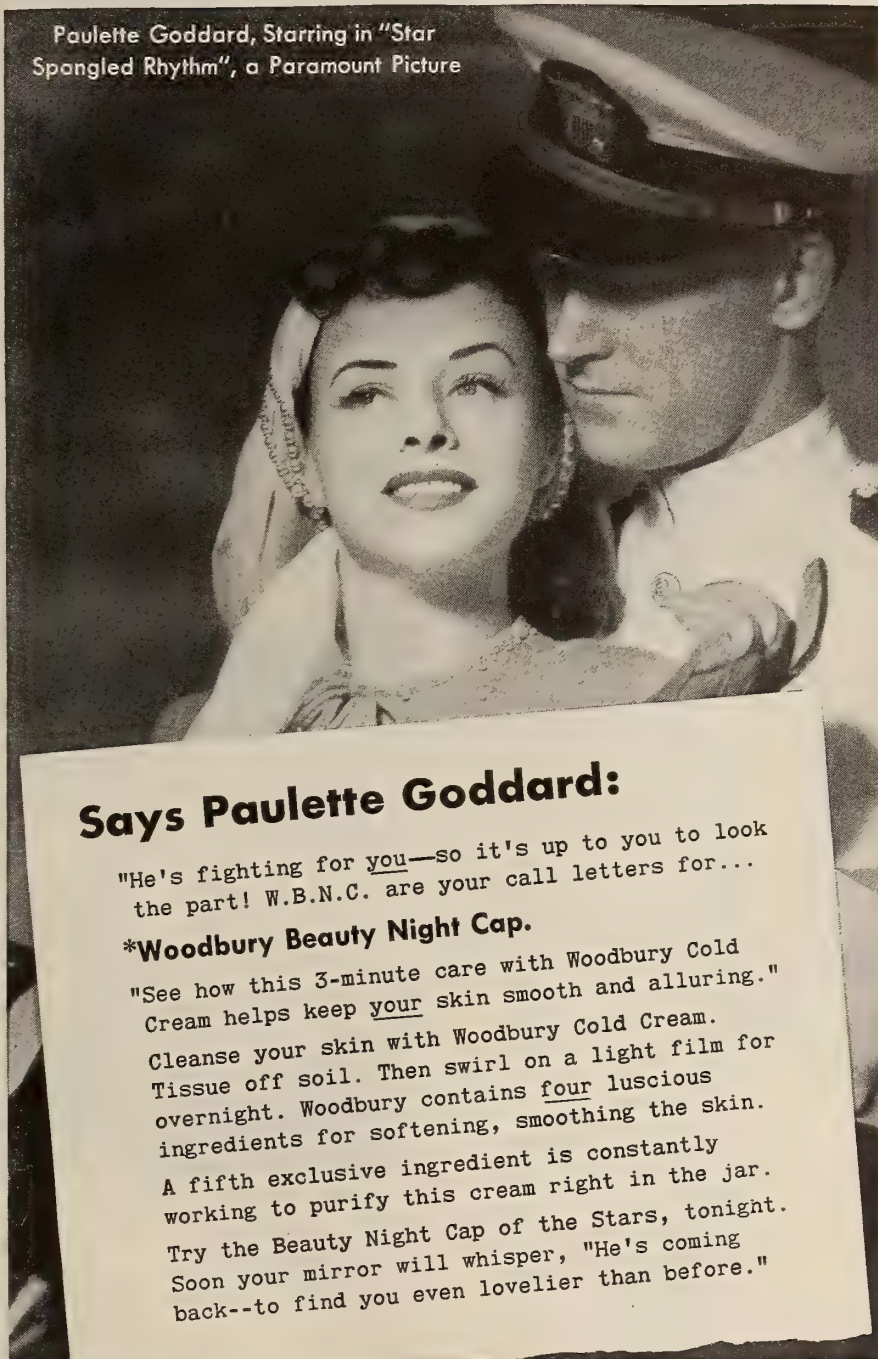
Since most of us have no idea what the yarn content of our dresses is, Mr. Cooper advises testing by cutting a small bit from a seam and applying a lighted match. Pure silk will burn into ashes. Celanese sort of smothers and hardens. So, if your dress is made of silk, press with a damp cloth. If it's made of celanese, it must be pressed dry with a moderate iron.

You must never press print dresses through a damp cloth—whether silk or celanese—unless you want a rainbow effect.

To remove grease spots, place the soiled article on a clean, white towel, and saturate the spot liberally with benzine or naphtha, applying with a bit of cheesecloth dipped in the fluid. To avoid rings, moisten the cheesecloth again, and apply quickly all around the spotted area, then dry with a dry cloth.—Adelaide Hawley, Woman's Page of the Air, CBS.

# "To be his Guiding Star try my\*W.B.N.C."

Paulette Goddard, Starring in "Star Spangled Rhythm", a Paramount Picture



## Says Paulette Goddard:

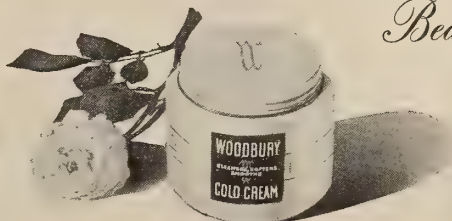
"He's fighting for you—so it's up to you to look the part! W.B.N.C. are your call letters for..."

**\*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap.**

"See how this 3-minute care with Woodbury Cold Cream helps keep your skin smooth and alluring." Cleanse your skin with Woodbury Cold Cream. Tissue off soil. Then swirl on a light film for overnight. Woodbury contains four luscious ingredients for softening, smoothing the skin. A fifth exclusive ingredient is constantly working to purify this cream right in the jar. Try the Beauty Night Cap of the Stars, tonight. Soon your mirror will whisper, "He's coming back--to find you even lovelier than before."

## WOODBURY COLD CREAM

*Beauty Nightcap of the Stars*



Beauty isn't Rationed. Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Big economy jars, \$1.25, 75¢; also 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ sizes.





Don't believe all you hear on the Vallee show about Joan Davis looking for someone to love. She's happily married to Cy Bartlett, left. Below, Bobby Norris is the orchestra leader of the Yankee network's popular House Party program.

## What's New from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

**N**ANCY MARSHALL, radio's Big Sister, resigned from her radio program and left the United States in mid-November, to join her husband, Frank Getman, who is producing broadcasts in Bogota, South America. The new Big Sister hadn't been selected when we went to press.

**Real-life romance:** When Perry Lafferty, CBS director, was beginning the Matinee at Meadowbrook series, a pretty brunette named Fran Carden auditioned for one of the parts. She not only won the job, but Perry's heart, too, and around Christmas-time she'll become Mrs. Perry Lafferty. Only Perry isn't a radio director now—he's Corporal Lafferty, and he's attending Officers' Candidates School at the Army Air Force base in Miami Beach, Florida.

Bette Davis donated every cent of the three-figure fee she received for guesting on Bob Hope's program to the Hollywood Servicemen's Canteen, of which she is president.

Harlow Wilcox, Fibber McGee and Molly's announcer, may be in uniform soon.

It's Mary Rolfe, young and very pretty Broadway actress, who gets the role of Mary, Henry's sister, on The Aldrich Family show. Mary can be right proud of herself—practically every radio actress in New York was tested for the part.

Congratulations to Bachelor's Children! It's the only daytime radio serial to be chosen by the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs for broadcasting as a good neighbor gesture to South America. The idea, of course, is to give our friends to the



Left, Jack Shook plays the guitar and leads the Mountaineers on WSM's Grand Ole Opry.

south a picture of American life as it really is, not as many of our movies have it.

Have you noticed that Duffy's Tavern has dropped the last half of its title and become just plain Duffy's? Nobody seems to know exactly why the sponsor decided on the move, but the likeliest explanation is that too

many eating-and-drinking places all across the country were changing their names to "Duffy's Tavern" in order to cash in on the publicity.

**BOSTON**—No one but his mother ever thought it would be possible to make a violinist out of Bobby Norris—much less an orchestra leader. But here he is today, directing the Yankee House Party orchestra over the Yankee network, and doing right well at it too.

When he was a school-boy in Lyndonville, Vermont, Bobby fully intended to be a baseball player. His mother, undismayed, never gave up trying to induce him to take violin lessons and finally, when he was sixteen, Bobby decided the best way to keep her quiet was to take a few lessons and thus prove what a waste of money they were.

To his own amazement he showed remarkable talent from the very beginning. His mother just beamed and said, "I told you so." Two years later he entered Tufts College, and every night of his four years there found him in great demand by orchestras all around New England.

Once he started, Bobby was just as rabidly determined to study music as he'd previously been not to. He was the pupil of men who were authorities on dance music, symphonies and chamber music, and finally got so he was equally at home in all three types.

When Ray Noble brought his orchestra from *Continued on page 76*

### On Christmas Eve

A listener's must for the night before Christmas is Lionel Barrymore's rendition of the famous "Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens. He'll be reading the wonderful old story for the sixth time on the air. Time: Rudy Vallee's program, 10:00 P.M., E.W.C. Network: N.B.C.



CHILLED? SNEEZING?

LOOK OUT FOR  
COLDS AND SORE THROAT



# LISTERINE-Quick!

It may nip the trouble in the bud

At the first sign of chill, or sneeze, start gargling with this wonderful antiseptic.

Excitement, fatigue, raw temperatures, cold feet, may lower body resistance so that threatening germs can invade the tissue and set up or aggravate an infection.

## *Nature Needs Help*

Then, if ever, Nature needs a helping hand to keep such germs under control . . . to help prevent a "mass invasion" when defenses are down.

That's why it is wise to gargle with full strength Listerine Antiseptic at the

first hint of trouble.

Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs . . . including hosts of the very "secondary invaders" that many specialists believe to be responsible for so many of a cold's troublesome aspects. Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7 per cent 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle and up to 80% one hour after.

## *At the First Sign of Trouble*

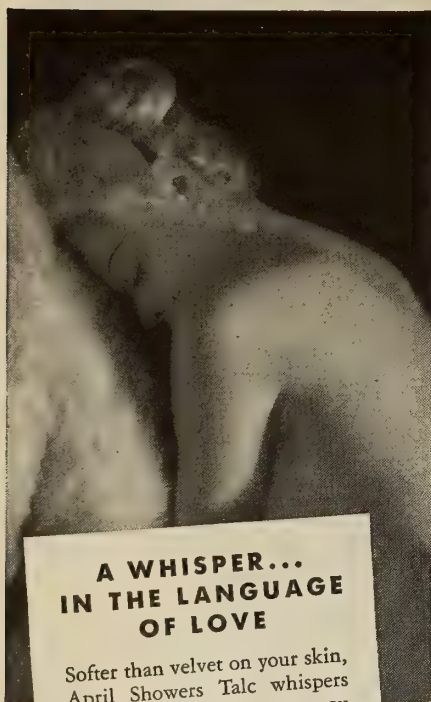
If you feel chilly, under par, have the sniffles and your throat feels irritated,



*THE*  
SAFE ANTISEPTIC

gargle at once with Listerine Antiseptic and repeat every 3 hours. You may spare yourself a nasty siege of cold and a painful sore throat.

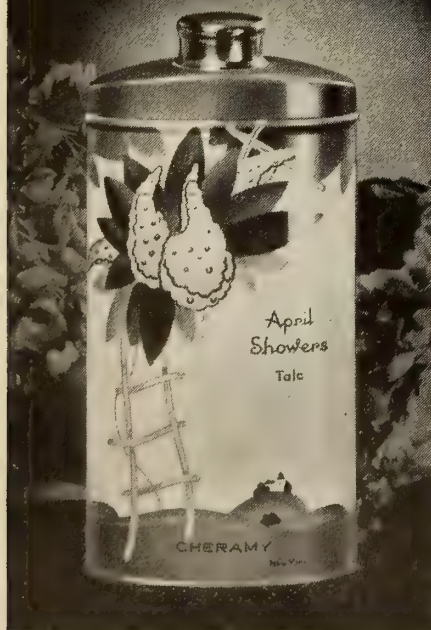




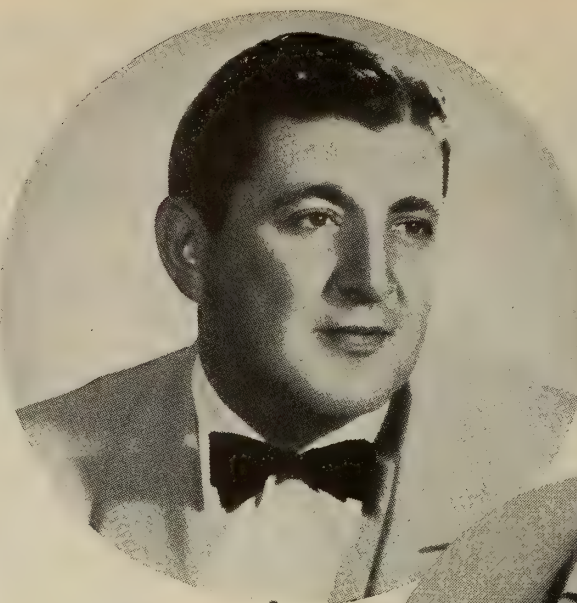
**A WHISPER...  
IN THE LANGUAGE  
OF LOVE**

Softer than velvet on your skin, April Showers Talc whispers enchantment to the man you love! Dust it on after your bath and its perfume will linger like a veil about you...giving you the allure that is never forgotten. April Showers knows the language of love. *Exquisite but not Expensive.*

**April  
Showers  
Talc**



**CHERAMYL perfumer**  
Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"



*He toiled in a tobacco field, was an errand boy, worked as a cabinet maker, but now Tony Pastor is one of our up and coming danceband leaders. Below, Eugenie Baird sings with his band.*



*Facing  
the Music*

By **KEN ALDEN**

**T**HE war draft has tapped so many eligible young bandleaders that many erstwhile and older batonners are being groomed for comebacks. Veterans George Olsen, Don Bestor, and Jack Denny are among the former favorites due for return engagements on the air and in the theaters.

This same situation has also worked to the advantage of those bandleaders who are married and have children. Their 3-A classifications have helped them get higher wages from the desperate bookers.

Tony Pastor is flirting with a cigarette sponsor and the deal might be set for early 1943.

The Hotel Pennsylvania in New York is taking no chances. They have already signed Tommy Dorsey's orchestra for an engagement there in September, 1943.

Vido Musso has junked his band, made up of former Bunny Berigan musicians, and is now playing tenor sax for Woody Herman.

**THIS CHANGING WORLD:** Skip Nelson has joined the Chico Marx band. . . . James Melton is now singing with the Metropolitan Opera Company. . . . Kay Kyser is making a new MGM film, "Right About Face." . . . Lynn Gardner is Bob Allen's new singer. She used to chirp for Will Bradley. . . . Harry James returns to Hollywood in January to make "Girl

Crazy" with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. . . . Duke Ellington is coming east in January to perform a jazz concert at Carnegie Hall. . . . Lynn Murray, the radio choirmaster, is arranging the musical score for Cole Porter's new Ethel Merman musical comedy. . . . Marcia Rice is now singing with Bob Astor's band.

Frankie Carle, Horace Heidt's partner and pianist, took exactly 45 minutes to write his newest tune, "Because You Are."

Bandleaders who sing those fervent war ditties like "This Is Worth Fighting For" are getting heckled by uniformed men who ask the most embarrassing questions.

**TO THE COLORS:** Aoe Lyman and George Auld have joined the Army. Claude Thornhill is now an apprentice seaman.

Did you ever wonder where Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson find the songs they sing on their CBS quiz? They're drawn mostly from Crumit's list of 46 published songs he has written and from a collection of 10,000 pieces of old sheet music.

Bonnie Baker and Lt. Orrin Tucker have announced their engagement. Bonnie says that when the war is over Orrin will not reorganize his band but make the Navy his career.

Now that Glenn Miller is an Army



captain supervising musical activities in nine states for the military, his former vocal stars, Marion Hutton, Tex Beneke and the Modernaires are touring theaters as a singing unit.

\* \* \*

If Guy and Carmen Lombardo join the Coast Guard their famed orchestra will probably be run by the three other members of the family, Leibert, Victor, and sister Rose-Marie. The Lombardos returned to the Hotel Roosevelt and had their opening night in a week heavy with competition. But the durable Lombardos outdrew them all.

#### Pastorized Jazz

**TONY PASTOR** toiled in a Connecticut tobacco field, ran errands for a bakery and florist, worked on a factory assembly line, aided his father in eking out a living as a cabinet maker, and even served as a janitor's helper, before he became the leader of one of the country's most promising dance orchestras. And although all these former occupations haven't the slightest connection with music, the square-shouldered, black-haired swingster insists they were responsible for his eventual success.

"Those jobs were tough and sometimes I darned near broke my back," he says, "but they did help me to understand human nature. Thanks to them I feel that I have the loyalty and respect of my men. Though I'm the guy holding the baton I still like to feel I'm just one of the boys."

Each particular job gave Tony lessons that today are invaluable to him.

When he worked as a janitor's helper in a Hartford, Connecticut, vaudeville theater, he learned the tricks of show business from grizzled old stage hands. The days he spent in tobacco fields and factories taught him the value of team-work and cooperation. Helping his father fashion carefully carved wood pieces gave him an appreciation of good and beautiful things. Running errands for local merchants gave him the practical experience in bartering and business dealings so necessary for any big league bandleader today.

*Continued on page 74*



Between engagements, orchestra-leader Vaughn Monroe teaches baby "Candy" to play the piano.

# How to keep peace in the family

*— and make life more fun*



**STUBBLE TROUBLE.** Pop used to grouch at every smart, scrape and nick. Now, his shaves are quick—cool—smooth. With Noxzema as a base he shaves with a smile.



**POOR COMPLEXION.** Sis avoided mirrors until she found what a grand aid Noxzema is for dry, rough skin and to help heal externally-caused blemishes.



**PAINFUL BURNS.** Tommy used to howl as if he were killed. Now he yells—for a jar of Noxzema. It soothes and cools—aids quicker healing of minor burns and scalds.



**CHAFING AND DIAPER RASH.** Baby's tender skin chafes so easily, but mothers find Noxzema aids in quick healing and helps protect against irritation.

## The Busiest Jar in the House!

• It's surprising how many of life's irritations are skin troubles! That's why Noxzema is the busiest jar in millions of homes. Because it's not just a cosmetic cream. It's a *medicated formula* that contains cool, soothing, medicinal ingredients—a grand aid to healing externally-caused blemishes, chapped hands, burns, chafing, shaving irritation. It softens, helps smooth skin—softens tough whiskers, too. Apply before lathering or as a brushless shave. Scores of physicians, dentists, nurses use Noxzema. See how much it will do to help *your* family. Get a jar today at any drug or cosmetic counter! Trial size, also 35¢, 50¢.

★ **MEN IN THE SERVICE WANT NOXZEMA**—use it for *sunburn, windburn, chafing, tired, burning feet*, and especially for cool, soothing shaves! Makes shaving easier even in cold water.



# NOXZEMA



Barbara Stanwyck CO-STARRING IN "FLESH AND FANTASY"  
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



## Max Factor \* Hollywood Face Powder!

- 1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
- 2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
- 3...it clings perfectly — really stays on

To GIVE your skin a lovelier, more youthful color tone, and to harmonize perfectly with your natural complexion colorings, *Max Factor Hollywood* created face powder in Color Harmony shades.

Whatever your type may be... blonde, or brunette, or brownette, or redhead... there is a particular shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder definitely created for you to enhance your own individual beauty.

You'll like the superfine texture of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder, too, because it creates such a soft, satin-smooth make-up, and its unusual clinging quality will keep your make-up looking fresh and lovely for hours... \$1.00.




**MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP  
...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK**



RADIO MIRROR



# BITTER MARRIAGE



*My knees gave way in panic and I knelt beside little Justin.*

WHEN my husband called me into his study that late June afternoon to introduce me to Paul McCreery, I was surprised. But only briefly, for my mind had no room for anything but the endless struggle with my own heart-breaking problem. If Justin needed a special secretary to live with us on our estate, that was just part of his business. He had been conducting it in a very mysterious way these days, and no doubt it was necessary for him to have a confidential assistant who was never seen at his office. I always shuddered away from thoughts of the chemical industry anyway, since I could guess how closely its present boom—so gratifying to my husband—was related to the wholesale death and destruction then going on in Europe.


I barely glanced at the young man as I murmured words of perfunctory welcome. The soft light

*It was her husband's madness, a madness she had never fully comprehended until too late, that had devised this cruel trick. And now she was trapped, unless—*

coming in between the heavy wine-red velvet curtains was sufficient to show that he was tall, with an earnest, yet eager smile that made him seem young for a responsible position with a man as important as my husband. His voice as he an-

swered me was shy, so that the strong grip of his hand was almost startling. Half-consciously I felt the contrast between its muscular hardness and the peculiar softness of my husband's. After three years of marriage, it still seemed queer to me that though Justin's will was masterful and imperious, driving him through sieges of work at high pressure that would have wrecked an ordinary man, his big bulky body showed none of the tough hardness of his spirit.

I was not Continued on page 45



Adapted for Radio Mirror by Hope Hale from the original radio drama "Laughter," by Gibson Scott Fox, heard on the True Story Theater, sponsored by Howard Clothes on Mutual network Wednesday nights.



## BEGINNING

# Tell me you're

*Perhaps she could have fought against this dangerous attraction Dean Hunter had for her, could have refused to take him seriously. Perhaps . . . if she had wanted to*

**N**EVER belong to a man, Jackie, until you know he belongs to you."

My father used to give me this advice. I always thought it was a pretty cold and calculating philosophy, and I still think so. But maybe Father knew that someday I'd meet a man like Dean Hunter.

You know Dean Hunter—you've heard him on the air and seen him in the movies—and if you don't recognize the name it's because I'm not going to give anybody's right name in this story, including my own.

It'll be easier to tell that way.

I'm sure that Mother and Father didn't mean to give me that feeling of having been cheated by life. That's the feeling I had when I first came to Washington last year. If ever a girl had made up her mind that life had passed her by I was

that girl. I think I can tell you why: For one thing, I was born and brought up in Holly, a suburb of Baltimore. I went to Junior High, to Sunday School, was confirmed at the usual time, and then taught Sunday School. I was an only child and Mother and Father loved me, of course. The trouble was that they loved me possessively. They wanted to mold me into perfection.

Once—only once—I failed to live up to their standards, and the experience was so shattering for all three of us that it amounted to a tragedy. It wasn't, of course. Looking back now—it happened in my last year of High School—I can see that Father and Mother were right, in a way. What I thought was love was only infatuation, just as they said. I can say the boy's name over to myself now, and it doesn't mean a thing. It's hard to realize that we wanted to be married. But at the time, because my parents put so much emphasis on the episode and finally forbade me to see the boy at all, I thought my heart was broken. . . . Isn't it wonderful, and a little sad, how you get over things?

After Mother died, Father was even more cautious than before about boys and my dates. And because I felt sorry for the dear lonely man—and because I did love him—I humored him and tried to tell myself that I didn't mind.

I minded, all right. I was unhappy most of the time, but I did my best to hide it from Father. At night when I went to bed after a long, dull day and an even duller evening, I used to have to fight down the conviction that I was to end my days as a stuffy, tiresome old maid.

The truth, I suppose, although I didn't realize it then, was that my parents were so wrapped up in me they were desperately afraid someone was going to take me from them.

In the end, they were both taken from me. Father worked at the bank days and on the draft board at night. The long hours were too much for his weak heart, which had previously only bothered him occasionally. He had an attack one Saturday noon which carried him away before Sunday dawn.

For the first time in my life I was free—frighteningly so, I thought, while the grief of Father's death was still sharp in me. But gradually there came a sense of anticipation. I'd go to Washington, I'd earn my own living, I'd meet fascinating people, I'd be a cog, no matter how small a one, in the vast machinery of the capital.

But the experience wasn't quite as wonderful as I'd anticipated. At least, not at first. I was too young, too eager, to realize that a city doesn't take you into its heart overnight simply because you want it to, and there were plenty of times when I was just as forlorn and dreary as I'd been in Holly.

I was lucky enough to find work almost at once. Jerry Havens, with whom I'd gone to school and who now ran the little Holly radio station, had given me a letter to Lieutenant Colonel William Wilson in Washington. The Colonel couldn't have been nicer. He's a pleasant, blond man with a nice friendly manner, and almost just by looking at him you know he's happy both in his home and his job. He liked me, I think—at any rate, I was working for him within twenty-four hours of the





*mine*



*He saw me and stopped,  
with a deep intake of  
breath that showed his  
surprise and pleasure.*



time I went in to see him. I had to pass the Civil Service tests, which I did all right—that was all.

**C**OLONEL WILSON had a good many duties, which aren't part of my story, and one very important duty which is. He and his staff made all the arrangements for the Hiya Soldier radio show. It was a program which was broadcast primarily for the entertainment of the men in Army training camps. Today it goes overseas too, but when I first went to Washington, Pearl Harbor was months in the future. Of course, the biggest and most famous stars appear on the show, but often there are ordinary people on it too, because Colonel Wilson follows only one rule in picking the talent: it must be something that will entertain the boys.

We all, inspired by Colonel Wilson's example, took the program very seriously. You couldn't help it, when you thought of the thousands of men, many of them miles from their homes, who would hear it—

*I heard him whisper under cover of the music, "And you're all right, too—very much all right."*

when you thought of what it must mean to them. I was willing to stay up any hours; work from morning until late at night, to make Hiya Soldier the best program that was ever broadcast.

It was my job that brought my first meeting with Dean Hunter—and, later, with Tom Trumble, who was so completely Dean's opposite in every respect.

Let me see if I can give you any idea of what Dean Hunter is like. It won't be easy, because he isn't tall, or brilliantly good-looking. He certainly isn't the greatest singer in the world. But all the same, any girl who saw him for the first time would start asking herself personal questions. There was an air of mystery about him—I felt it from the first—something you didn't entirely believe in, and yet something that fascinated you and drew you to him and made you wonder what was going on in his mind. I've never seen a man before who could look at you so frankly, with so little restraint, and yet keep his distance with perfect grace and detachment.

That first day he came to Washington I was rather thrilled at the prospect, I'll admit, of seeing the great Dean Hunter. After all, I'd read stories about him and seen his picture in movie and radio magazines. I'd heard him on the air and seen his shadow on the screen. And when Colonel Wilson told me he was coming to the office before rehearsal I found that my heart started beating a little faster.

When he arrived and the Colonel introduced us—I had a desk just outside of the Colonel's office in the Munitions Building—I was a little

disappointed. He was shorter than I had thought, and a bit—well, slicker—than his pictures. But, oddly, when he made one of those typical out-of-town-visitor's remarks to the Colonel—"How do you manage to get such beautiful girls to work in your office?"—my composure melted away and I was as flustered as a schoolgirl. Silly, I told myself—even if this was one of the most popular men in the United States, twenty-five years old, rich, and . . . and a bachelor.

There was a minute or two of pleasant chatter. Then, engrossed in brisk conversation with Colonel Wilson, Dean Hunter nodded vaguely at me and went into the Colonel's office. I had no right to be resentful over his quick dismissal of me, but I remember that for a moment I was, I reminded myself that, after all, he must have been only dimly aware of my existence despite the graceful phrases—and I made up my mind to forget all about him.

And, after I'd boasted to Gracie Franklin that night—and to the other girls in our little boarding house—that I'd met and actually talked to the great Dean Hunter, I didn't have much trouble in banishing him from my mind.

I was beginning to like Washington better now. It still showed no sign of becoming the exciting, opportunity-full place I'd dreamed of, but I had an interesting and useful job and I liked Gracie and the other girls. Sometimes we all laughed, more than a little ruefully, over the fact that for us, as for many girls, living in modern Washington is a good deal like living in a girls' school. The only men you ever talk to are your bosses. All the same, I never lost the feeling that it wouldn't always be like this—that somewhere, around the next corner, lay . . . what? Adventure, romance? I didn't know. It was enough for me that it was there.

I turned that next corner on the bright, windy morning that Colonel Wilson sent me to the Union Station to meet Tom Trumble.

Who was Tom Trumble? Why, only a soldier, a private from Camp Dunning. Before that he'd been a farm-boy in South Dakota, and in spite of the new uniform he really hadn't changed very much.

He was coming to Washington because Colonel Wilson had tuned in a program broadcast from Camp Dunning and had heard Tom Trumble sing. He wasn't a singer—not the kind of singer Dean Hunter was—but he had a fairly good voice and a way of using it that the Colonel liked. As the Colonel expressed it, "Most of the enlisted men





we've used on Hiya Soldier were drafted right off of Broadway, and they sound like it. Let's try someone that isn't a professional for a change."

So Private Tom Trumble had received special leave from his job of learning how to be a tank corps soldier, and was coming to Washington to sing on Hiya Soldier; and something—call it luck, or destiny, or whatever name you like—had decreed that out of half a dozen girls I should be the one Colonel Wilson sent to the station to meet him and see that he didn't get lost before rehearsal-time.

We had wired Tom Trumble to look for a girl wearing a brown suit and a brown hat with a white feather sticking up on the right side, and I found myself a place right in front of the gate so he couldn't miss me as he came through. He saw me all right, and his eyes lit up; but all he said was, "Hello. I'm Tom Trumble. Guess you're looking for me. I'll be right back."

And before I could answer he was hurrying past me, piloting a very tiny old lady who was having a hard time trying to keep step with him. This didn't stop her from being—obviously—delirious with happiness and pride over having a big soldier for an escort. The adoring look on her face touched me unexpectedly, and I had the quick thought that this was some relative of his that he'd brought East with him to be at the broadcast. I didn't have time to think about the matter any more, because just then I saw Dean Hunter.

Of course, I'd already known that tonight's show was to feature Dean Hunter for the second time, but I hadn't known he was arriving on this same train. He was coming down the ramp, followed by his retinue of managers and assistant managers and "friends"—and, as usual, a handful of trailing autograph hounds.

He'd almost passed where I stood when he caught sight of me—and stopped, with a deep intake of breath that meant surprise and pleasure.

"Well, hello," he said. "I'm awfully glad to see you."

"Hello, Mr. Hunter," I said. "I didn't know you were coming on this train."

But he couldn't have heard me, because he rushed on delightedly, "Say, this is nice. I'm so glad you came to meet me. . . ."

"Well," I managed to stammer, "as a matter of fact—"

"Come on," he said, "let's grab a taxi, Miss Collins—" and I was flattered because he'd remembered

my name. "Say, this really is a break for me!"

Tom Trumble came back from his errand then, just in time to save me from forgetting entirely why I'd come to the Union Station. He was a contrast, standing beside Dean Hunter—slim, with a body that had grown so fast and so long that it hadn't quite learned how not to be awkward; and with a tanned face all lit up from inside with excitement and pleasure. He gave Dean a quick glance, plainly didn't recognize him, and apologized to me with

great emphasis.

"I'm sorry, Miss Collins," he said, "but that little old lady was so worried about whether she'd meet her sister. I had to help her out. But it was all right—the sister was waiting in her car out in front of the station."

He stopped, out of breath and smiling, and Dean Hunter asked, half laughing, "Waiting for her—out there? Why didn't she come inside?"

"Oh, she couldn't," Tom Trumble said earnestly. "That's the reason Mrs. Stevens Cont'd on page 55





# To Barry, with Love -

## A CHRISTMAS LETTER FROM CHICHI

DEAR BARRY:

Gosh, it seems funny to be writing a letter to somebody when I don't know where he is. (I mean where you are). But, anyhow—Hy'a, Barry! And Merry Christmas.

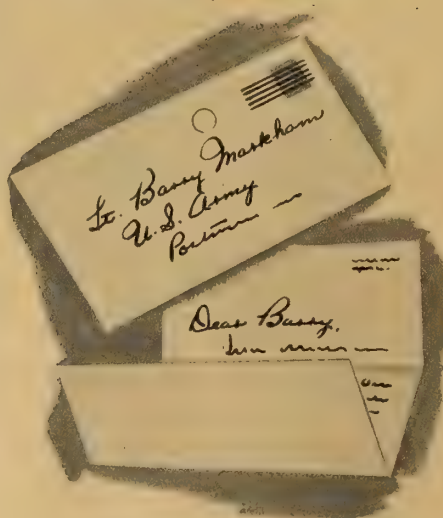
Well, let's see. They say the soldiers like to hear all the news that's going on at home—so here goes. Your father looks fine and seems to be well, even if he is tired because he has to work so hard with so many of the younger doctors in the Army and Navy. He's awful proud of you. He carries a picture of you (the one in your uniform) around in his pocket and shows it to everybody. He was down here in the bookstore the other day and stayed for quite a while, even if nobody was sick. I think he likes to argue with Papa David. He says it rests him. They argued like everything about whether therapeutics was better than meta—(wait a minute while I look it up)—physics.

Well, what I started to say was that your father looks fine. I knew you would want to know that, first-off. Papa David is okay, too, only he seems older sometimes. I guess that's natural because he is older. Stephen is—You want to know how Stephen and Toby are? I bet you do, being so far away even if you are jealous which you hadn't ought to be because Stephen is out in California with Maud Kellogg (—and not what you think, either!) and Toby is still drilling rookies and I don't see him very often.

There isn't any reason for you to be jealous of Stephen because Stephen and me (I mean I) are not engaged any more, and there is no reason for being jealous of Toby because he doesn't pay any atten-

tion to me (very much) and besides, I have got a new friend now (but for Pete's sake don't go and get jealous of him because he's just a friend). His name is Tommy Fielding and he is a captain in the air force but don't get excited because I have seen wings before and when you stop to think of it angels are not the only ones who wear them.

*The captivating heroine of Life Can Be Beautiful gives Christmas a new and more tender meaning in this letter to her soldier friend overseas. (Life Can Be Beautiful is heard on CBS daily at 1:00, EWT, sponsored by Ivory Soap. Photograph posed by Alice Reinheart.)*



Oh, no. Certain kinds of insects have them too. Now, from that, don't go and get the idea that Tommy is a wolf. (Gosh—wolves don't have wings, do they!) Well, anyhow, there you are. Wolves don't have wings and Tommy does have them and so he is not a wolf.

I suppose you want to know why Stephen and I are not engaged any more. Well, I don't know. Sometimes things happen so gradual you don't know they are happening until—wham!—there you are. Stephen is still in his wheelchair and I think the trouble was, he had got the idea in his head that I wouldn't be happy with a husband in a wheelchair and then, too, Maud Kellogg wanted him to do some law-business with a customer of hers out in California who has turned out to be Tommy Fielding's father which sounds kind of like a coincidence but I think there is more to it than meets the eye—but, anyway, I am not engaged to Stephen any more because Maud has got him. I have decided I am never going to get married because men are too darned unreliable. (All except Papa David, and Toby and Tommy and you.) So you see, I wasn't kidding when I said there is no reason for you to be jealous.

I wish I knew where you are so I could look on the map that Papa David stuck up over his desk on the wall and sort of pat it once in a while where you are. I can't because I don't know (which is maybe a good thing because sometimes I'm liable to talk too much)—but whenever I go by the map I pat it all over and say to myself, "Attaboy, Barry, old kid, old kid—up and at 'em, Barry, and give 'em you-know-what!"

Well, what I started out to say was Merry Christmas. I know I took a long time getting around to it. (You know how I am. I start talking about one thing and wind up talking about something else.)

Sometimes I have been wondering if there is any use saying Merry Christmas any more, with the way things are. Continued on page 53





Merry Christmas  
Chick



# As long as I live

*What did it matter if these few stolen moments of happiness might be the last hours of her life—if only she could see Steve again, thrill once more to the joy of his embrace?*

IT WAS a bright, golden morning, that morning the phone call came.

The sunlight filtering through the lace and frills of the bedroom curtains was warm and sweet; it seemed almost to be saying that life was good and worth living. But I didn't believe it, I told myself life was a plain fraud.

The jangling of the phone roused me from my thoughts. This would be one of my aunts, calling to chat and ask me how I was feeling. I reached out and picked up the receiver by my bed.

"Good morning," I said. And trying to sound flippant, I added, "It's a lovely morning, isn't it?"

"Linda!" It was a man's voice. "Is this Linda?"

I closed my eyes, tried not to hear the pounding of my heart. Everyone was always warning me to be calm, never to excite myself. But I wasn't calm now, because I knew that voice. I would have known it anywhere in the world, in the whole universe.

For a long moment I didn't answer. When at last I spoke, I tried to sound cool and untouched. "Steve," I said, with just the right surprise. "Hello, Steve."

I didn't want him to know or even guess, you see. Didn't want him to know I was ill, that I wasn't ever going to get well. He hadn't ever known, hadn't realized that was the reason we broke up. I wasn't going to tell him now.

"It's good to hear you Linda," he said. "You sound wonderful."

That voice of his, impulsive and full of strength but always somehow gentle! Devil-may-care Steve, full of wild, crazy dreams, in love with adventure and excitement.

I pressed my head back against the pillow, looking up at the flecks of sunlight on the ceiling. So often I'd lain there and thought back to the months Steve and I had known, the places we had gone, the plans we had talked out—plans that had been stillborn.

"Linda, I want to see you right away. Can I come up now?"

"No, Steve. No, I'm sorry—I can't see you."

I wouldn't let it happen. If he came to the house, he'd find out. Mother would be there, and Dr. Graham would come. They'd make me stay in bed. They'd give it away; Steve would find out.

He said, "Linda, I have to see you. Whatever happened in the past, you can't refuse to see me now. In a few days, I may be sent miles away. You must—"

"Steve—you're in the army!"

"Sure. I've been in it a couple of months. In another three months I expect I'll be a general."

I laughed. I'd almost forgotten that way of his, of making the most preposterous statements in the most serious tone—like that first time in the florist shop, when he introduced himself by holding out an orchid and saying, "Lady, I'd like to give you this orchid before I die."

I smiled into the phone. "Steve, it sounds just like old times again, hearing you talk."



"It is old times," he declared. "I'm back in town and you're going to see me and we're going out together the way we used to."

I had to say no. I had to find some excuse, any excuse, not to see him. I wanted to see him with all my heart, but I knew what would happen if I did. He meant too much to me, and I was afraid of my own emotions.

I was about to say again I couldn't see him, that I was too busy, when the door opened and Mother came in. She had on her flowered apron and her gray hair was smoothed down prettily but I saw worry in her eyes.

"Linda, who are you talking to?"

"It's—only a friend."

She looked at me curiously, tilting her head with that questioning look which asks what you're trying to put over on her. But she is a dear and I guess she thought I was only talking with one of the girls who come sometimes to see me. "But don't talk long," she said resignedly.

I could hear Steve at the other end of the line, "What goes on? What's the matter?"

After Mother left, thoughts began





*I whirled and faced him. It was Steve, my Steve. The same laughter in the dark brown eyes, the irrepressible grin. "Lady, I'd like to give you this orchid before I die," he whispered.*

to race though my mind. It was my life and no one else's. If I wanted to spend it all in a few minutes of happiness, it was mine to spend. And this was the moment, I was thinking. It might not come again.

A woman must never sound ruffled, especially with the man she loves. I said very quietly, "All right, Steve. If you want to see me, I'll meet you—somewhere outside the house."

He wouldn't understand how

much it meant, my saying that. But I knew—I knew in spite of the way Mother and Dr. Graham had tried to hide from me how serious things were, in spite of their efforts to convince me that I'd soon be well, that it was only a matter of time and care.

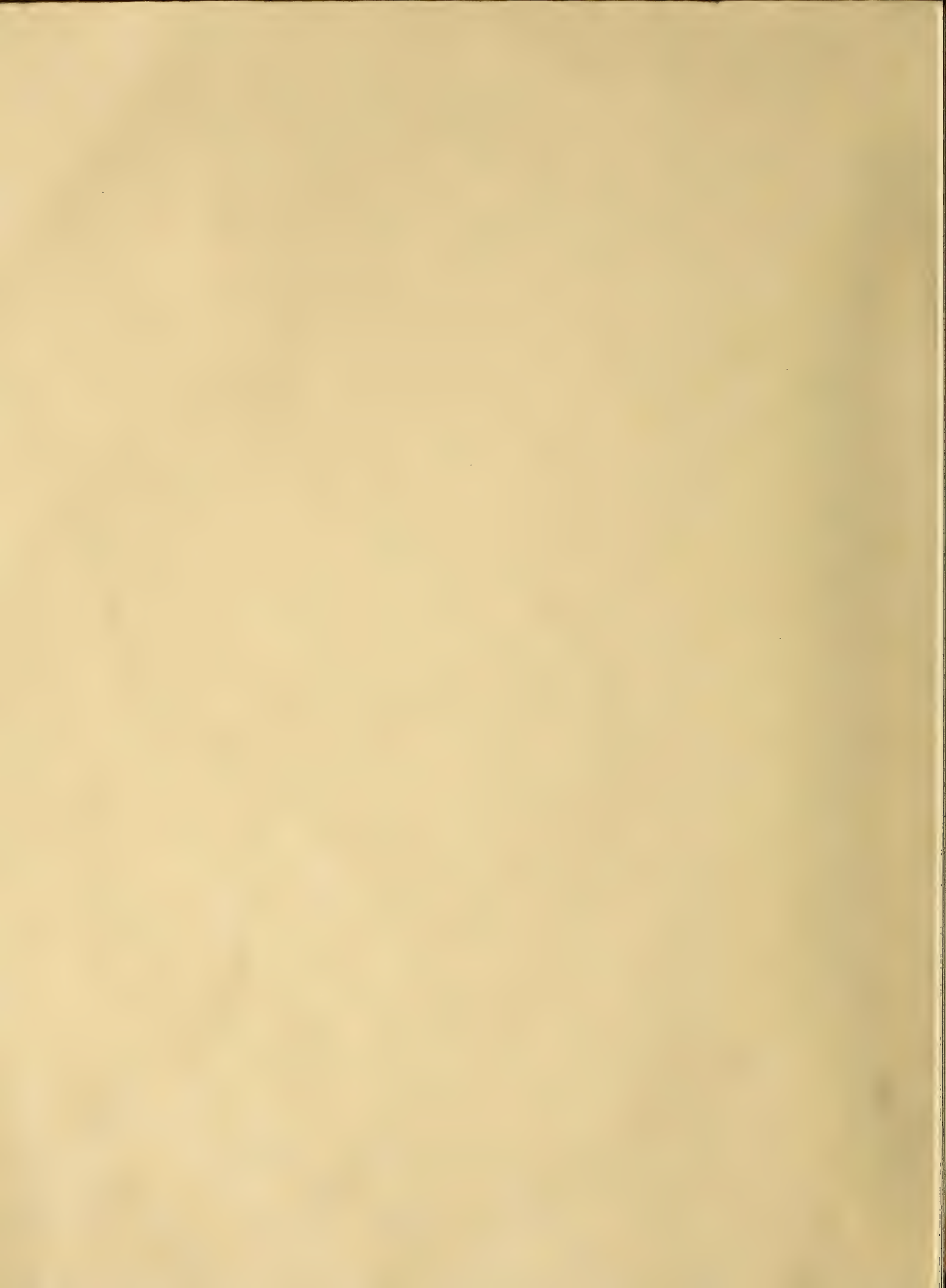
They were kindly conspirators but they hadn't fooled me. Four years before, Dad had died of heart trouble. I remember how he used to say, "When your heart starts to

go, there's nothing you can do but wait."

That was my trouble, too. For three years I'd been an invalid. For three years, I'd known that even a little excitement might be more than I could take.

It wasn't living, it was only existing. And now—Steve was back and wanted to see me. One day of it, one day of being with him again. It would be worth all the hundreds of days of being alone.







# As long as I live

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It wasn't living, it was only existing. And now—Steve was back and wanted to see me. One day of it, one day of being with him again. It would be worth all the hundreds of days of being alone.



I knew perfectly well what it might mean. Those few hours—they might indeed be the last hours. But the cost didn't count.

"You'll see me?" he added, and I caught the tremor in his voice. "Linda—meet me at the florist's. You remember, that first day?"

"I remember, Steve. I'll be there. It'll be a little while. An hour—perhaps two."

I had the plan worked out in my mind already. In a few minutes, Dr. Graham would arrive for his morning visit. After he left, Mother would go out to do the morning shopping. That would give me the time I needed.

**D**R. GRAHAM arrived a short time later. Tall and gray-haired, with that little black bag in his hand, he looked thoroughly professional as he came into the room, with Mother trailing behind him. He smiled down at me.

"Hello, Linda." He felt my pulse and asked how I was getting along. He said, "Well, our patient seems to be progressing fine. How could she help it on such a beautiful day?"

Such a beautiful day, my mind echoed. I looked up into his wrinkled face. "It is wonderful, isn't it, Doctor?"

After a little while he was gone, and Mother was out shopping and the chance had come.

I don't suppose most girls would tremble, or find it an adventure, just to get out of bed, just to put on a suit and a hat.

It was adventure to me. I'd been in bed so much, was allowed up so rarely. And always when I was allowed up, mother hovered protect-

ingly around me. But I was alone now.

As my feet touched the floor and I stood up, the warming sunlight struck me. But it was new, this standing alone. I was shaky and a little dizzy and I held tightly to the bed post for an instant.

You should lie quietly, Mother had said. Lie quietly and rest. Or else you couldn't know what might happen.

My hands shook as I took out of the closet the blue plaid suit Mother had bought for me. It was pretty, and I'd never worn it before. As I held it there, looking at it, I was wondering if this would be the only time I would ever wear it. The first and last time.

I didn't try to fool myself about it. Rather, I wanted to face the fact. This day might cost my life. I didn't want to die, I wanted to live. But if it did cost my life, if I weren't strong enough to stand this day, that wouldn't be so dreadful as not to see him. This was my choice and I had made it, and I was glad.

All the time I was dressing, fussing with my hair, which is light blonde, hunting for shoes to go with the suit—all the while, I was remembering. Remembering Steve and wondering what it would be like to see him again.

It was more than three years since that day in the florist shop. I'd been working in a dress store downtown—my dream had been someday to be a designer myself. I'd seen a flower in the window that matched my coat and I'd gone in to buy it. That was when Steve presented himself and his orchid.

And that was the beginning. We saw each other often after that and I learned he was an engineering senior at the University. After graduation, he planned to go into his father's business.

Only you see I didn't care who he was or what he planned to do. I was in love with him and that was everything that mattered. When he asked me to marry him—asked me awkwardly and wonderfully in our front living room—I think I was the happiest girl in the entire city.

It was only a few weeks after he proposed that the first attack came. I made up my mind he mustn't know about it, that it would worry him. But then I learned news that was like a sentence of doom—the heart

condition was serious. I had to take life easily or I'd have no life. And even though they didn't tell me in so many words, I knew it would be that way as long as I lived.

I had to break with Steve. Because if he found out, if he learned the truth, he'd pity me, he'd want to marry me and stay by my side. And that would mean the ruin of his life and I couldn't allow it to happen.

Steve was in love with living, in love with excitement. It was a whirl of laughter and music and kisses, when we were together. But the spirit of his that I loved so much—it would die if he were imprisoned, if his wife were a bedridden invalid. And after a time, he would grow to hate me. I knew it, and I knew I would never let that day come.

I began breaking dates with him, but he kept asking for explanations. It only made him anxious and troubled and I realized at last there was only one way—to break finally and utterly, to leave no strings attached.

One afternoon, when Steve phoned, I told him I was staying home, that I had a headache. Then I deliberately went out with another boy, told him to take me to a restaurant where I knew Steve often dined when alone.

He had seen us come in. The color drained from his face and his eyes grew puzzled and then cold. I saw him stand up and come toward us.

"I thought you were staying home tonight, Linda," he said quietly. "You said you had a headache."

"Oh, Steve! You oughtn't ever to take a woman's word seriously. This is—"

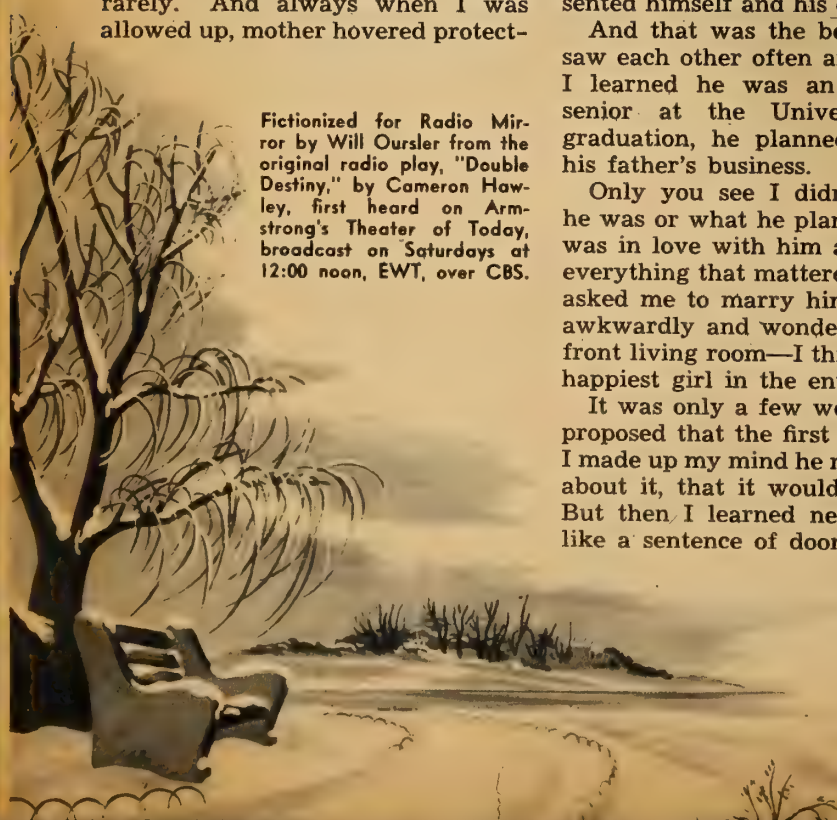
I introduced him to the boy I was with. Steve nodded perfunctorily, his eyes never leaving mine. "All right, Linda. I guess that's straight enough."

He turned away from us, walked out. I hadn't seen him again, or heard from him, until this call. I'd learned he'd gone to another city to work and that seemed to me best. It meant the thing was done and over. Except—that I knew I wouldn't ever forget him.

Months after that break up, Dr. Graham told me he thought he had the heart ailment beaten, that if I had the will for it, I might get well. "The trouble is, Linda, you hardly seem to care if you get well or not."

I looked up into his eyes and I knew what he was doing—trying to cheer me, to give me hope even where there was no hope. I was even more certain of this because of the way Mother acted, always warning me that I must do nothing strenuous, *Continued on page 59*

Fictionized for Radio Mirror by Will Oursler from the original radio play, "Double Destiny," by Cameron Hawley, first heard on Armstrong's Theater of Today, broadcast on Saturdays at 12:00 noon, EWT, over CBS.





IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

# The O'Neills

*The people whose story you hear daily on NBC, sponsored by Royal Desserts and Royal Baking Powder*



MOTHER O'NEILL is the guiding spirit and inspiration of her family and her friends. Although she is close to sixty, she has lost none of the verve and charm that have carried her through her long widowhood. Her love and wisdom are the ties that bind together her children and their children.  
(Played by Kate McComb)





MRS. BAILEY, who is rightfully Mrs. Levy, now that she has, at long last, succeeded in luring Morris Levy into marriage, is a busy-body, but a lovable, kindhearted one. She can no more avoid putting her foot into things than she can help breathing. She has always lived upstairs in Mrs. O'Neill's two-family house and not even her status as Mrs. Levy could make her move anywhere else. She would be lost without her friends, for, over the years, she has become almost a member of the O'Neill family, constantly calling down the dumbwaiter to borrow something she's "just fresh out of," prying in a warm-hearted way into their affairs, involving herself in their troubles and sharing with them her own pleasures. She makes mistakes, but never maliciously, and they are never irreparable. In her noisy, blundering, big-hearted way, she has succeeded in making Morris Levy very happy and in this she has found fulfillment and happiness for herself, a happiness which she always shares, naturally, with everyone around her.

(Played by Jane West)

MORRIS LEVY has been a loyal and close friend of Mother O'Neill's for years. His sly, warm humor, his gentle wisdom and understanding have helped Mother O'Neill through many difficult days. When she was troubled, he never failed to bring a smile to her lips and, having eased her heart with his kindly philosophy, he always managed to help her find the answers she was seeking. Now that he has given in to Mrs. Bailey's almost relentless romantic campaign for his heart, Morris Levy has found the real, rich happiness that he deserves. He finds it wonderful to have roots and a real home and a family, as it was obvious to everyone he would. Long ago, by being almost a father to Peggy and Danny he proved what a good family man he'd make. His life is full and busy, what with his hardware store to run and all his new responsibilities, but he is never too occupied to stop and listen to anyone who needs advice and to comfort and help them.

(Played by Jack Rubin)







*JANICE COLLINS O'NEILL was adopted by the O'Neills after her father was killed in an accident, in which Danny was also seriously injured. A beautiful, vital young girl of nineteen, Janice gives Mother O'Neill the feeling that she is reliving the days when Peggy was the same age. Janice loves the O'Neills and rarely remembers that she is not really one of them. She is full of questions and always brings them to Mother O'Neill who handles them expertly, with understanding and a sympathetic twinkle in her eye. Under Mother O'Neill's guidance, Janice is growing into a fine healthy girl.*  
(Played by Janice Gilbert)





PEGGY O'NEILL KAYDEN, lovely, energetic and sincere, has many of the qualities of her mother, to whom she is very attached. She asks of life only that her three children and her husband, Monte Kayden, shall be happy and close to her. When her husband's success was drawing him away from her, she moved to Chicago and brought Monte to his senses before it was too late. Now they are back in Royalton. Peggy, like Danny, is often ruled by her emotions, but luckily her family duties give her so much to do that her impulsive nature is easier to control, and she is happy and contented with her simple life. (Played by Betty Winkler)



DANNY O'NEILL, right, is sure of himself now, but it took him a long time to readjust his life after the death of his wife. For a long time, he was desperate and bitter. Even his tender affection for his mother was dimmed, and toward his small son, Kenny, who had cost Sally's life, he was indifferent. Danny left his mother and blunderingly came close to the edge of tragedy. He soon learned that he could not live with hatred and bitterness in his heart, and deep within him, he found the courage to fight back. In the face of the danger that threatened the country after the attack on Pearl Harbor, Danny's personal tragedy became small in comparison. Now all his fine qualities come shining through—his tenderness for his mother, his concern for his son, his protective attitude toward Peggy. He has even been able to be practical and clear-headed about his job as head of a vital war plant, although, at first, it was hard for him to stay out of the Army and accept what he thought was a passive role in the war.

(Played by Jimmy Tansey)



MONTE KAYDEN, left, Peggy's husband, is serious-minded and ambitious. Sometimes, in the past, his ambition has been a liability to him. By making him attach too much importance to financial success, it has led him to do things which in clearer moments he would recognize as being foolish and dangerous. But, thanks to Peggy and Mother O'Neill, he has finally come to have a real sense of values and to understand the uselessness of empty success, when the having of it meant the loss of everything that made life worth while. He is content, now, to be back in Royalton and his ambition has become a clearer, finer force. He is devoted to Peggy and the children and has found a great deal of satisfaction in becoming a real, vital part of the O'Neill family, involved in its problems, sorrows and joys.

(Played by Chester Stratton)



*It was a strange, foolish game of make-believe, this pretence that David had returned—a game that blinded her to the glorious reality*

**H**OW does your garden grow?" The question fitted in so perfectly with my thoughts that I answered automatically, without thinking, without looking up. I'd been planning just what to plant where in my pocket-handkerchief-sized backyard, and all the time the nursery rhyme had been going 'round and 'round in my head.

"With silver bells and cockle shells and creamed carrots and peas for my young daughter. And I'm thinking of putting corn in the North 40."

The laughter which answered me was pleasant to hear. I'd kept my eyes on the seeds that I was dropping, and only then did I come to the end of a row and raise my head to see the owner of the strange voice, the pleasant laughter.

It was like looking Yesterday in the face.

Because the stranger who stood looking at me across the low fence was like David—terribly, heart-breakingly like David. For a moment I felt once more the heady joy I had known so briefly in those days when David had come home to me each night. And then that faded, and I knew again the irreplaceable loss, the dreadful gaping hole that David had left in my life when he went away. I was suddenly sick and trembling, kneeling there in the dirt with the warm sunshine beating down on me, watching this stranger come around the little fence which separated my yard from the one next door, watching him limp slowly toward me, the man with David's eyes and David's hands, and even David's habit of holding his head a little on one side, perpetually questioning.

He stopped beside me and smiled down—a gentle, kindly sort of smile that was not David's at all. And he said, very softly, "You're Paula, aren't you? Paula, I've come a long way, looking for you."

Still I couldn't say anything. My mind refused to accept the strangeness of his knowing my name in the face of the greater strangeness of

his being so like David. Then, curiously, he was on his knees, getting stiffly down beside me on the spaded ground, and he was reaching for my grimy hands, to capture them and hold them hard.

"Paula, I've got something to tell you. I'm afraid it's going to hurt you, but maybe even so it will be a relief to know—really to *know*—what happened. I'm not any good at this sort of thing. I don't know how to go about saying it, except just to say it and have it done with. Paula, David is—David is dead."

The sun kept right on shining. The birds' singing didn't stop. Lisa's laughter, clear as water, rang high from the other side of the house, and the swift yapping of the puppy answered her, just as always. And I was kneeling in the garden, clinging fast to the hands of a man I'd never seen before as to the last tangible thing in a vast and aching loneliness. Clinging fast to a man who looked like David, but who was not David at all, for David was dead.

All my bitterness against Dave was washed away, and I only knew

that never again, as my most secret hopes had wished him doing, would he come whistling home. In all of the world, the big, unfeeling world, there was no David Kent.

I heard the man who looked like David calling to me, as if he were a long way off. "Paula, Paula!" His voice cut through to me, and the world stopped whirling, the house, the garden, settled back into place.

He was on his feet, tugging gently at my hands. "Get up, Paula, get up! Can't we go into the house and talk for a little while? I have lots to say to you and lots that I want to ask you." He pulled me to my feet, tucked a hand under my elbow and urged me gently toward the back door.

It was as if I were two people, sitting in the cool, drawn-shade dimness of the little livingroom, as





# Detour to Paradise

*Only then did I raise my head to see the owner of the strange voice, the pleasant laughter. And it was like looking Yesterday in the face.*



if the two parts of my life had suddenly become concurrent and the different Paula Kents who had lived those widely different lives had been thrown together in the same room. There was the old Paula who had been David Kent's wife, whose whole life had been wrapped up in loving him, in basking in the wonder of having been chosen of all the women in the world as the one to be loved by the gay, devil-may-care man who had been David Kent. And there was the Paula Kent whom David had left alone, who had taught herself to present a poker face to the world, who walked with her chin high and her eyes defiant to hide all of her feelings. And so my mind divided, part of it giving attention to the man across from me, talking to him, answering his questions, while the other part of it knew only one thing. David was dead. He would never come home again.

"I'm Jeff Kent. Does that name mean anything to you, or do I have to explain myself a bit further?" His smile was as gentle as his voice, and I was glad again that it was not David's smile.

I didn't have to search my mind for a clue to the man who went with the name Jefferson Kent. David had told me about his cousin often enough—the more famous Kent, who was a war correspondent in Europe.

"No, I know who you are," I answered him.

We were silent again for a moment, and he pulled his chair a little closer to mine. "Would you like to hear it now—the story of how I came to look for you and why I came so late—or would you rather I'd leave you alone now, and tell you about it some other time?"

My mind fastened on just one thing in that sentence. "So late? Then you mean that—that it's been a long time?"

"Yes, quite a long time."

I felt somehow cheated, as if I should have known, as if something, perhaps that over-praised feminine



intuition, should have told me when David died, and so saved the memory of him from the hatred I had built up.

"Please tell me about it," I said, and I tried to look at him, but I couldn't. I couldn't bear it—not yet, not now—to see that face that was David's and yet not David's.

Jeff Kent took out his wallet, finding what he was looking for in it by sense of touch, for his eyes never left me.

"I've been four years in Europe, Paula, reporting the things that led up to the war and after that the war itself. I was in Berlin and Rome, and at last in London. It was in London that I got the game leg that makes me limp. When I was able to move they sent me home by Clipper.

"But that's getting ahead of myself. I was in Rome, two years ago, when I got a letter from Jimmy Proal. Jimmy's a good friend of mine, and he was David's pal, off and on, for years. And he was with David when—it happened." He hesitated, then went on, huskily. "David was in New York, and had just found a job on one of the newspapers. One night, when he and Jimmy were on their way down to the Village for dinner, Dave stepped out from the curb without looking and a car, clipping around the corner, plowed into him. That's all there was to it—he was thrown against the curb, dead before Jimmy got to him."

I could see the picture as clearly as if it had been I who stood there that night, watching death snatch David. David, so terribly, vibrantly alive, so full of the joy of life, the mirth of it, the wonder of it, lying crumpled in a gutter like a heap of old clothes!

Jeff's voice went on evenly, unemotionally, and I knew that he realized that I couldn't bear sympathy just then.

"Of course, by the time Jimmy's letter reached me there was nothing that I could do. Jimmy had taken care of everything. You see, he didn't know about you. As far as he knew, I was the only person in the world really—really close to David. So Jimmy packed away the things in Dave's room and kept them for me until I came home.

"I got in a week ago, and I looked



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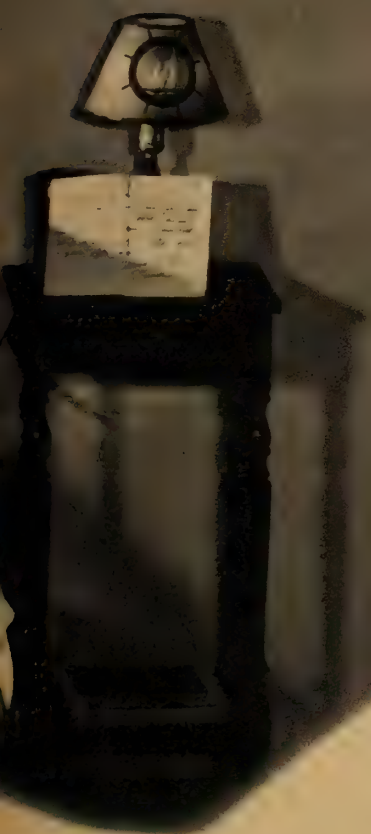
the letter he left?"

I nodded, put out my hand for the letter he had taken from his wallet, forced my eyes to it. There it was, David's roundish, little-boy handwriting. Some of the sentences leapt at me from the page, the sentences telling the things I had wanted so much to know.

"Paula's a darling; you'll love her on sight . . . I'm not fit to lick her boots after the way I've treated her, but things are going to be different. I'll make it up . . . I just got this job on the telegraph desk two days ago, but I'm sure it'll pan out. When I'm really sure—a week or two—I'll send for Paula, but I want everything smooth as satin before I do, so



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I'll be all set to give her the sort of life she expects marriage to be, poor kid . . . I've been doing a lot of heavy thinking since I left Paula and I've come to the conclusion that she's about as right as anyone could be. Lord, a man can't run around from job to job and city to city like a big kid all his life. Maybe this time we'll start a family. Nothing like a couple of kids to make Dave Kent a pillar of the church, I'll bet you . . . Anyway, I want another chance . . ."

The words blurred.

The little room was quiet for a bit, broken only by the sound of Jeff striking a match. Finally he said, "Paula, tell me about you and David, if you think you'd like to. Maybe it would help, talking about it to someone who knew him almost as well as you did."

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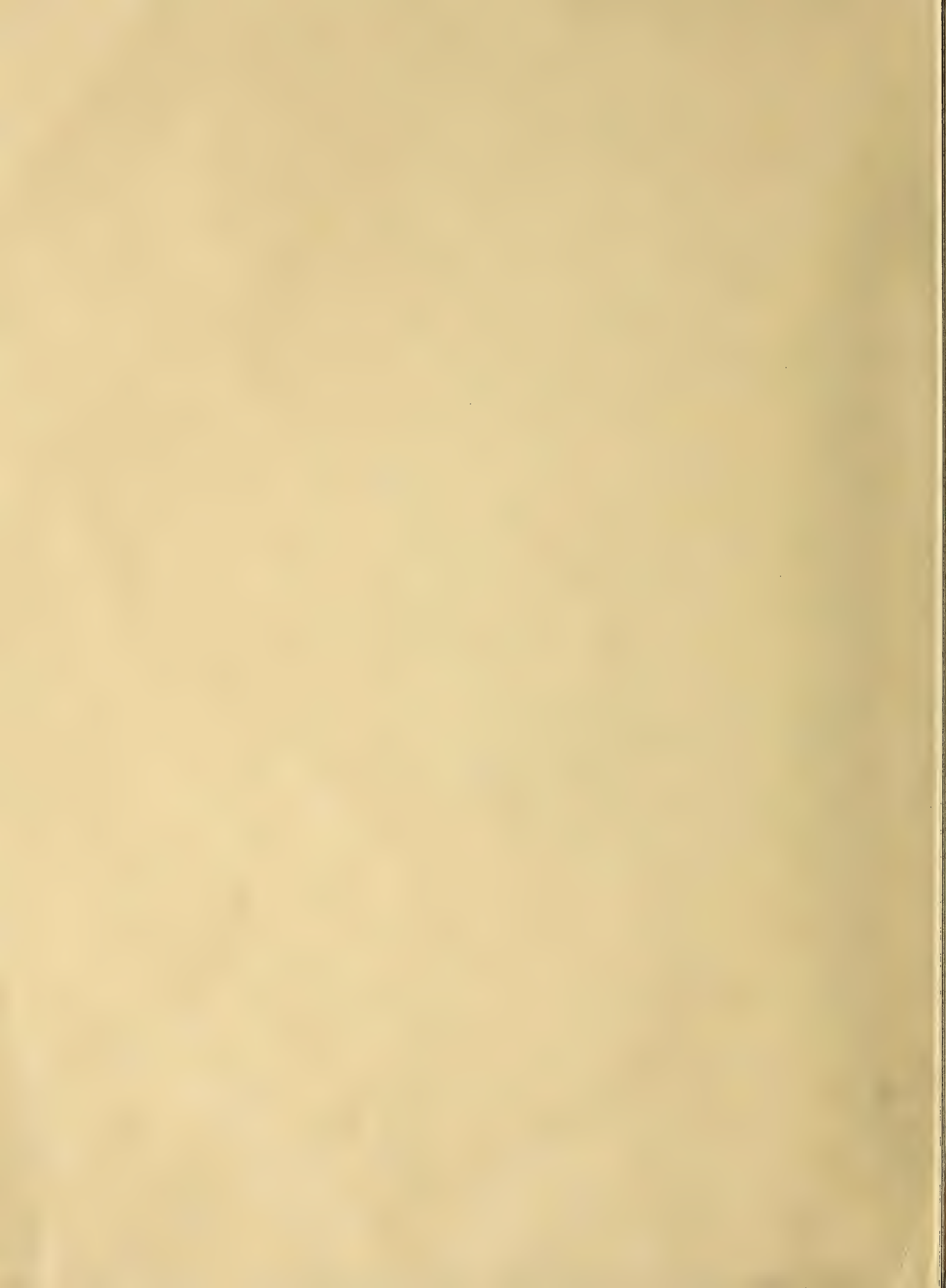
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Remember the nursery rhyme about Solomon Grundy—born on Monday, christened on Tuesday, married on Wednesday, and so on? That's about what it was like with Dave and me. We met on a Saturday, and on the next Saturday we were married. In between was a week of madness in which, day-times, I plugged in unpaired jacks on my switchboard and then wondered why people didn't get their calls straight, or rang bells in people's ears and apologized hastily, only to do it again the next minute. Evenings were pure heaven, lost in the heart-filling wonder of having fallen madly, completely, without reservation, in love with Dave Kent. And he with me.

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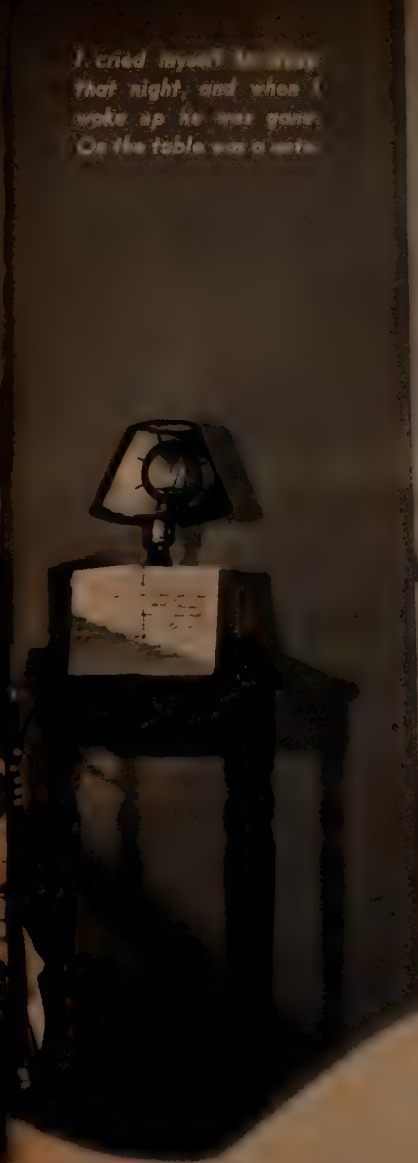
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# Wait for Tomorrow

**F**ERENC was right, we could hear the sound of the sea from our room. It was a thing to lie and listen to, to concentrate on, to force myself to think about, so as to keep from thinking of anything else. *Hold to that spund*, I told myself. Make your ears listen for the soft, slow sweep of each wave, the growing roar and then the thundering crash of its breaking, and the high rattle and rush of clashing stones on the beach. Then another, another, another. Think of those waves, see them, imagine their faint light line of foam against the dark water of the ocean in the night. Think of those things and it will be possible to lie quite quietly, to seem asleep, to relax each muscle that would draw up tight in painful tension. That way I could get through the night.

But hours do pass. We were sitting at a little table by the window, Ferenc and I, in broad daylight at last, telling each other what a wonderful view we had for our breakfast, how delicious hotel coffee was. I tried to make the orange juice go past the obstacles in my throat. Ferenc lifted silver covers and filled our plates with what looked like good food but did not taste like food at all when I put it in my mouth. But I must eat. I must not let Ferenc see how sick I felt this morning.

And then I saw that Ferenc was doing no better job than I did on his bacon and eggs. Poor dear! Maybe he was as unhappy as I was! Perhaps the night had been as hard for him as for me. I remembered how thoughtful, how sensitively kind and understanding he had been, only to be defeated by the tears I could not keep back.

I lifted a piece of toast to my mouth and tried to smile. I said, "You know, Ferenc, I've always wanted to come to this hotel. Every time I've passed it, driving along

the shore, I've looked up and seen it looming with all its windows and porches so elegant along the ocean, and I've thought, 'Now that's my idea of luxury.'" I held the smile, I would not think of those times, sitting in the rumble seat of Mick Callahan's rattly roadster, looking up at the wind riffling Bruce's sandy blond hair, seeing him grin down at me, hearing him shout over the noise of the wind and the crazy car, "My luxury gal! You should have picked another guy if luxury's what you want." Well, it seemed I had, and it seemed I didn't care for my luxury, after all. But I kept smiling at Ferenc.

He said, "You're being very sweet, my dear."

I wished he would not be so nice, when it was all my fault. It damaged my self-control. I answered quickly, hearing my voice go too high and break, "But it's true, Ferenc. I always did want to come here." (But not with him.) "Cross my heart and hope to die!"

"You have a dear heart," he said, laying his brown hand lightly on my wrist. "But do not hope to die. I shall never forgive myself if you hope to die."

"Ferenc, don't say things like that!" I cried out suddenly. "Listen, Ferenc. Whatever's making me act so—so difficult—Ferenc, it's nothing you're to blame for, you must believe it. It's all my fault!"

He shook his head, with the saddest smile I ever saw. He said, "No. Not your fault. Nor mine. It is the fault of life." His face had changed, so that his eyes were dull, expressionless. He was wearing again that frightening mask of cynicism I had seen before.

"Oh, no!" I cried out, really horrified. "No, Ferenc, life is what we make it, don't you believe that? We'll make our life perfect. We can, Ferenc, and we will!" It sounded so trite and vapid, but I

meant every single word of it.

And Ferenc did not laugh. His hand tightened on mine with sudden strength and the cold mask was gone from his face. "Sweet child," he said. "You are what they call a game kid."

My lips trembled. His kindness brought back my guilty misery. But I gave his hand an answering pressure. He said gently, "Yes, Janice, we can try. And—who knows—perhaps the beauty will come. Sometimes it is a little slow, in marriage—"

Oh, he tried. He was so sweet in his trying that I was often touched to the heart by his consideration. His intuition made him know my thoughts before they came to my own mind. Like his decision that we go back to the city at once and pick up our active lives again, not spend our daylight hours brooding over the disappointments of the night. He did not hint that I give up my work, he even suggested, "Why not call Dr. Dale and tell him you'll be in after lunch?"



*In my memory the words were as real, as tender, as the night Bruce had first whispered them to me: "Our own home, darling. Just for the two of us."*

*This marriage into which her own loneliness and stubborn pride had conspired to lead her was a sham, an empty thing, yet she could not say the words which would condemn her husband. Here is the climax of a swiftly-paced novel of today*

You need not even tell anyone of the marriage, if you have not the wish."

I looked quickly at him, but I saw only his profile silhouetted as clean-cut as a Roman coin against the dark upholstery of the car in which we were riding back to town. "Would you rather I told?" I asked him, guilty at my own relief.

He still did not look at me, but his hand touched mine. "Wait," he

said. "When the moment comes that you have too much pride and happiness to carry alone, then you will wish to share it. Only then will be the time right for telling."

But it didn't quite work out that way. I had hardly greeted Dr. Dale when the Government investigator came to interview me. He walked into the office looking around him with keen quick glances through shell-rimmed glasses as if he could

see significances in the office furniture that were hidden from ordinary eyes. Something about his quiet confidence frightened me, for all my attempts to laugh at myself. I was furious at the timid little croak which was all I could summon to answer when he showed me his credentials and asked his first questions about myself and how long I had known Ferenc Vildar. It did not seem very long, for all that had



happened. "I—I've seen a lot of him, though," I added.

He looked at me as though he were cataloguing all my features, silently. Then he asked, "Do you know any close connections of his—friends or relatives?"

"No—" How queer, I could not remember his mentioning anyone at all. "I guess he didn't know many people—being a refugee and all—"

**A** GAIN he gave me that analyzing look that was so hard to meet, his mouth a straight thin line across his face. "Being alone together so much," he said, "you must have had time to do plenty of talking. How would you say he felt about his work, for instance?"

I remembered only once that he had spoken of it, and the thought made my hands go suddenly cold. I could see the stony mask of Ferenc's face when he had said, "I do my job. They say it is a good work. Is that not enough? Let us not discuss ugly subjects."

Under this man's scrutiny it suddenly seemed abnormal and ominous for Ferenc to call his work an "ugly subject." I said quickly, "He had other things to talk about. He didn't believe in carrying the day's problems with us when we went out for pleasure—" I stopped, wondering if I had babbled on too much.

But this man Beal Thurston did not react to anything I said. He wrote calmly and then asked, "Ever talk about politics?"

"No," I said quickly. "We never discussed candidates for office or bills being passed or anything—"

"I don't mean that kind of politics," he interrupted almost impatiently. "I mean world affairs, the war and so on."

I felt the inside of my mouth growing dry, for no reason at all. "I—I don't think he likes to think about such things," I forced my voice to say. "It's only natural, you see, when he's suffered so much himself from all that, gone through things we can't even know—" I guess I was almost pleading with him by that time, but his voice was completely matter-of-fact when he answered. "That's just the point," he said. "We've got to know. We have to be sure how these experiences have affected him. What his sympathies are, what tie-ups he might have back home that would influence his actions here, whether through loyalty or even fear. You see?"

"I see," I said through teeth that were unaccountably chattering.

"So that's why," he said patiently, "I've got to ask you to think hard now, look back over all your con-

versations and try to remember anything that might throw light on how he really feels about our war effort. Would he go all out, give everything he's got to help us beat Hitler?"

I felt then that he must surely see the sudden fright that gripped me. I was thankful that my desk covered my shaking knees, and I bit hard on a pencil to seem thoughtful while I steadied my trembling jaw. For I had remembered something that would answer that question:

"It is always futile to combat the forces of destiny," Ferenc had said that night. "Why waste lives for a romantic abstraction?" And when I had accused him of calling freedom and democracy romantic abstractions, he had not denied it.

Well, suppose it was true. It only meant that these words could not stir in him the same fierce, glowing passion that native Americans feel for the defense of something they have known always as living realities. How could he feel



the same? And, after all, as he had said, he did his job. It was not my duty to tell this coldblooded inquisitor a thing that would take on false importance, even sound sinister, just because I had told it in answer to such a question. It would imply that I believed Ferenc capable of the disloyalty Mick Callahan had hinted at—cheating in his broadcasts, helping our enemies by subtle implications. And he wouldn't do that, of course.

Or would he? How did I know?

A terrible doubt made me cold all over. Suppose the worst was true. Then it would be my duty to tell anything I knew. Oh, what should I do? What was right? Which was my first duty—must I sacrifice a possibly innocent man for a mere doubt? My own husband, whom I had sworn to honor and cherish?

"Looking back over everything you've seen of him," the man went on, beating down at me with his persistence, "just tell me whether you are personally sure we can count on his loyalty."

Oh, I had to be honest. I had to tell him that I was not sure. I opened my mouth to say the words, and heard instead the voice of Dr. Dale. He had come out of his office and placed a hand on my shoulder. "Look here, young man, you've carried this questioning far enough. After all, don't actions speak louder than words? Haven't I told you I placed this boy in his present position? Would I be so proud of him if I doubted his integrity? And would Miss Jones here keep on seeing him if what she has learned of him had not made her trust him?"

The man sighed, looking at Dr. Dale with what seemed almost hostility. "A girl will go out with any guy that shows her a good time," he said wearily.

Then I said it. I hadn't intended to, I hardly knew what I was doing, but it was as if Dr. Dale had broken a spell and released me to do what my whole being demanded. I said, "But a girl doesn't marry just any guy. I am married to Ferenc Vildar."

The next few minutes are a confusion in my memory. I know that the inhuman Beal Thurston became suddenly human, with a mouth that could curve into a smile. And Dr. Dale's felicitations buzzed around my head like bees while inside it the awful question was echoing over and over: "Did I do right? Or have I chosen to protect my husband at the risk of the ideals for which my countrymen were offering their lives?" For which Bruce was offering his life?

The question rang in my ears all afternoon, so that it was almost impossible to work. By the time Ferenc came to pick me up, I felt I could not bear it any longer. I must talk to him. Wasn't I his wife? Wasn't it my right to know all about him?

But Ferenc did not give me time to start. "I shall take you now to your new home," he said. "It is my hope that you will find it to your taste."

My new home! Then I was not to have a hand in choosing it. But for all Ferenc's precise phrasing, there was a huskiness in his voice that made me look quickly into his face. I saw then that his brown eyes were full of eagerness and doubt. He hoped so much that I would like my new home.

"I know I'll love it," I told him warmly. All right, maybe it was just as *Continued on page 70*



# Record of Love

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

**C**HRISTMAS was two days away. Everyone carried packages and had shiny eyes and grinned if you even looked at them. Christmas carols came over the loud speaker in WNEW'S reception room. And several who waited on the blue leather lounge encircling that room hummed accompaniments.

The little girl at the reception desk wore a sprig of holly on her gray suit, as trim as her figure. Her dark hair waved softly. Her brown eyes were enormous. The planes of her face told how young she was. They had that freshly cut look. And the nails of her small well-kept hands were as bright as her lips which matched her holly berries.

The needle on the indicator over one of the blue elevator doors moved upward . . . twelve, thirteen, fourteen . . . The door slid back and several people got off. One, a young man with hair that was too long and a suit in which the plaid was much too pronounced, was first to reach the reception desk. You knew, just looking at him, that he would be first always. He was like a charged wire.

"I'm Martin Block, a radio announcer from California," he told the little girl at the desk, "and . . ."

She answered her ringing telephone without giving any sign that she either had heard him or seen him. He stood grinning at her. She was so little and so pretty and she pretended to be so crisp and efficient. If she hadn't been so young she would have known it was out of character.

" . . . and I would like to talk to your General Manager," he told her when she was through talking.

"Miss Judis is in conference." She was very crisp.

"Well, I'll talk to your pro-

gram director then," he offered.

"Our program director also is in conference," she said. "And he is not engaging any new announcers."

She was very final now, even unpleasant. And she looked past him at those who were waiting. He could do nothing but go on. "Peace on earth, good will to men," sang a caroller.

He telephoned his cousin who was in the advertising business from the downstairs drug-store. "This is Martin," he said, "Just got in from California with the family. Tell me—who owns WNEW?"

"Fellow named Milton Biow," his cousin told him.

"Thanks," said Martin. "I'll call you. We must get together sometime."

He didn't say he had exactly forty-six cents to his name. He didn't explain he had put up at one of the best hotels where he was signing for meals and laundry and everything else and praying he would land a job before the day of reckoning. That story, he knew, would cause everyone to give him a wide berth, frighten them. He wasn't frightened, however. He'd been broke before. "It's all right to be broke," he always said "as long as you don't lose your nerve."

Fortunately the message he sent



*"Did you ever like anyone less than you like me?" he asked her. She never had. The real-life romance of Martin Block, who met and married his love at Christmas*



to Mr. Biow was garbled so that Mr. Biow understood it was Mr. Paley, president of Columbia Broadcasting, who had sent him.

"I've just been over at that station you own," Martin told Biow. "And I couldn't get in to see anybody. Out in California I had a program that was a big hit. I played records of the different bands and gave a spell that made the audience feel they were right at the hotel where the bands were playing, having dinner, dancing . . . Make-Believe Ballroom I called it. All I'm asking is a chance to prove it's a program that will go here in the East too."

**BY** THE time Mr. Biow discovered that Martin Block had never even heard of Mr. Paley he was intrigued by him, his smooth persuasion, his brassy nerve.

"Be at WNEW tomorrow at eleven," he told him. "I'll see you have an audition. If you're even a quarter as good as you say you are we probably can use you somehow."

At two minutes before eleven the next morning Martin stood again at WNEW'S reception desk. "I have an appointment for an eleven o'clock audition, arranged for by Mr. Biow," he told Miss Efficiency. "Will you be good enough to announce me, please? You remember me I'm sure; Martin Block of California."

"Martin Block is here for an audition," she announced over her telephone. "He says he has an appointment."

Five minutes after eleven he made the audition.

Fifteen minutes after eleven he

was on the air, announcing for a sustaining program. It wasn't much of a job. It paid only twenty dollars a week. His expenses at the hotel were five times that. But it gave him a start. And he counted on picking up extra work on the side.

Every day during the next week he looked at the reception desk for Miss Efficiency. But a tall girl always sat there instead. In a vague way he was disappointed. He wanted Miss Efficiency to see him with his hair cut, when his eyes weren't strained red from driving, and when he wasn't wearing that suit a client in the clothing business had given him. It had been all right in California. But, having looked over upper Madison Avenue where radio has set up an ultra, streamlined edition of the old Broadway, he knew he couldn't wear that suit any more.

Like all human beings Martin had faults. Lack of initiative and stupidity, however, were not among them. Consequently, after he had been around WNEW for several months, he decided to cultivate the sales manager and the sales manager's secretary. This way he might hear about any new accounts that were signed and get in a bid to announce for them.

To his horror he found Miss Efficiency ensconced as secretary to the sales manager. She was just the same except that she now wore a bright yellow jonquil on a trim blue suit. Her dislike of him obviously hadn't changed.

"Did you ever," he asked, "like anyone less than you like me?"

"Is there something I can do

for you, Mr. Block?" she inquired coldly.

"Stay away from my office, will you?" the sales manager told him several weeks later, after he had made numerous attempts to charm, amuse, or interest Miss Efficiency. "Esther threatens to quit if you keep on hanging around. And secretaries like her are scarce."

"Which is just as well for me," said Martin.

A year passed with many changes. Martin was on the rise. He finally was in the clear on his hotel bill. His Make-Believe Ballroom was proving popular, as he had been sure it would. But still no one dreamed in a few years he would be the announcer for Pepper Young's Family, the Kay Kyser program and master of ceremonies for the Hit Parade too. And Mrs. Block and the children had returned to California. A divorce was imminent. They had parted good friends, the way a man and wife can only when it has been a long time since there was emotion of any kind between them. They had been married when they were little more than children. Their babies had come quickly. Martin's work had kept him at the studios half the night and he had, consequently, always slept half the day. The years they had spent together had actually turned them into strangers.

One day in midsummer the sales manager sent for Martin. A new account had come in—an important account WNEW had been after for a long time—with the understanding that Martin would announce for them. One of three things had happened to Esther. She had been persuaded by Martin's voice on the air, impressed by his steady rise, or her boss had insisted he be received courteously when he came to the office on legitimate business. She smiled at Martin, a little, and condescended to ask him how he liked New York compared to California.

"During the week—when I'm busy—New York is swell," he said. "Week-ends I go nuts. I miss the out-of-door life of California. I like to fish or just sit in a row boat with the sun warm upon me."

"I'm surprised you like fishing," she said.

"In the West," he went on, "anyone can spend a day fishing. Around here it's millionaire's stuff."

"You just don't know your way around," she said, quick to put him in his place again. "I know a dozen rivers or lakes, within easy driving distance, where you can get a boat and bait for two dollars and fish all day."

"You'll Continued on page 54

*Besides running the Make-Believe Ballroom on New York's station WNEW, Martin Block announces Pepper Young's Family on NBC and is master of ceremonies on CBS' Hit Parade. Here he is with Esther and their son, Peter.*





# You are my own

*He held me so close I  
could scarcely breathe.*

**I**T took me so long to understand—so long and so much fear and pain and loneliness. Through weeks of emptiness and confusion, I went over it a thousand times, but I couldn't see what I had done that was so wrong.

I loved John. I had only done what my love for him made me do. I wasn't ashamed. I was proud that I had had the courage, the wits, to use whatever weapons came to hand to keep John near me. That's why I couldn't understand his terrible anger, his disgust, when he found out. As though it were the basest thing a woman could do, to fight to hold her husband. As though it were shameful for a woman to love her husband so much.

John and I were married three years ago. We were an ordinary couple, I guess. Perhaps the most ordinary thing about us was the feeling we had—or I had—that there was something very special about us, about our love. Probably all people in love feel that way and it's right that they should.

Three years. They went by like three weeks. My keeping my job at Hadley & Company may have had something to do with the way time seemed to run past. It wasn't just that my salary, added to what John was making, made it possible for us to have a nicer apartment and a part-time maid. Working helped me get through the hours when John had to be at his office, helped me not to miss him and long for him, helped me not to shiver inside, thinking of his touch, remembering the special quality of the look in his dark eyes when he kissed me.

Yes, time moved quickly. My world was John. I didn't feel quite alive, except when I was with him. The days weren't quite real.



*Was it wrong, she asked herself, to love a man so much you were willing to lie for him? Not until John had turned away from her in horror did she learn the answer*



Life began for me every afternoon at five minutes past five o'clock, when I ran for the elevator, knowing that John was waiting for me in the lobby. And always, when I saw him standing there, tall and wide-shouldered, his dark eyes searching for me, his strong, handsome face lighting up as I went toward him, it was like being born again.

**THIS** was my world, my life. John. Our love, our home, where this love glowed and grew and was safe. These were the important things.

Sometimes, John would bring the outside world into our life and I hated that. I almost resented our friends. I was jealous, being reminded that John, like all men, did not make love the end and all of his being. I didn't want to be reminded of this. I wanted John to love me as completely as I loved him. I was annoyed with the world for intruding on us. I hated the world for mismanaging its affairs so badly that precious hours of John's time were spent in worrying about them, hours that I wanted, hours that be-

longed to me. Somehow, no matter how John tried to explain, all these things seemed very far away to me. I couldn't honestly see what they could have to do with us.

Usually, John would give up with a sigh. "Darling," he'd say, with a soft smile, "I hope you're right. I hope nothing will ever bust up your little world." And he would pull me into his arms and kiss me and I would be happy. Then I would feel he was mine again, all mine, the way I wanted him to be.

Then, it happened. On a Sunday afternoon in December, it happened.

It was quiet, that peculiar quiet that falls over Sundays everywhere. The radio was playing. John was stretched full length on the sofa with his newspapers scattered all around him. I was knitting a pair of socks for him.

Suddenly there was a rattling of papers and John was sitting bolt upright. I stared at him, at his pale face, the tight lips, the intensity. I had been so wrapped up in thinking about John and how nice it was just to sit in the same room with him, to know I had only to move my hand to touch him, that I was only vaguely aware of the announcement that was coming over the air.

"War!" John said softly. He flinched as though someone had hit him. He looked over at me and his lips twisted in a sad smile. "There goes your little world, Mary," he said quietly. "There it goes—Bang!"

I remember I jumped up and turned off the radio, quickly, with some insane idea that I could stop what was happening. I ran to John and held on to him. I know I kept whispering, "No, no, no," over and over. I was frantic.

John pressed me close for a moment. Then he pushed me aside gently. "It's too late, darling," he said. "It's happened, now." He turned on the radio and listened grimly to the news of Pearl Harbor.

I sat close to him, not really listening. I pressed close to him, praying silently, "Oh, God, don't let John say it. Don't let him. Don't let him!" But I knew he would. He had said it before, when we were not yet at war, when we hadn't been attacked. He had been among the very first to register for the draft.

Before, I'd had all the arguments on my side. We weren't in the war. There were plenty of unmarried men, men without responsibilities, men who could devote themselves wholeheartedly to becoming soldiers. The draft didn't need men like John.

But now it was something else again. This was war. This was real. This was guns and men and machines, pitted against each other to the death. Death! John out there—shot, hurt and alone and helpless!

The seemingly interminable voice stopped, at last. It was terribly still in the room, still with shock. John pressed my hand until it hurt.

"I've got to go, Mary," he said. "I've got to enlist. I can't wait until I'm drafted."

He had said it! Somehow, I knew I mustn't let him see how frightened I was. I knew I had to sound rational. I let go of his hand, so I wouldn't give myself away by clinging to it so desperately.

"But think, darling," I said, as calmly as I could. "If you go—now, right away—what happens to me? Give me a chance. Give me a little time. Things have to be arranged—a smaller apartment, or someone to share this one with me. And—and there are other things—"

Other things. I don't know where I found them. I don't know how I managed to sit quietly, talking, talking, talking. Inside me, I was crying, aching, fighting against an overwhelming fear. My voice was saying things, but my heart was burning with only one thought—I had to keep him there. He was



"You Are My Own," by Madeline Thompson, is based on the original radio drama, "Our Love," written by Palmer Thompson; first heard on Manhattan at Midnight, sponsored on the Blue network by Energine Cleaning Fluid.



mine. He belonged to me, with me, forever.

Desperation is a terrible thing. And I was desperate, desperate enough to do almost anything to keep John from going. For the first time since I had known John, I lied to him. And I didn't care. I lied because I loved him. Every day, he asked me anxiously whether I'd found anyone to share the apartment, and every day, I had some new story to tell him, some new failure to report. I never asked anyone.

It wasn't easy. I hated to lie to him, but I couldn't see any other way then. Nights, long after John had fallen asleep, I'd lie awake at his side, loathing myself, and yet unable to find any other answer. Oh, I found excuses, lots of them. The main one was my love for him, this wonderful love, this glorious thing such as no one else in the world had ever known. I needed him so much. He needed me. And there were so many others, millions. John would not be missed. John's not being there would not affect the war, one way or the other. But John's not being with me would be like death.

There were weeks of this, weeks like nightmares. There were times in those weeks, when I'd look at John and see how grim his face had become, how impatient he was growing, and I would be afraid. I'd cringe inside with the thought that I was losing him, anyway, that he was thinking more of the war and the world than he was of me.

I had to fight every moment for John's attention, for his love. It was impossible to sleep. I was wretched and nervous and I found it harder and harder to carry on as though things were normal. But the more lost and helpless I felt, the more determined I was that nothing should happen to us, that in all the madness and chaos of the world it was terribly important to keep this love of ours secure and safe.

John, being the kind of person he was, misunderstood my strange behavior, my nervousness. He thought I was upset because I hated to hold him back from the thing he wanted to do! He seemed to grow kinder, gentler, every day. And the kinder he was, the more I hated myself, but the more I felt that I couldn't let him go.

One evening, instead of heading for home, after we'd met in the lobby, as usual, John led me into one of the nicer restaurants.

"No cooking, tonight, darling," he grinned. "You don't look as though you could slave for five minutes over a hot stove."



*I could see John in the mirror—and I knew I had to tell him now, to wipe that frown from his eyes.*

"But I feel all right," I said.

"You don't look it," he said. "You've been worrying too much and working too hard. Tonight you're going to let down a bit."

I almost cried and I was almost ashamed. John ordered everything I liked and, somehow, every mouthful choked me. I almost wished he would talk about the war, anything, that would take his attention off me. But, for once, John seemed to have made up his mind not to speak, or

even think, of anything that might upset me. He was gay and full of small intimacies that, at any other time, would have sent chills of delight through me. Now they terrified me.

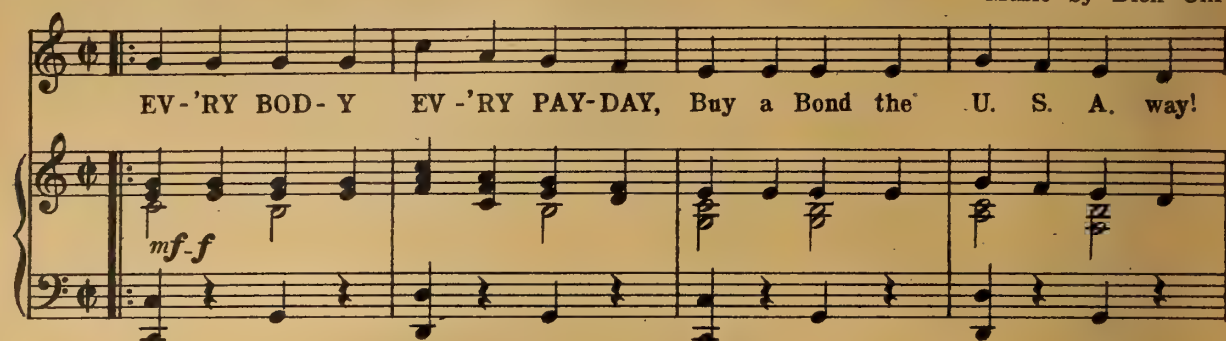
After dinner, he took me to a movie and I was glad of the chance to hide in the darkness and lose myself in the steady flow of sound and music, none of which I heard. I held John's hand and sank back into my *Continued on page 62*



# EV'RYBODY EV'RY PAYDAY

CHORUS

Lyrics by Tom Adair  
Music by Dick Uhl

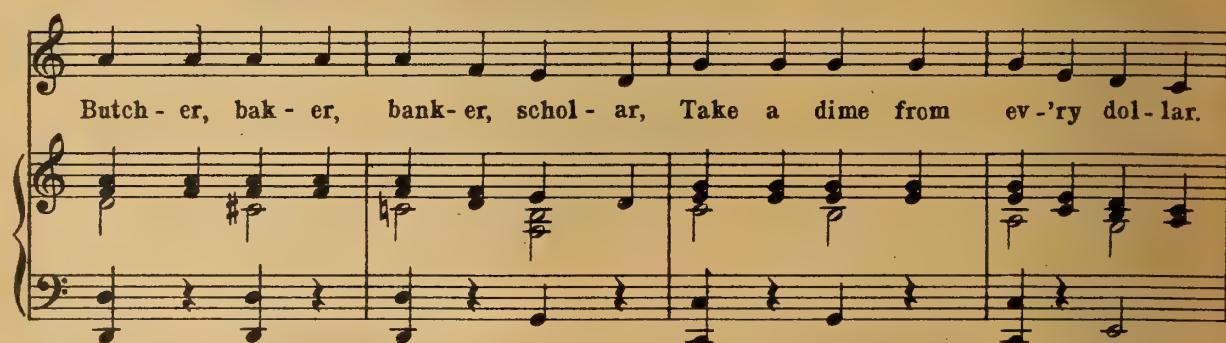


EV - 'RY BOD - Y EV - 'RY PAY - DAY, Buy a Bond the U. S. A. way!

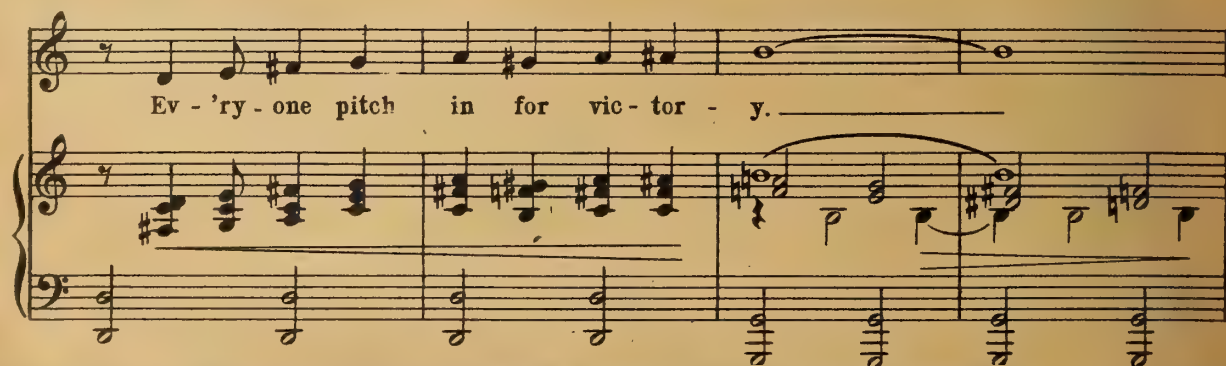
*mf-f*



That's the job, it's up to you and me.



Butch - er, bak - er, bank - er, schol - ar, Take a dime from ev - 'ry dol - lar.



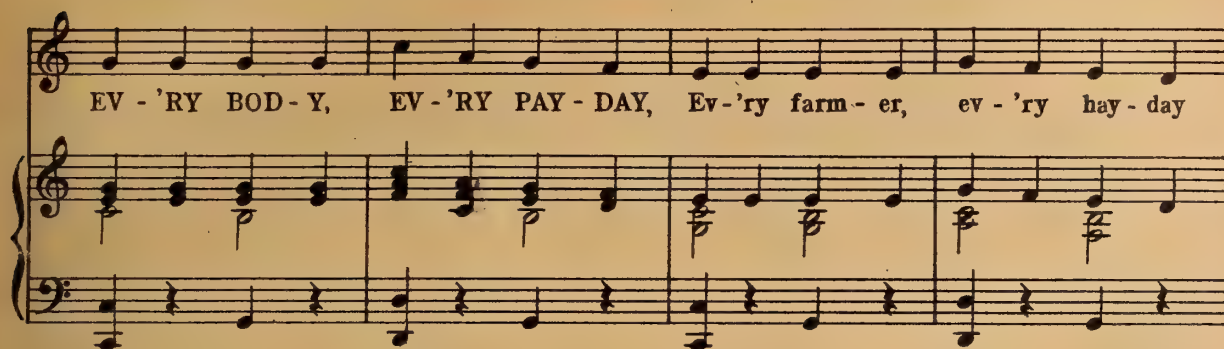
Ev - 'ry - one pitch in for vic - tor - y.

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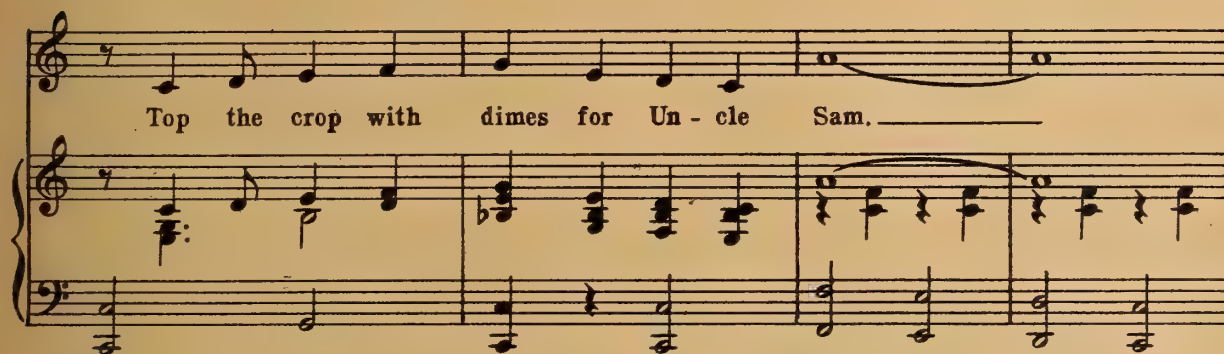




★ In tune with the times, here's a gay marching song that's fun to sing  
and play—with a message that lights the road to victory for us all



EV - 'RY BOD - Y, EV - 'RY PAY - DAY, Ev - 'ry farm - er, ev - 'ry hay - day



Top the crop with dimes for Un - cle Sam. \_\_\_\_\_



Ten per - cent! That's the rent! Ev - 'ry one can pay For a



home in the U. S. A. A.

RADIO MIRROR'S  
HIT OF THE MONTH



YOUR

# *First Nighter Stars*

*Meet the hero and heroine of the exciting dramas and delightful comedies you hear on the Mutual network every Sunday at 6:00, EWT, sponsored by Campana Balm*



*Les  
Trueman*





Barbara  
Luddy



THE COOKING CORNER SUGGESTS:

# Don't NEGLECT BREAD

**I**N spite of all the emphasis that is being placed on proper nutrition and efficient meal planning, I wonder if lots of us aren't overlooking one of the easiest and best roads to that goal—whole grain breads. I realize that we serve bread in some form at every meal, but even though we know how good it is, and how nourishing and economical, we still seem to think of it as incidental. But we shouldn't think of it in that way. We need whole grain and enriched breads because they are high in protein and minerals, and in protective and energizing vitamins; and to get full advantage from the varieties that are available to us I think we should use bread more frequently as an ingredient in main dishes and desserts and plan more meals around such dishes.

For instance, a good, husky, stick-to-the-ribs main dish for a winter night's supper is bread and egg casserole, made with coarse whole or cracked wheat or rye bread.

## Bread and Egg Casserole

- 2 cups coarse dry crumbs
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 1 medium onion, minced
- 1 tbl. butter or margarine
- 1½ cups milk
- Eggs (1 or 2 per person)

Combine crumbs, salt and pepper. Sauté onion in butter and mix into crumbs, then stir in milk. Turn into buttered casserole and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until mixture begins to brown. Remove from oven, break eggs onto crumb mixture, dust lightly with salt and paprika and return to oven until eggs

are set. If you like a more highly seasoned dish add sage, thyme, rosemary or marjoram (not more than ¼ tsp.) or add Worcestershire sauce, catsup or prepared mustard to taste. One half to a full cup of minced cooked meat or chopped cooked vegetables such as spinach, chard, or cauliflower may also be added and a sprinkling of grated cheese over the eggs is good. Without the eggs, this casserole is an excellent accompaniment to any meat course.

I sometimes use this basic mixture of crumbs, seasonings and milk as the filling in a sandwich for which sliced roast pork forms the top and bottom. It's a reversal of the usual sandwich recipe, but it's a good one to remember, especially at the present time when our government is asking us to use as much fresh pork as we can in order to release the cured varieties which are needed for shipment to our men in service and our allies whom we are supplying through the Lend-Lease program.

To make the sandwiches, allow two slices of cooked pork per person. Spread half the slices with the crumb mixture, top each one with a second slice of pork and place in shallow baking pan rubbed lightly with butter. Cook in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for about 20 minutes, basting two

*You'll never know how good bread pudding can be until you've tasted it prepared with whole wheat bread and apricots, as shown above.*

or three times with 1 tbl. butter blended with 1 tbl. hot water. Serve with barbecue sauce or reheated left-over gravy.

One of the nicest ways I know to serve carrots is in baskets made of whole grain bread, and people who ordinarily pass up carrots as just another vegetable are just as likely to ask for more when they're served this way.

## Carrots in Bread Baskets

- Day-old whole grain bread, unsliced
- 2 cups cooked carrots
- 1 cup medium white sauce
- 1 hard-cooked egg
- Mace
- 2 tbs. soft butter or margarine

Cut off four slices of bread, about 2½ inches thick. Pull out some of the center from each slice, but leave

*Continued on page 76*



**BY  
KATE SMITH**  
RADIO MIRROR'S  
FOOD COUNSELOR

*Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.*





# INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

## SUNDAY

| PACIFIC WAR TIME |       | CENTRAL WAR TIME |       | Eastern War Time                  |                      |
|------------------|-------|------------------|-------|-----------------------------------|----------------------|
|                  |       | 8:00             | CBS:  | News                              |                      |
|                  |       | 8:00             | Blue: | News                              |                      |
|                  |       | 8:00             | NBC:  | News and Organ Recital            |                      |
|                  |       | 8:30             | Blue: | The Woodsheddors                  |                      |
|                  |       | 8:00             | 9:00  | CBS:                              | News of the World    |
|                  |       | 8:00             | 9:00  | Blue:                             | World News           |
|                  |       | 8:00             | 9:00  | NBC:                              | News from Europe     |
|                  |       | 8:15             | 9:15  | CBS:                              | E. Power Biggs       |
|                  |       | 8:15             | 9:15  | Blue:                             | White Rabbit Line    |
|                  |       | 8:15             | 9:15  | NBC:                              | Deep River Boys      |
|                  |       | 8:30             | 9:30  | NBC:                              | Words and Music      |
|                  |       | 9:00             | 10:00 | CBS:                              | Church of the Air    |
|                  |       | 9:00             | 10:00 | Blue:                             | Fantasy in Melody    |
|                  |       | 9:00             | 10:00 | NBC:                              | Radio Pulpit         |
|                  |       | 9:30             | 10:30 | CBS:                              | Wings Over Jordan    |
|                  |       | 9:30             | 10:30 | Blue:                             | Southernaires        |
|                  |       | 10:00            | 11:00 | CBS:                              | Warren Sweeney, News |
|                  |       | 10:00            | 11:00 | Blue:                             | Glen Gray Orch.      |
| 8:05             | 10:05 | 11:05            | CBS:  | Budapest String Quartet           |                      |
| 8:30             | 10:30 | 11:30            | MBS:  | Radio Chapel                      |                      |
| 8:30             | 10:30 | 11:30            | Blue: | Josef Marais                      |                      |
| 8:45             | 10:45 | 11:45            | NBC:  | Olivia Santoro                    |                      |
| 9:00             | 11:00 | 12:00            | CBS:  | Quincy Howe, News                 |                      |
| 9:00             | 11:00 | 12:00            | Blue: | News from Europe                  |                      |
| 9:00             | 11:00 | 12:00            | NBC:  | Hospitality Time                  |                      |
| 9:15             | 11:15 | 12:15            | CBS:  | Womanpower                        |                      |
| 9:30             | 11:30 | 12:30            | CBS:  | Salt Lake City Tabernacle         |                      |
| 9:30             | 11:30 | 12:30            | Blue: | To The President                  |                      |
| 9:30             | 11:30 | 12:30            | NBC:  | Emma Otero                        |                      |
| 10:00            | 12:00 | 1:00             | CBS:  | Church of the Air                 |                      |
| 10:00            | 12:00 | 1:00             | Blue: | Horace Heidt Orch.                |                      |
| 10:00            | 12:00 | 1:00             | NBC:  | Robert St. John                   |                      |
| 10:15            | 12:15 | 1:15             | NBC:  | Labor for Victory                 |                      |
| 10:30            | 12:30 | 1:30             | CBS:  | Invitation to Learning            |                      |
| 10:30            | 12:30 | 1:30             | NBC:  | Modern Music                      |                      |
| 11:00            | 1:00  | 2:00             | CBS:  | Those We Love                     |                      |
| 11:00            | 1:00  | 2:00             | Blue: | Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.            |                      |
| 11:00            | 1:00  | 2:00             | NBC:  | Sammy Kaye                        |                      |
| 11:30            | 1:30  | 2:30             | CBS:  | World News Today                  |                      |
| 11:30            | 1:30  | 2:30             | Blue: | Yesterday and Today               |                      |
| 11:30            | 1:30  | 2:30             | NBC:  | University of Chicago Round Table |                      |
| 12:00            | 2:00  | 3:00             | CBS:  | N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.          |                      |
| 12:00            | 2:00  | 3:00             | Blue: | John Vandercook                   |                      |
| 12:00            | 2:00  | 3:00             | NBC:  | Music for Neighbors               |                      |
| 12:15            | 2:15  | 3:15             | Blue: | Wake Up America                   |                      |
| 12:15            | 2:15  | 3:15             | NBC:  | Upton Close                       |                      |
| 12:30            | 2:30  | 3:30             | NBC:  | The Army Hour                     |                      |
| 1:00             | 3:00  | 4:00             | Blue: | National Vespers                  |                      |
| 1:30             | 3:30  | 4:30             | CBS:  | Pause that Refreshes              |                      |
| 1:30             | 3:30  | 4:30             | Blue: | Toastcheese Time                  |                      |
| 1:30             | 3:30  | 4:30             | NBC:  | We Believe                        |                      |
| 2:00             | 4:00  | 5:00             | CBS:  | The Family Hour                   |                      |
| 2:00             | 4:00  | 5:00             | Blue: | Moylan Sisters                    |                      |
| 2:00             | 4:00  | 5:00             | NBC:  | NBC Symphony                      |                      |
| 2:15             | 4:15  | 5:15             | Blue: | Ink Spots                         |                      |
| 2:30             | 4:30  | 5:30             | Blue: | Musical Steelmakers               |                      |
| 2:30             | 4:30  | 5:30             | MBS:  | The Shadow                        |                      |
| 2:45             | 4:45  | 5:45             | CBS:  | William L. Shirer                 |                      |
| 3:00             | 5:00  | 6:00             | CBS:  | Edward R. Murrow                  |                      |
| 3:00             | 5:00  | 6:00             | Blue: | Britain to America                |                      |
| 3:00             | 5:00  | 6:00             | MBS:  | First Nighter                     |                      |
| 3:00             | 5:00  | 6:00             | NBC:  | Catholic Hour                     |                      |
| 3:15             | 5:15  | 6:15             | CBS:  | Irene Rich                        |                      |
| 3:30             | 5:30  | 6:30             | CBS:  | Gene Autry                        |                      |
| 3:30             | 5:30  | 6:30             | Blue: | Metropolitan Auditions            |                      |
| 3:30             | 5:30  | 6:30             | NBC:  | The Great Gildersleeve            |                      |
| 3:45             | 5:45  | 6:45             | Blue: | Edward Tomlinson                  |                      |
| 4:00             | 6:00  | 7:00             | CBS:  | Commandos                         |                      |
| 4:00             | 6:00  | 7:00             | MBS:  | Voice of Prophecy                 |                      |
| 4:00             | 6:00  | 7:00             | Blue: | Drew Pearson                      |                      |
| 4:00             | 6:00  | 7:00             | NBC:  | Jack Benny                        |                      |
| 4:30             | 6:30  | 7:30             | MBS:  | Stars and Stripes in Britain      |                      |
| 4:30             | 6:30  | 7:30             | CBS:  | We, the People                    |                      |
| 4:30             | 6:30  | 7:30             | Blue: | Quiz Kids                         |                      |
| 4:30             | 6:30  | 7:30             | NBC:  | Fitch Bandwagon                   |                      |
| 5:00             | 7:00  | 8:00             | CBS:  | Orson Welles                      |                      |
| 5:00             | 7:00  | 8:00             | Blue: | Earl Godwin, News                 |                      |
| 5:00             | 7:00  | 8:00             | NBC:  | Charlie McCarthy                  |                      |
| 5:15             | 7:15  | 8:15             | Blue: | Gibbs and Finney                  |                      |
| 5:30             | 7:30  | 8:30             | CBS:  | Crime Doctor                      |                      |
| 5:30             | 7:30  | 8:30             | Blue: | Inner Sanctum Mystery             |                      |
| 5:30             | 7:30  | 8:30             | NBC:  | ONE MAN'S FAMILY                  |                      |
| 5:45             | 7:45  | 8:45             | MBS:  | Gabriel Heatter                   |                      |
| 5:55             | 7:55  | 8:55             | CBS:  | Eric Sevareid                     |                      |
| 6:00             | 8:00  | 9:00             | CBS:  | Radio Reader's Digest             |                      |
| 6:00             | 8:00  | 9:00             | MBS:  | Old-Fashioned Revival             |                      |
| 6:00             | 8:00  | 9:00             | Blue: | Walter Winchell                   |                      |
| 6:00             | 8:00  | 9:00             | NBC:  | Manhattan Merry-Go-Round          |                      |
| 7:45             | 8:15  | 9:15             | Blue: | The Parker Family                 |                      |
| 6:30             | 8:30  | 9:30             | CBS:  | FRED ALLEN                        |                      |
| 6:30             | 8:30  | 9:30             | Blue: | Jimmie Fidler                     |                      |
| 6:30             | 8:30  | 9:30             | NBC:  | American Album of Familiar Music  |                      |
| 9:30             | 8:45  | 9:45             | Blue: | Dorothy Thompson                  |                      |
| 7:00             | 9:00  | 10:00            | CBS:  | Take It or Leave It               |                      |
| 7:00             | 9:00  | 10:00            | Blue: | Goodwill Hour                     |                      |
| 7:00             | 9:00  | 10:00            | MBS:  | John B. Hughes                    |                      |
| 7:00             | 9:00  | 10:00            | NBC:  | Hour of Charm                     |                      |
| 7:30             | 9:30  | 10:30            | CBS:  | Report to the Nation              |                      |
| 8:00             | 10:00 | 11:00            | CBS:  | News of the World                 |                      |
| 8:00             | 10:00 | 11:00            | NBC:  | Dance Orchestra                   |                      |
| 8:30             | 10:30 | 11:30            | NBC:  | Unlimited Horizons                |                      |



KEEPER OF THE SQUEAKY DOOR . . .

Raymond Edward Johnson, the ghoulishly genial host of the Inner Sanctum Mysteries on the Blue network Sunday nights, sometimes gets letters from listeners written in blood. At least, it's supposed to be blood, although Raymond admits it looks more like plain red ink. Other listeners thoughtfully send him oil cans to be used on that squeaky door, but it's no use—the door will continue to squeak as long as Inner Sanctum is on the air.

Although Ray is one of radio's best actors, and comes from Orson Welles' home town of Kenosha, Wisconsin, his early ambitions were strictly non-theatrical. He wanted to be a big-league baseball star. But he never was as good at playing ball as he was at oratory and dramatics, so the latter won out—although he didn't become an actor until he'd first served an apprenticeship as a golf caddy, a haberdashery clerk, a teacher, a soda-jerk, a bank teller and an insurance salesman.

Ray's first radio break came in NBC's Chicago studios. He had been auditioning for director after director without success. Finally, after he'd finished his regular prepared audition material, the umpteenth director asked him to act a tough gangster—without a script. Ray boiled over in fury, and poured all his bitterness into the impromptu speech, directing all his insults at the director, who slowly turned a beautiful brick red. Just the same, his performance was so good he got the job.

Ray is married to Betty Caine, who is also a radio actress. She has kept the script of the broadcast that brought them together—an NBC Chicago show which cast him as a doctor and her as the patient. They live in a New York suburb in a charming house surrounded by stone walls Ray built himself. Their special hobby is collecting antiques, and until gasoline was rationed they used to scour the countryside for prize early American pieces. Next to antiques, Ray likes to collect phonograph records best. Betty gave him a big Capehart machine last Christmas, and he's already on the way to having one of the largest assortments of records in existence outside of a music shop.

He likes to play tennis, and once taught it professionally. He also likes to ride horses—a fact which the horses resent, judging from the way they throw him off their backs whenever he tries to ride them. Back in Kenosha, he says, they used to call him "The Prince," after the Prince of Wales who suffered from the same affliction.

## MONDAY

| P. W. T. |       | C. W. T. |       | Eastern War Time           |                 |
|----------|-------|----------|-------|----------------------------|-----------------|
|          |       | 8:00     | 9:00  | Blue:                      | Texas Jim       |
|          |       | 8:00     | 9:00  | Blue:                      | News            |
|          |       | 8:00     | 9:00  | NBC:                       | BREAKFAST CLUB  |
|          |       | 8:00     | 9:00  | NBC:                       | Everything Goes |
| 1:30     | 2:30  | 9:15     | CBS:  | School of the Air          |                 |
|          | 8:45  | 9:45     | CBS:  | The Victory Front          |                 |
| 8:30     | 9:00  | 10:00    | CBS:  | Valiant Lady               |                 |
|          | 9:00  | 10:00    | Blue: | Isabel Manning, Hewson     |                 |
|          | 9:00  | 10:00    | NBC:  | Victory Volunteers         |                 |
| 8:45     | 9:15  | 10:15    | CBS:  | Stories America Loves      |                 |
|          | 9:15  | 10:15    | Blue: | News                       |                 |
| 9:00     | 9:15  | 10:15    | NBC:  | The O'Neills               |                 |
|          | 9:30  | 10:30    | CBS:  | Honeymoon Hill             |                 |
|          | 9:30  | 10:30    | NBC:  | Help Mate                  |                 |
| 12:45    | 9:45  | 10:45    | CBS:  | Bachelor's Children        |                 |
|          | 9:45  | 10:45    | NBC:  | Young Dr. Malone           |                 |
| 8:00     | 10:00 | 11:00    | CBS:  | Clara, Lu, 'n' Em          |                 |
|          | 8:00  | 10:00    | Blue: | Breakfast at Sardi's       |                 |
|          | 8:00  | 10:00    | NBC:  | Road of Life               |                 |
| 8:15     | 10:15 | 11:15    | CBS:  | Second Husband             |                 |
|          | 8:15  | 10:15    | NBC:  | Vic and Sade               |                 |
| 8:30     | 10:30 | 11:30    | CBS:  | Bright Horizon             |                 |
|          | 10:30 | 11:30    | NBC:  | Against the Storm          |                 |
| 11:15    | 10:45 | 11:45    | CBS:  | Aunt Jenny's Stories       |                 |
|          | 10:45 | 11:45    | NBC:  | David Harum                |                 |
| 9:00     | 11:00 | 12:00    | CBS:  | KATE SMITH SPEAKS          |                 |
| 9:00     | 11:00 | 12:00    | NBC:  | Words and Music            |                 |
| 9:15     | 11:15 | 12:15    | CBS:  | Big Sister                 |                 |
| 9:30     | 11:30 | 12:30    | CBS:  | Romance of Helen Trent     |                 |
|          | 9:30  | 11:30    | Blue: | Farm and Home Hour         |                 |
| 9:45     | 11:45 | 12:45    | CBS:  | Our Gal Sunday             |                 |
| 10:00    | 12:00 | 1:00     | CBS:  | Life Can Be Beautiful      |                 |
| 10:00    | 12:00 | 1:00     | Blue: | Baukhage Talking           |                 |
| 10:15    | 12:15 | 1:15     | CBS:  | Ma Perkins                 |                 |
| 10:15    | 12:15 | 1:15     | Blue: | Edward MacHugh             |                 |
| 10:30    | 12:30 | 1:30     | CBS:  | Vic and Sade               |                 |
|          | 12:45 | 1:45     | CBS:  | The Goldbergs              |                 |
|          | 10:45 | 12:45    | NBC:  | Morgan Beatty, News        |                 |
| 11:00    | 1:00  | 2:00     | CBS:  | Young Dr. Malone           |                 |
| 11:00    | 1:00  | 2:00     | NBC:  | Light of the World         |                 |
| 12:30    | 1:15  | 2:15     | CBS:  | Joyce Jordan, M.D.         |                 |
| 11:15    | 1:15  | 2:15     | NBC:  | Lonely Women               |                 |
| 11:30    | 1:30  | 2:30     | CBS:  | We Love and Learn          |                 |
| 11:30    | 1:30  | 2:30     | NBC:  | The Guiding Light          |                 |
| 11:45    | 1:45  | 2:45     | CBS:  | Pepper Young's Family      |                 |
| 11:45    | 1:45  | 2:45     | NBC:  | Hymns of All Churches      |                 |
|          | 2:00  | 3:00     | CBS:  | David Harum                |                 |
| 12:00    | 2:00  | 3:00     | Blue: | Prescott Holiday           |                 |
| 12:00    | 2:00  | 3:00     | NBC:  | Mary Mar in                |                 |
| 12:15    | 2:15  | 3:15     | CBS:  | Missus Goes Shopping       |                 |
| 12:15    | 2:15  | 3:15     | Blue: | Ma Perkins                 |                 |
| 12:30    | 2:30  | 3:30     | Blue: | Men of the Sea             |                 |
| 12:30    | 2:30  | 3:30     | NBC:  | Pepper Young's Family      |                 |
| 12:45    | 2:45  | 3:45     | NBC:  | Right to Happiness         |                 |
| 1:00     | 3:00  | 4:00     | Blue: | Club Matinee               |                 |
| 1:00     | 3:00  | 4:00     | NBC:  | Backstage Wife             |                 |
| 1:15     | 3:15  | 4:15     | NBC:  | Stella Dallas              |                 |
| 1:30     | 3:30  | 4:30     | CBS:  | Giants of Freedom          |                 |
| 1:30     | 3:30  | 4:30     | NBC:  | Lorenzo Jones              |                 |
| 1:45     | 3:45  | 4:45     | CBS:  | It's Off the Record        |                 |
| 1:45     | 3:45  | 4:45     | NBC:  | Young Widdie Brown         |                 |
| 2:00     | 4:00  | 5:00     | CBS:  | Are You a Genius           |                 |
| 2:00     | 4:00  | 5:00     | Blue: | Sea Hound                  |                 |
| 2:00     | 4:00  | 5:00     | NBC:  | When a Girl Marries        |                 |
| 2:15     | 4:15  | 5:15     | CBS:  | Mother and Dad             |                 |
| 2:15     | 4:15  | 5:15     | Blue: | Hop Harrigan               |                 |
| 2:15     | 4:15  | 5:15     | NBC:  | Portia Faces Life          |                 |
| 5:30     | 5:30  | 5:30     | Blue: | Jack Armstrong             |                 |
| 2:30     | 4:30  | 5:30     | NBC:  | Just Plain Bill            |                 |
| 2:30     | 4:30  | 5:30     | MBS:  | Superman                   |                 |
| 2:45     | 4:45  | 5:45     | NBC:  | Front Page Farrell         |                 |
| 2:45     | 4:45  | 5:45     | CBS:  | Ben Bernie                 |                 |
| 2:45     | 4:45  | 5:45     | Blue: | Captain Midnight           |                 |
| 3:00     | 5:00  | 6:00     | CBS:  | Quincy Howe, News          |                 |
| 3:00     | 5:00  | 6:00     | Blue: | Don Winslow                |                 |
| 3:10     | 5:10  | 6:10     | CBS:  | Eric Sevareid              |                 |
| 3:15     | 5:15  | 6:15     | CBS:  | Today at the Duncans       |                 |
| 3:30     | 5:30  | 6:30     | CBS:  | Keep Working, Keep Singing |                 |
| 3:45     | 5:45  | 6:45     | CBS:  | The World Today            |                 |
|          | 6:45  | 7:45     | Blue: | Lowell Thomas              |                 |
| 8:00     | 6:00  | 7:00     | CBS:  | Amos 'n' Andy              |                 |
| 8:00     | 6:00  | 7:00     | NBC:  | Fred Waring's Gang         |                 |
| 4:15     | 6:15  | 7:15     | CBS:  | Ceiling Unlimited          |                 |
| 7:30     | 6:30  | 7:30     | CBS:  | Blondie                    |                 |
|          | 6:30  | 7:30     | Blue: | The Lone Ranger            |                 |
| 4:45     | 6:45  | 7:45     | NBC:  | H. V. Kaltenborn           |                 |
| 5:00     | 7:00  | 8:00     | CBS:  | Vox Pop                    |                 |
| 8:00     | 7:00  | 8:00     | Blue: | Earl Godwin, News          |                 |
| 9:15     | 7:00  | 8:00     | MBS:  | Cal Tinney                 |                 |
| 8:30     | 7:00  | 8:00     | NBC:  | Cavalcade of America       |                 |
| 8:15     | 7:15  | 8:15     | Blue: | Lum and Abner              |                 |
| 8:30     | 7:30  | 8:30     | CBS:  | GAY NINETIES               |                 |
|          | 8:30  | 9:30     | Blue: | True or False              |                 |
| 5:30     | 7:30  | 8:30     | NBC:  | Voice of Firestone         |                 |
| 5:30     | 7:30  | 8:30     | MBS:  | Bulldog Drummond           |                 |
| 5:55     | 7:55  | 8:55     | CBS:  | Cecil Brown                |                 |
| 6:00     | 8:00  | 9:00     | CBS:  | LUX THEATER                |                 |
| 6:00     | 8:00  | 9:00     | Blue: | Counter-Spy                |                 |
| 6:00     | 8:00  | 9:00     | MBS:  | Gabriel Heatter            |                 |
| 9:00     | 8:00  | 9:00     | NBC:  | The Telephone Hour         |                 |
| 6:30     | 8:30  | 9:30     | Blue: | Spotlight Bands            |                 |
| 6:30     | 8:30  | 9:30     | NBC:  | Doctor I. Q.               |                 |
| 6:55     | 8:55  | 9:55     | Blue: | Gracie Fields              |                 |
| 7:00     | 9:00  | 10:00    | CBS:  | Screen Guild Theater       |                 |
| 7:00     | 9:00  | 10:00    | MBS:  | Raymond Clapper            |                 |
| 7:00     | 9:00  | 10:00    | Blue: | Raymond Gram Swing         |                 |
| 7:00     | 9:00  | 10:00    | NBC:  | Contented Program          |                 |
| 8:30     | 9:15  | 10:15    | Blue: | Alias John Freedom         |                 |
| 7:30     | 9:30  | 10:30    | CBS:  | Daytime Showcsez           |                 |



# TUESDAY

| P. W. T. | C. W. T. | Eastern War Time                   |
|----------|----------|------------------------------------|
|          | 8:30     | Blue: Texas Jim                    |
| 8:00     | 9:00     | CBS: News                          |
| 8:00     | 9:00     | Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB               |
| 8:00     | 9:00     | NBC: Everything Goes               |
| 1:30     | 2:30     | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air        |
|          | 8:45     | 9:45 CBS: The Victory Front        |
| 8:30     | 9:00     | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady            |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson        |
| 9:00     | 10:00    | NBC: Victory Volunteers            |
| 8:45     | 9:15     | 10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves   |
| 9:15     | 10:15    | Blue: News                         |
| 9:00     | 9:15     | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills            |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill          |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights  |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate               |
| 12:45    | 9:45     | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children     |
|          | 9:45     | 10:45 Blue: Stringtime             |
|          | 9:45     | 10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone        |
| 4:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor         |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's   |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life            |
| 8:15     | 10:15    | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband          |
| 8:15     | 10:15    | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade            |
| 8:30     | 10:30    | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon          |
| 8:30     | 10:30    | 11:30 Blue: A House in the Country |
| 10:30    | 11:30    | NBC: Against the Storm             |
| 11:15    | 10:45    | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories    |
| 8:45     | 10:45    | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little     |
| 10:45    | 11:45    | NBC: David Harum                   |
| 9:00     | 11:00    | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks       |
| 9:15     | 11:15    | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister              |
| 9:30     | 11:30    | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent  |
| 9:30     | 11:30    | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour     |
| 9:45     | 11:45    | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday          |
| 10:00    | 12:00    | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful    |
| 10:00    | 12:00    | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking        |
| 10:00    | 12:00    | 1:00 NBC: Air Breaks               |
| 10:15    | 12:15    | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins               |
| 10:15    | 12:15    | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh          |
| 10:30    | 12:30    | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade             |
| 12:45    | 1:45     | CBS: The Goldbergs                 |
| 10:45    | 12:45    | 1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News      |
| 11:00    | 1:00     | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone         |
| 11:00    | 1:00     | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World       |
| 12:30    | 1:15     | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.       |
| 11:15    | 1:15     | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women             |
| 11:30    | 1:30     | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn        |
| 11:30    | 1:30     | 2:30 Blue: Victory Hour            |
| 11:30    | 1:30     | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light        |
| 11:45    | 1:45     | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family    |
| 11:45    | 1:45     | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches    |
| 12:00    | 2:00     | 3:00 CBS: David Harum              |
| 12:00    | 2:00     | 3:00 Blue: Prescott Holiday        |
| 12:00    | 2:00     | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin              |
| 12:15    | 2:15     | 3:15 CBS: St. Louis Matinee        |
| 12:15    | 2:15     | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins               |
| 12:30    | 2:30     | 3:30 CBS: Keyboard Concerts        |
| 12:30    | 2:30     | 3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea          |
| 12:30    | 2:30     | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family    |
| 12:45    | 2:45     | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness       |
| 1:00     | 3:00     | 4:00 CBS: News                     |
| 1:00     | 3:00     | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee            |
| 1:00     | 3:00     | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife           |
| 1:15     | 3:15     | 4:15 CBS: Listen Neighbor          |
| 1:15     | 3:15     | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas            |
| 1:30     | 3:30     | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones            |
| 1:45     | 3:45     | 4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record      |
| 1:45     | 3:45     | 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown       |
| 2:00     | 4:00     | 5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius         |
| 2:00     | 4:00     | 5:00 Blue: Sea Hound               |
| 2:00     | 4:00     | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries      |
| 2:15     | 4:15     | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad           |
| 2:15     | 4:15     | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan            |
| 2:15     | 4:15     | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life        |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 CBS: Landt Trio               |
| 5:30     | 5:30     | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong          |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 MBS: Superman                 |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill          |
| 2:45     | 4:45     | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie               |
| 5:45     | 5:45     | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight        |
| 2:45     | 4:45     | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell       |
| 7:45     | 5:00     | 6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt             |
| 5:00     | 6:00     | 6:00 Blue: Don Winslow             |
| 3:15     | 5:15     | 6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill            |
| 3:30     | 5:30     | 6:30 NBC: Bill Stern               |
| 3:45     | 5:45     | 6:45 CBS: The World Today          |
|          | 6:45     | 6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas           |
| 8:00     | 6:00     | 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy            |
| 6:00     | 7:00     | 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang       |
| 8:15     | 6:15     | 7:15 CBS: Harry James              |
| 4:15     | 6:15     | 7:15 NBC: European News            |
| 4:30     | 6:30     | 7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour     |
| 4:45     | 6:45     | 7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn         |
| 8:30     | 7:00     | 8:00 CBS: Lights Out               |
| 8:00     | 7:00     | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News       |
| 8:30     | 7:00     | 8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms              |
| 8:15     | 7:15     | 8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner           |
| 9:00     | 7:30     | 8:30 CBS: Al Jolson                |
| 9:00     | 7:30     | 8:30 Blue: Duffy's                 |
| 5:30     | 7:30     | 8:30 NBC: Horace Heidt             |
| 5:55     | 7:55     | 8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown              |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 CBS: Burns and Allen          |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter          |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 Blue: Famous Jury Trials      |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 NBC: Battle of the Sexes      |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 CBS: Suspense                 |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands         |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 MBS: Murder Clinic            |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly   |
| 6:55     | 8:55     | 9:55 Blue: Gracie Fields           |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes          |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing     |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 NBC: Bob Hope                |
| 7:30     | 9:30     | 10:30 NBC: Red Skelton             |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News        |



# THE LASS FROM LANCASHIRE . . .

Five minutes a day isn't very much of any good entertainer, and it seems even less when you're listening to Gracie Fields, but that's all we're getting, at least for the time being. You can tune her in on the Blue network any night, Monday through Friday, at 9:55, EWT, and console yourself with the old adage that half a loaf is better than none.

There's nobody in the world quite like Gracie Fields. The daughter of a humble English millworker, she has worked her way up in the world until she's reputed to be paid more every year than any other woman entertainer. Not that she's been getting much money for herself since the war began. Except for one nine-week engagement and her present sponsored show, every cent she's made since September, 1939, has gone to British War Relief or other charities.

Her real name is Gracie Stansfields, and she was born in the little town of Rochdale, which is ten miles from Manchester but might just as well have been a hundred, Gracie remembers, the distance was traveled so seldom when she was a girl. She worked in the cotton mills herself until her amazing voice, good spirits, and ability as a mimic sent her on to fame and fortune. She still talks in a thick Lancashire brogue, but can switch to any other dialect you want to name, at a moment's notice.

Gracie was never what you'd call pretty, but she has a face you like the minute you see it. The picture above has been retouched a good deal—in fact, Gracie says, when she sent it to her brother in England he wrote back, "What have they done to you there in America—taken away all your wrinkles?" She is forty-four years old, "can't see a thing without me glasses," and has a figure as slim and supple as a high-school girl's.

Her voice is something special. She can shake the rafters loose with "Walter" or "The Biggest Aspidistra in the World," or come down to a muted, angelic tone with "Ave Maria." In England, it's a tradition that no matter how rowdy and funny a Gracie Fields concert is, she always closes with a religious song.

Gracie began her broadcast series in New York, but has returned now to Hollywood, where she has a home and lives with her husband, Monte Banks, and some of her relatives. She's gradually losing the relatives, though—they are returning to their homes and families in England. She herself hasn't visited England since a year ago. She went over then for six weeks to tour British factories and service camps.

Most of Gracie's songs were either written especially for her or she's made them her own by right of conquest. Once a typical Fields song has been sung by her, you can hardly blame any other singer for hesitating to invite comparisons.

# WEDNESDAY

| P. W. T. | C. W. T. | Eastern War Time                  |
|----------|----------|-----------------------------------|
|          | 8:30     | Blue: Texas Tim                   |
| 8:00     | 9:00     | CBS: News                         |
| 8:00     | 9:00     | Blue: Breakfast Club              |
| 8:00     | 9:00     | NBC: Everything Goes              |
| 1:30     | 2:30     | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air       |
|          | 8:45     | 9:45 CBS: The Victory Front       |
| 8:30     | 9:00     | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady           |
| 9:00     | 10:00    | Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson       |
| 9:00     | 10:00    | NBC: Victory Volunteers           |
| 8:45     | 9:15     | 10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves  |
| 9:15     | 10:15    | Blue: News                        |
| 9:00     | 9:15     | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills           |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill         |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate              |
| 12:45    | 9:45     | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children    |
|          | 9:45     | 10:45 Blue: Stringtime            |
|          | 9:45     | 10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone       |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 CBS: Clara, Lu, 'n' Em      |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's  |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life           |
| 8:15     | 10:15    | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband         |
| 8:15     | 10:15    | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade           |
| 8:30     | 10:30    | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon         |
| 10:30    | 11:30    | NBC: Against the Storm            |
| 11:15    | 10:45    | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories   |
| 8:45     | 10:45    | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little    |
| 10:45    | 11:45    | NBC: David Harum                  |
| 9:00     | 11:00    | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks      |
| 9:00     | 11:00    | 12:00 NBC: Words and Music        |
| 9:15     | 11:15    | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister             |
| 9:30     | 11:30    | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30     | 11:30    | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour    |
| 9:45     | 11:45    | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday         |
| 10:00    | 12:00    | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful   |
| 10:00    | 12:00    | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking       |
| 10:15    | 12:15    | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins              |
| 10:15    | 12:15    | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh         |
| 10:30    | 12:30    | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade            |
| 10:45    | 12:45    | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs           |
| 10:45    | 12:45    | 1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News     |
| 11:00    | 1:00     | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone        |
| 11:00    | 1:00     | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World      |
| 12:30    | 1:15     | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.      |
| 11:15    | 1:15     | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women            |
| 11:30    | 1:30     | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn       |
| 11:30    | 1:30     | 2:30 Blue: Jack McDonald          |
| 11:30    | 1:30     | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light       |
| 11:45    | 1:45     | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family   |
| 11:45    | 1:45     | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches   |
| 12:00    | 2:00     | 3:00 CBS: David Harum             |
| 12:00    | 2:00     | 3:00 Blue: Prescott Holiday       |
| 12:00    | 2:00     | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin             |
| 12:15    | 2:15     | 3:15 CBS: Missus Goes Shopping    |
| 12:15    | 2:15     | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins              |
| 12:30    | 2:30     | 3:30 CBS: Songs of the Centuries  |
| 12:30    | 2:30     | 3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea         |
| 12:30    | 2:30     | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family   |
| 12:45    | 2:45     | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness      |
| 1:00     | 3:00     | 4:00 CBS: News                    |
| 1:00     | 3:00     | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee           |
| 1:00     | 3:00     | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife          |
| 1:15     | 3:15     | 4:15 CBS: Raymond Scott Orch.     |
| 1:15     | 3:15     | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas           |
| 1:30     | 3:30     | 4:30 CBS: Of Men and Books        |
| 1:30     | 3:30     | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones           |
| 1:45     | 3:45     | 4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record     |
| 1:45     | 3:45     | 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown      |
| 2:00     | 4:00     | 5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius        |
| 2:00     | 4:00     | 5:00 Blue: Sea Hound              |
| 2:00     | 4:00     | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries     |
| 2:15     | 4:15     | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad          |
| 2:15     | 4:15     | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan           |
| 2:15     | 4:15     | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life       |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 CBS: Landt Trio              |
| 5:30     | 5:30     | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong         |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 MBS: Superman                |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill         |
| 2:45     | 4:45     | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie              |
| 5:45     | 5:45     | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight       |
| 2:45     | 4:45     | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell      |
| 7:45     | 5:00     | 6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt            |
| 5:00     | 6:00     | 6:00 Blue: Don Winslow            |
| 3:15     | 5:15     | 6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill           |
| 3:30     | 5:30     | 6:30 NBC: Bill Stern              |
| 3:45     | 5:45     | 6:45 CBS: The World Today         |
|          | 6:45     | 6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas          |
| 8:00     | 6:00     | 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy           |
| 6:00     | 7:00     | 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang      |
| 8:15     | 6:15     | 7:15 CBS: Harry James             |
| 4:15     | 6:15     | 7:15 NBC: European News           |
| 4:30     | 6:30     | 7:30 CBS: Easy Aces               |
| 6:30     | 7:30     | 7:30 Blue: The Lone Ranger        |
| 4:45     | 6:45     | 7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen                |
| 4:45     | 6:45     | 7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn        |
| 5:00     | 7:00     | 8:00 CBS: Old Gold Show           |
| 8:00     | 7:00     | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News      |
| 9:15     | 7:00     | 8:00 MBS: Carl Tinney             |
| 7:00     | 8:00     | 8:00 NBC: The Thin Man            |
| 8:15     | 7:15     | 8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner          |
| 8:30     | 7:30     | 8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian           |
| 8:30     | 7:30     | 8:30 Blue: Manhattan at Midnight  |
| 5:30     | 7:30     | 8:30 MBS: True Story Theater      |
| 5:30     | 7:30     | 8:30 NBC: Tommy Dorsey            |
| 5:55     | 7:55     | 8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown             |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 CBS: Bob Burns               |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter         |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 Blue: Basin Street Music     |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 NBC: Eddie Cantor            |
| 6:15     | 8:15     | 9:15 MBS: Jack Pearl              |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 CBS: Mayor of Our Town       |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands        |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 NBC: Mr. District Attorney   |
| 6:55     | 8:55     | 9:55 Blue: Gracie Fields          |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 CBS: Great Moments in Music |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes         |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 NBC: Ray Kuer               |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing    |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer             |



# THURSDAY

| P. W. T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time                   |
|----------|--------|------------------------------------|
| 8:00     | 8:00   | Blue: Texas Jim                    |
| 8:00     | 9:00   | CBS: News                          |
| 8:00     | 9:00   | Blue: Breakfast Club               |
| 8:00     | 9:00   | NBC: Everything Goes               |
| 1:30     | 2:30   | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air        |
| 8:45     | 9:45   | CBS: The Victory Front             |
| 8:30     | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady            |
| 8:30     | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson  |
| 8:30     | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Victory Volunteers      |
| 8:45     | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves   |
| 9:00     | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: News                   |
| 9:00     | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills            |
|          | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill          |
|          | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights  |
|          | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate               |
| 12:45    | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children     |
|          | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Stringtime             |
|          | 9:45   | 10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone        |
| 8:00     | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor         |
| 8:00     | 10:00  | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's   |
| 8:00     | 10:00  | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life            |
| 8:15     | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband          |
| 8:15     | 10:15  | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade            |
| 8:30     | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon          |
| 8:30     | 10:30  | 11:30 Blue: A House in the Country |
| 8:30     | 10:30  | 11:30 NBC: Against the Storm       |
| 11:15    | 10:45  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories    |
| 8:45     | 10:45  | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little     |
| 8:45     | 10:45  | 11:45 NBC: David Harum             |
| 9:00     | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks       |
| 9:00     | 11:00  | 12:00 NBC: Words and Music         |
| 9:15     | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister              |
| 9:30     | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent  |
| 9:30     | 11:30  | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour     |
| 9:45     | 11:45  | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday          |
| 10:00    | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful    |
| 10:00    | 12:00  | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking        |
| 10:00    | 12:00  | 1:00 NBC: Air Breaks               |
| 10:15    | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins               |
| 10:15    | 12:15  | 1:15 Blue: Edward Mac Hugh         |
| 10:30    | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade             |
| 10:45    | 12:45  | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs            |
| 10:45    | 12:45  | 1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News      |
| 11:00    | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone         |
| 11:00    | 1:00   | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World       |
| 12:30    | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M. D.      |
| 11:15    | 1:15   | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women             |
| 11:30    | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn        |
| 11:30    | 1:30   | 2:30 Blue: James Mc Donald         |
| 11:30    | 1:30   | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light        |
| 11:45    | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family    |
| 11:45    | 1:45   | 2:45 Blue: Earl Tanner             |
| 11:45    | 1:45   | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches    |
| 12:00    | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum              |
| 12:00    | 2:00   | 3:00 Blue: Prescott Holiday        |
| 12:00    | 2:00   | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin              |
| 12:15    | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: St. Louis Matinee        |
| 12:15    | 2:15   | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins               |
| 12:30    | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: Men of the Sea           |
| 12:30    | 2:30   | 3:30 Blue: Pepper Young's Family   |
| 12:45    | 2:45   | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness       |
| 1:00     | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                     |
| 1:00     | 3:00   | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee            |
| 1:00     | 3:00   | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife           |
| 1:15     | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Listen Neighbor          |
| 1:15     | 3:15   | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas            |
| 1:30     | 3:30   | 4:30 CBS: Highways to Health       |
| 1:30     | 3:30   | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones            |
| 1:45     | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record      |
| 1:45     | 3:45   | 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown       |
| 2:00     | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius         |
| 2:00     | 4:00   | 5:00 Blue: Sea Hound               |
| 2:00     | 4:00   | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries      |
| 2:15     | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad           |
| 2:15     | 4:15   | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan            |
| 2:15     | 4:15   | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life        |
| 2:30     | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Landt Trio               |
| 2:30     | 4:30   | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong          |
| 2:30     | 4:30   | 5:30 MBS: Superman                 |
| 2:30     | 4:30   | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill          |
| 2:45     | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie               |
| 2:45     | 4:45   | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight        |
| 2:45     | 4:45   | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell       |
| 2:55     | 4:55   | 5:55 CBS: Frazier Hunt             |
| 2:55     | 4:55   | 5:55 Blue: Don Winslow             |
| 3:15     | 5:15   | 6:15 CBS: Don't You Believe It     |
| 3:30     | 5:30   | 6:30 NBC: Bill Stern               |
| 3:45     | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: The World Today          |
| 3:45     | 5:45   | 6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas           |
| 8:00     | 6:00   | 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy            |
| 8:00     | 6:00   | 7:00 Blue: The Army-Navy Game      |
| 8:00     | 6:00   | 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang       |
| 8:15     | 6:15   | 7:15 CBS: Harry James              |
| 8:15     | 6:15   | 7:15 NBC: European News            |
| 8:30     | 6:30   | 7:30 CBS: Easy Aces                |
| 8:30     | 6:30   | 7:30 NBC: Abbott and Costello      |
| 8:45     | 6:45   | 7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen                 |
| 8:00     | 7:00   | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News       |
| 8:30     | 7:00   | 8:00 NBC: Coffee Time              |
| 8:15     | 7:15   | 8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner           |
| 8:30     | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: Death Valley Days        |
| 8:30     | 7:30   | 8:30 Blue: America's Town Meeting  |
| 8:30     | 7:30   | 8:30 NBC: ALDRICH FAMILY           |
| 8:55     | 7:55   | 8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown              |
| 9:00     | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Major Bowes              |
| 9:00     | 8:00   | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter          |
| 9:00     | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: KRAFT MUSIC HALL         |
| 9:30     | 8:30   | 9:30 CBS: Stage Door Canteen       |
| 9:30     | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands         |
| 9:55     | 8:55   | 9:55 Blue: Gracie Fields           |
| 7:00     | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: The First Line          |
| 7:00     | 9:00   | 10:00 MBS: Raymond Clapper         |
| 7:00     | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Raymond Gram Swing      |
| 7:00     | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Rudy Vallee            |
| 7:30     | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: March of Time           |
| 8:00     | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News        |



## STAR OVERNIGHT . . .

Judging from the career of Laura Deane Dutton, it's a cinch to become a popular singer on the networks and in exclusive night clubs. The hard part, Laura affirms, is staying on top once you've got there.

Maybe Laura's beauty had something to do with it (and that she is beautiful you won't deny if you've seen her on the cover of this month's Radio Mirror), but her climb to network fame was accomplished practically with no effort. She's expending the effort now—studying voice, diction and microphone technique in an effort to be what she calls “really good.” Meanwhile, you hear her on the Blue network every Monday, Thursday and Friday at 3:45 EWT.

Earning the butter for her bread was never necessary in brown-haired Laura's life. She was born in Boston, of a family which traces its lineage back to pre-Revolutionary days, and is a direct descendant of Henry W. T. Dutton, founder of the Boston Transcript. So it was ambition, and not necessity, that made her decide she wanted to be a singer. Upon the sage advice of her father, Lieutenant Colonel Henry R. Dutton, she stifled her determination to go on the stage until after she'd graduated from the Lincoln School for Girls in Providence, R. I., where theatrical hopes were frowned on.

She only slipped once. One day when she was visiting New York with her family she sneaked away and entered an amateur singing contest sponsored by a local radio station. She never dreamed of winning, and was shocked and considerably frightened when she took first place. The resultant publicity called down stern parental disapproval on her head, but she made amends by refusing the award and returning to school and her studies.

Two years ago, when she was eighteen, Laura made her debut as a singer in a night club. She's appeared in such colorful nighteries as Armando's, the Rainbow Room, La Martinique, and most recently, the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, where she first preceded and later followed Dinah Shore. An odd coincidence is that both she and Dinah got their radio starts on the Blue network. How did she get into radio? Why, very simply. A recording of her voice was brought to the attention of Blue network officials, and they liked it so much she was promptly offered a contract—which she as promptly accepted.

Soft-voiced and a little shy, Laura is about as far from the movies' conception of a torch singer as anyone you could find. She isn't married, and contends she doesn't intend to be, for some time in the future at least. Right now her only desire is to be a success in radio and—maybe, after a while—in movies.

# FRIDAY

| P. W. T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time                  |
|----------|--------|-----------------------------------|
| 8:00     | 8:00   | Blue: Texas Jim                   |
| 8:00     | 9:00   | CBS: News                         |
| 8:00     | 9:00   | Blue: Breakfast Club              |
| 8:00     | 9:00   | NBC: Everything Goes              |
| 1:30     | 2:30   | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air       |
| 8:15     | 9:15   | NBC: Isabel Manning Hewson        |
| 8:45     | 9:45   | CBS: The Victory Front            |
| 8:30     | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady           |
| 8:30     | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson |
| 8:30     | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Victory Volunteers     |
| 8:45     | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves  |
| 9:00     | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: News                  |
| 9:00     | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills           |
|          | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill         |
|          | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: Help Mate             |
| 12:45    | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children    |
|          | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Stringtime            |
|          | 9:45   | 10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone       |
| 8:00     | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Clara, Lu, 'n' Em      |
| 8:00     | 10:00  | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's  |
| 8:00     | 10:00  | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life           |
| 8:15     | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband         |
| 8:15     | 10:15  | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade           |
| 8:30     | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon         |
| 8:30     | 10:30  | 11:30 Blue: Against the Storm     |
| 8:45     | 10:45  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories   |
| 8:45     | 10:45  | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little    |
| 8:45     | 10:45  | 11:45 NBC: David Harum            |
| 9:00     | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks      |
| 9:00     | 11:00  | 12:00 NBC: Words and Music        |
| 9:15     | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister             |
| 9:30     | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30     | 11:30  | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour    |
| 9:45     | 11:45  | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday         |
| 10:00    | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful   |
| 10:00    | 12:00  | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking       |
| 10:00    | 12:00  | 1:00 NBC: Air Breaks              |
| 10:15    | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins              |
| 10:15    | 12:15  | 1:15 Blue: Edward Mac Hugh        |
| 10:30    | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade            |
| 10:45    | 12:45  | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs           |
| 10:45    | 12:45  | 1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News     |
| 11:00    | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone        |
| 11:00    | 1:00   | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World      |
| 12:30    | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M. D.     |
| 11:15    | 1:15   | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women            |
| 11:30    | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn       |
| 11:30    | 1:30   | 2:30 Blue: James McDonald         |
| 11:30    | 1:30   | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light       |
| 11:45    | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family   |
| 11:45    | 1:45   | 2:45 Blue: Earl Tanner            |
| 11:45    | 1:45   | 2:45 NBC: Betty Crocker           |
| 12:00    | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum             |
| 12:00    | 2:00   | 3:00 Blue: Prescott Holiday       |
| 12:00    | 2:00   | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin             |
| 12:15    | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: Missus Goes Shopping    |
| 12:15    | 2:15   | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins              |
| 12:30    | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: Eastman School Symphony |
| 12:30    | 2:30   | 3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea         |
| 12:30    | 2:30   | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family   |
| 12:45    | 2:45   | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness      |
| 1:00     | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                    |
| 1:00     | 3:00   | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee           |
| 1:00     | 3:00   | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife          |
| 1:15     | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Raymond Scott Orch./    |
| 1:15     | 3:15   | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas           |
| 1:30     | 3:30   | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones           |
| 1:45     | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record     |
| 1:45     | 3:45   | 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown      |
| 2:00     | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius        |
| 2:00     | 4:00   | 5:00 Blue: Sea Hound              |
| 2:00     | 4:00   | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries     |
| 2:15     | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad          |
| 2:15     | 4:15   | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan           |
| 2:15     | 4:15   | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life       |
| 2:30     | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Landt Trio              |
| 2:30     | 4:30   | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong         |
| 2:30     | 4:30   | 5:30 MBS: Superman                |
| 2:30     | 4:30   | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill         |
| 2:45     | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie              |
| 2:45     | 4:45   | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight       |
| 2:45     | 4:45   | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell      |
| 2:55     | 4:55   | 5:55 CBS: Frazier Hunt            |
| 2:55     | 4:55   | 5:55 Blue: Don Winslow            |
| 3:15     | 5:15   | 6:15 CBS: Don't You Believe It    |
| 3:30     | 5:30   | 6:30 NBC: Bill Stern              |
| 3:45     | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: The World Today         |
| 3:45     | 5:45   | 6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas          |
| 8:00     | 6:00   | 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy           |
| 8:00     | 6:00   | 7:00 Blue: Fred Waring's Gang     |
| 8:00     | 6:00   | 7:00 NBC: Our Secret Weapon       |
| 8:15     | 6:15   | 7:15 CBS: European News           |
| 8:30     | 6:30   | 7:30 CBS: Easy Aces               |
| 8:30     | 6:30   | 7:30 Blue: The Lone Ranger        |
| 8:30     | 6:30   | 7:30 NBC: Tommy Riggs, Betty Lou  |
| 8:45     | 6:45   | 7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen                |
| 8:45     | 6:45   | 7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn        |
| 9:00     | 7:00   | 8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH              |
| 9:00     | 7:00   | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News      |
| 9:15     | 7:00   | 8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney              |
| 9:15     | 7:00   | 8:00 NBC: Cities Service Concert  |
| 8:15     | 7:15   | 8:15 Blue: Dinah Shore            |
| 8:30     | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: Those Good Old Days     |
| 8:30     | 7:30   | 8:30 Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE     |
| 8:55     | 7:55   | 8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown             |
| 9:00     | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Philip Morris Playhouse |
| 9:00     | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Gang Busters           |
| 9:00     | 8:00   | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter         |
| 9:00     | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Waltz Time              |
| 9:30     | 8:30   | 9:30 CBS: That Brewster Boy       |
| 9:30     | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands        |
| 9:30     | 8:30   | 9:30 MBS: Double or Nothing       |
| 9:30     | 8:30   | 9:30 NBC: Plantation Party        |
| 7:00     | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Camel Caravan          |
| 7:00     | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Meet Your Navy        |
| 7:00     | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: People Are Funny       |
| 7:30     | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: John Gunther, News    |
| 8:00     | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News       |



# SATURDAY

| PACIFIC WAR TIME | CENTRAL WAR TIME | Eastern War Time                      |
|------------------|------------------|---------------------------------------|
|                  |                  | 8:00 CBS: The World Today             |
|                  |                  | 8:00 Blue: News                       |
|                  |                  | 8:00 NBC: News                        |
|                  |                  | 8:15 CBS: Music of Today              |
|                  |                  | 8:30 CBS: Missus Goes A-shopping      |
|                  |                  | 8:30 NBC: Dick Leibert                |
|                  |                  | 8:30 Blue: Texas Jim                  |
|                  |                  | 8:45 CBS: Adelaide Hawley             |
|                  |                  | 8:45 Blue: News                       |
|                  |                  | 8:45 NBC: News                        |
| 8:00             | 9:00             | CBS: Press News                       |
| 8:00             | 9:00             | Blue: Breakfast Club                  |
| 8:00             | 9:00             | NBC: Everything Goes                  |
| 8:15             | 9:15             | CBS: Caucasian Melodies               |
| 8:30             | 9:30             | CBS: Garden Gate                      |
| 9:00             | 10:00            | CBS: Youth on Parade                  |
| 9:00             | 10:00            | Blue: Blackhawk Valley Boys           |
| 9:00             | 10:00            | NBC: Patti Chapin                     |
| 9:30             | 10:30            | CBS: Hillbilly Champions              |
| 9:30             | 10:30            | Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights           |
| 9:30             | 10:30            | NBC: Nellie Revell                    |
| 9:45             | 10:45            | NBC: String Serenade                  |
| 8:00             | 10:00            | CBS: Warren Sweeney, News             |
| 8:00             | 10:00            | Blue: Servicemen's Hop                |
| 8:00             | 10:00            | NBC: The Greightons Are Coming        |
| 8:15             | 10:15            | CBS: God's Country                    |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | CBS: Let's Pretend                    |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | Blue: Little Blue Playhouse           |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | NBC: U. S. Coast Guard Band           |
| 9:00             | 11:00            | CBS: Theater of Today                 |
| 9:00             | 11:00            | Blue: Music by Black                  |
| 9:00             | 11:00            | NBC: News                             |
| 9:15             | 11:15            | NBC: Consumer Time                    |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | CBS: Stars Over Hollywood             |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | Blue: Farm Bureau                     |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | NBC: Golden Melodies                  |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | CBS: County Journal                   |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | Blue: Vincent Lopez                   |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | NBC: Pan-American Holiday             |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | CBS: Adventures in Science            |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | Blue: Washington Luncheon             |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | NBC: All Out for Victory              |
| 10:45            | 12:45            | 1:45 CBS: Football                    |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00 Blue: Metropolitan Opera         |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00 NBC: Football                    |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | 5:00 CBS: Cleveland Symphony          |
| 2:30             | 4:30             | 5:30 NBC: Three Suns Trio             |
| 2:45             | 4:45             | 5:45 NBC: News, Upton Close           |
| 7:45             | 5:00             | 6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt                |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00 Blue: Dinner Music               |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00 NBC: Gallicchio Orch.            |
| 3:15             | 5:15             | 6:15 CBS: Calling Pan-America         |
| 3:30             | 5:30             | 6:30 Blue: Korn Kobblers              |
| 3:30             | 5:30             | 6:30 NBC: Religion in the News        |
| 3:45             | 5:45             | 6:45 CBS: The World Today             |
| 3:45             | 5:45             | 6:45 Blue: Edward Tomlinson           |
| 3:45             | 5:45             | 6:45 NBC: Paul Lavalle Orch.          |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00 Blue: Message of Israel          |
| 8:00             | 6:30             | 7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks         |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30 Blue: Swap Night                 |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30 NBC: Elery Queen                 |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | 8:00 CBS: Mr. Adam and Mrs. Eve       |
| 8:00             | 7:00             | 8:00 Blue: Roy Porter, News           |
| 8:30             | 7:00             | 8:00 NBC: Abie's Irish Rose           |
| 5:15             | 7:15             | 8:15 Blue: Gibbs and Finney           |
| 8:30             | 7:30             | 8:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby                 |
| 5:30             | 7:30             | 8:30 Blue: Danny Thomas               |
| 8:00             | 7:30             | 8:30 NBC: Truth or Consequences       |
| 5:55             | 7:55             | 8:55 CBS: Eric Sevareid               |
| 9:00             | 8:00             | 9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE             |
| 6:00             | 8:00             | 9:00 Blue: The Green Hornet           |
| 6:00             | 8:00             | 9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance         |
| 6:30             | 8:30             | 9:30 NBC: Can You Top This            |
| 6:30             | 8:30             | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Band             |
| 6:45             | 8:45             | 9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade     |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00 Blue: Prescott Variety Show     |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00 NBC: Bill Stern Sports Newsreel |
| 7:15             | 9:15             | 10:15 CBS: Soldiers With Wings        |
| 7:15             | 9:15             | 10:15 NBC: Dick Powell                |
| 7:30             | 9:30             | 10:30 Blue: John Gunther, News        |
| 7:30             | 9:30             | 10:30 NBC: Ted Steele Variety         |
| 7:45             | 9:45             | 10:45 CBS: Eileen Farrell             |



Dick Coogan as Abie makes love to Mercedes McCambridge as his "Irish Rose"—but away from the mike he works in a war factory.

## "ABIE'S" DOUBLE LIFE

THE only radio star working full-time in a war production factory is Richard Coogan, whom you hear on NBC Saturday nights as "Abie" in *Abie's Irish Rose*. Six days a week, from 7:45 in the morning until 6:00 in the afternoon, Dick can be found in the milling department of a Long Island factory turning out surgical instruments for the Army and Navy—that is, all except Wednesdays, when by a special arrangement with the factory's personnel manager, he gets three hours off to attend rehearsals for his program.

And incidentally, the fact that Dick's time is so precious makes the picture above a very rare one. He is never around NBC long enough to have a regular portrait sitting, and this one taken with Mercedes McCambridge, who plays "Rosemary," is the only photograph of him in existence.

By leading a "double life" as both actor and factory worker, Dick is setting a precedent that other actors and actresses may follow before so very long. It was patriotism, pure and simple, that sent him into the war factory in the first place.

In Dick's infancy and early childhood he had inflammatory rheumatism, which left him with a weak heart. When the draft board examined him, he was deferred on account of his health. But four of his brothers are in the armed forces and Dick didn't feel that he could just sit back and let them win the war alone.

He applied for a job with the Sklar Manufacturing Co. on Long Island. At first, the personnel manager looked at his questionnaire, on which he had

listed acting as his profession, and refused to hire him. Actors, he intimated, weren't qualified for war work, and Dick had never had any experience at all as a machinist. But he hadn't learned how to talk convincingly for nothing, and he finally got the job.

Today, after only a few months in the factory, Dick has broken records in his department by working so fast and so accurately that he's piled up a number of "premium hours" and gained extra pay and prestige.

When the chance came to play "Abie" it was too good to resist, and luckily the factory management was willing to give him the necessary time off for rehearsals. Thus he's able to "keep his hand in" at a profession for which he was trained and had already gained some success—and to which he hopes to return after the war.

Dick was born in Short Hills, N. J., and was one of ten children of English and Irish decent. He studied at the Emerson School of Oratory in Boston, and later was on the stage in New York and on the road with Leslie Howard in "Hamlet" and in other plays. It was while he was in "Hamlet" that he met and fell in love with Gay Adams, who was part of the same company. They're married now, and very happily. You've heard him in quite a few radio shows besides *Abie*—Joe and Mabel, *Against the Storm*, and *Lorenzo Jones*, to mention just a few.

Since high-school days, Dick has had two hobbies which probably account for his success as a machinist. He's always enjoyed carpentering and drafting in his spare time.



# Bitter Marriage

Continued from page 9

thinking these things as I told this young man that I hoped he would be comfortable with us. I mentioned a suite in the guest wing with a sitting room where he could spend his leisure, perhaps take his meals—

"I've already installed him in the gray room, Justin interrupted. "And why set up an extra service for him? He can eat with you."

I looked at Justin in surprise. The gray room was on our own corridor where we never put guests. Both of us must pass its door on our way to the nursery. And Justin's consideration for the servants was unusual.

But to see him now no one would ever guess that he had anything but goodwill and consideration for the whole world. His usually pale round face was flushed a little, as if with cheer, his glasses and the gleam of silver in his hair gave a sort of twinkle to the gray eyes that often seemed as lifeless as the beautifully tailored gray flannel of his suit. Oh, in this indulgent mood perhaps he would be willing to listen through my carefully prepared argument—perhaps he would even agree that I, little Justin's mother, had a right to love my own child.

I SEIZED frantically on the first excuse I could think of to get rid of the stranger so that we could talk. "Wouldn't you like to see your room?" I asked. Before I could suggest calling a maid to show him the way, my husband said, "I've told you, my dear, he's already settled. But there is still the rest of the place to show him. In fact, I've been hoping that your hospitable duties would get you out on the tennis courts occasionally. And it would do you good to take a morning ride, as you used to—"

Oh, this was better and better. He was thinking of my health, as he had in the months before little Justin was born. Perhaps the doubts and fears that were gnawing at me now were all wrong, maybe he had really cared about my welfare then—

Meantime my lips were smiling, making polite replies. "Why, that would be pleasant," I said. "But now—" I turned eagerly to my husband—"there is something rather urgent I'd like to talk to you about—"

Justin drew a wafer-thin platinum watch from his pocket, and his smile chilled to courteous regret. "I'm sorry, my dear. If it is important, wire me at the Mayflower in Washington. But I shall miss my plane if I don't leave now." He placed his cool dry lips against my forehead for an instant, then stepped through the open French windows to the drive where his car was waiting. I heard the spatter of gravel as the car swung round the loop and I saw it disappear down the avenue under the arch of sycamores. I felt the familiar heavy cloud of hopelessness settle down around me and I sighed.

I had completely forgotten Paul McCreery's presence. I jumped when I heard his voice. "Mrs. Rhodes, is there anything—I mean, if it's something I could help you with, I'd be glad—"

I brought my head up sharply. I must have shown my feelings very plainly if a stranger could read them. I forced my lips into a bright smile

and said, "Oh, no. No, indeed. It was nothing."

Nothing! The word shocked me as I heard it. Nothing!—when I was talking about my little son, my lovely, golden-haired boy whom I loved and whom Justin allowed me to see only for thirty minutes each day—and even then always under the frosty vigilance of the nurse, Miss Forbes.

I started to the door and the young man stepped ahead of me to open it. In the brief instant that I passed him, my eyes met his. I heard myself say, "I mean, it was nothing that you could help with, I'm afraid."

How strange that I should have said that! Why should I feel the need of correcting a careless statement to a man I hadn't seen until ten minutes ago? Was it the honest clarity of those dark eyes that made it impossible for me to leave a falsehood standing between us?

I didn't know. But I knew that as I said the words, something even stranger happened. I think that all I saw in his eyes was mere, simple kindness. Yet it was enough to melt in one moment the shell of reserve that I had taken three years to build up for my own protection in the queer puzzling world in which I lived. I felt the hot sting of tears that had gone unshed for months, and my throat ached as I ran blindly past him and down the hall.

AS I approached the great stairway that rose in two wide sweeping wings from the front door to the second floor, I slowed my steps. I tried to ascend the stairs as the mistress of this great house should move. It had been delightful play-acting when I first married Justin, when I could hardly believe that such a fantastic dream of grandeur had really come true. But today I found it hard to take those measured steps. I didn't feel like the mistress of the house, and for the first time a vagrant, wicked thought darted into my mind: *I wished that I were not.*

I thrust it away and walked stiffly down the corridor toward my room. I paused at my door, hating to enter what had grown to seem a prison to me. My feet seemed to drag me toward the nursery at the end of the long hall. But I held them back.

What was the use of an encounter which could end only in my defeat? Miss Forbes would not let me see little Justin now and an atmosphere of conflict would be even worse for him than the cold strict routine which surrounded him without my futile interruptions.

I WENT in and sat down at the lovely antique rosewood desk in my sitting room. I picked up one of the books on psychology that I had been studying lately both to take my mind off my problems and to offer a clue to their cure. But I could not concentrate. I could not settle down to the listless resignation that had held me for months. I walked up and down, back and forth, from my sitting room across the broad soft width of white rug on my bedroom floor, even into my dressing room. There I stood, staring at the rows of lovely clothes, beige and aqua-marine and dusty rose and all the exquisite subtle shades of blue that made magic with my blondness. All those costumes had been created for me by New York's best couturiers, yet many of them I had not even worn. My eye caught the fine tweed of my riding habit, and Justin's words came to mind. Well, why not? Maybe it would put some life into me to ride again, as I had in the early months of my marriage when a stableful of saddle horses seemed an undreamed luxury.

Once I had decided, I dressed in haste and almost ran down the stairs. Out in the fresh June air, on Butterfly's eager back, I loosened the reins and let her leap gladly forward down the bridle path into the sunflecked woods. Our wild run made both our hearts beat gloriously with the exhilaration of physical exercise. We must have been gone nearly two hours, and I was holding her down to a careful walk to cool her off, when I saw the figure on the path ahead of us. A tall figure, walking swiftly with long strides, and I recognized the hatless close-cropped head of Paul McCreery.

At the sound of Butterfly's hooves, he stepped off the path and turned to look back. "Hello," I said almost gaily, reining in beside him.

He said, "Hello," and stood looking up at me. The sun came through the leaves of the sycamore on his



The Merry Macs are a busy team since radio skyrocketed them to fame. Here they are relaxing in their dressing room at New York's Paramount Theater.



thin young face, and I realized that though I had not thought him handsome before, there was something attractively serious and purposeful about his angular features. "I didn't see you anywhere about," I said with a sudden pang of guilt that I had not let him ride with me. "So I took a sort of trial run alone."

He said, "That's all right. I haven't got the right clothes anyway. But I'll get some if you really wouldn't mind teaching me—"

His eagerness was youthful, rather sweet. "Of course I wouldn't," I said. "Did you have a good walk?"

He nodded. "Fine. And your ride was good, too. I can see that. I mean, you look—" he hesitated shyly. "Your color's fine."

It got finer, suddenly. For no reason, my cheeks felt fiery. I said, "I guess it's the weather. Isn't it marvelous today?"

"It's been grand all week," he said, his eyes still on my face in a strange sort of unsmiling steadiness.

**H**AS it?" I asked stupidly. "I—I hadn't noticed." Which was true enough. One day had been like another to me, for a long time.

Butterfly was moving her slender legs impatiently, pawing the soft ground with her delicate hoof. Yet I still held her in and sat looking down into Paul McCreery's eyes. They were not brown, as I had assumed at first glance, but flecked with odd gleams of shades that were hardly colors, more like light shining through smoky quartz and topaz, giving them the liveliest look I had ever seen.

I had to make a physical effort to come out of this strange trance. "I—I must get back," I said. And at the words a fear caught at me sharply. "What time is it?" I gasped.

He looked at his watch. "Four-ten," he said, his eyes coming back to study my face curiously. "Are you late for something?"

I shook my head and drew a long

breath. How silly these panics were. They would come even when I was sitting staring at my little golden clock waiting for the minute hand to reach the one important tiny fraction of the day when I was allowed to see my child. "No, I have plenty of time for my—engagement—"

Then, abruptly, I jabbed my heels into Butterfly's sides. I was suddenly afraid to have this young man read any more secrets in my face. And impolitely, with one tremendous leap, Butterfly flung me out of his presence.

My glow of physical stimulation did not last long. Before the next hour had passed, bringing me the familiar unbearably high hope followed by tantalizing frustration and yearning disappointment, I was myself again, pale and exhausted with fruitless emotion. It would have been better, almost, to be separated from little Justin entirely, rather than to be given so little time with him. I dreaded a meal in which I must make conversation with a stranger, say words that meant nothing because they could not touch upon the subject that weighed always on my mind.

Paul McCreery was waiting on one of the marble benches at the foot of the great stairway, his dark head bent over a book. At my step he stood up, and I felt self-conscious suddenly under his uplifted waiting gaze. Stepping carefully in my long flowing jade-green dinner coat, I remembered the visions with which I had designed these costumes with their full billowing skirts and embroidery of silver and gold. I would look like a princess, I had thought, with my blonde hair hanging softly to my shoulders, and as I came down the stairs I would find my prince waiting for me, looking up with love in his eyes. But Justin had never waited there to watch my graceful descent. On the rare occasions when he was home for dinner he had met me in the library, drinking cocktails in scornful disregard of his doctor's orders.

It was a silly school-girl dream that I had had, of course, but I still found it pleasant now to have someone waiting there for me, looking up with eagerness and—but that was nonsense. It was only the smile a polite young man wears for his hostess, I told myself.

"What are you reading?" I asked brightly as I reached his side.

He held out the book to me so that I could see the title. "Corporate Structure in the 20th Century."

I shivered. He said with a little chuckle, "It's not as bad as it looks. You see, it's more or less homework. Only everything I'm doing now is homework, I guess."

I raised my eyebrows dubiously as we sat down on either side of the candle-lit dining table.

"Don't you know why I'm here?" he asked, surprised. "I mean, the terms of my job?"

I shook my head. "No. You were a complete surprise to me."

As I sipped my soup I listened to his tale of Justin visiting one of his seminars in graduate school where he was working for his doctorate in Economics. The next week Justin had proposed that he come and do research on problems related to the chemical business. The offer, including expenses and the chance to work between times on his studies, came just at the moment when he had been racking his brains for a way to earn his living while he did the necessary reading and writing on his thesis. "I guess your husband never will know how much he resembled a fairy godmother to me right then," Paul McCreery finished with a reminiscent grin. "I can't imagine why he picked me."

"Probably because of something brilliant you said in class," I told him. "Or a build-up your professor gave you."

His thin cheeks flushed and he smiled with engaging modesty.

**I** FOUND myself smiling with him. Why, we were half way through the roast course, and I had really been eating without forcing myself to take each bite. It was the fresh air and exercise, I told myself. But all the same, after the years of stern reserve in which I had learned that feelings were meant to be concealed behind masks, this boy's open friendly ways, his shy chuckles and easy smiles, were—well, refreshing. "How old are you?" I asked suddenly, and bit my lip. What possessed me to be so crude?

But he didn't mind. "Twenty-four next month," he answered matter-of-factly. "And you?"

I jumped. He was treating me as an equal. For years no one had spoken to me without the careful respect due the wife of Justin Rhodes. "Why, I'm twenty-three, too." I felt actual surprise as I heard my own words. I had thought this boy so young, but he was practically my own age—even a little older.

Still, I think I felt less dreary and world-weary in the days that followed. They were not such long days, now. Some of my empty hours were filled by riding lessons in the cool woods, or hot sets of tennis at which this young man needed no teaching but could always beat me, no matter how hard I tried. And I did try. I had not thought that play could ever interest me again, but now when I found time hanging heavy I'd go

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF RADIO MIRROR published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1942.

State of New York } ss.  
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Carroll Rheinstrom who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Manager of the RADIO MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York City; Editor, Fred R. Sammis, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Dan Senseney, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City; General Manager, Carroll Rheinstrom, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York City; Meco Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City. Stockholders in Meco Corporation owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock in Macfadden Publications, Inc.: Joseph Miles Doohier, 1659 Russ Building, San Francisco, California; Meyer Dworkin, 95-18 Remington Street, Jamaica, Long Island, New York; Orr J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, New Jersey; Fulton Oursler, P. O. Box 46, West Falmouth, Massachusetts; Carroll Rheinstrom, 300 Park Avenue, New York City; Joseph Schultz, 328 Harrison Street, East Orange, New Jersey; Sam O. Shapiro, 9 Pondfield Parkway, Mt. Vernon, New York; Charles H. Shattuck, 221 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Harold A. Wise, 11 Mamaroneck Road, Scarsdale, New York.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if there are none, so state) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation, has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) CARROLL RHEINSTROM.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1942.

(SEAL)

JOSEPH M. ROTH,  
Notary Public, Westchester County,  
Certificate Filed in N. Y. Co. No. 525  
N. Y. Co. Register's No. 3-R-312  
Commission expires March 30, 1943



out and use it to perfect my back-hand conscientiously against the practice board. I felt stronger and better, and by the time a month had passed I could see that I was slender but no longer thin. Often, after a race of fifty times the length of the swimming pool, I could go to bed to sleep instead of to lie and burn with endless puzzled frustration. And these days I came to my meals relaxed and ravenous.

I HAD wondered what we would talk about at all those breakfasts, luncheons, teas and dinners, while Justin was away. But though he delayed his homecoming far beyond his usual practice, each meal went more swiftly than the one before. Paul talked freely of his childhood, of the household of girls and boys whom his mother and father had managed to keep happy on the small income of a professor in a little midwestern college. "But I never knew I was poor," he said, his dark eyes shining. "It wasn't till I came east to study that I thought about the differences in the way people lived. I saw the slums of East Boston, and now—" He looked around him at the dark paneled walls of the library, the soft pools of lamplight reflected in the silky polished wood. "And now I'm seeing what is made with the labor of the people in those slums." He broke off. "I guess I'm talking out of turn. I forgot for a minute that you lived here." He still didn't smile, and there was a look in his dark eyes as if he blamed me for this splendor.

"Don't feel that way," I heard my voice almost pleading. "After all, I wasn't born to this, either." How eagerly I was trying to disclaim the very background that I had been so proud to achieve!

"Weren't you?" Paul's eyes lit up with interest.

"No. I spent my childhood in a place as near to an orphan asylum as a respectable school could be. I don't remember my parents, and all I had was an old great-uncle who lived just long enough to find a way to make my father's insurance money last till I was ready to earn my living. When I graduated, I went to work in an office—" I hesitated, suddenly reluctant to go on.

Paul sat waiting. How silly of me to hold back perfectly simple information. "It happened to be the Rhodes Chemical Corporation," I finished quietly.

He didn't speak for a minute. Then he said slowly, as if thinking aloud, "Isn't it funny, you and I—" He stopped, embarrassed, and began again. "I mean, I'm not being fresh or anything, I know how different your position is. But in a way the same thing did happen to us both—Justin Rhodes picking us out—"

The innocent little remark startled me. I knew it was just casual, meaningless musing, yet I felt he had placed us together in a sort of kinship, bringing me closer to him than to my husband. In that moment I was afraid. I wanted to get up and run out of some vaguely sensed danger. But that was nonsense, I told myself sharply.

I nodded, keeping my lips in their formal smile. What he had said was quite true. Justin had picked me out in much the same way he had selected Paul. I could remember so well the day he had come out of his private office—ostensibly on an er-

rand, though he had no need to run his own errands. I had held my breath, watching the great man come slowly down the aisle between the crowded rows of typewriter desks, his gray eyes traveling in cool impersonal study over each girl in turn until he came to me. When he had looked me over, he did not go on. As he stood there, I felt my cheeks get hot and knew they were flaming in that silly schoolgirl blush that no amount of training in poise had taught me to control. He asked my name. I drew a deep breath, trying to use my diaphragm and send my voice out steady and firm on a column of air as I had learned at school. "Alexa Merriman," I told him, meeting his penetrating gaze as bravely as I could.

He sent me then with a memorandum to Mr. Grayson's office, and I never thought of it as strange, though Mr. Grayson would have come running at the touch of the big chief's finger on a button. I was too thrilled to wonder; just the fact that he had singled me out for anything was too full of exciting possibilities.

## VICTORY LIMERICKS



Said a coal miner, Timothy Digger,

"This war's getting bigger and bigger.

But the War Bonds I'm buying

Will help in supplying

The Victory wallop, I figger!"

I was right about the possibilities. But walking carefully down the aisle to Mr. Grayson's cubby-hole, trying hard to achieve the erect, relaxed, high-headed carriage that had been drilled into me at school, feeling the eyes of Justin Rhodes still watching me, the most I hoped for was less than what happened in the next half hour. Without half the training I needed, I was made his secretary. I did not dream that within the year I would be his wife, a bride foolishly bedazzled by the courtliness Justin could assume so well, by his riches, by his fame.

What was Paul McCreery thinking as my thoughts wandered back over the riddle of my marriage? There was none of the uneasy tension of a lull in conversation between two strangers. Indeed, I had never experienced this kind of silence before with anyone, a sort of tangible atmosphere surrounding us which one could breathe and take in comfort. Yet I resisted that comfort as you might resist a drug whose very soothing quality frightens you. I didn't know why, but often I would force myself to leave and let Paul take his coffee alone. "Letters to write," I'd mur-

mur, hating the falseness of my brisk tone. Would he think that I was writing to Justin? I never did, because the things my heart cried out to him were the ones that it only made him coldly furious for me to mention.

"Mending to do," I'd say another time, like a little girl playing house. If only that had been a true excuse! How sweet it would have been to go through little Justin's suits, fresh and sweet from the laundry, to find a missing button or a tape that needed reinforcing. I had tried making him clothes, had knitted little rainbow colored sweaters, but I had never seen him wear one of them. No, no one in this house needed me, even my own son. Especially my own son!

Oh, it was hard to leave the friendly quiet of the library and go back to those burning thoughts. Sometimes, as if he guessed it, Paul would start talking about something—anything—just as I was drawing myself up to go.

Like the time he pointed to one of the two water-color paintings which hung on either side of the fireplace. "You go in for genealogy?"

My eyes followed his to the picture of my family tree, a real tree with each of the spreading branches labeled with one of my ancestors' names.

"I used to," I told him. "I mean my husband does, and when he first showed me that one's forebears could be traced way back that far, I did get a thrill out of it."

I remembered the day with a vividness that gave me a pang now. A messenger had brought a roll of paper to Justin's office and I had opened it, assuming it was a blue print of an addition they were building to the plant. Only after I had flattened it for Justin's inspection did I see what it was. And then my curiosity made me forget the anger with which he had forbidden me to pry into his personal affairs. But I remembered it with overwhelming fear when I looked up to see him standing in the doorway of the office.

IT had been just like that, the other time. I had found bottles and boxes of neglected medicines in his desk, and I was arranging them for him to take in proper scheduled order. When he had seen what I was doing, his pale face had slowly flushed until it was purple red like an over-ripe plum, as if it would burst with rage. He had gasped for breath when he finally brought forth his childishly furious words: "I don't need any doctors or any secretaries to tell me how to take care of myself!" he had screamed like a child in a tantrum. "If I ever find you interfering in my personal affairs again, I'll—"

I had never learned what he would do, but surely this second time I would find out. Once again he had caught me, and this time my offense was inexcusable. But as I had stood trembling, expecting a repetition of his terrifying rage, he had smiled. He had come over from the door to me in two quick strides and put a gentle hand on my shoulder as he looked at the picture with me. "Does it interest you?" he asked in a different voice from any he had ever used with me. When I murmured breathlessly that it did, he asked, "Would you like to have one of your own?"

"Me?" I had gasped. "Could I have one?"

He had laughed, then, startlingly



loud. "If you will sit down and write out the names of your father and mother and your grandfathers and grandmothers and as much as you know about them," he answered, smiling, "you shall see your family tree."

It had been the day when he presented me with the completed picture, drawn from the research of the genealogists, that he had asked me to marry him. And I, mistaking the overwhelming awe I felt for him for love, had accepted.

Now I shook my head as if to clear the memory away. "Who wouldn't be fascinated," I asked Paul McCreery almost defiantly, "by the thought of people way back in other ages, living under other kinds of government, even wearing fantastic costumes, whose blood runs in one's own veins?"

**H**E laughed. "I'll bite. Who?" And then I was laughing with him. We sat there, just laughing, like crazy irresponsible kids together, for less reason, I thought, than anyone had ever laughed before. And it was like some healing treatment. I felt almost happy as I went up to bed. Hope and youth seemed to sing through my body. I was young, as young as Paul, who was just starting to build his life. I could rebuild mine, too, nearer to my heart's desire.

Perhaps it was this mood that made me so restless the next day. I felt the need for action, yet there was nothing I could do. I had tried everything. Yet I hung about the house, declining to ride with Paul or to play tennis. He had gone off on a walk at last, wearing such a look of puzzle and hurt that his young face haunted me.

Wandering through the back garden I passed the open door of little Justin's play yard and glanced idly at the handsome equipment within the high stone walls topped by bits of up-edged broken glass. Against kidnappers, my husband had explained when he had had it built. But I could never keep my mind off the fact that it had been placed exactly where no window of any room where I could spend my time would overlook it.

I knew, of course, that it would be empty now. This was the time, according to his schedule which was burned into my heart, that the baby should start out for his daily ride in what Miss Forbes called his "pram."

Just as I turned away, I heard the high little voice call "Mommee!" And I was choked with suffocating excitement.

I looked toward the sound and saw my boy, sitting in his smart navy-

blue wicker stroller, dressed in a knitted suit as yellow as his hair. His hands were outstretched toward me and his face radiant, yet twisted with the familiar look of dread that he would be whisked out of my sight. But where was Miss Forbes? Why was there no flurry of stiff starched skirts and neat blue cape as she glared at me with her china blue eyes and removed my boy from my "up-setting" influence?

But without conscious thought I was flying to little Justin's side, and then his smooth soft little cheek was against mine before I had time to wonder what Miss Forbes would say to this forbidden unhygienic caress. As I held him close, though, my mind began to race. I saw the butcher's truck outside the service entrance and guessed that Miss Forbes had left the baby under the cook's eye while she went back to the nursery for something, but the cook had got into a discussion with the butcher's driver.

Without stopping to plan or to consider consequences, I started running, pushing the stroller before me, across the wide sweep of back lawn toward the bridle path. Justin squealed with pleasure at the speed, but I did not look back. Under cover of the trees I ran even harder, and at the first trail that branched off from the road I turned into the thick woods. Even then I did not slow down. When I reached a little clearing, far from any path, I collapsed on the ground, breathless and dizzy. I listened but heard no sound except my pounding heart.

**U**NSTAPPED, Justin climbed out of his stroller and looked about him with wide blue eyes shining at the unexpected freedom. He raised both little hands to the sky, pink fingers spread, and simply shouted with his triumph. I was afraid he would be heard, but I let him shout. For once he should expand his little lungs to their full limit, and not with the frantic screams that I had had to hear so often, so helplessly, when we were separated.

In slowly growing peace, I watched my boy trot around, exploring, putting his arms about trees ecstatically, bending over till his chest touched his knees to peer under bushes and chortle over a hidden Jack-in-the-pulpit, or with a child's unconsciously dainty fingers pick little new green leaves of tiny oak seedlings. After each excursion he came back to climb into my lap, put his arms around my neck or lift a tendril of my hair with a wondering joyful smile. Sometimes with great effort he would send forth a string of unintelligible syllables

while he fixed his blue eyes on my face with pathetic purpose. He was trying hard to tell me something, but he could not make me understand. Tears choked my throat as I watched his patient efforts to give me his important message. But at two and a half years, he could not talk at all. His only word was "Mommee." I knew from my study of child psychology that impersonal, unloving care could retard a child's development. Watching him as he played, I observed that he was much too thin for his age. As a baby he had been roly-poly with red cheeks and firm, solid flesh. Now his face looked transparent, his eyes too large, deeply shadowed. He was beautiful—but too beautiful! Oh, somehow I must find a way to make Justin dismiss Miss Forbes and abolish the rigid harsh routine that was holding little Justin back, was actually crippling him.

But I tried not to think of that now. I played for a long happy hour with my boy. We built log cabins of twigs and found whole families of last year's acorns to inhabit them. When I saw the rays of the sun come slanting from the southwest I led little Justin to his stroller. He stopped, his little face clouding, and I said gently, "Let's go home now, and then we'll come again another time." He looked up at me doubtfully as if figuring whether he could trust me, and then he echoed smiling, "Coh' gah' 'no' ti!"

Why, he was talking! He was beaming with accomplishment. Maybe another person might not have recognized those proudly uttered words, but I knew! Oh, all he needed was love!

**I** BRUSHED the earth and leaf mold from his yellow suit and wiped his knees and face with my handkerchief. Even so, he looked very different from the immaculate child he was with Miss Forbes. But I flung up my chin defiantly. He had had some fun, for once, and it was high time!

My defiance didn't last long. As I started homeward my feet began to hurry. What kind of reception would be waiting for us? For the first time I realized how rash I had been. This was worse than any of my other small acts of rebellion—and even they had offered perfect excuses for Justin and Miss Forbes to cut down the length of time allowed for me on little Justin's schedule. I was almost running now.

As I turned into the bridle path I saw a tall figure hurrying toward me. It was Paul, and as he saw us his face tensed into lines of worry. "They're looking for the baby," he told me gravely. "They've turned everybody on the place out to search. Talking about kidnappers, but I had a hunch—"

"Kidnappers—" I whispered the word. That was what they would accuse me of doing—kidnapping my own child! My knees gave way and I knelt against little Justin. My fear communicated itself to him and he whimpered in my arms. "Oh," I moaned, "I must have been crazy—"

"Crazy!" Paul's voice came out strong with anger. "You're not the one that's crazy! Why, no sane man would keep a mother from her own child. This is the most fantastic thing I ever heard of—worse than I guessed—"

I shrugged, hopelessly. He knew  
Continued on page 50



## Say Hello To-

**HELEN FORREST**—Harry James' girl vocalist on his CBS and Blue network shows. Radio, recordings, and countless personal appearances have made Helen one of the most popular and famous of girl dance-band singers. Before joining Harry James she was with Benny Goodman, and before that with Artie Shaw. She began singing as a child in Atlantic City, and never had any desire for a different career. After some experience on local stations she headed for New York, where Mark Warnow heard her and promptly hired her for a spot on his network program. After a year there she started out "on her own," and went right on up to the top. You'll soon be seeing her in the movie, "Springtime in the Rockies."



**Keep your smile bright...but**

# DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT



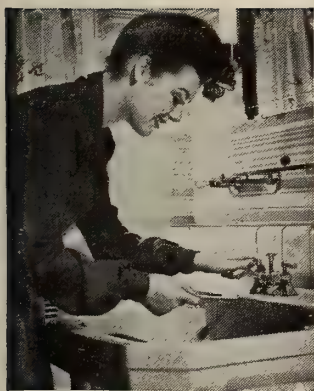
An overwhelming number of boys in uniform have made Pepsodent their first choice... they are taking nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make.

Civilian demand, too, is the greatest ever.

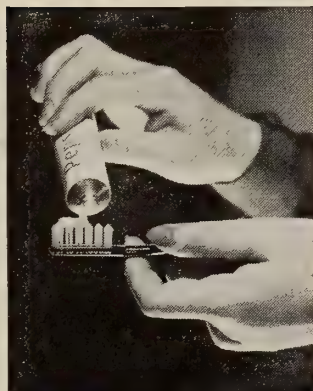
But, wartime restrictions keep us from making more.

And so... we urge you: Don't hoard Pepsodent. Use it sparingly.

If you help save enough for others... there will be enough for you.



**DON'T LET** Pepsodent run down the drain. Always wet brush before applying paste. Then finish brushing before rinsing brush.



**DON'T USE** more tooth paste than you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Pepsodent multiplies itself into a rich lather.



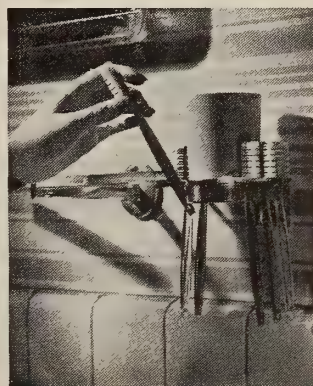
**DON'T SQUEEZE** tube carelessly. Roll it evenly from bottom. Replace cap. Save empty tube to exchange when you buy paste again.



**DON'T POUR** Pepsodent powder on your brush. Pour it into the cupped palm of your hand. Enough to cover a 5-cent piece is plenty.



**DON'T RUB** — Dab moist brush in powder. This way all the powder is picked up by the brush. Always measure out powder for small children.



**DON'T USE** a worn or wilted brush. Keep new ones efficient by hanging them up to dry. Bristles stay firmer, last longer this way.



**DON'T BLAME** your druggist if he has to disappoint you the first time you ask for Pepsodent. He will have it for you in a few days.

## REMEMBER...

only a little Pepsodent is needed to make your teeth bright, your smile sparkle, because Pepsodent's exclusive formula contains patented ingredients recognized among the safest and most efficient known to dental science. So... keep your teeth bright... but don't waste Pepsodent. Help save enough for others... and there will be enough for you.



now, so there was no longer any reason for reserve. "It's the way it is, though," I told him.

"But how—" His eyes narrowed in an incredulous, puzzled indignation. "How did it start? How long has it been going on?"

"Since the beginning," I told him wearily. "Miss Forbes came home with us from the hospital. But I didn't guess what was happening. They let me nurse him, because all the doctors said it was best for his health. That was wonderful—" I remembered the loveliness of that first period, those blessed, uninterrupted times with my baby when no one could interfere with our growing knowledge of each other. Except for that beginning, Justin might have found it easier to accomplish his purpose. But once I had known real motherhood of my little son—

**I** LOOKED up to see such burning compassion in Paul's eyes that I had to turn away.

"I guess I didn't handle things very well," I said. "I did some foolish things at first, made a fuss, not knowing I hadn't a thing to say about what Miss Forbes did. I tried to fire her and she just laughed at me—"

Paul swore under his breath. "—that money can buy that kind of service—" His lips were white with anger, but his eyes burned with the most tender compassion I had ever seen. I felt tears in my eyes and looked away.

"But it does buy it," I said, "and there's nothing anybody can do."

"That's not true!" Paul said fiercely. "There's such a thing as justice in this country. Don't you dare give up!" He put his hands on my shoulders and stared into my eyes as if trying to hypnotize me into confidence. "I think they're coming around the bend now, and you just march back to meet them with your chin up. Remember this is your child and you are his mother. You don't have to be afraid of anyone."

Well, I tried. It was wonderful to have him backing me up. Someone was on my side, at last. But the habit of fear was too strong. When the station wagon came around the bend I stopped. A whistle blew and the gardener and groom came rushing from the woods. I watched, frozen, as the car door opened and Miss Forbes jumped out and came toward us, her sharp features drawn into a mask of cold fury. Little Justin started to cry, in frantic, heartbroken screams. Then I saw another figure—the big, bulky figure of a man, stepping heavily out of the car and run-

ning awkwardly after Miss Forbes. It was my husband.

His round face was ghastly pale and he was breathing in difficult gasps. I would have been sorry for him, imagining the agonized terror he must have felt when they phoned him that his son was lost—his only son, whom he valued in his peculiar egotistic way as passionately as I did—but I had no room for such thoughts. I was holding my baby's hand and crying out desperately. "Don't take him away from me now! You can't! I've promised him I'd take him home, and I must keep my promise!"

"Your promise!" Only then did my husband find his voice, and he turned to glare at me. "If you can descend to the tricks of criminals to get your way, he is better off without any promises from you." He kept his voice low and cold, even though his face was slowly flushing with the purple-red that came to him in his rare moments of uncontrolled rage.

"But, Justin, I had to, don't you see?" I talked desperately. "It was my only chance to be alone with my baby! Justin, I'm his mother! Babies need their mothers!"

Justin nodded toward the baby now being carried kicking and screaming by Miss Forbes to the car. "His condition at the moment hardly seems to prove your point. It might even suggest that any companionship with you at all is too much for him."

I put my fist to my mouth to stifle the scream that almost came. He was threatening to cut me off from little Justin completely. It would have been enough to silence me, as it had so often before, but for the touch I felt then on my arm. Paul was encouraging me, reminding me of my rights.

**S**UDDENLY strength flowed through me. I grabbed Justin's arm, forgot dignity, forgot reserve, forgot Justin's hatred of emotional scenes. "Justin, that's not true!" I cried out. "You've never given me a chance with him. You don't know how happy and serene he is with me alone. He even started to talk today." His face still didn't change, and I raised my voice. "He needs my love and I have a right to give it to him! A legal right, that a court of law would recognize!"

Justin's arm jerked out of my hand then. His frowning eyes went from my upturned face to Paul's behind me. "What is this nonsense about courts?" he asked angrily. Then, controlling himself, he said in a smooth voice, "If you have anything to say to me, you can get yourself in

hand and meet me in the library."

But I had to speak out while this rush of strength was in me. I knew those sessions in the library too well.

"You don't want to talk to me," I almost screamed. "Here or in the library or anyplace else! You don't even want to see me, now that my use to you is over. You only married me because you wanted a child—a son! And now you have what you wanted, and you wish I was out of the picture altogether!"

Justin smiled then. Until that moment, when I had poured out those wild words, I had not quite let myself believe that I had guessed the truth. But at his cold, sneering smile, I knew that I had stated a fact which was quite simple and familiar to him. He said coolly, "I advise you not to distress yourself by drawing painful conclusions."

**T**HAT was all. He turned then with all his old assurance and walked to the car. The full force of knowledge flowed slowly through me, holding me speechless as I watched the station wagon turn around and start back toward the house. I guess the gardener came up and asked in curious pity if I would ride back with him in the truck, but I don't think I answered. I don't know how long it was before I felt Paul's supporting arm helping me back to the house. He spoke to me, softly, probably reassuring me that there were ways to correct my situation, but I hardly heard him. I was buried in sick contemplation of the ruins of my marriage.

As we neared the house I saw my husband step out of the study to his car. It whirled him away before my eyes. I wondered dully where he had been, that he could be called home so quickly. Some of these business trips must have been excuses for staying away from a wife whose pleas and arguments he had found intolerable. But no new discovery could make anything worse now.

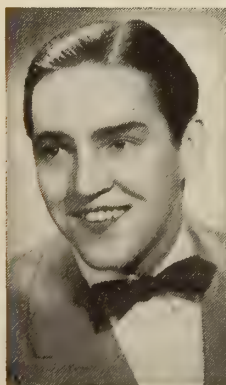
That was what I thought then.

I went slowly up to my room, my feet dragging. I dreaded my prison, yet longed for its refuge. I flung myself on my bed, and gave myself up to a storm of weeping. Not for months had such wild, despairing sobs torn through me. I could not have stopped them if I had tried, and I did not try.

Steps came and stopped at my locked door, but I paid no attention and whatever was said went unheard in the passion of my crying. I guessed that servants called me to dinner and came later to prepare me for bed. I don't know how many hours after the last of them had come and gone I quieted down from pure exhaustion. As I lay there on my bed, still fully dressed but cold and numb, feeling utterly lifeless, I became aware of a presence outside my door. Perhaps in the silence of the sleeping house I heard the sound of breathing. I was not surprised when at last I heard a voice, hushed and urgent. "Alexa, please—Open the door—"

I knew it was Paul. I got up and turned on my little bedside light and unlocked the door. He slipped inside and closed it again hurriedly. Then he came to take my hands, looking down into my face. His own was very white. "Are you all right, Alexa?"

Suddenly, my hands in his, I was.



## Say Hello To—

**TOMMY RYAN**—who stands well over six feet, sings with a rich tenor voice in Sammy Kaye's orchestra, and has a neat touch on the guitar. He doesn't remember when he started playing the guitar, but by the time he was out of school and had to earn a living the ability came in handy. He got a job playing in Gene Burcell's orchestra in Cleveland. Occasionally he sang a chorus. Then Burcell accepted a Hollywood offer and left Cleveland, and Tommy began haunting the Willowick Country Club, where Sammy Kaye was playing, asking for an audition. He finally got one, and has been part of the Kaye organization ever since. It's Tommy, of course, who always delivers those singing song titles.



I was all right. They were so firm and strong, those hands. Their pressure conveyed such a warm sense of his desire to help me, and something more—

It was then that I felt it for the first time. I looked up into his thin, ardent young face, and I wanted suddenly, urgently, to lay my head against his shoulder and rest there. Oh—more than that! I wanted more than rest. I wanted to press my face against his beating heart, I wanted his hands to hold me tight against him, to keep me with him close forever and ever—

I had never felt such thoughts about any man. I had never wanted a man's hands on my body. In those strange, violent moments during the darkness of the night in the early months of our marriage I had lain passive, shocked and wondering, beneath embraces that were too unreal in their urgency to be believed in the morning light. Justin's daytime courteous dignity had made it easy to put them out of my mind, to think of them only as a dream. And they had stopped so soon! After I told him that the baby was coming, his almost furtive secret visits to my room had ceased altogether. I was relieved until the implications began to dawn on me. And then with my reading I had learned how wrong I had been in thinking that all marriages were like ours. I learned that some couples found joy and excitement in love. But I had not believed that any beauty could be in it, until now, when I looked into Paul's sweet, pitying dark eyes. Then I knew. What I felt for him was beautiful, more wonderful than anything I had dreamed.

AND now, just as I had longed to have it happen, his hands were coming up my arms to my shoulders. One moved softly down to clasp my waist, to hold me close and strong against his hard body, and the other cupped beneath my hair. I pressed my head back against it to feel its strength, to look up into his face. His eyes were brilliantly alight, yet his mouth looked almost agonized in that instant before it came to mine, covered it warmly, violently, in a kiss that was like the opening up of utterly new worlds to me.

I thought I heard a sound then, at the door. And it was enough to bring me back to consciousness of reality. I remembered suddenly where I was, in my bedroom. Though I loved this man from the very center of my being, he was not my husband. I drew away from him with effort and he straightened, drawing a deep breath.

"I know," he almost groaned. "I shouldn't be here. But I had to come. I had to know—I was afraid—" He walked swiftly to the door. "Will you go to sleep now?" he asked with infinite gentleness, his eyes soft and loving on me.

"Yes," I told him. "I'll go to sleep now."

And, curiously, I did. I undressed and almost as I lay down I fell instantly into a sound, childlike sleep, untroubled by dreams of what I had been through—or what was ahead of me.

The next day was so sunny, the air so light and shimmering with summer warmth that I could hardly believe the dark happenings of the day before. But when I went to the nursery it all became starkly real.

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# Jergens Lotion

for Soft, Adorable HANDS



"His schedule's changed," Miss Forbes said tersely, "Upon Mr. Rhodes' orders." And shut the door in my face.

Oh, I knew before I went to the study to look at the posted chart that I would find no time on it reserved any more for me.

But I would change it! I had my rights as a mother, and I would not let them be denied. My hands clenched at my sides.

That little burst of rebellion seems pathetic now as I remember it. For as I looked up from the chart I saw my husband standing in the doorway watching me, a cool ironic smile curving his thin lips ever so slightly.

That smile should have wiped out my foolish optimism. But I cried out defiantly, "You can't do this to me! You can't keep a baby from his mother. I'm going to take him away with me, and any judge will let me keep him!"

**B**UT Justin did not seem in the least disturbed by my threat. His smile was unchanged. "Unless, of course," he added, "the judge happened to be offered proof that his mother was unfit to care for him."

"Un—" My lips could not even form the word to echo his horrible accusation. I could feel the blood leave my cheeks, my hands were wet. I couldn't find my voice to scream out my incredulous, frantic protests.

But he explained, quite coolly. He said, "I have witnesses to testify that you received a man, not your husband, on at least one occasion, in your bedroom, at two o'clock in the morning."

For just a moment my innocence sprang to its own defense, almost without my will. "But Justin," I pleaded, "he just came in for a minute to see what was wrong to help me, because he had heard me crying—"

His smile then, almost gratified, made me realize what he had done. He had put Paul in our corridor for just that purpose! He had laid a trap for us and we had fallen innocently into it. But my voice was still going on, pleading futilely for the truth, even though by now I knew that was what he did not want to hear.

"Justin, we didn't—if you had seen us you'd know—he was only there a minute—"

"My witnesses didn't think so," Justin said calmly. "In fact, the scene as my witnesses could picture it would be very convincing in any court."

I didn't answer that. My hands dropped to my sides, limp with defeat. I knew now that he had me in the

exact spot where he had wanted me for two years; out of his way, helpless against the power of his unscrupulous brain and his money. I stood there in a daze, only slowly taking in the full extent of his scheming. It was no wonder that I had not guessed each careful step as it was taken. I had known he was not a normal man, but I had not dreamed that any human being, even with his cold egotism, could deliberately plan to ruin another person's life. I know now that he could not understand the heartbreak of a natural loving mother, so he did not really comprehend my suffering. But he used it, just the same, as a trap for me—and for Paul. His experience of the world, his scornful observation of the way emotion can make men act, had told him that a sensitive, idealistic nature like Paul's would respond to me in my trouble with pity and then protective love.

Oh, I knew how sick Justin Rhodes was. But it was a sickness that no court would recognize, for it was this very warped mind of his that had made him rise to the top in business, won him the respect of the other powerful members of society. Who would believe my far-fetched little tale against the testimony he had bought and paid for? It was foolish even to try.

There was only one course open to me, to leave his house. I would have Paul, I would be free after a while to marry him. For our love already seemed a settled and destined thing. But to leave my boy, my little son, to the cold domination of this man—I couldn't!

The thought gave me sudden, inexplicable strength. I turned from the door and came back to face Justin Rhodes. I told him quietly, "You have won. You have your son and it is in your power to keep him. You can drive me out of here, you can deprive him of the love that is his only chance to thrive and develop into a normal, healthy man. But I shan't leave this room until I have told you what will happen to you if you do that—"

**M**Y husband was rising from the desk where he had been sitting so calmly watching my distress. Now his round pale face was beginning to flush and I could see crystals of perspiration shining on his forehead.

"You shall go," he said hoarsely. "You shall get out of this room now and never come near me again—" His voice had risen to the childish high pitch of his tantrums, but I

stood my ground before him, suddenly without fear. I believe I knew in that moment it was he who needed to be afraid.

"No," I said. "First I shall tell you what your life will be like if you send me away from my boy. You will go on making money out of manufacturing death for other people's sons. You will use that money to buy your own son everything but the one thing he can't get along without. You will hurt him, you will block his development, you will make him thin and sick and weak, you will turn his poor little lonesome mind in on itself until he's as twisted and warped as you are yourself."

My husband had raised his hand now, as if to strike me, and his face was that deep dark purple red, inhuman, ghastly. But he stared at me as if fascinated in horror at the picture I was painting, and he did not bring his hand down.

"Think," I said, "what this son will do to you. If you ruin his life, do you believe for a moment that he will thank you? Do you think that miserable nervous wreck you turn him into will love you and make you proud and happy? No, he'll grow up—if he grows up at all—to hate you for what you have done to him. He'll—hate—you—"

**M**Y last words were just a whisper. For I knew that no one was hearing them. I don't know now how much Justin had heard of what I said. He was slowly crumpling, slipping sideways grotesquely like a big lifeless doll, and I could not even move until his body lay quite completely still upon the study floor. His big face was pale now, paler than it had ever been before, the heart so long overworked had sent the blood to his face once too often in its last wild flush of rage. I knew that he was dead.

It is queer, but in all the commotion that followed, I was quite calm. It seems strange to me now that I did not suffer remorse, that I did not accuse myself hysterically of killing him with those last words I said, those words so unlike anything I had ever said in my life before. Perhaps it was because Paul's steady support stayed with me through those difficult days and no one who talked or shared a silence with Paul could fail to gain the composure of perfect honesty. He knew, as I knew, that I had felt no guilt in telling my husband that final truth. I was speaking from the heart, making one last stand in the battle for my boy's life. I had tried everything else, and now blindly, almost instinctively, I had found words that went straight as an arrow to strike deep into Justin's basic inner weakness. I had revealed him to himself, showed him what he dreaded and feared to look upon, his soul's sickness, and it was too much for his body to bear.

The happiness that has come to us since, the three of us—Paul, little Justin and me—has been of slow, quiet growth. We did not taste the full ecstasy of it until time had left the years of misery behind. It was steady, though, that blossoming. It is still in flower, even though Paul and I are separated—perhaps forever—by the war. And little Justin is now as sunny a little self-reliant man as any boy who ever proudly took over the care of a brand-new baby sister.



## Say Hello To—

**DALE EVANS**—Charlie McCarthy's new sweetheart—otherwise the singer on the NBC Sunday-night Chase and Sanborn show. Dale was born near Dallas, Texas, twenty-four years ago, and went to school there and in Memphis, Tennessee. She worked as a stenographer for a Dallas insurance company, and got her radio start singing on a local program sponsored by her employers. From Dallas she went to Chicago and a vocalist's job with Anson Weeks' band; then to Hollywood and a contract with the 20th Century-Fox studios. Besides singing, she writes songs, plays the piano, and dances. Because of her trips to entertain in army camps, she's been made an Honorary Captain.



# To Barry, with Love—

Continued from page 14

For instance, had I ought to say Merry Christmas to Dr. Markham when I know darned well, with you off somewhere like this, it can't be merry for him? I said something about that to Papa David the other day and you should have seen the look he gave me. He said, "Chichi—(as near as I can remember it)—Chichi, like I am always saying, God made everything beautiful. That is right out from the Bible. Because our enemies think they are Gods and have decided they are going to remake everything and have it ugly, are we going to agree with them? I ain't. No, no!" (Only he says "no" like there is a "y" in it . . . nyah, nyah.) Papa David said, "Jesus Christ taught us that God is love and that everything can be beautiful as it was made. Christmas is that Man's birthday. Call it the birthday of love."

**T**HEN I began to think about what people mean when they say Merry Christmas. I made a list of four things I used to think about when I said it. One was "Let's have fun!" I guess fun is all right but it isn't the most important thing there is. Another was "Gosh, isn't it wonderful to have a holiday." Of course, that doesn't fit so good nowadays because laying off for holidays slows up war-work. Another thing I used to mean when I said "Merry Christmas" was—"I'm going to eat until I bust!" Papa David says in these days when so many people need food all over the world it is a sin to stuff ourselves with food we don't need, so that's out. The other thing I can remember that I meant, sometimes, was, "I wonder what you're going to give me!" That sounds awful selfish but I bet a lot of people do think like that.

What I am getting at is that saying "Merry Christmas" to people means more now than it ever did before and it is more important to say it. Take the word "Merry" for instance. It doesn't mean get drunk and things like that. It means "be happy" or "be glad." And the word Christmas—well, everybody knows that it means the birth of Christ, or His birthday. Well, so saying "Merry Christmas" means "Be glad that Christ was born, because He said God is love and that means that everything can be beautiful just like God made it in the first place."

Gosh—that sounds like pretty heavy stuff, coming from me, but that's the way I feel about it, and so I'm going to say Merry Christmas this year more than I ever said it before. I think everybody else ought to too, so that all during the whole Christmas Holidays there will be at least two Merry Christmases said for every time any of those Nazis say "Heil Hitler." (I don't know what the Japanese say but it means the same thing as "Heil Hitler." Maybe it's "Heil Hirohito"—except that would be an awful mouthful.)

Take care of yourself Barry and please hurry up and win the war so that life can be beautiful again, and don't worry about me getting married. I am through with romance forever.

Love,  
Chichi.

P.S. Merry Christmas!



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## Evening in Paris

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## Record of Love

Continued from page 32

have to show me!" he challenged.

She met his challenge too. The following Sunday he picked her up at her house in New Jersey and they found a lake where willows dipped their slim leaves into dappled water and small-mouthed bass flashed and fought when you caught them on your hook.

Esther thought herself a skilled fisherman—until she lost a big bass and Martin showed her, quietly and gently, how she might have landed him. She tried his tactics with her next bass and landed it easily.

"Imagine you turning out to be a nice Ike Walton," she said. "I thought you were a Smart Aleck and would be until you died."

They had fun. They drove home under a silver sliver of a moon and an early Evening Star. At Esther's house they cooked their fish and the golden Bantam corn they had bought at a roadside stand. They sat down to this feast with appetites born of youth and sunshine. And they knew an incredible new happiness which they were almost afraid to admit.

**O**F course they went fishing again. And again. When the season was over they explored New Jersey's wooded hills and the blue Long Island shore. In the hills they found a country inn where you could get roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and real English trifle. And on the Island they discovered a fish place where you picked the lobster you wanted from a tank and devoured steamed clams while the lobster was broiling.

Christmas came again. Carols came over the loud speaker in WNEW's reception room again. And Esther wore holly on her lapel. But now it was a special sprig of holly, rich with crimson berries. It had been waiting on her desk, in a little silver box from a neighborhood florist, when she had come in that morning. And there were stars in her black eyes because Martin had remembered.

It had taken him weeks to find the courage to ask if she would spend New Year's Eve with him. For the first time in his life he was afraid. And, afraid, he lost his nerve.

He asked her in a Newsreel Theater while shots of the contenders for the football game in the Rose Bowl were shown on the screen. "Listen," he said, "and forget those pictures for a minute. Football pictures always look the same anyway, year in, year out.

I want to talk about New Year's Eve. I haven't too much money to spend. I've been busy getting out of debt and doing some things I have to do. . . . Anyway I don't think too much of reserving two covers at some hotel and at twelve o'clock precisely turning on a lot of cheer. . . .

"But if you think we could figure out some way of having fun. . . ."

They started out about ten o'clock on New Year's Eve, very elegant in a taxi. He was all tansored and black and white. She wore blue chiffon, deep as the night sky, and silver stars at her ears.

Guy Lombardo was playing at the Roosevelt and reservations would have been fifteen dollars. They checked their wraps and repaired to respective retiring rooms from whence they emerged with the confetti Martin had bought at a five and ten cent store wrapped around their shoulders and sprinkled in their hair. The door-man at the grill-room let them go right in, naturally. They gave every appearance of having been in there before. And Guy Lombardo, who knew Martin from his Make-Believe Ballroom, invited them to join his party.

The twelve o'clock hullabaloo began almost immediately and the lights went out as the band played "Auld Lang Syne." They left and ran through the underground passageway from the Roosevelt to the Biltmore where reservations would have been twenty-five dollars or more. Horace Heidt, whose band was playing there, saw them at the door and took them over to his table.

"The biggest band in America is over at the Pennsylvania." Martin told Esther. "And it's only a taxi jump."

**T**HEY had left their wraps at the Roosevelt. No use redeeming them all the time.

The doorman at the Pennsylvania Grill eyed them suspiciously.

"What's your name?" he demanded. Esther's eyes were shining. "C. S. Smurgar," she muttered.

"I didn't understand you," said the doorman.

"C. S. Smurgar," muttered Martin, his eyes bright too.

"Come with me," said the doorman. "I cannot understand you. But if you have reservations here—and I do not think you have—it will be a very simple matter for you to show me your table."

Some Divine Providence caused Benny Goodman to look in their direction. In a flash he was beside them. "Martin!" he said, "Esther!" He took them up on the stand with him and between dances they sat behind the drummer.

"Crashing these places," Esther said, "is more fun than being in them even."

"All right, here we go then," Martin said. "Glen Gray and the Casa Loma orchestra are just across the street at the New Yorker."

They walked right into the grill-room there. At three o'clock in the morning on the first day of January nobody is paying too much attention to anything or anybody.

Glen Gray spied them instantly. "Go upstairs to my suite," he told them. "I'm having a private party." Later, when they came down the back way with Glen, chairs were placed on the stand with the band for them.

**F**OUR o'clock they took a taxi back to the Roosevelt, got their wraps, and called it an evening. It had cost Martin altogether three dollars and seventy-five cents.

"You wouldn't have had this much fun with anyone else, would you?" Martin asked Esther, holding tight to her little hand.

She shook her dark head.

"Aren't you glad you changed your mind about me?"

"Very glad," she said, "Very, VERY, VERY glad!"

"I'm going to ask you to marry me one day, you know that, don't you?" He held her close.

"When you finally ask me," she told him, "be very sure you want me. Because I turn into a 'Yes Girl' when you're around."

Five minutes after his lawyer telephoned from Reno to advise him his divorce had been granted he called her on the telephone. "Esther," he said. "This is Martin. Will you?"

"Wait," she begged him, "and think about this. . . ."

"As if," he said, "I had thought of anything else for the last two years."

Springtime found them with a happiness too beautiful to be borne. They went back to the lake where they had spent their first Sunday. They drove once more through the Jersey hills freshly leaved in green. They rediscovered Long Island's curving shore where the gulls, wheeling and swooping and rising high again, acted for all the world like their crazy hearts. Everywhere they went they found magic. Everything they did brought them enchantment. And they were always beginning sentences only to lose them in each other's eyes.

On December twenty-third, five years to the day, in fact, almost to the hour of that first encounter in the reception room at WNEW, they were married at Esther's sister's house in New Jersey. She wore a gray suit, at Martin's special request, only this time white orchids with pinkish lavender hearts sat on her shoulder. And after the ceremony they hurried back to Manhattan and had their first dance together as bride and groom up in the WNEW studio to the music of Martin's Make-Believe Ballroom, to a recording of Glenn Miller's band playing, of all things, "In the Mood."



## Say Hello To-

**GEORGE F. PUTNAM**—who announces The Parker Family Sundays on the Blue network, is master of ceremonies on The Army Hour the same day on NBC, and also broadcasts a total of fourteen quarter-hour news reports on NBC every week. George has always thrived on crowded schedules. In his freshman year at Macalester College, in his home town of St. Paul, Minn., he worked in a hamburger shop all night, slept until his afternoon classes, and still found time and energy to be an active member of the track, football and basketball teams. He entered radio in 1934 at WGGY, Minneapolis, and in 1937 went to Hollywood as winner of Jesse Lasky's "Gateway to Hollywood" contest. Two years later, he returned to New York and radio. He's happily married.



## Tell Me You're Mine

Continued from page 13

was so worried. Her sister's partly paralyzed—but can you imagine, she's had her car specially fitted up and she's learned how to drive it herself! Isn't that wonderful?"

I've set down Tom Trumble's words exactly as I remember them, but I don't know whether or not they tell you what he was like. I hope they bring you his quality of puppy-dog friendliness, his wide-eyed acceptance of everything good in the world. And yet—even then you wouldn't know exactly how he seemed, that morning in the echoing, busy concourse of the station. I must tell the truth—he embarrassed me. Beside Dean Hunter, so poised and civilized, Tom's exuberance was crude. His solicitude for an old lady, a chance acquaintance on the train, seemed officious. His awe at another old lady's courage in overcoming a physical handicap appeared childish.

GRACIE FRANKLIN, later, was to sum up in one pungent word the thing about Tom that made me uneasy. "Corn," was what she called it, her red lips giving the word an ugly sound.

But now, under Dean Hunter's amused eyes, I only felt uncomfortable without knowing exactly why. I stumbled over introductions, and felt obscurely victorious, somehow, when I saw Tom Trumble's eyes widen in recognition of the famous singer. Dean, so easily that I hardly knew what was happening, shook hands, promised to see us both later at rehearsal, and was gone.

By all the rules, and all my instructions, I should have conveyed Tom Trumble straight to a taxi and then to the hotel Colonel Wilson had picked out for him to stay at. I did nothing of the sort—because Private Trumble took command.

Before I could say a word he had put a painfully powerful hand under my arm and was piloting me out of the station. There were people everywhere, as there always are in Washington these days, and some of them, seeing us, smiled to themselves. I felt myself blushing, because I knew exactly what they were thinking: that here was a girl who had just met her soldier sweetheart, and the little time in front of them was too precious to waste dawdling through a thronged station. I disengaged my arm as quietly and politely as I could.

Outside, he took a firmer grip on the small, cheap suitcase he carried, and—"Gee," he said simply, "this is wonderful."

"This . . . ?" I murmured, not knowing what he meant, and he swung his arm around in an all-inclusive gesture.

"Being in Washington," he said. "It's something I've looked forward to all my life. We don't have to get to that rehearsal yet, do we?"

"Why, no, but—but don't you want to get settled in your hotel?"

"Nope," he said firmly. "Let's go look at the Capitol."

He wasn't like a sight-seer, I realized as we walked along. He didn't have the sight-seer's curiosity—in fact, he didn't have any curiosity at all. We were in sight of the Capitol, and he looked at it with a proud, happy kind

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of recognition. As if, I thought, it were an old and very dear friend he was glad to see again. It struck me, too, that he hadn't hesitated once, but had turned right or left and had crossed streets exactly as if he'd lived in Washington all his life.

"For somebody making his first trip to Washington, you certainly know your way around," I remarked.

"Oh," he said, "that's because I've studied it so much in the guide book. I guess I know where just about every building or monument is."

He wasn't bragging. He was simply stating a fact.

I wanted to laugh at his earnestness. It didn't seem possible that anyone could honestly be quite as serious, as humorless, as naive, as this Tom Trumble. His very name was a little ridiculous!

AND then we were standing on the Capitol steps—two little figures craning their necks up at the swelling, graceful dome above us. Beside me, he was silent at first, then I heard him say in a small, husky voice, as if he was fighting hard to make the words come out:

"You dream of seeing something all your life—and then when it happens to you—it only seems—as if you couldn't believe it, it's so wonderful."

I thought, hysterically, of Mr. Smith in the movie. That was it! I was standing beside Mr. Smith in the flesh! Mr. Smith had come to Washington again, and he still couldn't look around him without getting a lump in his throat.

Close upon the heels of that thought came another one. Was it—could it be—possible that Tom Trumble was, consciously or unconsciously, copying a movie hero? Was this transparent reverence just play-acting? Did he think I'd be impressed?

Well, I wasn't. I was a little disgusted at such a parade of emotions.

"Come on," I said, rather shortly. "I really must get back to the office. And we'd better take a cab—I'll drop you at your hotel and it's quite a way."

He followed me down the steps and into a cab so meekly that once more I was ashamed. Good heavens, what kind of person was he, anyway?

When we got to the Tripoli Hotel I told him where to meet me later in the day for the rehearsal. "It's been swell," I said . . . and you know perfectly well that's the phrase you use out of politeness.

But Tom Trumble took it up without reservation. His face lit up and he said explosively, "Swell! And you were swell!—to let me drag you all the way up the Capitol, I mean. I guess I just forgot you live here, and see it every day." He shook my hand with that overwhelming, frightening sincerity of his. "Thanks," he said. "Thanks very much." And he seized his bag and hurried into the cheap little hotel. I wondered if the reason for his hurry was so he could get out again and take a quick look at the White House.

The cab whirled away from the curb—and, just as quickly as that, my thoughts whirled away from Tom Trumble. It was as if they'd been waiting, all this time, to be freed so they could rush right back to Dean Hunter.

The pleasure in his eyes when he

recognized me—the fact that he had recognized me at all! Those were the first things I thought of, and then I remembered that we would meet at the rehearsal, and at the broadcast. He'd said he would be looking forward to it . . .

Holly, and the empty days there, seemed very far away.

I was glad, that afternoon, that my job made going to the Hiya Soldier rehearsal a duty. I was glad of this every week, but never so glad as now. Rehearsals were always hard work, but fun too. With a different line-up of stars every week, most of them in Washington just for the day, we had to work hard and concentratedly to put together an hour's program that was smooth and well-balanced. Of course, we didn't always succeed entirely, but our standard of success was pretty high, thanks to Colonel Wilson's energy and long knowledge of radio.

Tom Trumble was in the studio when I arrived. He saw me come in and hurried over to me. "I'm glad you came," he told me. "I was afraid maybe something had happened and you wouldn't. I wondered if—"

He hesitated then, as if he wanted to say something more but didn't quite know the right words. "If what?" I prompted, smiling.

"If you might be mad about something I said or did," he finished in a rush.

"Mad?" I asked, honestly puzzled. "Why should I be?"

"I didn't know," he admitted, "but this morning, after we left the Capitol, you seemed sort of—of—well, different."

I felt myself, to my amazement, blushing. He had sensed my irritation, then! "I guess I was just in a hurry to get back to the office. I'm sorry if I seemed abrupt," I apologized.

"Oh—well, gee, it wasn't your fault! I ought to've remembered you couldn't waste all morning running around Washington with me."

"Trumble!" someone called from the stage, and he grinned and left me.

He did have a sweet, ingratiating voice, and he sang with a real spirit, an enthusiasm and sincerity that more than made up for his obvious lack of professional experience.

I went down to my usual seat in the front row, not next to Colonel Wilson but near enough so I'd be

within call if he needed me to take notes. I'd been there a minute or so, and Tom was just swinging into the second chorus of his number, when someone sat down quietly beside me.

It was Dean Hunter.

Somehow, I wasn't surprised. I had known, deep in my heart, that he would find some way of talking to me this afternoon. His eyes, his whole manner, had signaled a subtle message to me.

Yet now, just at first, he said nothing but sat and listened to Tom's song. His attitude was detached; there was no sense of superiority or professional jealousy in his interest, and I saw that he nodded with approval when the song was finished. "He's good," he said, "the boy's all right."

I looked over at Colonel Wilson and saw that he'd drawn out his underlip in that eloquent grimace which means, "Well, he's even better than I thought!"

Then Tom began to sing again, and I turned back to Dean Hunter—to hear him whisper, under cover of the music, "And you're all right, too—very much all right." His arm rested lightly across the back of my chair, not touching me, but near enough to make me disturbingly, deliciously conscious of its presence.

IT was only a moment before he moved his arm, but that moment seemed to last forever; and when it was over my hands were shaking a little.

Oh, I could have fought against Dean Hunter's charm, his casual, easy attractiveness. I could have told myself it was only a game he was playing; I could have countered each word or gesture with one of my own, or tried to. The truth was I didn't want to fight this new and delightful experience. I wanted to believe that at last my life had meaning, point. I wanted a song to carry within me.

I had to force my attention back to the rehearsal. Tom finished his song again and left the stage with a shy smile in my direction. A famous comedian went through a sketch especially written for the program, Dean Hunter did two numbers. Then there was some argument about the "routining" of the show. Colonel Wilson wanted to close with Dean's well-known theme song, "You Were Meant for Me." But after Tom Trumble sang "Wait for Me, My Little Home Sweet Home," someone thought of closing with that instead. The Colonel was doubtful—and finally he asked me.

"What do you think, Jackie?" he asked.

Several times before now the Colonel had asked for my opinion on matters connected with the program, and I'd always been flattered even though I knew very well he asked me only because my ideas were apt to be those of the unprofessional listener. Now I was embarrassed and wished he hadn't consulted me. Every personal instinct urged me to say, "End the show with Dean's song," but all my common-sense told me that those far-off soldiers and sailors would find more meaning in Tom Trumble's.

Dean stood on one side of me, smiling a little. Tom, a few feet away, was looking at me with rapt attention. Suddenly, this decision seemed important with an importance

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As Hitler will learn

Before he is very much  
older!"



out of all proportion to the occasion. It mattered terribly what I said—even though, in the end, Colonel Wilson might decide not to take my advice at all.

"What do you think, Jackie?" he said again.

"I—" Oddly, I wasn't conscious of having made a decision. I heard myself saying, "Well it's a soldier show, so I'd close it with Private Trumble singing."

"Okay with you, Hunter?" the Colonel said.

"Anyway at all," said Dean Hunter. He was looking at me and there was still the faint trace of a smile playing around his mouth.

"All right, then," said the Colonel. "We'll close with Tom Trumble."

AFTER rehearsal there was the usual last-minute rush of details to be attended to, the usual quick drug-store snack in lieu of dinner. We never really ate before a broadcast, because nothing tasted very good until the program had been put on the air.

I'd invited Gracie Franklin to come to the broadcast, and, as soon as she learned Dean Hunter would be there, she'd accepted with alacrity. I guess it's time to tell you something about Gracie. Like me, she came to Washington to work. Her home was in Minnesota. But she was a few years older than I, and much older in knowledge of the world. Gracie didn't believe in very many things, I'm afraid. To her, the world was a place where you fought for what you wanted and, if you were smarter than the next one, got it. She delighted in puncturing my enthusiasms with

ready cynicism. The Hiya Soldier program was, according to Gracie, just propaganda, and Colonel Wilson was a "brass hat." Any congressman was a "wind-bag," and the only important thing about any job was how big a salary it had attached to it.

But back of Gracie's clever, ugly face and her barbed remarks were a steadfast loyalty and a tart sweetness that belied everything she said about the world and its people. "Practically everyone you meet is a phony," was one of her favorite remarks—but it didn't apply to her.

She made no secret of her envy over my acquaintanceship with Dean Hunter. "A very fine hunk of man," she called him. "Really super."

"Don't you think he's a phony?" I asked her, and she shrugged.

"What difference does it make when you're in his spot?" she asked. "Phony or not, he's got what it takes."

This was before she'd met him. We got to the studio early, and I found an opportunity to introduce Dean to her before the broadcast. He was beautifully polite and friendly and—I'll have to confess it—I couldn't help basking in the glow of Gracie's admiration. But then Tom Trumble drifted up, and Dean bowed and left.

"This is Private Tom Trumble, our soldier star," I said to Gracie, and as she acknowledged the introduction I could see her eyeing him appraisingly. Tom, however, barely nodded. The hands of the studio clock were almost on the hour, and there was something he wanted to say to me. In spite of his excitement and nervousness, I had the feeling that this was

something that *had* to be said.

"Miss Collins, if I'm any good in this tonight, I'll have you to thank. I wanted you to know that—and that this has been the best day of my whole life, so far."

His honest brown eyes were shining, and I was moved. "I'm glad," I said. "And you don't have to be so formal. My name's Jackie."

"Okay, Jackie," he said. "Call me Tom."

He seized my hand in a quick, firm grip, and hurried backstage. When he was gone I heard Gracie expel her breath in a sharp, amused sigh.

WHAT a character!" she drawled. "Straight from the corn belt, isn't he?"

I was glad I didn't have to reply, because just then the orchestra burst into a fanfare and the show was on.

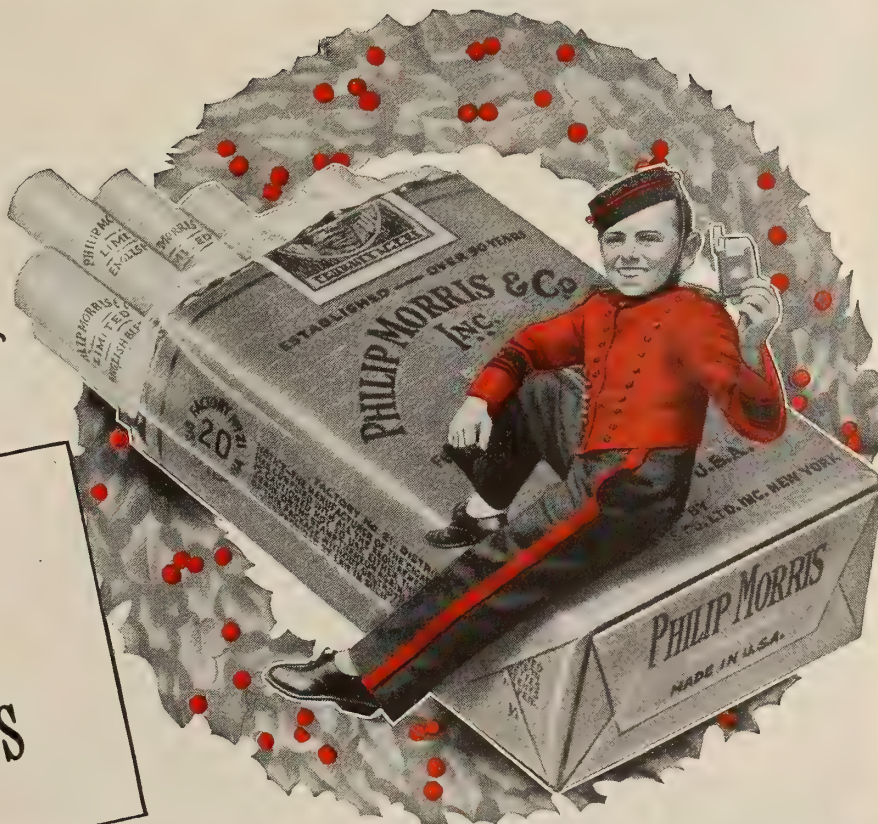
Hiya Soldier is a strange program to watch while it's being broadcast. The studio isn't very large, and there is no real audience for that reason, but you'd be surprised to know the number of people who find it necessary, and possible, to be present while the show is going on. Usually, and tonight was no exception, the room is filled to capacity. But the strange thing is the feeling that comes over you. This isn't just a broadcast. It's a dedication—a dedication of loyalty to the men in uniform. You feel humble, and more than a little choked up.

At least, I always do. Gracie, I suppose, doesn't.

Tonight the show was really great. It had pace and rhythm, and very great sincerity. It touched some deep

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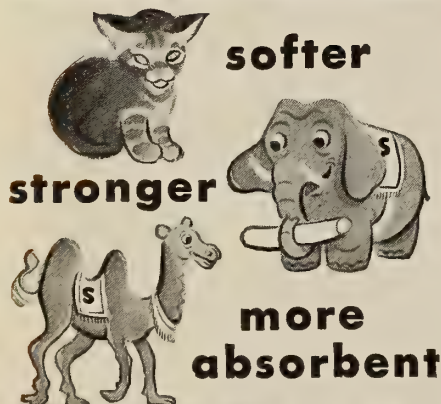
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vein in human experience. It was—well, it was America, a blend of sentiment and laughter and tough, noisy humor.

Dean Hunter sang "You Were Meant for Me"—and not for one instant, as he sang, did he take his eyes away from me. A wonderful thing happened, too. I found myself looking back at him without shyness, as if it was the most natural thing in the world for a man to sing such a song to me—as if my heart was answering, "I know, I know! And you for me!"

Dean left the stage, and I listened to the rest of the program in a mood of tingling happiness. Just as I had known Dean would make a point of talking to me that afternoon, now I knew he would seek me out after the broadcast, and that we would spend the evening together—dancing, perhaps, at some wonderful supper club where I had never been before.

**I** HARDLY noticed when Tom Trumble began to sing. He was at the microphone, standing there without any of the professional assurance of Dean Hunter, and singing in his soft, untrained voice, "Wait for me, my little home sweet home, I'll be back there bye and bye..."

Except for his voice, with its soft orchestral background, the studio was utterly silent with that silence which means enthralled attention. Then—we must all have felt it at once—there was the knowledge that something was wrong. Tom's hand went ploughing through his dark hair—once, and seconds later, again. He glanced toward me, then toward the Colonel. He stammered and stumbled—and suddenly stopped singing.

There were tears in his eyes—and I knew, all at once, what had happened. The song—its meaning, its tenderly expressed love for all the things that Tom and millions more were ready to fight to preserve—had torn at his emotions until he was unable to continue.

My first instinct was to do something, to try to buck Tom up. But of course I couldn't, and in that awful moment of catastrophe someone else saved the situation. It was Dean Hunter. He walked up to the mike and said quietly, "Come on, Tom, let's sing it together."

The sigh of relief and gratitude that swept over the studio was like a cool breeze on a stifling day. Dean sang as softly and sweetly as I've ever heard him, and soon Tom Trumble was joining in. Not only that, but a minute later someone in the studio began to sing, too, and then we were all singing, to bring the broadcast to an end in a glorious burst of spontaneous enthusiasm and courage!

It had been a dreadful experience for us all—one of those frozen, nightmare incidents that happen once in a blue moon of broadcasting—but I knew that it must have been worst of all for Tom Trumble. Almost before the closing announcement, I was on my feet, working my way backstage. I hadn't stopped to reason it out, but dimly I knew that he'd need comfort and that I was the only friend he had in Washington to give it to him.

He was standing alone—I had the impression he had fled there—in a dark corner of the little backstage area.

"Tom," I cried as soon as I saw him, "you were swell—just wonderful!"

"I spoiled the broadcast," was all he could say.

"No, you didn't. Honestly—I'm sure no one even noticed." I was lying—I was sure of no such thing—but this was one of the times when a lie was necessary. "It only was a second or two—it seemed much longer to you than to anyone else and..."

I'm sure I said much more, but I don't know what it was. The important thing was that he believed me, after a time, and I was able to bring him back out into the auditorium, where now there were only a few chatting knots of people. I glanced around, and saw Gracie with some people on the center aisle. We went toward them.

And then it happened. There was one of those sudden, unexplained hushes that sometimes come in the middle of a buzz of conversation, and in it we heard Gracie's voice, loud and clear. And scornful.

"Hah! Don't tell me! Of all the corny exhibitions—he broke down on purpose, I'll bet!"

Tom caught his breath, beside me. "Gracie!" I called, in a wild panic lest she say anything more before she knew we were standing behind her. She turned, her mouth agape.

But Tom Trumble wasn't with me any longer. He was hurrying up the aisle toward the exit door.

I started after him. It wasn't fair to spoil his great day like this. Even if he was incredibly naive and a little silly, it wasn't fair...

A hand touched my arm. Dean Hunter smiled down at me.

"Not running away, are you?"

"No, I—I was only—"

But how could I finish? How could I say, "I was running after Tom Trumble?"

"Because I was hoping," he went on smoothly, "that you'd take pity on a visitor who doesn't know a soul in Washington—or anyway, no soul he likes as well as you—and have supper with me."

Tom Trumble didn't know anyone else in Washington either.

And it didn't matter.

"I'd love to," I said.

"Then what are we waiting for? Come on—let's forget all about broadcasts."

**W**E went down in the elevator, out onto the street. A cab pulled up in answer to Dean's upraised hand. It was all going to be as I had planned and hoped, a short hour ago. Dean and I were going out together—to have supper and to dance. I should have been riding on the clouds of seventh heaven. Instead, I felt—guilty.

The cab started up, and Dean sank back in the seat beside me. Without preamble he said:

"I've been waiting for this minute all day long. You might as well know, Miss Jacqueline Collins—I'm crazy about you."

And before I knew it he held me to him with an intensity that made me gasp, and his eager lips were pressed against mine in pitiless abandon.

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# As Long As I Live

Continued from page 18

that I must never allow myself to become emotional or upset over anything at all.

Forget the warnings, a voice within me seemed to be saying now. It isn't important if anything happens to you. If you die? You will have today—today with him, with Steve.

I left a note for Mother. I told her I'd gone out and I'd be out for some time and that she wasn't to worry—and wasn't to try to find me. I placed it on her bureau where I knew she'd see it, and I hurried down the front stairs, out to the street.

I closed my eyes and said, "Dear heaven, don't let anything happen. Not until I've seen him and been with him a little while."

STEVE wasn't there when I arrived. But the same wizened little florist who'd been there that first day—he was still operating the shop. Nothing seemed changed, except perhaps that the florist's hair was a little more white and his smile a little wider.

"Some lovely roses?" he asked me. "Just in an hour ago."

I shook my head. "No, thanks. I'm waiting for—someone."

He studied me a moment. "Oh, yes. Now I remember. Didn't think I'd remember, did you?"

"I really didn't," I answered. "It's been a long time."

He began rearranging a basket of tulips. "Never forget a romance, not when they start right in my own store. Too few romances these days, I say."

"Yes, I guess there are—too few." He seemed intent on fixing those tulips and I stepped closer to see what he was doing. And then I heard a voice behind me, a well-remembered voice. It was saying, "Lady, I'd like to give you this orchid before I die."

I whirled and faced him. It was Steve, my Steve. The same laughter in the dark brown eyes, the irrepressible grin, the compact figure. Only now he was in uniform and there was a new air about him, a new purpose and meaning.

He stood there, holding out the white orchid, his dark eyes looking into mine. "Linda," he whispered, "you're lovely."

A sudden dizziness came over me then and the little shop seemed to grow darker. Stark terror coursed through me; involuntarily, my hands went to my breast. No, my mind was saying, no, it mustn't happen. You mustn't let it happen, not now.

The little florist was beaming at us. I kept looking at Steve, hoping he had not noticed that instant of fright. Steve said, "Linda, you haven't even told me you're glad to see me again."

He was grinning and I smiled back at him. "Steve, I—I can't put it into words."

"Sure," he agreed. With elaborate motions, he paid for the white orchid, helped me to pin it on. Then he slipped his arm through mine. "Come along, Linda. We've got to have lunch."

"Lunch?" I asked. "Where?"

"You'll see."

You might have thought he would take me to some quiet little garden spot where we could talk—but that wouldn't be Steve, always hunting for

the unusual. This time it was a lunch cart, a very nice one, spotless and glittering, where we had gone, I remembered, one night after a dance.

We perched up on the stools. It was so hard to believe, Steve and I together, side by side. I didn't know why it had happened and I didn't care that it would be over soon. It was only the present that mattered, this wonderful, incredible day.

We didn't talk much at lunch. With something of a flourish, he ordered hamburgers and french fried potatoes for us. And while he was eating the hamburger sandwich he kept looking at me. Then, after a little while, he began to ask me about myself, what I had been doing during those years.

I couldn't tell him, of course. I tried to steer the talk to something else. But he kept coming back to it and finally I said, "There's really nothing exciting to tell, Steve. I've—I've gone on with my dress designing."

"But you did give up working in the store, Linda?"

"Yes. I—I've been staying home with Mother. But Steve, I don't want to talk about me. I want to hear about you. That uniform—" I looked him over appraisingly—"that uniform is something handsome."

"Tank corps," he said. "Like it a lot, too. Never a dull moment."

He reached out and put his hand on mine. His eyes were soft and kind and unable to hide the love behind them.

"Come along, Linda. We're going places."

"Going where?"

"Surprise."

IT was the zoo. That was a crazy place to go but it was wonderful. It seemed as if everyone else was there—children and grownups and men selling peanuts and popcorn.

It's amazing how alone you can be in a crowd of people like that. They pay no attention to you and you pay none to them. Arm in arm we walked along looking at the animals and throwing peanuts to the monkeys and watching them run off to the corners to shell and munch them with evident pleasure.

"Linda," Steve said, as we stood examining a sleepy lion, "I've missed you so much."

"What brought that on, Steve? The lion?"

"I was just thinking. This is so wonderful and—and—"

He seemed suddenly serious. "What is it, Steve?"

"We've had our orders, Linda. We'll be leaving in—a few days."

A cold wave swept over me. Not that there was any reason for that to mean so much. It was only this day I had. Only this one day.

"Please, Steve. Let's not talk about your going. Let's only remember that you're here and I'm here and we're together."

His lips tightened a little. "We have to talk about it, Linda. I've only a few days' leave. I had to see you. I have to ask you—"

"Steve," I said, "look at the lion. He's waking up."

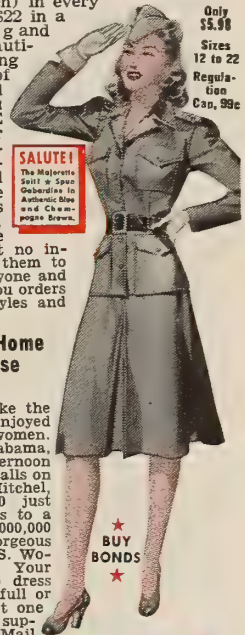
"All right, Linda," he laughed. "It's a very ferocious looking beast."

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We bought more peanuts and started toward the elephant house like two kids.

Strange, how wonderful an afternoon in the zoo can be. Like something in a fairy tale, it was unreal and yet it was real. Just being with him again, laughing again, loving him—this was enough.

But then it was growing dark—winter twilight falling quickly. Steve said it was time to leave. There was a mysterious air about him that puzzled me.

"Steve—what is it this time?"

"I've got reservations—for dinner."

He said it with an air, like a magician about to perform a trick. Then he hurried me to the street car.

The dining room of the South Seas Club was not just an ordinary dining room. It had a marble dance floor and a soft strumming orchestra and a blue sky dome overhead with artificial stars twinkling.

Oh, you might say there are many places like that to be found. But this was different for me, because it had been so long a time since I had been anywhere like that, since I had seen the gaiety of people, felt the spirit of being on a party.

Steve somehow seemed to sense that. I held on to his arm tightly and he looked at me. "Pleased, Linda?"

I nodded. The headwaiter led us to a table by the dance floor. I know my eyes were large as I looked around—I felt like a child on a party.

"It's exciting, Steve."

"Yes. There's something in the atmosphere—"

THE orchestra was playing some lilting South Seas melody. It was so terribly sweet. Steve was looking at me, his face serious and his eyes somber. He didn't speak.

"Steve—you seem so solemn."

"Just thinking."

"What about?"

"Just how beautiful girls are with large blue eyes."

I smiled. "There are lots and lots like that."

"And only one I care about at all."

I turned from him, looking out to the dance floor, to the young couples there. The music was a waltz and the dancing seemed so graceful over that marble floor.

Steve said, "Linda, would you like to dance?"

My mind held on to his words. Linda dance! Linda who must have quiet and rest, who must never excite herself. Linda who must avoid anything strenuous.

Yet I wanted to dance. I wanted him to hold me close, I wanted to dance to that soft music. I wanted to be a part of all of it, of the people dancing, the wonder of it. Reason said I shouldn't do it. Reason said I should go home before anything happened. But I wasn't listening to reason.

"Yes, of course," I said. "Let's dance, Steve."

We stood up slowly and walked to the floor and he put his arm around me.

My heart was pounding then, pounding in my breast as we started to dance. I felt chilled and weak and frightened. Yet I couldn't know, I couldn't be sure if it was because of the dancing, or because I was so close

to him, because he was holding me in his arms.

"You dance—you dance beautifully, Linda."

No, nothing must happen. I held on to him tightly. The softness of the music was soothing. I forgot to be afraid. I forgot everything except that he was with me and I was dancing. You dance beautifully Linda, he'd said. Close your eyes and dance.

He was gay after that. He kept me laughing and left me no time to think about myself, no time for fear or worry. As we were finishing dessert, he said, "I know what's been wrong with you, Linda. You just haven't had me around to make you laugh."

It was late when we left. Nearly ten o'clock. Mother would be frantic. She might even have called the police. I said, "Steve, I—I have to go home now."

"Not just yet, Linda. We've—come on, get in the taxi."

"Steve, I can't—"

"Never say can't. No such word in the dictionary, didn't you know?"

I DIDN'T hear the address he gave the driver. In the taxi, he reached out and took my hand. We rode along in silence. Don't think about tomorrow, my thoughts were saying. Drink in the warmth of this moment, of being beside him. Hold on to this moment.

The taxi stopped finally and we got out. I looked around me and knew where we were. This was the park—the park where we had gone that first day. The park where he had told me he loved me.

I looked at him questioningly. Steve took my arm. "You remember?" he asked, and when I nodded he said, "We'll find that bench by the fountain."

But there was no fountain playing tonight. It was cold and there was glittering frost on the naked branches of the trees, frost that gleamed in the darkness and seemed to change the world into some never-never land.

"The trees—they're like icy dreams," I said.

He put his arm around me. "It's like a wonderful dream, being with you again, Linda."

I smiled at him. "Yes," I said.

"I tried to ask you something earlier, Linda. Something very important."

"Ask me—what, Steve?"

"This may seem rather sudden. I—I want you to marry me."

So there it was. I had really known all along that he would ask me that. Oh, how I wanted to say yes! How I wanted to tell him that I would marry him, that we would be man and wife, belong to each other!

I knew I couldn't. It was the most impossible thing in the world. It could never be, never in all our lives.

"I was angry that last time, Linda," he was saying. "But it all seems trivial and unimportant now. The last three years have shown me how much you mean to me. Linda they must—they must have shown you, too."

Naturally, he couldn't understand. Couldn't understand unless I told him the truth. And I wasn't going to tell him. It was the one secret he would never know.

The time was too short. I couldn't pretend it didn't matter to me, that it was unimportant. In the past I might have done that, but no longer. "Steve,"—I tried to sound calm—"Steve, whatever happens—I do love



you. I always have, always will." In the night I saw him smile. "And you will marry me?"

"No. I can't." He drew away his arm. I saw his hands clench. "What is the matter, Linda? Tell me, what is it?"

I was trembling now. Trembling and wondering if this was it, the moment I had dreaded, when the excitement of it, the rapidly running emotions, would sweep over me devouring me with their strength.

"No, I can't," I said. "Don't ask me why, Steve. Don't ask me."

I couldn't stand it any longer. I knew I couldn't. I had to get away. It was no use, no use trying to pretend as long as I was with him.

"You'll have to try to understand, Steve," I told him. "Try to understand, try to forgive me. And—and God be with you."

**Q**UICKLY, I leaned forward and kissed him. For one tender, ecstatic moment. I felt his lips on mine. Then, before anything more could be said, I stood up, and ran off into the darkness. I could hear his footsteps following. At the edge of the park I found a cab. I got inside, gave the driver my home address, told him to hurry.

Then, in the darkness alone in the back seat, I realized. The dizziness, the sudden faintness, ran through me in shivering waves. This was it, this was the moment. I closed my eyes. I could almost hear the beating of my heart now.

I had known what I was doing. I had known I would pay the price for this day. It had been wonderful, it had been the happiest day of all my life. It had been worth it, no matter what the price.

I could see him in my mind. See him grinning in that way of his. I tried to hold on to that picture. "Stay close to me, Steve," I said. "I need you—need you now."

Only—he couldn't know. Not really. Only in my thoughts. "Darling," I whispered, "darling, I love you."

The taxi was stopping. I opened my eyes and looked through the window. This was my house. We were home. The cabbie was saying, "Sixty cents, ma'am, please."

Unsteadily, even amazed that I hadn't fainted in the cab, I opened the door, handed him the change from my purse, started inside.

Dora, the girl who helps Mother with the cleaning around the house, let me in, because I'd forgotten I didn't have a key.

They were there in the living room, Mother and Dr. Graham. Mother was sitting in the large chair, twining her hands nervously, her face pale and drawn. Dr. Graham was standing across the room, near the fireplace.

Mother saw me and gasped. "Linda. Thank God you're back."

"I'm—sorry," I managed. "I—couldn't help it. It was—it was worth it."

Dr. Graham walked toward me. He put his arm around my quivering shoulders. "Linda," he said quietly, "sit down, child."

Automatically, I followed his orders. I said, "I know I've done everything wrong, everything I shouldn't. I've been out walking, I've been to a zoo and dancing and—"

Mother made a sort of sobbing sound, as if she were desperately trying to hold back tears. Dr. Graham

opened that black bag, began to examine me, listening to my heart.

"You don't have to tell me, Doctor," I said. "I know. I disobeyed all your orders." Then I looked at him defiantly. "But I don't care. I'd do it again. I've had the happiest day of my whole life and it was worth it."

Dr. Graham was putting away his stethoscope. As he closed the black bag he said, "Just as I expected."

I looked up at him. The way he said it seemed to cut into me. Mother jumped to her feet. "Dr. Graham, what is it? What will—"

Someone had rung the front door bell and Dora was opening it. The next instant—Steve was standing in the doorway of the living room. "Steve!" I said. "What are you doing here?"

"Did you think you could run away from me?"

"You have to go, Steve."

"But I'm not going." And then he turned abruptly away from me. "Hello, Dr. Graham. How is she?"

I stood a step backwards. Dr. Graham and Steve—friends?

I looked from one to the other. "But—I don't understand. How—"

"She's fine, young man," Dr. Graham said. "Just as I knew she would be. Didn't do her one bit of harm. I think—I think all our worry is over."

"If one of you would be so kind as to explain what this is," I said angrily, "I think it would be very helpful—"

And right in the middle of the sentence I stopped and realized something remarkable—I didn't feel dizzy or weak or sick or anything at all. I felt perfectly well, I was angry at both of them and that was all.

"Linda," the doctor said, "I told you a long time ago you could get well, if you had the will to. You didn't have that will. I thought maybe rest and taking it easy would do the trick. But it didn't. You became languid, wanted to do nothing."

**I** STOOD up. There was something in his tone, something exciting I hadn't known before.

"A couple of weeks ago, your mother and I had a long talk. She told me about Steve, about how you'd given him up. I knew I had the answer. I managed to get hold of him, finally. I told him it wasn't a rest cure you needed, but a reason for living, and he seemed to be it."

"I'd better be," Steve said. He came over and stood close to me. "I took you out today on doctor's orders. Everything we did was to show you you were strong enough, if you yourself had the will."

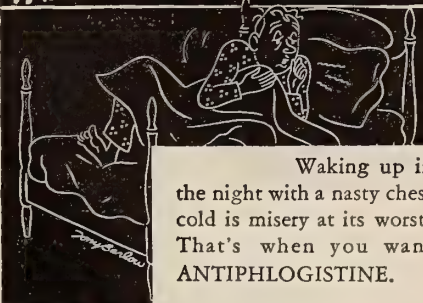
"Dr. Graham didn't even tell me about it until today" Mother put in. "I was so worried—"

Steve put his hands on my shoulders. He said, "Linda, I haven't had an answer to my question. The one I asked you in the park. I want the answer"—his voice very stern—"and I want it now."

But then his arms were around me and he was holding me close, his lips pressed against mine. I couldn't have told him. Couldn't have said it was yes, couldn't have said it was a new world for me, a sudden and wonderful new world of hope. Hope I hadn't dared to have before, hope that was sweet as honey on the vine.

I closed my eyes, lost myself in his kiss. There was no need of putting the answer into words.

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## You Are My Own

Continued from page 35

seat, thinking. I was wondering why I felt so ill, so miserable. I should have been happy, contented. I had what I wanted. John was there beside me, holding my hand, loving me.

Suddenly, it was as if there had been a tremendous flash of light. I sat up straight. I thought back. Could it be possible? I went over my symptoms, checked the time. It was possible.

I had never thought much about having children. But now I did. If I were to have a child—everything became so clear! Everything was solved. John would see everything in a different light. He wouldn't think of leaving me.

I was excited. I was free and alive again, without fear. I could laugh again, without forcing myself. John couldn't help noticing the change in me. He looked so pleased, as we walked out of the theater.

"See?" he said, hugging my waist. "That was all you needed."

ALL the way home, I argued with myself. Should I tell him? Or should I wait a little, wait and make sure? But the more I thought about it, the more certain I was that I was right. And later, when I was brushing my hair, getting ready for bed, I felt I couldn't keep it to myself any longer. I could see John in the dressing table mirror. He had his infernal newspapers spread all around him and he was frowning. It seemed to me suddenly very important to wipe that frown from his eyes. I had to tell him.

I hadn't realized how horribly difficult it had been to lie to John, until I discovered how very easy it was to tell him the truth.

"Darling," I said softly into the darkness, "I—we're going to have a baby."

There was a long silence and I was afraid he was angry. I couldn't see his face and I wished I had not waited until we'd put out the lights. Then he took my hand and I knew everything was all right. There was something about the way he kissed my hair and my eyes and my neck, the way he pulled the cover close up over my shoulders, that made me sure that, at last, nothing existed in the world for him, but me.

It was wonderful for awhile. I didn't have to say anything to him about the draft board. He went down the next day to report his new

status. He wanted me to give up my job right away, but I wouldn't. We needed to save some money. Besides, I argued, it would be months before it became awkward for me to go to work.

That first week, I put off going to the doctor. I wanted to keep this wonderful thing secret between us, just for a little. And then, I didn't need to go to the doctor to be sure—to be sure I wasn't going to have a baby, at all!

I was glad John wasn't at home, when I found out. He would certainly have known something was wrong, if I hadn't had time to collect myself. By the time he got back, I had made up my mind. I wasn't going to tell him. I wasn't going to let the security I'd won slip through my fingers. It could have been possible, I argued with myself. If I kept John with me, it might still come true. I wanted it to be. I wanted a child, more than any woman ever wanted a child before.

Strangely enough, I was incredibly happy those next two months. How can I explain that? I don't know—fool's paradise, whatever you want to call it. I was no longer conscious of being a liar. I loved John frantically, desperately, as though every day, every moment, might be our last together. I thought of nothing else. All that was important to me was having him there.

WE lived more quietly, now, partly because it was supposed to be better for me, partly because we wanted to save every penny. Sometimes, when I was lolling away an evening on the sofa before the fireplace, luxuriating in the softness of all the cushions John had piled behind me, running my fingers idly over John's face and neck as he sprawled at my feet, I'd grow frightened for a fleeting moment. What would John say, do, if he knew I had lied? But I found it more and more easy to drive that fear from my heart. He need never know, I thought to myself. There were all kinds of explanations—accidents, miscalculations, disturbances. And I shook off my qualms in the delight of the moment. I wanted it to be like this always, with this peace, this closeness between us. I knew there was nothing I wouldn't do to keep it like this.

I was really glad now that I hadn't given up my job. I was a little afraid,



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I guess, afraid to think too much, afraid of what would happen to all my firm resolves, if I really faced myself. Working kept me from having to worry. I could force myself to concentrate on Mr. Hadley's dictation, on the bustle in the office. I could afford to ease my conscience by subscribing to the ten percent War Saving Bond plan in the office. I could fool myself into a sense of pride, when Mr. Hadley complimented me on the way I had got everyone in the office to sign a pledge to put ten percent of each week's salary into stamps and bonds.

There was another thing, too. I was supposed to be going to the doctor regularly. Going to the office every day made that simple. I could always tell John that I had an appointment in the middle of the afternoon—when he couldn't leave his office. It all seemed logical enough, since our doctor had his consultation rooms in the building where I worked. It was an ideal arrangement all around—I thought.

**T**HEN, one evening, for the first time in years, John wasn't waiting for me when I stepped out of the elevator. It was strange. More than that, it was frightening. He hadn't phoned to say he'd be late. I waited for him, half an hour, but some instinct warned me that it was useless.

Long before I opened the door of our apartment, I knew with utter certainty that John had found me out. I was ready for anything, anger, hurt, disillusionment. I was even prepared to fight against them. But I wasn't quite ready enough for the cold disgust with which he looked at me.

John just stood there, looking at me. It wasn't only hatred, anger. It was deep loathing, as though he had turned up a stone and uncovered some crawling, filthy thing.

"Darling—John!" I cried. "Don't look like that. I—I can't bear it. I couldn't help it. I thought it was true—when I told you. I believed it, darling. Listen to me!" I tried to touch him, but he pulled away from me. "Please—you've got to believe me. I thought it was true. And then—then—I hoped it would become true. Oh, please, please, you've got to understand. Darling, I only did it because I love you so much—because I can't bear to think of your going to—to war—being hurt—killed—"

"And I worried about you," John said coldly. "I was sick with worry about you—that something was wrong. I saw the doctor this afternoon. I felt like a fool. You've never been there!"

"Oh, darling, darling," I tried to put my arms around him, to reach him, somehow. "Don't you see? I love you so much!"

John stepped back. He pushed me away firmly. His eyes were darker than I had ever seen them before, dark and black and hard, like coals. "Thanks," he said with a bitter smile, "but I'm not having any more of that. You've pulled the dirtiest trick on me that was ever pulled on a man. You didn't just betray me and my love for you. You've made me betray everything I believe in." He sighed and turned away. "You might as well know—it's all over now. On the way home from the doctor's, I stopped in and enlisted."

The door closed quietly behind him. He had not even said goodbye. He had just closed the door on our life, our

love. And he had left it all behind him. He had taken nothing with him that was ours, that would remind him of us, together. There, on the table, like a symbol, was a little pile of the personal possessions that tied him to me, his keys, our joint bankbook, the two snapshots of me that he used to carry in his wallet. He was gone.

For a little, I was angry. He didn't understand. He didn't see how much I loved him, how desperately. He had not even given me a chance to explain, to prove my love for him. He was selfish, selfish! He cared more for what he wanted than he did for me.

But that was wrong. I knew it was wrong, but I couldn't understand it. John wasn't selfish. He loved—he had loved me. He *had* loved me. That was the thing that was so hard to bear. He had loved me and, yet, he could leave me like that. I couldn't understand how a love like ours could just end with the closing of a door. It just couldn't happen!

It had happened, though. No matter how I fought against it, it was so. I was alone. It was as though I had never even met John. I tried to recapture some feeling of the happiness we had had, some memory, anything, and I found nothing but emptiness and hollow echoes.

If John had died, it would be like this, I tried to tell myself. That didn't help, because I knew deep inside, it would not have been like this. John had not died. Only his love for me had died.

In a kind of paralyzed way, I dragged myself through the days. I wasn't quite aware of what I was doing. I ate and dressed and went to the office and smiled vaguely at Mr. Hadley and talked and worked, not thinking about it, just following a habitual pattern. At first, I didn't believe that this could really have happened to me. I was sure John would be sorry, that he would write. But he didn't.

**T**HOSE were deadly days that followed. I was growing resigned, giving in. I had a deep conviction that my life was over and I was just waiting to die, filling in time. Nothing mattered.

There were times when I felt I was going mad, times when I would find myself forced to get out where there were people, the sounds of people talking and laughing and moving, times when I would stop and talk aimlessly to newsboys and store clerks, just to talk to someone. There were times in the office when I'd almost bring myself to the point of pouring out my heartbreak to one of the girls. But I never could. I'd start to talk to one of them and see the strange look in their eyes, as though they were startled that I, who had never needed their sympathy before, should suddenly want to make friends, and I couldn't.

Sometimes, a little frantically, I'd search through the people John and I had known. We had had friends, lots of them. Then, going over them in my mind, looking for one, just one, who would listen and understand, I'd discover they hadn't been my friends. They were John's friends.

Vaguely, helplessly, I realized how completely I had managed to shut out everything and everyone that might have intruded on my love for John. Still, this seemed right to me. This seemed stronger proof of my great love for him. I loved him so

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much there just wasn't room, time, for anything else.

I might have gone on thinking this forever, or at least until it was too late, if it hadn't been for Mr. Hadley. He called me into his office, one afternoon.

"Are you ill, Mrs. Smith?" he asked. There was a stack of letters on the desk before him. I recognized them. They were letters he had dictated to me that morning.

"Why—no—" I said.  
Mr. Hadley frowned, but his large, round face didn't look annoyed. His gray eyes looked tired and, somehow, sad. He tapped the letters. "Something's wrong, Mary," he said quietly. "You've never done such poor work before. Want to tell me about it?"  
I couldn't say anything. I wanted to, but I couldn't.

IS it your husband?" he asked gently. I shook my head violently. I didn't want him to touch my secret. Mr. Hadley sighed. He took my hand and made me sit down and I felt tears burning into my eyes as I realized that this was the first time in weeks that any human being had touched me, even my hand, kindly. "My dear," he said tenderly, "I'm an old man. I've lived long enough to learn there are very few troubles, very few problems that can't be worked out—if you know what they are."

It was the way he held my hand, his gentleness, his sympathy. Something broke inside me and all the pain and confusion rushed out in a tumble of words. My bewilderment, my hurt, found words. "It's terrible," I murmured in the end, "to find yourself alone like this, to find out that someone you loved so much, didn't love you."

Mr. Hadley sighed and stood up. He went to the window and stared out of it for a long time. At last he spoke, still not looking at me. "Are you sure, my dear, that you loved him at all?" He said it quietly, gently, but it was as though he had shouted it. I couldn't move. He turned around and he seemed to have grown older, more tired looking.

"You don't understand, either," I said defensively. "I was only thinking of him. I wanted him safe."

"Don't you mean, my dear," Mr. Hadley said, "that you wanted to keep him safe for you—you wanted your home, your little life to be safe—no matter what the price?"

"No, no!" I said.  
"I'm afraid that's the truth of it," Mr. Hadley said. "I'm afraid that's what your husband saw. Already, many people are paying dearly for that kind of thinking, people who

were more worried about themselves, their own selfish desires, than they were about their fellow men, their countries. In the end, they have nothing left. Everything is lost, their liberty, their homes, their ideals, even their right to have desires. Your husband knew this. He knew that no one lives alone. He knew that no man can be safe, when his fellow men are in danger. And he thought you knew this, too. And, when he found you didn't, he must have felt that you couldn't understand many other things about him, about his ideas, that all the time there had been no basis for your love, your life together. He couldn't help thinking that you didn't love him, but only yourself."

"He couldn't—" I said. "He knew—he knew how much I loved him."  
"You didn't love him enough," Mr. Hadley said quietly. "You don't believe me now. But think it over. I won't need you any more today—take the rest of the afternoon off. But don't go home and feel sorry for yourself and hurt and so sure I'm wrong." He sat down and his shoulders slumped a little and he rubbed his temple wearily. "If only I didn't understand—" he murmured softly, more to himself than to me. "If only I weren't afraid there are many more like you—"

I HATED him. He didn't understand at all, I thought as I left his office. He was a smug old man. He had probably never loved anyone as I loved John. How could he know what I felt, what I had lost, what I needed? These were the things I was thinking, as I pulled on my hat and coat angrily. Reaching for my purse, I realized there were others in the locker room.

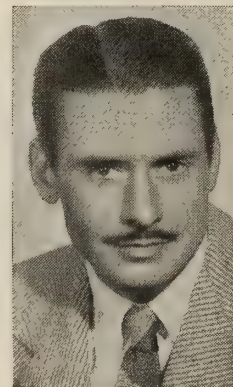
"Poor old guy," a girl said.  
"Yeah," someone else said, her voice full of sympathy. "He's taking it all right, though. Never said a word."

One of the girls noticed me. "Did he say anything to you?"

"Who?" I asked.  
"Mr. Hadley," someone said.  
"About what?"  
"About his son. It's in the afternoon papers—lost in action in the Pacific."

I shook my head. I felt cheap and small. I wanted to crawl away, hide. I saw his face again, tired and sad and old. And then I saw John's face again, the disgust in his eyes, and I felt shame awakening in my heart.

It isn't easy to face yourself honestly, not when you've built up so many false ideas about yourself and your nobility. It's miserable to find



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all the sham ripped away and to discover there is no longer any place to hide yourself, to lie to yourself.

For hours I walked about. I kept seeing Mr. Hadley, slumped in his chair. I kept hearing the quiet despair in his voice. "If only I weren't afraid there are many more like you—" I was sick with myself, when I began to realize what he had meant.

**S**LOWLY things began to fall into place. I thought of men, dead, lost, and women and children, who might never have needed to die, if there had not been people, thinking like me, living like me, wrapped up in themselves, so wrapped up that they could not recognize the full danger of small things that were happening. And then I thought of those who had known, people like John and Mr. Hadley's son and thousands like them and how hard their job was because of people like me. I began to see why John had said I had betrayed him and everything he believed in.

Now I knew John as I had never known him before. Now I knew what he felt about us, our life. I began to see it that way, too, not as something small and intimate and separate, but as a part of something, something much bigger than we ourselves could ever hope to be.

Only then did I feel the full weight of what I had done. Only then did I realize how truly fine John was. I had hurt him, robbed him of his personal faith in me, in my love. Yet he had been able to keep clear, in his mind, what had to be done.

I had to find him. I had to see him, talk to him. I had to make him understand that I knew, now. I thought of him, somewhere, training to fight for me—when he thought he had nothing left to fight for.

It was easy to trace him. The Recruiting Station did it for me. Mr. Hadley let me have a week's leave, gladly, his kind gray eyes losing their sadness for a moment, as he wished me luck.

I was excited and happy, getting on the bus. I had a funny feeling, nervous and a little frightened. We moved swiftly over the roads and the whir of the wheels was like a singing in my heart. I was a bit giddy. The bus slid around a wide curve and ground to a short, lurching stop before a station. Suddenly, I felt as though I'd been hit. Things began to swim before my eyes. I pulled myself to my feet. I wanted fresh air. I wanted some solid earth under my feet. Stepping down from the bus was like stepping over the edge of a precipice and falling, falling.

Then I opened my eyes, it might have been ages later, and saw a round faced, fat little man grinning at me. He had on a white coat. I realized I was in a doctor's office.

"Too much excitement," the little doctor said.

I lay on the couch in the doctor's office, until it was time to catch the next bus. I'd fainted, I was told, but it was nothing serious, over-excitement, the swaying of the bus, the close air. I was given some medicine to take, if the dizziness should come over me again.

The rest of the trip was hazy. I hung on to myself, gathering my courage. It was a big thing I had to do. I would have to prove to John—and to myself—that I had really won through to understanding, to strength.

At last, I stepped off the bus into the soft Southern twilight and found myself looking down the short road that led to the camp gates.

I must have looked tired and strained, because the officer in charge of headquarters was very kind. In a very few minutes John was stepping through the door.

He looked different, almost like a stranger. His shoulders seemed wider and even more erect and his face was tan and healthy above the uniform. He looked strong and hard and his brown eyes were steady.

"What is it, Mary?" he asked.

I shriveled inside, for a second. Then I faced it. He had every right to distrust me. He had every right to suspect that I had come to try to trick him again. I deserved it.

"Can we go outside—?" I asked. "I must talk to you—alone, somewhere."

**E**VEN while the officer was making out his pass, I could sense that John thought our talking would get us nowhere.

We went outside the camp and I made him turn down a lonely dirt road that led off the highway. It was hard to begin. And John didn't help me. He walked beside me silently and I could feel how careful he was being not to touch me.

"John," I began, at last. "I didn't come for pity, or sympathy. I'm not going to beg, or cry. I came to tell you that I really love you—that I understand—" It was easier now. He was listening, not trusting me yet, but listening. I knew that the things I was saying were probably the most important things I had ever said in my life, but I had no feeling of desperation. I was sure of myself. I avoided all mention of my pain and confusion. I didn't want him to be sorry for me. Pity wasn't what I wanted. I told him only the things that I had found out, the things that had come clear in my mind.

I finished talking and there were only the night sounds around us. Then John stopped walking and his hand was gentle on my arm. In the shadows, he came close and peered into my eyes for a long time.

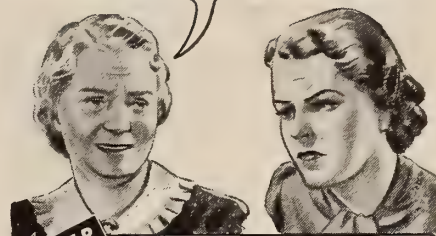
Suddenly, he smiled softly and pulled me into his arms. "Yes," he whispered, "I believe you." He pressed me to him so hard I could scarcely breathe. "Oh, darling, you'll never know how lost I was!" He kissed me then and, for a moment, I felt a flash of weakness.

But the weakness passed. I didn't count. I had come to give him something, faith, my love—real now—security. I had come to set his mind and his heart free, so that nothing would stand in the way of what he had to do, what all of us had to do.

The next morning, I left him, happy and strong and sure of himself. I watched him as long as I could from the bus window, memorizing every small detail of the way he looked, his head held high, his shoulders straight, his eyes proud and deeply happy.

And, at last, I knew I had really found the depths of love within myself, which I needed and which, before, I had only imagined. For this new-found love of mine and the understanding that John must not be distracted from the job ahead of him, or worried by anything, or anyone, had brought me the strength and courage not to tell him what the fat little doctor had told me. That now I was going to have a child, after all.

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# Detour to Paradise

Continued from page 27

His black hair was cut short, probably to crop away some of the persistent curl. His eyes were a clear, compelling blue, and they looked at me, as they looked at the whole world, with unwavering mirth. His mouth was mobile and shaped for easy laughter—laughter that bubbled up from an inexhaustible well of it deep inside him, that rose quickly to his eyes and overflowed to his mouth—laughter that was contagious, that not only compelled you to laugh, too, but made you love it. All of his long leanness was well put together, so that every movement he made was supple and fluid. Oh, maybe memory made him perfect in retrospect when he really wasn't at all, but at least he was perfect in my eyes that first night and for the three crazy, hectic months which followed—perfect, because I loved him blindly even when he was being his little-boy worst.

ON Saturday we met. On the next Saturday he carried me over the threshold of the spic-and-span little apartment we'd rented. By the third Saturday I'd discovered that I'd married a man who wasn't meant for marriage at all.

I don't mean that I "came to" with a thud, to discover that all the joy was gone from our marriage, or that Dave didn't love me, or anything like that. It was just a simple fact—Dave Kent wasn't meant to be married, and that was that.

You see, all his life he'd moved blithely from one city to another, one job to another, completely footloose, staying in one place only so long as he was happy there—and that was only as long as the job or the place was new and therefore a challenge. Always there were greener pastures just up ahead, and he never hesitated to break away to search for them. I don't suppose it had ever occurred to him that marriage would entail anything more than loving me and, because he loved me, living with me. I'm sure that he didn't think that it would make the slightest difference in his life.

But he soon found that a newspaper reporter's salary wouldn't stretch comfortably to cover an apartment and the responsibilities of marriage as well as all the things which he had enjoyed doing before he was married. He found that I expected him to settle down a bit, that I looked forward to a stable life, to children. He found that I objected to his gambling away an entire paycheck, to his getting drunk and having to be "poured in" a couple of nights a week, to an entirely unchanged attitude toward all the women he'd known before he married me. In short, I couldn't stomach, as a part of my marriage, most of the things which went to make up David Kent.

We fought bitterly. We said things that we didn't mean. Even now I don't want to remember those quarrels or the things we cried out to each other in anger, standing almost toe to toe like two ridiculous, belligerent children. I don't want to remember how bewildered we both were because we had married with entirely different ideas of what marriage would and should be, each unaware of the things the other believed in.

Very soon Dave was talking about Jeff Kent, in Europe, and how he had planned to join him, how marriage had blasted those plans. And I, woman-like, was reminding him that I hadn't asked him to marry me. And then one night I realized completely that as long as Dave Kent was what he was there couldn't be the ghost of a chance for our marriage, and I told him so, knowing that he loved me, trusting, as women always have and always will, that love will change everything, that love will reform a man, that love will hold him to her and make him change rather than leave her.

I cried myself to sleep that night and when I woke up next morning the twin of my bed was empty. On the bedside table there was a note, scrawled on yellow copy paper. I can remember exactly what it said.

Dearest Paula: I'm off in search of those greener pastures you like to kid me about. It's better that way, and you know it. I'm no good—I'll be the first to admit that. I can't live your way. I'm not saying that it isn't the right way, but I guess I'm not made for the right way. And you can't live mine. You'll be better off without me. Maybe that dream job I'm always looking for will turn up and maybe your wish that I'll settle down and behave the way a good husband should will come true. When those things happen, we'll be happy together again. Please don't try to find me. Until a good day comes for us—My God, I love you so much, Paula, in spite of everything!—Dave.

That was all. That was the end of David Kent. Weeks went by, and then months. He didn't write; he didn't send for me. How could I know what had happened?

It was very soon after he left that I found out I was going to have a baby. That made it harder, and yet somehow easier. I had to work hard, I knew, against the time when I couldn't work, and that kept me so busy I didn't have time to think. They gave me back my old job on the *Telegram*, and I rented a typewriter and typed manuscripts for students in the evenings. I gave up the apartment and took a little room, salting away every cent that didn't go for the bare necessities.

And I taught myself, very soon, to be that other Paula—the Paula who didn't trust anyone, who asked for nothing of the world and gave nothing to it. Inside me there was an almost intolerable sense of loss, an ache that was like the nagging ache of a hurting tooth—the knowledge that David had left me alone, that he didn't care enough about me or what happened to me even to write. But I thrust that deep away, and covered it with a layer of coldness. I centered my whole life on the baby that was coming, pinned all my faith and my hopes on that baby. I didn't want to see any other men, to talk to them even. I convinced myself that men were hard and selfish and unfeeling, with no capacity for kindness, that they considered women as they considered their clothes—to be used as they wanted them and thrown away when they wanted to throw them away.



Only once in all that time did that hard shell I'd fashioned for myself crack. Crack? It broke in little pieces and the real me, the part of me that was nearly mad with grief and hurt, came through. That was the night Lisa was born.

More than anything in the world, that night, I wanted David to come back, on any terms, under any conditions. I held my breath, lying there in the hospital, against the next pain, knowing clearly that it didn't matter what he was or what he had done to me. I wanted David. I wanted his hand to hold hard against fear. I wanted his laughter to warm and light a world that was cold with loneliness, bleak with misery. I didn't want to fight alone. I wanted to see his eyes bright with pride when they looked at our baby, and his arms awkwardly holding her.

And then the pain would come again, a rough, wrenching hand, tearing me apart, and I wanted to die because I knew that when this temporary agony stopped there would come again that other gnawing, endless hurt—the hurt of knowing that David had left me alone, that he didn't even care enough to write to me, that he would never come back.

But in a couple of weeks I was well again and I had mended the cracks in my defenses. Once again I could present to the world a calm front, a hate for men in general and David in particular that was so convincing I was convinced myself. Time piled on time. I took the little cottage on the edge of town because it was cheap and it offered fresh air and sunshine for Lisa. I hired a girl from a nearby farm to stay with her in the daytime while I went to work. Little by little I believed in my hate for David because I had to—because hating him gave me strength while loving him only left me weak and helpless. And that was the story of those two years.

And now the hate had been swept away, and I felt as if all the props of the hard little world I had built had been swept away.

I raised my eyes and looked at Jeff Kent. He looked good to me, as no man had for so long. Big, friendly, reliable and strong. And kind. And understanding.

HE had been saying something I had only half heard, something about how sorry he was, how rough it had been on me. And then he got to his feet, while I managed a small smile to answer his.

"Where are you going?"

His smile widened a bit. "I'm going out into the garden and finish planting your carrots for you. Do you realize that you left a whole row of seeds uncovered?"

He was kind and understanding. He knew that I'd like to be alone, without the necessity of talking, without the necessity of keeping my face in the composed pattern into which I had frozen it. I felt a warmth that was strange to me as I watched him go out, as I saw him stoop stiffly to the rows of the garden, the sun blessing his broad shoulders.

I came to bless those broad shoulders, too, and to discover just how broad they were, as spring wore into summer. Jeff took the vacant cottage next door to spend the summer months recuperating from his injury. It was wonderful to have him there, always within call when I needed help or ad-

vice, yet never intrusive, never presuming on the tie between us. It was sheer joy to have a man nearby—a man for whom I could cook dinner, a man to put up a shelf for me over the sink, or repair the back steps, or drive Lisa and me to the beach for a picnic.

Gradually, Jeff filled the empty corners in my life—and even I had not realized how empty they were. Very wisely, very gently, he restored my faith in life.

From the first Lisa adored Jeff unreservedly, and he loved her as if she had been his own. Face solemn, eyes twinkling, he taught her to call him "Jefferson," and all summer long her shrill, imperious piping made the air brighter—"Jefferson! Jefferson, I want you! Where are you, Jefferson?"

He made her a swing; he built a sandbox and brought home glistening white sand from the beach for it. Tirelessly he rode her piggy-back, one small grubby fist holding firmly to his thatch of black hair, the other waving to me while she urged him to greater speed with a continual, "Giddy-up, Jefferson, giddy-up!"

FOR the first time since she was born I felt entirely easy about leaving Lisa home when I went to work. She was as safe and as happy in Jeff's hands as she was in mine, and he filled the need in every little girl's life—the need for a man, as well as a woman, to grow up with, to learn from.

The evenings, too, after Lisa was safely tucked in bed, were very pleasant times. At first Jeff came now and then, later he came several times a week, and presently we dropped all pretense, acknowledged the pleasure we found in each other's company and spent each evening together.

From David I had learned the heady joy of love, the restlessness, the feeling of having to be on my toes to match his vigor, his strength, his capacity for living; from Jeff I learned what companionship can be—the peace, the goodness of it.

My life fell into the pleasantest of patterns. Work to do, baby to love and care for, Jeff next door, a kind of bulwark against the world. It didn't even occur to me that the pattern could change, that once again I might be without that bulwark, without that companionship.

I can't remember exactly when it was that I began my silly, foolish game of make-believe. Perhaps it was the night Jeff kissed me.

We had walked a little way from the porch down the road that was a silver strip in the moonlight, at first talking idly of nothing in particular and at last lapsing into silence.

Jeff put his hand lightly on my shoulder. "The moon makes your hair pure gold, Paula," he said, and then he chuckled a little, adding, "That's only for nights, of course, when all the world's romantic. In the daytime it's more practical—like buckwheat honey, I think. But your eyes are cornflowers, night or day, because they turn darker blue when night comes."

I turned to smile up at him. "That's a pretty speech, Jeff. I didn't think you were given to making pretty speeches."

"A man doesn't know what he can do until he tries." After all, words are my business, Paula. I ought to be able to manipulate them into pretty speeches. Let's see what else I can do when I put my mind to it. Shall

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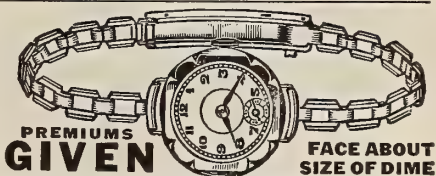
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I say that your hands are like your mind, strong and yet delicately fashioned, quick and supple, yet made for tenderness? Shall I say—

Laughing, I put my hand up to his lips. "No—you mustn't say another silly word. What's got into you?"

"You."

The hand on my shoulder tightened, swung me around to him. All the banter had gone from his face. His eyes held something new. He looked—oh, he looked like David, then, like David about to kiss me. And even as I realized that he caught me roughly to him. His mouth was hard yet gentle on mine, his arms a tight circle of protection.

It had been a long time, much too long a time, since I had been kissed. Some woman who had never known what it's like to be loved, to be married, to belong to a man and rest secure in the knowledge of being his, wouldn't even miss that supreme blessing. But any woman who has ever known it and lost it feels lost herself. She aches for love. She wants to be kissed, no matter how much she may deny it to herself.

**O**f course I'd told myself that I wanted no more of all that. It was part of the artificial barrier I had built up between myself and the world, that outraged denial of the yearning for tenderness. But Jeff's arms and his kiss, sweet on my mouth, brooked no such denials. The years between were gone in a moment. I was in my husband's arms again. Without thinking of anything except that this was something I had missed too long, I cried, "Oh, David—David, darling!"

Jeff stepped back. He looked at me strangely, straight into my eyes, and his face was still, the pleasure gone as if it had been sponged away. After that he never touched me again.

But that was the beginning of my pretending that Jeff was David, my pretending that everything was exactly as I wanted it to be, that life was sweet and full. Oh, I didn't consciously say to myself, "Now I'll pretend that Jeff is Dave, and play-act at being married once again." It was much more subtle than that, but it was there just the same. It was as if I had pushed away the knowledge that there was a Jeff Kent, as if I had resurrected David, as if I had never known Jeff at all, as if the two were one person.

There was a new joy in getting dinner for Jeff after that. There was new pleasure in watching him swing Lisa high to his shoulder and trot about the yard with her, in hearing her pleased, excited laughter. There was a new peace in sitting side by side with Jeff on the porch at night, talking quietly or not talking at all.

It was a foolish game, and, having known Jeff long enough by then to realize how essentially different he was from David, I can't imagine how I came to do it.

For Jeff was not at all like David. Jeff didn't laugh at all the world. To him, funny things were funny, but serious things were serious; there were things to be treated lightly and things to be treated with respect. He had in him a depth of perception, a capacity for kindness, that David had lacked utterly. He had none of David's compelling charm, the commanding attraction which had forced men and women alike to a feeling for him that was akin to worship. No, Jeff's charm

was the grow-on-you-sort, the kind which takes a long while to mature and by that token lasts a long time.

But I was in no mood for analysis and introspection in those days. I had made a discovery, an artificial basis for happiness, and thinking about it might have destroyed it. So I didn't think. And of course I wouldn't have admitted to myself for anything in the world that the picture of David was beginning to fade a little from my heart. I wouldn't have admitted for the world that there were sometimes whole days by then when I didn't think of him at all. I was happy, and yet, in the face of David's death, I was obscurely ashamed of the fact that I could be happy. I suppose that explains my little game of make-believe. I didn't want to admit, even subconsciously, that I could be happy without David, so I pretended that Jeff was David and allowed myself to be happy.

Those were lovely, perfect days, those days of the dying summer. Jeff seemed to spend more and more of his time thinking of ways to please Lisa and me. Everything was just as it had been before, except that when we went on picnics, when we took Lisa to the zoo, when I cooked a leisurely Sunday morning brunch to serve on the porch, when we sat in companionable silence in the cool of the evening, I let myself revel unreservedly in the happiness which had been postponed in my life too long, because I pretended that it was my husband with whom I was sharing these simple, homey joys. Wrapped up in the new pleasures that life had brought me I was quite blind to what was happening to Jeff. A hundred little things should have told me, but it took a big thing, a real shock, to jar me into awareness.

It happened on a wonderful, woodsy-smelling day. Autumn was coming; it was almost upon us. I'd have to think about getting in fuel, about buying a snowsuit for Lisa. But I didn't want to think of anything but the moment—the first coloring of the leaves, the far-off smell of bonfires, the sun on my back as I pulled the last of the carrots in the garden.

**J**EFF was coming to dinner. He would be along soon, and I thought contentedly of sitting across the table from him, letting myself half believe that this was my husband, by some miracle restored to me.

He came as I was washing the carrots. I saw him jump the little fence that separated the two yards, and my heart leaped too because his limp was really gone and he was well again. He burst in the back door, waving a letter.

"Paula, where—oh, there you are. Paula, look at this. I've got my marching orders!"

I looked at him blankly. "What? What do you mean?"

He grinned. "This waiting around is over. I—I'm going back to work."

"To work? Where?" Everything was changed. Autumn had come, and it was going to ruin our lives.

"Where?" He shrugged as he listed the possibilities, quite as if he were listing some nearby towns. "Maybe Australia, maybe Alaska, maybe China, maybe back to England—wherever they want to send me."

It was changing—too fast, too fast! Jeff would go away and the security of having him within call would end.



I would be alone once more.

"Jeff! I'll hate it! I'll miss you so!"

He smiled down at me. It was no longer the cocky grin of a moment before. It was his gentle smile, and there was something more behind it, in his eyes. "Paula, after that once, I'm afraid."

My heart quickened. "Afraid? Of what?"

"Paula, Paula—is it too soon, I wonder?"

"Too soon? Too soon for what?"

"Too soon to ask you what I want to ask you."

My emotions seemed to be neatly laid out in layers. Underneath there was the old, almost-dead revulsion, the no-more-men feeling that had been with me so long that it was hard to cleanse it away. And then there was the pain, the swift revolt against anyone taking David's place in my heart. But on top—on top there was the realization that I couldn't bear to have Jeff leave me like this.

I LOOKED up at him, meeting the question, the—yes, the fear in his eyes, as he went on.

"Honey, I want you to marry me. But it's a hell of a thing to offer you. More waiting. More years of waiting alone at home for a man to come back. I haven't any right to offer you that, but it's all I have. I've got to go back. It's my way of doing my part. It's my kind of soldiering. You understand that?"

I nodded slowly. "Yes, I understand that. You have to go back." But I wasn't concentrating on what I was saying. I was trying to put a name to the feeling that Jeff's telling me he had to go away had crystallized.

He put out his hands—his slim, fine, David-like hands—to me, and I remembered bleakly that there would be no more of pretending that those were David's hands.

And then I knew. I knew that what I felt was love for him, because I had felt it before, for another man with this man's eyes and this man's hands and this man's laughter. And I knew that this time it was deeper, more genuine, that loving David had only been like a rehearsal, only a prophecy of what loving Jeff could be.

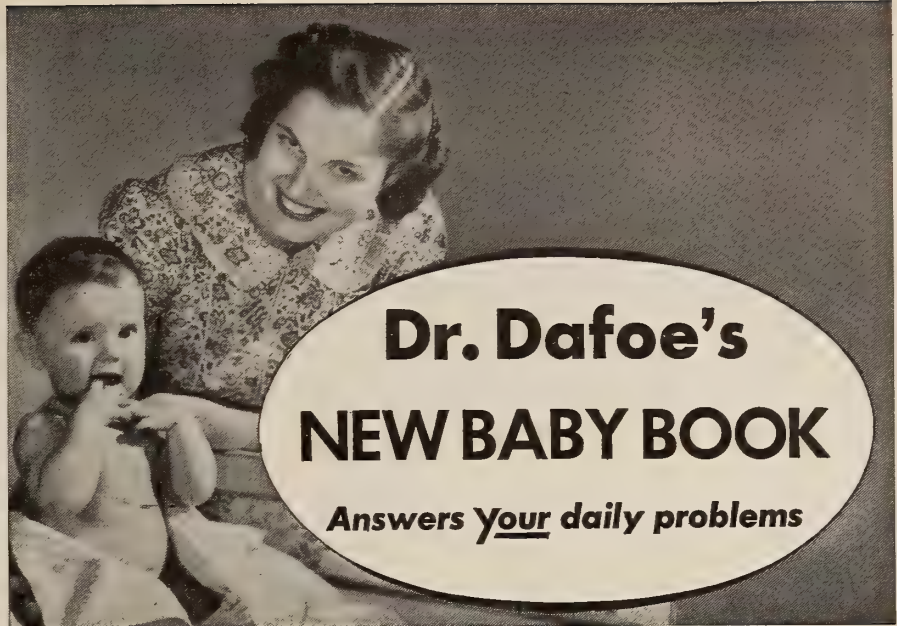
I realized that I no longer wanted to pretend. I no longer wanted to pretend that this was David, waiting to take me in his arms. I wanted no more playing at life. I wanted really to live, to *know*—to know that this was Jeff, himself, with his arms out to me, hesitant, suppliant.

It must have been in my face, for I was suddenly snatched to him, once more really secure for the first time in much too long. Secure in a man's love, in my love for him.

I turned my mouth up to meet his. "It's not too soon. It's not a bit too soon, Jeff, to give me happiness. Maybe we've wasted precious time. But we won't waste any more. I know now how to wait."

I could face even that, now. Waiting for Jeff to come home wouldn't be like waiting for David. I would know that Jeff would come. There would be something to plan for, something to look forward to. I was amazed to find that I was crying, because there was no reason to cry. I brushed the tears away and smiled up at Jeff.

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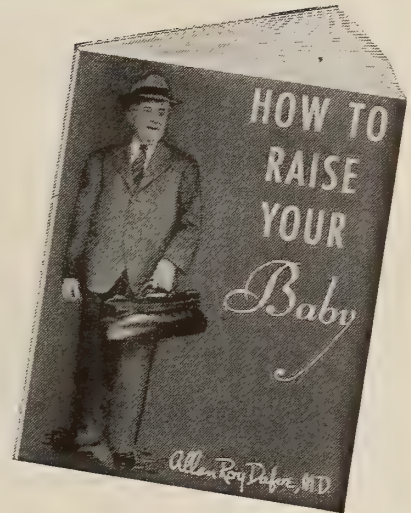
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# Wait for Tomorrow

Continued from page 30

well. Maybe it would have hurt worse if we had gone hunting together for the place that would meet the specifications of years of dreams. Because the dreams could not come true. Bruce had been part of every dream—until now.

"Isn't it queer," I began as we walked along the strip of tree-shaded park between the lanes of traffic on the Avenue, "to be married to someone you know as little about as we know of each other?"

I had tried to make my voice casual, but his head jerked as he turned to look at me. "I see nothing queer," he said a little sharply. "I know all I need to know of you."

"Maybe," I said. "Of course I've chattered on a lot to you about my folks in Vermont. You're even going to see them, Thanksgiving. They'll hardly be able to wait, when they know—" I must not get to thinking about that, wondering how I'd tell them that they would not have their beloved Bruce in the family after all. I must keep on till I found out what I had to know. "I guess I chattered so much I didn't give you a chance to tell me anything about your folks. Are any of them here in America?"

HE shook his head and I saw that his brown eyes had lost their look of eager anticipation and were now expressionless, staring down at the grass on his side of the walk.

"Ferenc, it seems to me that maybe I'd feel more—well, more real about everything, if I could sort of get some pictures of you—the way you grew up in your family and all—"

He turned to me then and his eyes were shadowed with what must be pain. "I am sorry that I am a stranger to you," he said. "I did not wish to sadden you, but if you will have it so—" He shrugged. "My mother, yes, I left her behind. She refused to part from my stepfather."

His tone was almost angry, and I asked, "But why did you want her to leave him?"

"Because he was a stubborn fool." Ferenc was frowning, and his white teeth bit into his lip. "When the authorities discovered certain facts about his ancestry, he would not acknowledge their right to remove him as chief doctor of the sanitarium he had built. In the end, he killed himself. Even then, my mother stayed. She must be near her daughter and the children."

"Why, I think that was noble of her," I said, puzzled at his tone.

Ferenc shrugged. "So . . . Have I told you enough of these charming little tales?"

I couldn't bear to see him in this mood. Even though I still knew nothing of him, really, I could not ask him to tell any more. "I know you must want to forget all this," I said.

He lifted my hand to his lips. "That is your part," he said, his brown eyes imploring now. "Because you belong to a different, brighter world, I come to you for forgetfulness. You see?"

"Oh, yes, Ferenc," I told him. "I do." Suddenly my duty was clear before me, to help him have the happiness that could be created only in a country where two people were free to make their own lives. "I tell you what let's do," I said impulsively. "Let's have dinner at home tonight. Have we a good kitchen?"

He smiled. "Wait only one moment, and you shall make your own judgment." He led me across the avenue and around a corner. Then we were walking up a wide walk to a cream-brick house which had the smart look that marks those good old houses which have been remodeled into handsome small apartments.

"Do you live here?" I stopped, staring.

He smiled. "We live here."

"But isn't it terribly expensive?"

He said, shrugging, "Perhaps I think my surroundings are too important. But I require certain things: quiet, privacy, rooms of good proportion—" He twisted his red lips into a whimsical little quirk. "Do not make me change my bachelor habits too suddenly, I beg you."

"But it's wonderful," I breathed in the doorway of the immense white paneled living room with its mirrored fireplace and heavy dark carved furniture. Wine red velvet draperies hung at windows that reached from ceiling to floor. How much, I could not help wondering as I often had before, did Ferenc earn at the studio? Enough to live on, but this way?

"It was the kitchen that you wanted to see," Ferenc reminded me, still smiling. It was small, all its monel metal surfaces within reach of an efficient bachelor's hand. Only the wooden salad bowl, the row of shining copper pots and earthenware casseroles relieved its bareness. And even they seemed alien and strange. Well, I told myself again, it was better this

way, to have a kitchen utterly unlike the big, light cozy one of my dreams. Bruce had said, one night when we were leafing through a magazine together, "No kitchenettes for us. Right, honey? Don't we want our kids to remember a place where there was room enough to take off their overshoes and oil their roller skates and cook doughnuts and raid the cookie jar?" I had laughed, a little breathless at the thought of having kids whose father would be Bruce, and I'd said, "That sounds like quite a mess, overshoes and roller skates and cookies and doughnuts." But I'd loved the picture.

BUT now I concentrated on listing all the items this kitchen lacked, and what I'd need to cook tonight's dinner. If I put everything into keeping house for Ferenc, maybe it would help me feel like a wife in every way.

And the dinner was good. "Real American home style," I told Ferenc as I set the platter of broiled steak at his place for carving and went back to open the baked potatoes and tuck in big lumps of butter to melt inside them.

But when he had placed neat strips of juicy steak on the rich glazed surface of each dinner plate, and I had served the buttery green beans, I found it hard to eat. Something in the atmosphere took my appetite away—or rather, something missing in the atmosphere. The pleasant room lying in shadow around the candlelit table seemed dark and lonely. It was a mistake to leave the bright clatter of restaurants, I thought. But that was weak and cowardly. I had to learn to be alone with Ferenc.

I tried to think of something to fill the silence. "After dinner," I said briskly, "I'll have to go home and get my things—"

"Home?" Ferenc raised his dark eyebrows. "Have you forgotten already that this is your home?"

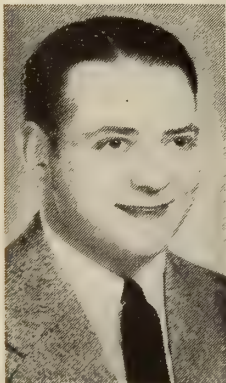
"I meant my room," I tried to laugh, but I knew the mistake had been significant. "You see, I'll have to pay my landlady and move out." As I spoke, I wondered how I could bear to go back there.

He said, as if he read my thoughts, "You need not. I have done that little errand."

"You did that for me?" I stared at him. Oh, he was sweet. He understood all my foolish fears and miseries and did not hate me for them, but tried instead to help me. I reached my hand to touch his, gratefully. Oh, I did want to love him.

But when his hand tightened on mine and I saw the ardent look come to his brown eyes, I lowered my gaze to my plate. My relief was gone, and panic took its place. I remembered what was ahead. We would not sit at the table all evening. The time would come for me to go and inspect the job he had done of hanging my clothes in his closet. I realized suddenly that I had not even seen the bedroom. And I knew why. It was because I had not wanted to see it.

Oh, I learned in the weeks that followed that anything can be borne if you face it with a spirit of acceptance. And it may sound queer, but even our unhappiness brought Ferenc and me close together, as suffering always



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He has brown hair and brown eyes.



unites two people who are truly trying to be kind to each other. I tried my best to match his wonderful consideration, his sensitive tenderness. Sometimes I hoped that it was my inexperience, my ignorance, that made his embraces as shocking to me as if I had given myself to an utter, alien stranger. I thought hopefully that it might be a simple matter of learning technical facts about marriage. So I read books, and maybe they helped a little. They could help a lot, I know, in many marriages. But books can't give you the man you love. And I didn't love Ferenc. I loved Bruce.

I had not let that thought come to my mind. I had even destroyed the one letter that had come to me from Bruce a few days after our marriage. I was afraid to open it, even though I knew nothing he could say would change the fact that he had chosen not to come to me that night. I was afraid of what his handwriting alone could do to me. A fire that must go out should have no fuel. And this one must go out. I must nurture the strange sad tenderness in my marriage and make it grow. I could, surely, with time.

**B**UT there was not much time, hardly a month, before that night when I began to see that a horror far more terrifying than my own personal feelings, was threatening my marriage.

Ferenc phoned me at the office, about five. I was surprised because he always stopped by for me. "I was tired," he said, "and came home early in the afternoon to take a nap. Because we shall celebrate tonight."

"Celebrate?" I tried to think what date this might be, but it meant nothing.

"Yes. We will have a holiday from your too-steady house-wifeness," he said.

I was touched. It was true that I had insisted on doing all the work at the apartment. He had not encouraged my interest in our budget, but I had felt that I must try to balance his extravagances somehow. "You're sweet," I told him. "But I may not have any time to dress. Dr. Dale's just starting the rehearsal and it may be a long time before he's satisfied that the script is set to click off right tonight."

"I know," Ferenc said. "That's why I thought you should go out tonight. Do not take time to come home, but rather go direct to the Ritz where I shall await you. All right?"

"All right," I told him. "And did I remark before that you are sweet?"

He didn't answer, though, for he had hung up too quickly to hear. I was sorry, for I wanted him to have the few spontaneous gestures of affection I could give him. But I had felt like it, and that was something. Maybe these impulses would come oftener, after a while. It was still early, there was hope.

I think I was nearer happiness, right then, thinking of Ferenc's thoughtfulness in trying to make things pleasant for me, anticipating a festive evening together, than I had been at any time since I married him. That was why, perhaps, the blow hit so hard when it came.

The rehearsal, as those that start badly have a way of doing, suddenly improved and went off like a dream, timed to the exact split second. Dr. Dale excused me an hour earlier than I had expected. "I'll have time to go

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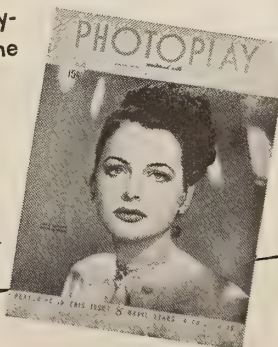
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home and get a shower after all," I thought. I always felt so much gayer after a bath, in fresh clean clothes.

I was humming a scrap of song as I let myself in the door of our apartment. But my tune was cut off short as I stepped inside. Ferenc was crossing the living room toward me, his dark face contorted in something like anger. "I told you—" he began and stopped, biting his lip. His hand had seized my arm and was thrusting me toward the kitchen. His grip was painful but at the moment I did not feel it. For he did not get me to the kitchen quickly enough. My dumb-founded stare had gone beyond his shoulder to see that he was not alone. In just that fleeting instant, as the other man turned on his heel and took a quick stride to the bedroom door, I caught a glimpse of his face.

Why that face should have startled me, I couldn't have said. Surely not because it was unshaved, above rumpled and illfitting clothes. Not because the man was so thin, his eyes staring out of deep hollow sockets. No, it was the expression of those eyes—was it pain, or terror?

It was just weariness, Ferenc said, when at last we were sitting over our drinks. "He had no money," Ferenc went on, "and too much pride. Not until he had slept a week on the benches of the park did he look me up and tell me, his old friend, of his plight."

"But why did you grab me like that?" I asked reproachfully, my hand going to the place on my wrist that still hurt.

"Darling, I am sorry," Ferenc raised the bruised wrist to his lips. "But are you not perhaps a little uncomprehending? Is it not natural that he would wish first to meet you under more—what is the word—auspicious—circumstances?"

"Of course." I was ashamed of my tactlessness. I told myself that the look I had seen on the man's face was only the intense embarrassment of someone who had once known dignity and position and must now accept the charity of friends. "I'm sorry, Ferenc," I said sincerely. "What were you able to do for him?"

"Enough," Ferenc said. "But these thoughts depress you, my dearest. When you think them there is a little line here between your eyes. I will not have it." He put a finger up to smooth my forehead with his deft, delicate touch. I tried to smile. He went on, "He will be gone when we return, my sweet, and you shall never give him another thought."

But his prophecy was far from true. I was to think of that man many times again. I could not keep him out of my mind.

**B**UT I did not tell Ferenc my thought. Even the next morning, when the tailor's boy came and I went as usual to Ferenc's closet to get whichever suit needed pressing, and found his best one gone. I opened my mouth to question him, but my eyes met his across the room, and I did not speak. I closed the closet door and told the tailor's boy, "Just this skirt today." And that was all.

I tried to laugh at my New England thrift which kept insisting that friendship could have been served with less than Harris tweed. Surely, I kept thinking in spite of my good intentions, it would have been more practical as well as less expensive, to give him money for an adequate suit

of his own size than to hand him one that had been custom-tailored to Ferenc's measurements.

Why couldn't I ask such a simple question aloud? I didn't know, then. Perhaps I do now.

But this question, and with it many another, was to find a quick and definite answer.

It was the third morning afterward when I picked up the paper from the floor of the hall outside our door and started back to place it on our sunlit breakfast table. I opened it as I walked, to catch a glance at the headlines before I went to the kitchen for the shirred eggs and the coffee.

But I never saw the news from Stalingrad. What I did see made me stop short in the middle of the room, staring at the picture on the front page, trying to make the caption stay in focus:

#### RECAPTURED NAZI FLYER

#### RETURNED TO CANADIAN CAMP

Perhaps I cried out. I don't know. But suddenly Ferenc was beside me, his dark eyes worried, his arm supporting me. I twisted away from him and handed over the paper.

He looked at it and I saw his face

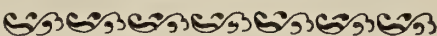


### One-Minute Prayer

Dear Father in Heaven, we come to Thee seeking peace amidst the sound of crashing empires; seeking certainty in the midst of a changing order. In our world there is so much hate and cruel ambition which spur men on to Godless greed; and nations to unholy conquest. Grant us, that through our confidence in Thee, we may find calmness of soul and courage to help bring in the brotherhood of man and a just and durable peace. In Jesus' Name, Amen.

Submitted by:  
Rev. Dr. Cecil C. Carpenter, Minister,  
Central Christian Church, Peoria, Ill.

Broadcast over Mutual



tighten into the bleak cold mask I knew so well. He did not speak, though in that moment everything in me was begging, silently entreating him for an explanation. Absurdly, I guess, I still hoped he could deny the evidence before me, though there could be no doubt about the identity of that haggard, hunted face that stared from the newspaper just as it had stared at me in this apartment. But I wanted desperately to hear from Ferenc's lips some miraculous story that would wipe out this whole thing with all its terrible implications.

But Ferenc turned away from me. He simply shrugged and went into his room.

I stood there all the time he was gone, as frozen as a child playing the game of Statue. My thoughts rushed aimlessly, involuntarily, piecing together the scattered parts of the awful puzzle.

I don't know how long it was before he came out, carrying his suitcase.

It was when I saw the suitcase that

I came to life. "Oh, no," I said. "You're not going now, Ferenc."

He shrugged again. "No?" he asked. But there was such coldness about that fatalistic mask of his that I suddenly hated him.

"I don't know," I said, holding his arm with all my strength. "But I won't let you run away."

"Won't you?" He laughed. I had never heard him laugh in that harsh way before. In that moment I knew that my heart had known the truth all this time: he was truly a stranger to me.

He flung off my hand as if it were nothing, and with amazing power he forced me helpless across the living room and to the bedroom door. Against my whole futile body's strength he pushed me inside and locked the door.

I was no longer helpless, though. I wasted no time in shouting or beating at that closed door, at listening to his swift, receding footsteps. Before he could have reached our hall, I had the window open.

**I** KNEW what I would see. Below me was a sheer wall straight down to the courtyard three stories below. Opposite was nothing but the blank back windows of three empty houses, part of a row which had been about to give way to a new apartment building when the war halted the work of their razing. Now they stood beside a yawning vacancy where pigeons nested in the fireplaces exposed in walls to which tatters of old wallpaper still clung. I had liked to watch the pigeons coming home to bed at night, but often I had wondered why Ferenc, so fastidious about his environment, should have chosen an apartment with this limited view. But now I knew. He wanted no neighbors to look in on the mysterious things that might go on at any time in his apartment.

But I wasted no time thinking of that now. There were apartments below, whose windows looked out on this same view. I ran to Ferenc's bedside table and brought back two heavy bronze book-ends. Shouting with all my voice, I threw down first one and then the other, aiming inward toward the window of the apartment below.

They missed, but the second one banged on the window sill of the next apartment down. I heard the high shrill sound of glass shattering on the concrete courtyard. I shouted again and paused as I heard angry voices and a window going up.

I didn't wait to hear their fury vented. I called, "Get the police. Quick." To the absurdly blank upturned face I went on urgently, explaining in quick telling words. The face became intelligent and disappeared.

I sat down on my bed, suddenly weak, now that there was nothing I could do, appalled at what I had already done. But I had had to do it. At last my duty was clear. And there would be still more for me to do. I got up then and dressed.

I was slipping my arms into the sleeves of my jacket when I heard the heavy footsteps of the police outside and a bulky blue shoulder thrust open the door.

To my babble of fearful questions they had only one answer: "Just come along now." And it was not a very friendly answer. On that short ride, placed firmly between these two heavy men, I realized that my own



position was far from favorable. I was Ferenc's wife, and wives had been known to turn on husbands and tell on them, not for any honorable reasons like patriotism, but for petty private vengeance.

Well, whatever punishment was coming to me now, I knew I deserved it. It was high time for me to try to atone for all these weeks of indecision and weakness.

How I got through the next half hour I don't know. I was taken to a room where, instead of answering my troubled questions about Ferenc, they asked me one after another of their own. I answered honestly and fully, and between the moments when I feared that I would have to faint, I felt a strange deep relief at last in telling the whole truth. I knew where I stood now.

Though the time seemed endless, it was not actually long before they gave me the news I had been asking for. No—I had not been asking for *that* news! But what had I expected, what could I have hoped for Ferenc now? I didn't know. Yet I felt I could not bear it after they had led me into another room, when that policeman's thick stubby hand drew back the blanket that covered the still, slight form lying there as if in deep and utter exhaustion.

**H**AD to do it," I heard one of them say as if in apology. "Gave him every chance, but this was the only way we could stop him." Looking at his face with the eyes closed as if in sleep and the features at last relaxed into a look of peace, I wondered if Ferenc, too, had decided it was the only way. For him, and for me. He looked as if he had been glad to rest from a life that had been too hard.

Oh, I hoped so. I didn't hate Ferenc any more. Of course he had to pay this price, there was no other way. But I was sure it was not the price of greed or villainy. I am certain that if we ever learn the full unhappy story, we will know that he was caught in a trap from which he felt there was no escape. We probably never shall know that story, but as well as we can piece it out from what is known by Government authorities and the police and Dr. Dale and myself, Ferenc felt himself powerless against the grim weapon the Nazis never hesitated to use—threats against the safety of his mother and the ones he loved in his own country. Knowing what I knew of him, I felt nothing but deep and tender pity. I hope, too, that I gave him a little happiness before he died.

I suppose Bruce heard the news from Mick Callahan and wired me as soon as he heard it. He said that he could get leave at once if there was anything that he could do.

I hadn't answered the wire, the day I went back to work. I had thought of nothing else, but I had not been able to think what to answer him. Not until that day when I went back.

Dr. Dale was there before me, and came hustling out of his office to greet me. He took my hand, studying my face earnestly, and I thought he looked embarrassed, oddly at a loss for words. But when he spoke, all he said was, "I'm glad to have you here. I have had some pretty bad days without you—"

I sighed. Must I take his reproach along with all the rest of my punishment? "I'm sorry, Dr. Dale," I murmured wearily. "You've been awfully



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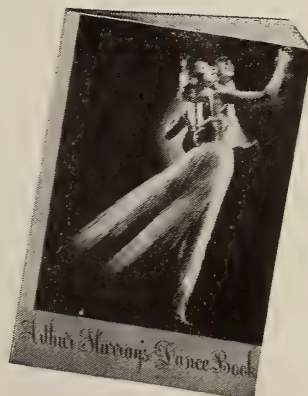
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indulgent about everything—"

"Indulgent?" He took off his glasses and wiped them uneasily. "What little I have done for you is nothing, considering my responsibility in your tragedy."

"Your responsibility?" It was my turn to stare at him. "Why, Dr. Dale, just because you introduced me to Ferenc doesn't make you responsible for—anything—"

Dr. Dale shook his head. "No, my dear, if that was all I had done—" He walked to the window so that I saw only the back of his rotund figure silhouetted against the sunlight. But there was none of his characteristic suave dignity about him, he seemed almost to droop.

**I** WAITED, too dazed to answer. "I have learned a great and painful lesson," Dr. Dale went on as if making a violent effort to hold on to his eloquence, "but it has been at your expense. I have learned that the dictates of the heart can sometimes be wiser than any formula devised by common sense. I have no excuse to offer for my interference in your life. I know that you would never have married Vildar if I had not prevented you from seeing your fiancé—"

"Prevented me—" I came out of my daze with breath-taking suddenness. "Dr. Dale, what did you do? Tell me!"

I wasn't even aware of his remorse. My own feelings were too much. For the first time a gleam of light had burst in on that dark and hopeless world where I had lived all these months.

I hardly needed Dr. Dale's explanation. I knew, somehow, quite clearly, that what he would say would remove the one unbearable thing from my life: the belief that Bruce had not wanted me.

"Bruce arrived a little early at the airport that afternoon," Dr. Dale was

saying, "and came directly here. Apparently he could not wait to see you." He said that grimly as if wanting to make clear the full extent of his guilt. "You had gone to the hairdresser and I did what I thought was my duty: I attempted to persuade him of the commonsense point of view. I reminded him of his former conviction that marriage at this time would be unfair to you. He agreed that in the emotional fervor of the night's meeting it would be well-nigh impossible to resist marriage—"

A little groan escaped me then. Through Dr. Dale's pompous phrasing I could see the picture of Bruce as he had stood there in my office that night, tall and young and honest, his blue eyes frank as he told Dr. Dale what I had longed so desperately to know. And Dr. Dale had kept him from telling me! In that moment I held deep resentment against that well-meaning man in his handsome tailored clothes who stood there so penitent that he could not even face me. I missed a good deal of the careful speech he was making. "He finally realized," he was concluding, "that the only safe course was not to get in touch with you at all. I see now how far from common sense that advice was, how brutal even, and I can hardly ask for your forgiveness—" His voice trailed off in a faltering dejection so unlike him that it would have been funny if it had not been so pathetic.

I no longer felt any resentment. I wasn't even thinking of Dr. Dale. I was hardly aware that he had finished talking. I was drawing a sheet of paper toward me, placing it in my typewriter, starting to write. Dr. Dale turned from the window and dimly, from far off, I heard his voice, "Janice, please answer. Can you forgive me?"

My ears heard him, for I remember what he said. But then my mind was

too busy rushing to form the words for the thoughts I must express.

Dr. Dale must have seen from my face that my inattention was not due to anger. He came over and stood above me and still I did not stop, I did not care if he saw everything I wrote. I wanted the whole world to know it.

I was writing, of course, to Bruce. I told him the whole story, as I have written it here.

When Dr. Dale left me and went into his own office I don't know. But it was a long time later that I came to the end of my letter:

"And so, darling, that is the truth, those are the mistakes that were made, by all of us. Mine were most grievous, of course, I know, perhaps irreparable. But I must make you know that I have learned to wait. I shall wait, now, whether it is twenty-four hours, ten years, or forever."

Perhaps I did not deserve the answer that came by wire on the day he received my letter. But life does not always hold us to formal account. I shall soon be going to the Southern camp where he is continuing his training. In another period, I should have delayed longer before I went to him. But this is war. We can't know how many months or weeks we shall have together.

Our honeymoon will be less sweet, perhaps, in many ways, for what I have gone through. But as I said before, there were great and wonderful things I learned in those experiences. I feel that with my painfully gained maturity I may make up to Bruce for the unhappy facts which will inevitably haunt his mind through moments that should hold nothing but ecstasy for him. I shall know my heart as I never could have known it before. If complete and utter love is what is needed to win the war—and I believe it is—that is what he shall have.

THE END

## Facing the Music

*Continued from page 7*

Tony had to take all these odd jobs when he was a youngster. The oldest of six children, the boy had to help his father keep a large but poor family together.

"And when you're desperate you do anything," he adds. "Gosh, by the time I was fifteen, I was the family's chief breadwinner."

But it was his love for music, a family heritage carried over from a once-sunny Italy, that gave the boy a real opportunity. He purchased a saxophone, practiced diligently, and soon got jobs playing in small local bands in and around his home town of Middletown, Connecticut. This work paid more than any other of his varied occupations and made him decide on music for his career.

Once he had gained experience, Tony broke in with Worthy Hill's band, a regional favorite at the time. Two years later he switched to Irving Aaronson's band, and stayed with that outfit until they reached the west coast. There Tony hatched an idea.

"I saw a perfect but discarded night club set at the Fox film studios. I thought it would make a swell roadhouse if I could ship it back to Connecticut," he says.

With the financial assistance of his father-in-law and friends, Tony in-

vested \$50,000 in the project and the scenery was sent east.

At first the conversion was successful. Then the nationwide depression came and the customers went. Almost wiped out, Tony went back to playing a sweet tenor saxophone in Smith Ballew's and Vincent Lopez's bands. Finally he hooked up with a talented if temperamental newcomer named Artie Shaw and stayed with him as the clarinetist rose to jive fame and fortune.

When Shaw was forced off the bandstand by illness, Tony pinch-hit for his ailing boss. He led the band for six weeks and attracted attention from band bookers. This recognition made an impression on Pastor and when Shaw ultimately disbanded his organization, Tony gathered a few of the men and started his own orchestra.

Tony's band slowly but surely won public favor. A best-selling record of an old Cole Porter tune, "Let's Do It," sung in Tony's raspy but infectious swing tempo, and the sensational drum-beating of Johnny "Paradiddle" Morris, helped immeasurably. However, the band is still not among the leaders.

"All we're waiting for is that little shove," Tony explains. "After all, it took Glenn Miller four years to make the grade and Harry James had to

wait six years before he hit the jackpot. My band is only three years old so we can afford to be patient for a while."

Although the musicians' union's present ban on recordings has prevented the Pastor band and all others from turning out any new best-sellers, Tony's outfit has been winning more and more top-flight bookings. Then too, many older bands have been practically wiped out by selective service. Tony, the father of two boys, Guy Louis, 10, and Tony Junior, 6, is at the present time deferred. And this position has made him a very valuable commodity.

**P**ASTOR is not the thirty-five-year-old batoneer's right name. A friendly theater doorman, unable to pronounce Tony's family one, suggested Pastor, borrowing it from the late Tony Pastor, a renowned New York vaudeville producer of the Gay Nineties.

Tony and his family live in a large, modern house in Hartford. Tony doesn't see much of the place (he's on a lengthy coast-to-coast tour right now) but he does get accurate and first-hand reports from his wife and boys via the long distance telephone.

"It's home sweet home with a neat assist from Alexander Graham Bell," is the way he expresses the situation.



# Get your hair into line!

By Roberta Ormiston



Learn the few basic rules for beautiful hair and you'll look as lovely as Margo, heard on the Camel Caravan Friday nights on CBS.

**T**IME is more precious than ever before. So is money.

We find that our war jobs permit us fewer appointments at the hairdressers, for one thing. And certainly the bonds we're pledged to buy leave us less money for general hair care. Simpler ways of keeping our hair waved and gleaming and modish are what we need.

Take the matter of permanent waves . . .

The proper time to worry about the duration of a permanent is when we are having it put in. Once it is in it is too late to worry.

The morning after a party, for instance, is no time to have a permanent. Permanents and alcohol do not mix.

In spite of the fact that a shampoo before a permanent is the usual procedure at most beauty salons the natural oil that a shampoo takes from the scalp and hair would benefit us at this time.

Certain curls need more heat . . . the curls in the back for instance, which constantly are being rubbed by collars and nicked by beads.

Another thing! The operator who gives a permanent should be told if a rinse, tint, or dye has been used on our hair. When we fool the operator we also fool ourselves. For without special consideration, hair

that has been subjected to artificial coloring is not likely to respond satisfactorily.

Contrary to popular opinion a hair-brush is not death to a permanent. And it is life-giving to the hair. Brush your hair *up and out* and you will find that it will spring back into the waves in which it has been set.

Be sure, however, that your wave is set with the natural bend of your hair. There is no hair so straight that there isn't a natural bend in it. If you will fluff your hair with a comb you'll see immediately where your natural bend lies.

Oily hair should be brushed and shampooed and brushed and shampooed. Following a shampoo, oily hair should be brushed dry, even though it has to be moistened again before it can be set.

Dry hair benefits when we manipulate our scalp and start whatever oil is there circulating. It needs brushing too. Also regular shampoos about every ten days. And hot oil shampoos about every twenty days.

War-time coiffures should be simple. Crowded days and uncertain demands upon our time make complicated hair-dos utterly impractical and, by the same token, a little ridiculous. For what under the sun is less charming than a fussy hair-do that hasn't

been sufficiently fussed over?

No one except your best friend, your mirror, can tell you how to wear your hair. But there are a few basic rules that it is smart to follow:

*Oval faces* which take their name from their perfect contours are loveliest with the hair arranged so it is faithful to the line of the face at all points. And with the hair off the forehead.

*Round faces* which are full at the jaw and the forehead profit by a soft hair-line, and when the hair is worn full at the jawline and below it.

A *square face*, broad at the jaw, with a square line at the chin and the temples, will be enchantingly softened by a fluffy coiffure, a waved bang, and a slanting part.

An *oblong face*, a face that is long and thin with a forehead a trifle wider than the chin, gains an appearance of greater width when the hair is worn flat on top of the head, fluffed at the sides or worn full behind the ears, and when the hairline is on a level with the chin.

*Triangle faces*, with narrow tapering foreheads and broad jaws, come into their greatest beauty when the hair is brushed back from the temples, the forehead is exposed, and the hair line is soft behind the ears and sleek at the jaw.

*Diamond faces*, wide through the cheekbones with pointed chins and narrow foreheads, are most provocative if the hair is worn off the forehead, soft and close on top of the head and at the upper sides of the face, and full below the cheeks.

Get your hair into line—in more ways than one! Make it your crown and your glory. But do not allow it to be a problem.



**RADIO MIRROR** ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**



## Don't Neglect Bread

Continued from page 40

enough to make a firm basket. Rub each basket, inside and out, with butter and let baskets stand in 350 degree oven until butter is absorbed and bread is beginning to brown, then fill each one with carrots which have been combined with white sauce. Run hard-cooked egg through ricer and sprinkle over carrot mixture, dust with mace and return to oven to brown.

Bread pudding is such an old favorite that it seems superfluous to mention it, but you'll never know how good it can be until you make it with whole wheat raisin or nut bread. Half cracked wheat and half Boston brown bread make another good pudding combination and apricot bread pudding as served at Schrafft's restaurants is one of the best of all.

### Apricot Bread Pudding

5 slices stale cracked wheat bread

Dried cooked apricots, well drained  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
 2 eggs, well beaten  
 2 cups milk  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. salt  
 1 tsp. vanilla  
 2 tbs. butter

Cut crusts from bread and break each slice into four or five pieces. Place in shallow casserole or baking dish which has been rubbed with butter. Lay an apricot on each piece of bread and sprinkle  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of sugar over them. Beat eggs, add remaining sugar, salt, milk and vanilla. Pour this custard over the mixture in the baking dish and let stand 15 minutes. Dot with remaining butter and bake in a slow oven until custard is set (350 degree F., about 30 minutes).

Mock raspberry shortcake can be made almost as quickly as you can say it, because it requires only two slices

of bread for each person to be served, butter and jam.

### Mock Raspberry Shortcake

2 slices fresh cracked wheat bread  
 1 tsp. soft butter or margarine  
 Raspberry jam

Butter both sides of bread and brown lightly on both sides (under low broiler flame or in skillet on top of stove). Spread jam on one slice, cover with second slice and top with a second layer of jam. Serve while still warm. Strawberry, blackberry, peach or quince jam or orange marmalade also make delicious shortcakes and if you prefer a more elaborate dessert add a layer of chopped nuts or shredded coconut to each jam layer and serve with a topping of whipped cream.

## What's New from Coast to Coast

Continued from page 4

England to America he hired Bobby, and during 1936 and 1937 he was first violinist with the Noble outfit at the Rainbow Room in New York. He liked radio work better, though, and finally returned to the Yankee network, where he had been assistant conductor before Noble's arrival, and organized the Singing Strings, a chamber music ensemble that became so popular it was relayed coast to coast.

Bobby's House Party orchestra is the fulfillment of a lifelong ambition. He handpicked the fourteen musicians himself, to create a unit versatile enough to play all kinds of music. Right now, he has only two topics of conversation—the orchestra and little Linda Norris, who was born last June 7th, the second anniversary of Bobby's marriage.

\* \* \*

Lawson Zerbe is playing Pepper in Pepper Young's Family, now that Curtis Arnall is on full-time, active duty with the Coast Guard.

\* \* \*

That's a clever idea CBS has in its new Monday-night program, Daytime Showcase. Each week one of the network's top daytime attractions puts on a complete broadcast in the night-time period—thus reminding folks who confine their listening to the evening hours that there are some "best bets" while the sun is shining, too.

\* \* \*

Very few people knew it until long after Bob Hope returned from his trip to Alaska, but there was one tense moment when death stared every member of his party in the face. Bob, Frances Langford, and Jerry Colonna were being flown back to an Alaska base after an appearance on one of the Aleutians. The plane hit a sleet storm, its radio went dead, and fog obscured the landing field. The pilot took on more altitude, meanwhile telling Bob and the others to don parachutes, and instructing them how to use them. For

about fifteen minutes a bail-out appeared imminent, but luckily the fog cleared away and the landing field was revealed so that the plane was able to come safely to earth.

\* \* \*

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Jack Shook, leader of the Missouri Mountaineers on station WSM's Grand Ole Opry, plays his guitar backwards but that doesn't make any difference—he gets a lot of music out of it just the same.

The Missouri Mountaineers, with Jack at their helm, have been on the Opry for the past six years, and are one of its most popular features. Saturday nights aren't the only opportunities for Tennessee folks to hear Jack, however, for he is also the leader of the station's quartet, Betty and the Dixie Dons. As if to prove his versatility, he plays in the station's orchestra and makes all the musical arrangements for the Mountaineers and the Dons, on the side.

This is how Jack manages to play the guitar backwards. It is strung for a right-handed player, but he plays with his left hand, which literally means that he fingers and strums backwards. He also plays the banjo, but in the orthodox manner.

Jack's married—he and Rubye will celebrate their eighth wedding anniversary next January 5—and has two children, James and Barbara Ann. When he's not busy at the studios, and the season is right, he'll probably be found engaged in his favorite sport of fly-fishing, at which he is an expert.

\* \* \*

It's a new daughter at Penny Singleton's house. The baby was born in Quantico, Virginia, where the Blondie star's husband, Captain Robert S. Sparks of the Marines, is stationed.

\* \* \*

Don't write in to your favorite radio star asking for his or her picture unless you enclose a dime. A group of stars headed by Barry Wood have agreed to charge ten cents for every picture they send out to fans for the

duration, turning the money over to the USO. As a matter of fact, ten cents is a bargain—each picture costs the stars a good deal more than that.

\* \* \*

The Road of Life cast has adopted one whole ward of the Naval Hospital at Great Lakes, Illinois—in other words, the actors and actresses of this popular serial have pledged themselves to keep Ward "A" of the hospital supplied with books, magazines, candy and other gifts approved by Naval authorities.

\* \* \*

Something of a radio record is being achieved by the Lutheran Hour, the Mutual network's Sunday feature. This religious program is now well into its tenth year of uninterrupted weekly broadcasts, and it is currently heard over at least 450 different stations, including the entire Mutual network. In addition, it is translated into Spanish, Portuguese and Icelandic and recorded for broadcast in South America and Iceland. Dr. Walter A. Maier, professor at Concordia Seminary in St. Louis, is the show's guiding light and principal speaker.

\* \* \*

Actress Ona Munson has taken to directing radio programs instead of being in them. She noticed that the list of masculine directors at CBS was dwindling, due to the war, and offered her services as a substitute. CBS hired her in a hurry, knowing that her four years of acting on Edward G. Robinson's program had given her lots of radio experience.

\* \* \*

Lanny Ross is breaking into grand opera. He sang the leading tenor role in "La Boheme" in Detroit.

\* \* \*

Ann Thomas drew radio's oddest assignment. She had to learn to whinny like a horse to audition for a new Col. Stoopnagle show which may hit the networks soon.



*Try new shades of*

**CHEN YU**

*long lasting nail lacquer*

GREEN DRAGON—wear with white, gray, yellow, navy, fuchsia, beige, brown and black.

MING YELLOW—wear with gray, bright greens, rust browns and yellows.

BLACK LUSTER—wear with black and white polka dot, bright plain colors and white skirts

BLUE DRAGON—wear with white, peach, light blues and other pastels.

ROYAL PLUM—wear with deep purple, fuchsias and gray.

HEAVENLY MAUVE—wear with mauve, tans, pinks and pale blues.

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wonder if it NEVER wears away. One trial will show you... it's so lasting... so lustrous... so flattering to

your hands. Now we offer to send trial bottles so you may try NEW shades... so you may discover the keen

excitement of Fashion's newest idea... CHEN YU nails, and clothes,

*in perfect color harmony. (Use new shades*

*of CHEN YU to add newness and glamour to*

*your various outfits!)* Choose any

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CHEN YU Nail Lacquer at the better stores... fast, long-

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For Wear With:

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Black  
Green  
Mimosa  
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Pink  
Peach  
Orchid  
Mauve  
Flesh  
Blue  
Navy  
Watermelon Pink  
Norwegian Blue  
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**BROWN-REDS**

For Wear With:

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Beige  
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# Easy Way

## TINTZ HAIR

BLACK, BROWN, AUBURN OR BLONDE



CAKE SHAMPOO ADDS LOVELY NATURAL  
APPEARING COLOR TO HAIR THAT IS ...  
STREAKED • DULL • GREY • FADED  
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This remarkable discovery, Tintz Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, burnt, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Cake Shampoo works gradually ... each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Get this rich lathering shampoo, that gives fresh glowing color to your hair, today. In six lovely shades; Black, Dark, Medium, or Light Brown, Auburn (Titian) or Blonde. Only 50c (2 for \$1.00).



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Take advantage of this introductory offer and mail your order today. On arrival of your package, just deposit 50c (\$1 for 2) plus postage with postman and Shampoo-tint your own hair right in your own home. We are sure just one trial will convince you that here at last is the ideal hair tint. But if for any reason you aren't 100% satisfied, just return the wrapper in 7 days and your money will be refunded without question. Don't delay, order today!

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TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 1-L, 205 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.  
Canadian Office; Dept. 1-L, 22 College St., Toronto, Can.

Send one full size TINTZ CAKE SHAMPOO in shade checked below. On arrival, I will deposit 50c plus postage charges with postman, on guarantee that if I'm not entirely satisfied I can return empty wrapper in 7 days and you will refund my money.

☐ 1 CAKE 50c ☐ 2 CAKES \$1 (if C.O.D. postage charges extra)

(Tintz pays postage if money with order)  
Check shade: ☐ Blonde ☐ Black ☐ Light Brown  
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Auburn (Titian) ☐ Dark Brown

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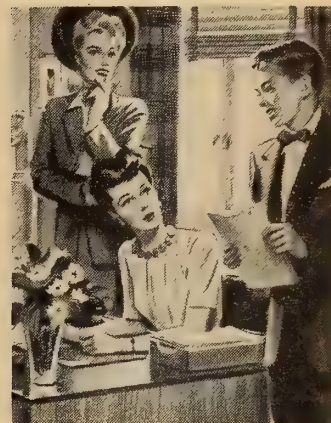
STATE \_\_\_\_\_

7-D  
TRI  
COUP



# "Imagine! Dan Cupid's Ablest Assistant—

*and yet you can't land  
a man of your own!"*



"Wake up, Darling! Your column helps a lot of lovelorn damsels reach the altar. But Romance gives you the run-around! A come-hither smile and sensitive gums don't go together! Even the copy boy can tell you about 'pink tooth brush'!"

"Gosh—me advise you? That's the toughest assignment I ever had! But your friend's got the straight dope! In grade school, we learned that gum care is as important as cleaning our teeth. We even had classroom drills in gum massage."



*Editions  
rolled off  
the presses  
—then one  
evening...*



"The fact is, soft foods sometimes rob gums of needed stimulation. That's why I advise massaging the gums every time you brush your teeth." (Note: Recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)

"Hurray—for my frank friends and my dentist! It's massage with Ipana for my gums—from now on! My teeth are brighter already! I like Ipana's fresh taste. And that tingle as I massage my gums seems to say: 'You're heading for a brighter smile'."

(Unpublished thoughts of a Heart-Throb Columnist.) "Writing about love was never like this! But it's sad to think how many girls miss out on romance, for lack of a sparkling smile. What a shame—when the daily use of Ipana and massage can help so much. A sparkling smile is a passport to happiness—if you want the opinion of a gal who's tried it!"

**Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!**

**F**IRST TIME you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. He may simply tell you today's soft foods have robbed your gums of the exercise they need for healthy firmness. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the

health of the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little more Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang" tells you circulation is waking up within the gums, helping to make the tissues firmer and stronger.

Start now to make Ipana and massage a regular daily habit. Let it help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a more sparkling, attractive smile!



*A product of Bristol-Myers*

**IPANA TOOTH PASTE**



# Glamorous Hair helps Sue get her Man



ALL BRIDES ARE LOVELY but Sue was especially radiant. As the soft candlelight danced in the sparkling highlights of her hair, I thought...



COULD THIS BE THE SAME GIRL I discovered weeping one day because her hair was so dull and drab-looking? Right then I told her about Colorinse and how my beautician recommended "Colorinse after every shampoo". That very night...



SUE GAVE COLORINSE A TRY and what a difference in her hair! It had a warmer, richer color—it was softer, silkier—so much easier to manage. And her whole face seemed more radiant for the lustrous highlights that Colorinse gave her hair reflected lovely soft tones in her complexion. Today...



A HAPPY BRIDE says "thanks" to Colorinse for teaching her the age-old beauty secret—"Romance begins with glamorous hair".

P. S. And here's something else that Sue discovered. "For a lovelier hair-do, use Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinse." Buy WAR SAVINGS STAMPS at your



# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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ON THE COVER—Sammie Hill, CBS and NBC Dramatic Actress  
Color Portrait by Ben de Brocke

(Miss Hill's skating costume courtesy of Lanz, Fifth Avenue, N. Y.)

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# Overheard

## THOSE ENDURING YOUNG PANS

**T**O clean enamelware, use a mild soap and water. But whatever you do, don't pour cold water into a hot enamel pan. Don't risk chipping by using a heavy or sharp utensil to mash or chop any food that you are cooking in it.

If your pans are aluminum, never use strong soap or powder. Put a couple of teaspoons of vinegar into the pan, fill with water until it is one-third from the top, and then boil a few minutes. That ought to remove stain, no matter how stubborn.—Richard Kent, *The Traveling Cook*, *The Blue Network*.

## WHEN YOU BRING HOME THE BACON

Now that bacon is at a premium, here's a tip for reducing shrinkage of bacon when cooking: Roll it lightly in flour before frying. This reduces shrinkage, keeps grease from spattering and brings bacon out a crispy brown.—Mrs. A. Plummer, Jr.'s prize-winning hint, heard on *Alma Kitchell's Meet Your Neighbor*, *The Blue Network*.

## BULLETS TO KNOCK OFF MALARIA

Atabrine, a substitute for war-scarce quinine, is now being produced at the rate of about a half billion tablets a year. Actual production totals may fall somewhat short of this estimate. Still there will be plenty of anti-malarial units to treat millions of cases of the disabling fever. High speed laboratory machines are turning out tablets of the bright yellow crystals at an ever increasing rate—making bullets to attack malaria to which the armed forces are exposed.—Adventures in Science, CBS.

## BORSCHT AS USUAL

Because there is a housing shortage in Russia, you'll find families doubling up in one apartment, sharing the kitchen but staying in their own part of the house. When you ring the doorbell, you have to give the correct number of rings; otherwise, the wrong family will come to the door. Inside, the Soviet home is cozy. Double windows are sealed up against winter, but there will be a small ventilator open. There will be pictures of relatives on the wall, fresh flowers on tables, loud-speakers turned on from 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. giving news, music and speeches. There'll be electric heaters around, used also to light cigarettes on, because of match shortages. They'll all be talking, because Russians love conversation.—Larry LaSeur, CBS correspondent from Moscow.

# It's winter—but don't forget it's still summer under your arms!



**Warmer clothes and indoor living increase risk of offending. Use Mum every day!**

**S**Ocial get-togethers, parties and indoor fun make it doubly important now to never risk charm! Though the calendar says Winter, it's still Summer under your arms—still an August temperature of 98°. So don't take chances with underarm odor.

Even if you see no moisture, odor forms swiftly in heated rooms—*stays longer* in warmer, winter clothes. Foolish the girl

who thinks that in Winter she doesn't perspire!

Why risk offending! Use speedy Mum after your morning bath, before your evening dates to prevent risk of underarm odor for hours *to come*! Winter as in Summer, let Mum save your time, your clothes, your popularity and charm! Get Mum at your druggist's today!

**FOR SANITARY NAPKINS**—Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable for this important purpose. Try Mum this way, too—avoid embarrassment.



**Take no chances!** Your morning bath, your before-date shower wash away *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*. Mum takes only half a minute!



**Woolens trap odor**—a hazard socially and in business. *Stay dainty*, appealing with quick, convenient Mum. Use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. It's harmless to fabrics.



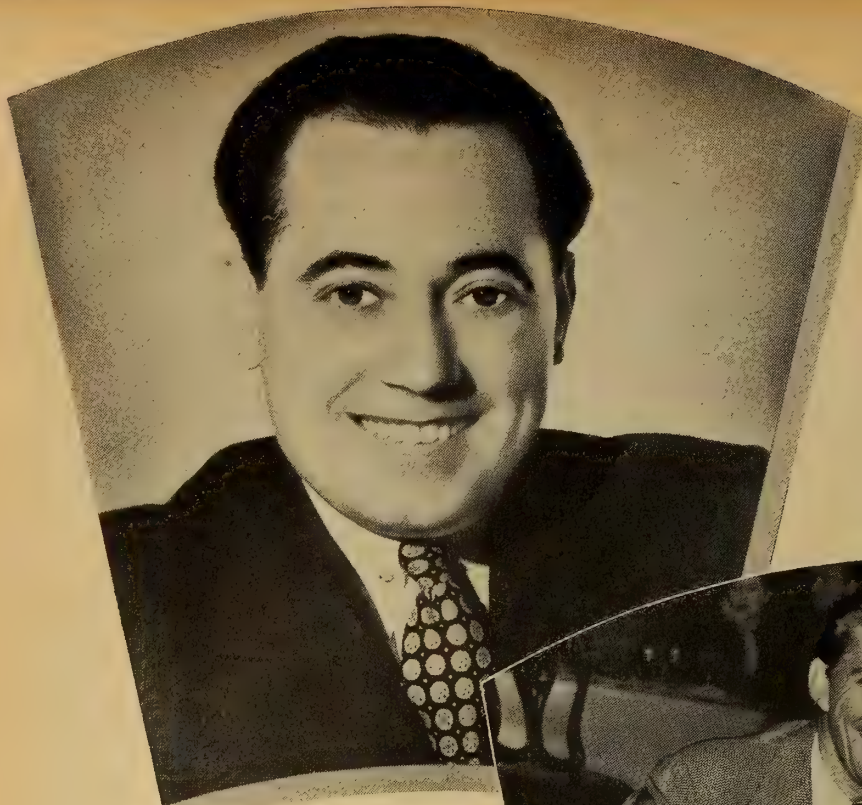
Product of Bristol-Myers

**MUM** TAKES THE ODOR  
OUT OF PERSPIRATION



**Daintiness lasts** with Mum! Even through hours of dancing, dependable Mum prevents risk of odor. Gentle Mum won't irritate sensitive skin, even after underarm shaving.





# Facing the Music

*First he planned to become a first-rate instrumentalist, then a conductor and composer—Paul Lavalle has now accomplished all of these.*

**A** NUMBER of all-girl bands have cluttered the orchestra field to fill the gaps left open by musicians called to the colors. Two feminine groups that show promise are led by Dolores, who is sponsored by Xavier Cugat, and Ruth Cleary, backed by Meyer Davis.

There is a possibility that Kay Kyser may take his famed College of Musical Knowledge overseas to entertain the A.E.F. in the British Isles. Coca-Cola is also toying with the idea of organizing an overseas Spotlight Bands unit.

The supply of recordings made in last-minute flurries before the musicians' union ban on them went into effect, has now dwindled and the situation is serious. Efforts to reconcile the union and the record manufacturers have been unsuccessful so far but veteran observers still remain optimistic about a settlement.

But the dearth of recordings has helped boom the sheet music business. Sales have averaged 250,000 copies a week.

The Kenny Bakers have a brand new baby boy.

**TO THE COLORS:** Dave Rose, noted conductor-composer and husband of Judy Garland, in the Army Air Corps . . . Vic Mizzy and Irving Taylor, song writing team, are both first class seamen . . . Phil Harris and his entire band of twenty-five men joined the U. S. Maritime Service but continue their work on the Jack Benny air shows . . . Abe Lyman's application for a commission was rejected with high blood pressure re-



*Janet Blair, the screen's new starlet, and band-leader Bob Allen, talk over the old times when they sang together with the late Hal Kemp's orchestra.*

ported as the reason . . . Sammy Kaye may enlist in the Navy and turn his swing and sway band and baton over to vocalist Tommy Ryan.

Bob Crosby may drop his band and try for solo stardom on the MGM lot.

Alvino Rey and the King Sisters are set for the new Universal film, "Cross Your Fingers," while Harry James and his band start working on the Lucille Ball picture at MGM, "Best Foot Forward."

Incidentally, Harry James, recognized as one of the nation's top trumpet men, has selected his own favorite list of horn tooters. Here are his selections: Louis Armstrong, Cootie Williams, Ziggy Elman, Chuck Peterson, Charlie Spivak, Bobby Hackett, Muggsy Spanier, Buck Clayton and Harry Edison. The last two are members of Count Basie's band.

Dinah Shore's Hollywood room

mate is Shirley Mitchell, radio actress on the Rudy Vallee radio shows. Both girls are from Nashville, Tenn.

Woody Herman's uninterrupted seven-week run at the New York Paramount theater recently, was unprecedented in band bookings.

Jimmy Britton, 22-year-old St. Louis singer, and Betty Roche are the new Duke Ellington singers, and Lois Arnette is Lionel Hampton's new thrush.

Russ Morgan returns to Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel this month and Joe Reichman succeeds Griff Williams at the Palmer House.

Nat Brusiloff, batoneer on two quiz shows, Double or Nothing and Thanks to the Yanks, has helped organize the official Air Corps band stationed at Stewart Field, "West Point Wings of the Air." Top notch musicians from the ranking dance bands of the country are among those who make up the new organization. Murray Kellner is the conductor. *Continued on page 67*

**By Ken Alden**



# The Dangerous Age for COLDS

Children under 12 have more colds than any other age group, and are more susceptible to the serious complications that often result from colds. Sinus and ear infections, and even more serious disorders, can often be traced to the repeated and severe colds of childhood. In later life children may be "under par" because of such complications. A cold, whether in a child or adult, is always a potential enemy . . . deserves to be treated accordingly.



## New Light on the Importance of Antiseptic Gargle in Combating Colds

Unfortunately there is no known preventive for the Common Cold in children or in adults. Certainly Listerine Antiseptic is not such a specific. Yet careful tests, made over an 11-year period on human "guinea pigs", have proved that this safe, refreshing germicide is often a remarkably effective aid.

### Fewer Colds in Tests

In these tests, regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-users. Moreover, when colds and sore throats did develop among Listerine users, they were usually milder in character and disappeared more quickly.

The explanation for this success, we believe, is found in Listerine's quick germ-killing action. Listerine spreads over mouth and throat surfaces; it kills millions of threatening germs on these surfaces known as the "secondary invaders" which, when body resistance

is lowered, may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate infection.

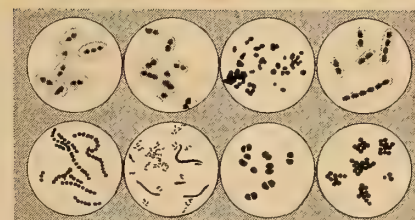
In other words, it attacks these germs before they attack you. Note Listerine Antiseptic's record:

### Outstanding Germ Reductions

Tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour later. You can see the importance of using Listerine at the first hint of trouble.

Listerine Antiseptic may not *always* keep you or your child from catching colds. It may not *always* lessen the severity of a cold. Yet we think you will agree, in the light of the above record, that Listerine Antiseptic is a precaution deserving of your most serious consideration.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

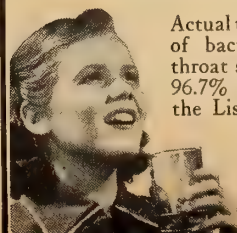


TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

## The "Secondary Invaders"

Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they get the upper hand.

## Note How Listerine Reduced Germs



Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.

# Listerine Antiseptic for oral hygiene



# Lovelier Lips and Cheeks

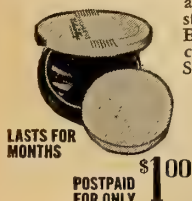


when **UNWANTED HAIR** is  
**REMOVED** this Quick,  
**Easy, Modern Way!**

Why risk the loss of romance and popularity because of superfluous hair, when it is removed from lips and cheeks so easily—*instantly*—with Lechler's famous VELVATIZE—the "complexion stone" that leaves your skin smooth and glamorous, with flower-petal loveliness! Immediately, it improves your personal charm and beauty!

## USE ON ARMS AND LEGS, TOO!

Complete instructions are included for simple use of VELVATIZE on any part of the body! Carry Lechler's handy VELVATIZE in your pocketbook, use it any time, anywhere, for occasional eradication. So easy and clean—odorless—no muss, no bother—nothing to wash off, NOT a depilatory! Simply "erase" the hair! Lechler's VELVATIZE comes in a smart pastel compact. Equally effective on chin, cheeks, upper lip, arms and legs. No stubby regrowth! Enough in one compact for **FULL SEASON'S USE.**



LASTS FOR  
MONTHS

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# What's New from Coast to Coast

By  
**DALE  
BANKS**



Frances Langford offers a smile and a sandwich to a soldier at Hollywood's Stage Door Canteen, above. It was a benefit performance which shot Betty Corwin, left, to stardom at WBT within two months, but it's her voice that keeps her right up on top.



**F**OR a while it looked as if the Aldrich Family might lose its second Henry. Norman Tokar, who took the part after Ezra Stone's departure into the Army, was being eyed covetously by his draft board. He didn't wait to be drafted, but enlisted in the Signal Corps, under a plan which gives him an eight-month deferment while he learns the intricacies of radio operation. Jack Kelk, who plays Homer, also teetered on the edge of being drafted for a few days, but was deferred because of his health.

Ann Thomas, radio's perennial secretary (Easy Aces, Abie's Irish Rose, or almost any program that needs a comedy secretary with a tough Brooklyn accent) may be in the movies soon. She's been screened by RKO.

Marjorie Hannon, star of Bachelor's Children, christened her new son William Alden Reck—not realizing until after the ceremony what the initials stood for.

**CHARLOTTE, N. C.**—Little Betty Corwin, newest singing discovery of station WBT, Charlotte, N. C., didn't dream that a local benefit performance last August, in which she sang two numbers and did a tap-dance, would be the springboard which

would catapult her into radio stardom almost overnight—well, anyway, within two months, which is a pretty short time to rise from obscurity to success on one of the nation's largest radio stations.

Betty, who says her "proper" name is Mary Ruth, was born on a crisp November morning in 1922, in Birmingham, Alabama. She's five feet, four and a half inches tall, weighs 124 pounds, has deep blue eyes and is just as lovely to look at as to listen to. Her fan mail is already jammed with proposals.

"Luck," is the laconic reason Betty gives for her success. She had never sung in public until recently. Although she always liked to sing, even as a little girl, she never was quite able to conquer her bashfulness enough to sing a solo, and planned to be a secretary instead of a star. However, Charlotte folks arranged a war-benefit show and persuaded Betty to take part in it. She was such a hit that her services were called on for a second benefit. Emboldened, Betty gathered together all her courage and went to WBT for an audition. Program Director Charles Crutchfield listened, and was so impressed he immediately assigned her to a daily sponsored program. Thus, never having faced a microphone before in her life, Betty's very first broadcast was for a sponsor.



She's unmarried but not, she says, fancy-free. "The one" is an Army flier, stationed at nearby Morris Field Army Air Base. But marriage is pretty far in the future. Just now Betty is walking on air, still unable to believe that she's actually on her way to her ambition, which is to be a singer with a famous dance orchestra—"Kay Kyser's for instance." Her ideal is radio's Kate Smith, whom she hopes to meet someday.

Phil Baker, the Take It or Leave It quizmaster, no sooner moved with his program to Hollywood than he was signed up to a movie contract by 20th Century-Fox. His first picture will be with Betty Grable and Carmen Miranda as co-stars—plenty nice work if you can get it!

Radio's Three Jesters are really doing something about the war. The three members of the vocal trio regularly turn up at broadcasts with grimy and blistered hands. The reason is that they spend all their spare time in a miniature war plant set up in the suburban back yard of one of them, Guy Bonham. There they turn out small items like gasoline strainers for naval motorboats and parts for flotation tanks in lifeboats.

Perhaps the radio serial hardest hit by selective service is Joan Blaine's starring vehicle, Valiant Lady. In less than a year it has lost its director, its organist, its leading man, its chief villain and ten character actors. Only its star remains.

Little Jane Webb, CBS Chicago actress, has been busy for several months building up flying hours, working for a pilot's license. Now she has the required number of hours, but still she's at a dead end, as far as her ambition goes. She won't be eighteen, the minimum age, until next spring.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—The newest addition to station WSM's Grand Ole Opry, and by far its youngest member, is Betty Owen, a little seventeen-year-old who sings old time songs and plays the guitar like a veteran. As a matter of fact, the Opry is older than she is—she was born in Nashville just nine months after its first broadcast.

Betty has been on the Opry for the past year, and now her fan mail is as plentiful as that of the top stars. She eats, sleeps, and dreams music. When not in school she is either practicing or making personal appearances with other members of the show.

Her father, an assistant foreman for the American Tobacco Company in Nashville, started Betty on her career when she was eight years old by giving her an accordion for a present. Sitting at home Saturday nights, Betty would listen to the Grand Ole Opry and play along with the musical numbers she heard. The boy next door got a guitar for Christmas, and soon he and Betty were playing duets. Like most children, both thought the other's toy was the best, so they swapped instruments. Today the boy next door plays a nice accordion, and Betty's a wonder on the guitar.

Her first public appearance came

## Does your One face cream do All these Four things?



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By *Lady Esther*



**Is your skin  
dry and flaky?**

My 4-Purpose Face Cream softens your skin—relieves dryness and flaking.



**Do you have  
blackheads?**

My 4-Purpose Face Cream thoroughly cleans out the tiny mouths of the pores.



**Tiny lines  
around eyes?**

My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps smooth away little lines due to dryness.



**Do you have  
big pores?**

My 4-Purpose Face Cream works with nature—helps nature refine the pores.

SURELY you aren't using a lot of different kinds of creams and lotions in times like these! But are you sure the *one cream* you use takes care of the 4 vital needs of your skin?

Today more than ever the face cream for which you spend your money must do a "war-time job." It must help prevent the dryness that often causes wrinkles and tiny lines. It must help banish the three worst enemies of your skin: grease, grime and grit—especially if you are doing war work of any kind and exposing your skin to these dangers.

You can count on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *by itself* to help keep your skin fresh, radiant and attractive! For this one scientific face cream brings you 4 vital aids to beauty! (1) It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. (2) It *softens* your skin and relieves dryness. (3) It helps nature *refine* the pores. (4) It leaves a perfect, *non-sticky* base for powder.

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Mail the coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more busy, lovely women every day are changing to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream.

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It's almost entirely up to you to keep your hands and skin soft, smooth, lovely—as nature intended them. Proper care will counteract the effects of work and play.

Use Chamberlain's Lotion regularly as an aid to keeping hands and skin naturally lovely. This clear, golden lotion helps prevent chapping, cracking, harshness and other results of carelessness. You'll enjoy using Chamberlain's often, too, because it dries with such convenient quickness.

Get Chamberlain's today. Use it often. Notice the difference it makes.

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Thousands of fastidious women use Chamberlain's to soothe legs and skin roughened and chapped by cold and wind. They also use it as a cologne. Try it.

Buy it at all  
Toilet Goods Counters



# Chamberlain's

## LOTION

at the age of ten, when she played for a square dance and festival at her school. She never stopped practicing and working until she reached her goal of appearing regularly on the Opry—as a matter of fact, she didn't stop then.

She lives with her parents and two brothers in Nashville, and attends school like any other girl her age. She has just one prejudice, and it's a musical one. Unless a tune is an old one and has proved its popularity through the years, she won't play it on the Opry program.

\* \* \*

Margo, the CBS Caravan star, is a full-fledged American citizen now. The Mexican-born actress and singer was naturalized in November.

\* \* \*

The saddest man around the New York CBS studios these days is Arnold Moss, who plays Reed Bannister in the Big Sister serial. Fired with a desire to help President Roosevelt's good neighbor policy toward South America, Arnold took up the study of Spanish. All went well, and he prided himself on both his progress and his accent. Came the time when he was cast each week in a Spanish-language program short-waved to Latin America—playing the same character all the time. But he received a rude shock when the director complimented him. "I don't know how I could ever replace you, Arnold," the director said. "There's nobody else who speaks Spanish with such a perfect German accent."

\* \* \*

Hal Styles, originator and master of ceremonies of the KFVB program, Facing Facts, doesn't believe the old tale about Friday the 13th being unlucky. That's the day he chose to marry his pretty secretary, Lenore Cordial.

\* \* \*

Cecil B. DeMille of the Lux Theater



Just 17, Betty Owen sings the old time songs like a veteran on WSM's famous Grand Ole Opry.

is a senior air raid warden in his home district of Hollywood.

**BOSTON**—Just eleven years ago a young man solved his personal problem of choosing between chemistry and singing for a life-work by selecting neither one. Tom Hussey became a radio announcer instead, with the result that his voice is familiar and very popular in all of New England. Only recently he was named director of sports for station WNAC and the Yankee network.

Tom broke into radio as one mem-



"It's me, you little blockhead," says Don Ameche, but Charlie remains unconvinced. "Too good looking," he says, while Edgar Bergen and pretty singing star Dale Evans umpire the argument.



ber of a choral group at the University of Florida. While he was flirting with a career as a chemist (he's now the holder of a master's degree in the subject) he was offered a job as part-time announcer at WRUF in Gainesville, Florida, where he stayed with the station until his graduation in 1934.

But although Tom went to college in Florida, he's a native of Massachusetts, and he went back there as soon as school was over, going to work almost at once for WNAC and the Yankee network. Nowadays Yankee listeners tune in every Monday and Friday at 6:15 P. M., for his Sports Roundup.

Tom's idea of recreation is stepping off the front porch of his new home in Marblehead and diving straight into the Atlantic Ocean, which is practically at his doorstep—although naturally this is a pleasure he has to forego in the cold winter months. He still likes music and often is soloist at his church. One of his many talents is an ability to turn out a dish of spaghetti equalled in few restaurants. As a result there is an almost constant stream of WNAC confederates angling for an invitation to his home for dinner.

If you've been missing the voice of Mayor LaTrivia on the Fibber McGee show, it's because Gale Gordon, the actor who originated the character, has joined the Coast Guard, saying farewell to radio for the duration.

Henry Nealy, of CBS' We Love and Learn serial, now keeps the home fires burning while Mrs. Nealy is off to the wars. The little woman is a WAAC, stationed at Fort Des Moines.

Patricia Ryan is busy being a Red Cross nurse's aide when she isn't emoting on the Aunt Jennie, Joyce Jordan, Parker Family or Let's Pretend program.



Singing and cooking are the hobbies of Yankee Network's sports announcer, Tom Hussey.

Look Your  
*Loveliest*  
with  
**GLAMOROUS  
HAIR**

**Linda Darnell**, glamorous 20th Century-Fox star in "Loves of Edgar Allen Poe," uses **GLOVER'S** to condition scalp and hair. **GLOVER'S** helps to give the hair a soft and natural-looking appearance!

**HOLLYWOOD** speaks through lovely Linda Darnell, one of the many movie stars who keep their hair charming and refreshed with the systematic use of the famous **GLOVER'S MEDICINAL** treatment so popular with millions of men and women! **GLOVER'S** is not merely a "scented preparation"—it's definitely a medicinal application which you can use, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. **TRY** it today—you'll feel the exhilarating effect, *instantly*—and you'll be delighted with the results! Ask for

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For your convenience, we offer (by coupon only) this Complete Trial Application of **GLOVER'S** famous Mange Medicine and the new **GLO-VER** Beauty Soap **SHAMPOO**, in hermetically-sealed bottles, so that you can try the Glover's Medicinal Treatment and test it yourself! Complete instructions and booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair," included **FREE!**

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**for DANDRUFF, ITCHY SCALP  
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# Face Facts

By Roberta Ormiston

**T**HE best thing you can do for your skin—whatever it is like at the moment—is get it clean and keep it clean. When we say clean we mean scrupulously clean, cleaner by far than a swish of soap and water and a dab of cold cream will get it. Hold on to the soap and cold cream, however. You'll need them for:

## Your Daily Facial

1. Wash your face with a gentle soap and warm water.
2. Massage with cold cream.
3. Remove the cream.
4. Apply more cream, only a film of it this time, and let it remain for about five minutes.
5. Remove the cream.
6. Wash your face with a cotton pledget saturated in skin tonic.

Doesn't sound impressive at all, does it? But it makes sense. And the results are impressive. For here's how this facial works:

The soap and water and the first application of cream remove the surface dirt—the dust and make-up that come from the outside and the body impurities that come from within. With the surface dirt removed the second application of cream gets into the pores, to soften them and any foreign matter



**RADIO MIRROR** ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**



*Lovely Patricia Dunlap, who plays the part of Janet Ryder in NBC's Bachelor's Children, gives you six important daily steps to beauty.*

imbedded in them. The skin tonic removes every last vestige of cream, together with the dirt it has absorbed, and, finally, closes the pores.

Now it may be you have complications in your skin cleaning. It may be you have blackheads and pimples. The treatment for blackheads and pimples should precede the daily facial always. And don't despair if the first few treatments don't work.

Blackheads require a hot, wet towel. Dip a towel in hot water, wring it out so it won't drip all over everything, and hold it against your face—fairly tightly—until it cools. Repeat this about five times. Pat your face dry. Apply warm olive oil. Let the oil remain on the blackheads about five minutes—to loosen and soften them. Rub your face briskly with a Turkish towel. Then rub the blackheads with a complexion brush dipped first in warm water and then in almond meal.

Blackheads, as you probably know, are nothing more than impurities which, failing to work their way in or out of the skin, become imbedded in the pores. Sometimes they appear because there isn't enough natural oil to carry off impurities. At other times

they appear because excessive oil, keeping the pores open, makes it easy for dust and make-up to collect. Generally, however, blackheads are nothing but a warning that the skin isn't being cleaned often or thoroughly enough.

Pimples, on the other hand, may be due to an improper diet or a digestive disturbance. When this is true you have to call upon your will-power and perhaps a doctor before you are rid of them. Other pimples are banished simply enough.

Once again a hot wet towel is needed. After several applications dry your face quickly and apply cold cream. Massage the cream into the skin. Remove with cleansing tissues. Apply another hot towel for a minute or two. Rub your face with a cotton pledget moistened with skin tonic. And finally apply several towels that have been dipped in ice water.

Don't bewail the fact that your skin isn't clear and glowing. Use your time and energy constructively—have a thorough skin cleaning three hundred and sixty-five days a year—and rejoice in a complexion even school-girls will envy.





*"My love has wondrous  
lustrous hair"*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous  
... and yet so easy to manage!\***



SPARKLE AND LOOK GAY, when you play! This jet-trimmed, street-length dress and the shining satin gloves represent the newest note in after-dark fashions. The simple, but dramatic, new hair-do owes much of its beauty to Special Drene Shampoo!

**Why Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added is  
the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap  
... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!**

Do you want alluring hair, the kind men adore ... gleaming with lustre, sparkling with highlights? Then don't go on using soaps or liquid soap shampoos! Because soaps *always* leave a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre!

But *Special Drene* is different! It *never* leaves any dulling film! What's more, it removes the film left by previous soapings, the first time you use it. That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo!

And due to the wonderful hair conditioner now in it, Special Drene now leaves hair far more glamorous ... silkier, smoother and easier to arrange, right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness. If you haven't tried Drene lately you'll be amazed! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous and at

the same time so manageable. Only Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added!

**Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!**

No shampoo known today is superior to Special Drene for removing dandruff ... not even those claiming to be "dandruff remover" shampoos. For Special Drene's super-cleansing action removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it ... yet is so safe!

So don't put off trying this wonderful shampoo! For economy, buy the larger sizes. Or get a Special Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

\*PROCTER & GAMBLE, makers of Special Drene, after painstaking search and exhaustive laboratory tests of all types of shampoos, have found no other shampoo which leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Soap film dulls lustre—  
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Use Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film. What's more, it removes the film left by previous soapings.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo!



**Special Drene  
with  
Hair Conditioner**





## Feel like the Forgotten Girl?



**T**HE gang's off for a slick sleigh ride and does anybody wave your way? You're just a window watcher, forlorn and forgotten!

Next morning Judy says what fun it was, why weren't you there? And you wail, "Just my luck . . . everything seems to happen on the wrong day!"

No sympathy from Judy! "Don't be a creep on account of a calendar!" she says. "How'd you expect to be Number-One girl when you turn down dates?"

Then she tells you how to keep going . . . stay in the fun. Drive the horses while the rest are chasing the sleigh. Brew the cocoa when the others flounder through drifts.

"Of course, comfort's the main thing," she tells you. "The whole world looks brighter when you're comfortable. That's why most girls choose Kotex Sanitary Napkins."

### Be Number-One Girl Every Day

So now the forgotten girl can forget what day of the month it is!

You've discovered how different Kotex is from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch. Because Kotex is made in soft folds, so it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing.

Then there's a special "safety shield" for extra protection. Plus something you never even realized existed! Those flat, pressed ends of Kotex that don't show. To think how you used to worry!

So now you're Janey-on-the-spot all the time! Now you know why more girls choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

**Keep going in comfort  
—with KOTEX\*!**

**HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW** about staying in the fun on "those days"? Learn your do's and don't's from the bright new booklet "As One Girl To Another" . . . pick up tips on social contacts, good grooming . . . everything! Mail your name and address quick, to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-2, Chicago, for a copy FREE!



(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

*Be Beauty Wise*

**Y**OUTHFUL, pleasing lines curve—always! Which means there must not be even a suggestion of an angle in your eyebrows. Which means your lips must be round with a lovely upward tilt. If your lips haven't this tilt naturally put a dab of color at the corners of your mouth and wipe it off with a quick upward motion which will leave just a suggestion of color and work the happy trick.

Never overlook the vital importance of a powder base. A powder base masks the shadows too often caused by oily secretions between your eyes, at the sides of your nostrils, and at the sides of your mouth. Shadows of this kind—unless they're concealed—suggest birthdays you haven't yet had.

Is your skin on the dry side? Does your powder and rouge flake, as you wish it wouldn't? If so it's a few dabs of cold water you need—before you apply your powder foundation.

Perhaps your skin sometimes appears to be a little on the crepey side—perish the thought! Ice will remedy this in jig time! Dip a cloth in ice water. Lay it across your face like a mask. Then, using an ice cube, press the top of your eyes across your eyelids, under your eyes along your nostrils, across your lips. Work out towards your ears always. Do this every day for five or ten minutes and you'll be repaid over and over again by the way your skin will tone up.

Your mouth, your eyebrows, and your eyes are the three parts of your face that move and are, consequently, focal points. Be smart. Emphasize whichever of these features you think does the most for you.

If you wish your eyes to look larger than they are make sure no mascara gets near them. Mascara near the eyes makes them look smaller. Apply mascara to the tips of your lashes only. And never pluck your eyebrows believing, fondly, that this will make your eyes appear larger. It won't! It will, instead, make you look strange. Eyebrows should follow the natural curve of the nose and frontal bone.

Are your eyes fairly close together? Widen the distance between your eyebrows and, as if by magic, your eyes will appear further apart!

Remember rouge emphasizes wrinkles! Therefore, if you have wrinkles around your eyes—and many people do even while they're young—keep your rouge low on your cheeks, somewhere below your cheekbones.

Wrinkled eyelids—which are no more a sign of age than wrinkles around the eyes—never, never, NEVER should be subjected to eye-shadow! Leave the charm of eye-shadow, which is undeniable, to others.





*I warned Tony it would hurt, but he laughed and told me to go ahead.*

**W**E PRACTICALLY grew up together, Bob Ritchie and I. I can't remember when he wasn't as much a part of my life as breathing—just as important and just as much taken for granted. And that, I see now, was why I missed him so terribly when he joined the Marines and went away.

There'd never been any talk of marriage between us, and I can truthfully say that the first romantic pang I ever felt on Bob's account came when I stood on the platform of Green Valley station and waved good-bye to a Bob who suddenly seemed very brave, and very gay, and oddly remote.

"He's gone," I thought, "and I've never even told him in words how much he means to me." But then I comforted myself, a little. Perhaps it hadn't been necessary to tell him in words. Always, Bob had seemed to know what I was thinking even before I knew myself.

## COUNTERFEIT

# Love

*The thought of Bob was torture. There he was, miles away, learning to fight and while he thought she was waiting for him, she had fallen in love with another man!*

And he'd kissed me, hadn't he, just before he left?

Looking back on those empty days after Bob's departure, I can see how, imperceptibly, the certainty grew in me that he and I were in love, until it began to seem that this new feeling I had for him was as old as I was myself. It

crept into my letters to him, too—at least, I'm sure it did, for I meant it to. I wanted him to know that back home there was someone waiting for him, longing for his return.

Did I say I was waiting? Well, that wasn't quite true, if by "waiting" you mean sitting still and doing nothing else. Home was intolerable.



erable to me, now that American boys—boys like Bob—were overseas fighting a desperate battle against a treacherous enemy that I hated with all my heart; so it was only a week after Bob's departure that I signed up for a Red Cross nursing course. Studying and working helped to fill up the empty days. But then the course was finished, and I'd sent in my application for service overseas—and there was nothing left to do. Nothing but help Mother with the housework, and go shopping with her in the afternoons, and sit at home in the evenings with a book or magazine.

**T**HE evenings were the worst of all. I suppose they always are when you feel lonely and left out of things, because then other people are busy having their fun. Some nights I simply couldn't stand it, and I'd slip out to go to a movie or just walk. It was rather odd, walking along the streets of Green Valley, the town where I had been born. I could remember when I knew everyone I met, but now there was a big war factory on the edge of town, and a training camp a few miles away, and the sidewalks were crowded with laughing soldiers, strange men in work clothes, women and children who obviously had moved here only

last month—last week—yesterday.

I was in a particularly black mood the night I pushed open the door of Mike's Silver King diner and walked in. It was three weeks since I'd filed my application for duty abroad, and there hadn't yet been any answer beyond an official acknowledgment. Only that morning a letter had come from Bob, hinting that he might soon be sent overseas without even a short home furlough. The war news was bad, and the wet, drizzly weather was depressing. Perhaps one of Mike's hamburgers and a cup of coffee would make me feel better, I thought.

But like the rest of our town, the diner had changed since the days when Bob and I used to drop in after a dance. The counter was lined with men—men in tan shirts and trousers, all talking and laughing. The only familiar face was Mike's round one, behind the counter.

He greeted me with a broad grin as I found a vacant stool and perched on it. "Hel-lo, Lucy! Haven't seen you in a long time. You look swell!"

I didn't feel swell, but I smiled and gave him my order. All around me, competing with the clamor of the juke-box in one corner, I heard the babble of talk: "So I looked him in the eye and I said—" "Who do they think's runnin' this war, anyhow?" "Hey, Fred, bet you wish now you'd bet on Spitfire in the seventh!"

They were a carefree, happy lot, I thought bitterly. You only had to look at them, and listen to their talk, to know they had good jobs and money in their pockets to bet on horse-races or feed the juke-boxes.

Most of them were young men, too. A few grizzled workmen, but mostly no older than Bob . . .

There was one dark-haired, olive-skinned boy, with white teeth and muscular arms, bared to the elbows, whose laughter rang out above all the rest. He had a jaunty air about him—a bold, cavalier swagger that seemed to speak of hot blood and

passion and devil-may-care exuberance.

As if he'd felt my eyes upon him, he turned and looked directly at me.

His eyes were amazingly clear—a deep brown, with some quality of fire behind them. They were disturbing, in their frank appraisal, and I blushed angrily as I turned away and lifted the coffee cup to my lips.

Mike leaned on the counter and we talked. He had time for this now, he explained, for the shifts at the factory would be changing in a few minutes, and the crowd in the diner was thinning out. He asked about my nursing course, and I told him it was finished, and then he asked about Bob, and I told him I'd had a letter that morning.

"He's a good boy, Bob," Mike said. "A fine young feller, like all—"

"Check, Mike?"

It was the dark-haired boy, standing beside me, holding out one hand to Mike.

"Check?" Mike repeated. "I give it to you, Tony, when you ordered your pie. I seen you take it."

"Did I? Well, imagine that." Elaborately, he went through his pockets and then, looking at me and smiling, he produced the little slip of orange paper. "Must have forgotten all about it."

But of course he hadn't. He wasn't even trying to pretend, really, that he had. His smile was too open and undisguised. He didn't even care if I knew that this was only a trick to break into Mike's conversation with me and maybe get himself introduced.

Suddenly, the fury that had been in me all day, that had risen when I came in here and saw all these healthy, able-bodied men enjoying themselves, burst all bounds. I ignored the boy, and said clearly to Mike:

"You're right—Bob's wonderful. It's too bad there aren't more like him, willing and ready to get into a uniform and go where there's fighting. But of course that takes courage."

I felt, rather than saw, that the olive of the boy's face had lost its



ruddy underlay; his jaw tensed into a hard line. I heard him drop some coins on the counter with the check. A few steps—and he was gone, banging the door behind him.

"You know, Lucy," Mike said softly, seriously, "you shouldn't of said that."

Already, now that the first heat of my anger had spent itself, I was beginning to agree with him. But I wouldn't admit it. "Well, he *should* be in uniform!" I maintained. "Millions of other boys are. What's so special about him? He looks healthy enough to me."

"Sure he's healthy," said Mike slowly. "I guess he'd have to be, and young and strong too, to keep up the pace on that night-shift over at the factory." *Continued on page 60.*

*On autumn afternoons we met to spend enchanted hours together in the golden woods.*







*"I want you to feel safe and well again. I want you to be happy, Carl—because I love you."*

**O**DD how one bit of good news can change everything. When I'd gone down to the bank that Saturday morning, I was feeling low and worried, worried about money and Carl and myself and our future, wondering how we could go on like that. And now, I was excited and happy. I could hardly walk fast enough to get home and tell Carl what Ben Morgan had told me at the bank.

The same excitement that quickened my steps seemed to have struck all Warrensville. The sleepy little shops along Main Street all seemed to shine, somehow, and buzz with an unusual activity. They seemed to

have awakened from the lassitude from which they and most of the people in town had been suffering for years. Since the depression, Warrensville's one factory had been closed down and many people had been forced to move to places where there was a chance to make a living. The rest of us, the ones who had stayed, had plodded along, doing the best we could.

But that was all over now, I thought, as I hurried along the sunlit streets. The factory was going to be opened again. Ben Morgan had said there would be plenty of work for everybody who wanted a job. The building was to be re-

conditioned immediately, so work could be started at once on sub-contracts from a large war plant in Minnesota.

I pushed open the sagging gate and almost ran the last few yards, thinking, as I ran, that I must make Carl fix those hinges. This was an up and coming town now. We musn't disgrace it with shabbiness and slovenliness.

"Darling!" I called, throwing open the door.

"What?" Carl yelled back irritably. "I'm busy." And he banged furiously at his old typewriter.

Ordinarily, I wouldn't have thought of interrupting him when



# is heartbreak

*She tried to make herself believe that her farce of a marriage could be saved—until she stood between the two men she loved and saw madness in the eyes of one*

he was at his writing. A long time ago, when he had first startled me with this strange ambition, I had even hoped, a little, that he would make a go of it. But it wasn't long before I saw that his stories were too bitter, too embarrassingly personal, to sell. Still, I had encouraged him, knowing that a man has to have something to which to cling. If this was Carl's way, I was willing for him to have this refuge. I was willing, by that time, to approve of anything that would make him happier.

However, I felt that this was a special occasion. Nothing could have kept me from bursting into Carl's den.

"Guess what, darling?" I cried happily. "They're going to open up the old Welling Works!"

The smouldering look of irritation died out of Carl's dark eyes. His thin face relaxed into a half smile. "No kidding?"

"But that's not all," I went on breathlessly. "Guess who's doing it?" I flopped myself into the armchair and grinned at him. "Greg Parker is coming back to do it!"

"Greg," Carl said flatly.

I was disappointed. I had expected him to be as excited as I was. After all, we hadn't seen Greg for five years. "Isn't it wonderful, darling?" I cried. "Aren't you excited? Just think, Greg is coming back!" I couldn't sit still. I had to jump up and hug Carl in delight. "Aren't you glad?"

"Sure, sure," Carl said. "I just can't get hysterical about it." He patted my head, as though I were an amiable half wit and pushed me toward the door. "Celebrate outside. I want to finish this chapter. And—I'm hungry."

I was irritated with Carl for being so indifferent, but it didn't last long. As I moved about our small kitchen, fixing his lunch, the excitement began coming back. I felt

like singing, suddenly. I hadn't felt like that in years.

Greg was coming back! I stopped slicing bread and stared, unseeing, out of the kitchen window, trying to bring back Greg's image in my mind. It was difficult. Five years is a long time. He had light brown hair, usually in wild disorder, I remembered, and light brown eyes, too, always grinning. Greg was tall, nicely put together, his movements smooth and easy. These things I remembered, but they were just words. Then I remembered his laugh. Greg laughing, softly, but so freely that it was like being caught in a gush of fresh wind and lifted high into the air. Then I could see him again.

I COULD see him, and beside him, Carl, as he used to be then. Carl, even then moody and sensitive, but young and with hope. Carl, serious and plodding, completely and utterly different from Greg and yet a perfect foil for Greg's gayety and cleverness.

I saw them as they used to be, always together. Two boys in their first long pants, coming to call for me, to take me to the Junior Prom. Carl taking me to football games and yelling himself hoarse over Greg's flashy plays. Greg sitting up all night with Carl, helping him

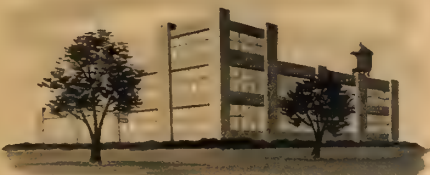
cram for his finals in physics.

And I remembered myself with them, young as they were, gay and terribly serious by turns and vastly thrilled with the idea of having two fellows, when other girls only had one. I was immensely romantic in those days, choosing first one and then the other, and going through violent melodramatic upheavals, visualizing the one I hadn't chosen in despair and agony. I was very young.

I was still smiling a little at how silly I must have seemed to older people in those days, as I carried Carl's sandwiches and milk into his den. He glanced up at me and frowned slightly, but for some reason I wasn't as sensitive to his mood as usual. I closed his door softly and found myself running a critical eye over the living room. I wanted to be doing things, literally to be cleaning away the cobwebs from my outward life, as I was beginning to do with my mind.

Collecting my cleaning things, I speculated idly on what my life might have been like if I had married Greg. I saw a different kind of house, with children in it, perhaps, and nice furniture and a gay, happy air about it. I pushed that thought out of my head. I hadn't married Greg. I went to work.

But the past kept coming back. In a way, it seemed almost disloyal to be thinking so much of Greg, yet I couldn't help it. I couldn't help smiling a little sadly over my years of indecision and over the things that finally made me marry Carl. I remembered how everything seemed to add up in his favor, how I used to review all the things Greg had, his gayety, his independence, his cleverness, his going to College to study engineering while Carl stayed home and went to work. Now, looking back, I realized that I had been a little romantic. I had not really given *Continued on page 69*



"This Is Heartbreak," by Madeline Thompson, is based on an original radio drama by Joe Bates Smith, first broadcast on Manhattan at Midnight, Wednesday at 8:30 P.M., EWT, on the Blue Network, sponsored by Energine.



# Marry Me!

*She loved him enough to gamble on a kissless marriage—until he kissed her!*

*And then she learned that love is the one thing which can never be purchased*

**W**E were sitting in the Artists' Lounge—not an artist among us—at WGNG after hours, when I decided that I wanted to move into a little house. Marcia, the sharp-tongued stenographer from the copy department, would have called it the first move in my campaign. But honestly, it wasn't a campaign. I didn't have anything definite in mind. I just knew all of a sudden that I wanted very badly to live near Paul Rentlow, just as I had known from the first time I saw him that I wanted more than anything else to win his friendship—and more than friendship, if I could manage it.

One of the men had just complained that he couldn't find a house to rent that suited him. Paul came in from the control room of Studio A—the lounge is a short cut between two studios—and he said, with typical shortness, "There's a nice one for rent about a block from me. Small though, George. Bungalow, with living room, kitchen, one bedroom and bath. Too small?"

George nodded. "Yup. Got to have at least two bedrooms."

It was then that I decided that a little house was what I wanted. Paul started through into Studio B, but my voice stopped him. "That house sounds more my size, Paul," I said as casually as I could manage. "Mind giving me the address?"

He looked at me just as he always did—as if he had never laid eyes on me before in his life. Those eyes of his were as gray—and as hard—as chips of granite; he looked more through me than at me, and his voice had little chips of granite in it too, as he repeated the address and then went on without waiting for my thanks.

As always happened when Paul Rentlow left a room, he immediately became the topic of conversation. Questions and speculations buzzed

about me, but I didn't pay much attention. I'd heard it all so many times before! All the gossip boiled down to this—Paul Rentlow was, in the words of Marcia, "the most mysterious man I've ever seen, my dear! Women are simply poison to him, I mean, really poison! They say his wife ran off with someone else, you know, and since then he hasn't any time at all for women. It just simply warped his whole life. And isn't he the most romantic looking—"

Her tinny little voice, taking Paul Rentlow apart, made me sick. I got up, deciding to go look at the little house then and there, and I went to ask my boss if I could borrow his car for a little while. During the drive to the outskirts of town I thought about Paul Rentlow—the same thoughts I'd been thinking since he came to work as a control operator at the station more than a year before, the same thoughts that had been going round and round in my head from the moment I laid eyes on him and felt my heart begin to beat as it had never beaten for any other man.

He was romantic looking, I had to admit, even if Marcia's saying it made me wince. Paul was still young, but it was an old sort of youngness—as if he'd piled all the grief and misery of a lifetime into a brief year or two. His dark hair was flicked with gray over the temples, and deep lines had erased the tenderness his face must once have held. His big, spare frame had too little flesh for all its size. And the other thing that Marcia had said was true, too—women were poison to him.

He hadn't even so much as a "good morning" to waste on any of us, and he never spoke to any of the girls in the office unless it was absolutely necessary. And, although I hated to admit it, even to myself, I was falling more and more in

love with Paul Rentlow every day, and being driven crazy by the fact that as far as he was concerned I might as well have been the typewriter I pounded all day.

I located the little house, got the key from next door, and looked through it. Even if it hadn't had the advantage of being just a block from Paul Rentlow's, I would have liked it at once—all bright and shiny with fresh paint and new wallpaper, and lots of windows to let the sun in. It didn't take me long to make up my mind—next day I made a payment on the rent, and arranged to have my furniture, stored since Mother had died, sent out the following Monday, which was the first day of my vacation.

That Monday, as soon as the moving men had left, I changed from my street clothes to a housecoat and play shoes, and started to survey my new domain. I was happy—so happy that I moved around the little house on my toes, with dancing steps. There wasn't a great deal to be happy about, I had to admit—living near to Paul Rentlow didn't guarantee that he'd look on me any more kindly, or even that he'd look at me at all, for that matter.

Passing the living room window I looked out and saw a little boy standing on the corner across the street, looking at my house with the unembarrassed intensity that children have. I wanted someone to talk to, so I opened the door and called, "Hello, there!"

He was a very small boy, and he wore a very dirty pair of blue overalls with no shirt beneath. But I suspected then what I found later to be true—he was a perfect darling of a little boy, a completely irresistible little boy.

He regarded me gravely. "Hello!" I came down two steps. "I just moved in," I called. "Come on over and get acquainted, won't you?"





*I felt my shoulders caught in strong hands, my head thrust back, while my heart pounded so he must have heard it.*

He hesitated. "We could have some cookies and milk," I added. That settled what the prospect of my company alone would not. He came across, tucked one grubby paw into the hand I held out to him, and we went in search of cookies and milk in the mess that was my unsettled kitchen.

"What's your name?" I asked

him, when he was comfortably settled on the front steps with a mug of milk in one hand and a fat chocolate cookie in the other.

"David Arthur Rentlow," he told me between bites, "and my Daddy is Paul Morton Rentlow, but mostly he calls me Butch and I call him Spike. I live down there." He made a vague gesture with the cookie.

I was silent a moment, digesting that. I remembered that I'd heard rumors to the effect that Paul had a son—and here was Paul's son,

sitting on my doorstep, already fast friends with me. My heart rose.

"What's your name, can I have some more milk?" he asked, all in one breath.

"Connie Acton," I told him, and poured the milk. "What do you do all day," I asked, "while your Daddy's away?"

He swallowed and explained. "Mornings I go to nursery school, and afternoons Mrs. Sullivan keeps her eye on me till Daddy gets home." He looked at me specula-



tively. "You look like the Fair Rosamund."

"Who's she?" I wanted to know.

"She's the princess in the stories Daddy tells me. Her hair was spun out of a piece left over from the sun, and her eyes are hyacinths that never die, and when she laughs it's little silver bells. She always wears a dress made out of a piece of the sky on a starry night."

I laughed. This was certainly a side of Paul Rentlow that I had never suspected. I smoothed the skirt of my blue, star-printed housecoat and told him, "Your Daddy's stories sound like fine ones."

**THEY** are. They're the best stories ever. He says he has to tell the best stories ever because I haven't any mother to tell them to me. Daddy says my mother had to go away somewheres, but Mrs. Sullivan says she ran off with a shoe salesman and good riddance anyhow because she wasn't any better'n she ought to be."

Mentally I had a word or two for Mrs. Sullivan, who would say such things in a child's hearing. But it was obvious that they were words without much meaning to little Davy.

I was offering him another cookie when Paul drove by in his old roadster. I jumped to my feet and called to him, and he pulled into the curb, unfolded his length from behind the wheel and came slowly across the lawn to us. Without preliminary, he said, "How did Davy get here?"

"He was walking by," I said defensively, "and I invited him to have cookies and milk. Wasn't that all right?"

He smiled grudgingly, and only with his mouth. "Yes. Sure. Come on, Davy—thank Miss Acton. We're going home."

"I like the house so much," I ventured. "Thanks for telling me about it."

"Glad you do," he said, in a voice that plainly indicated that it didn't matter to him one way or the other. And that threatened to end the conversation.

"Er—where does one shop around here?" I managed, with an any-old-port-in-a-storm desperation to keep him there.

He put one foot on the step below me and lighted a cigarette. "Two

blocks down and a block over," he answered shortly. "Little community there. Come on, Davy."

Obediently, Davy started for the car, and his father turned to follow. Impulsively, I put out a hand to stay him. "Paul—it's none of my business, but this Mrs. Sullivan you leave Davy with—he's been telling me about her. She doesn't sound as if she—"

His voice chopped off the rest of my sentence. "You're right—it's none of your business," he said, evenly. He walked a couple of steps toward the car, and then turned and came back to the stoop where I stood, feeling as if my face had been slapped.

"Sorry," he said. "But I'm doing what I think is a good job of taking care of Davy, and I don't like—"

"All right," I said. "I'm sorry, too. OK?"

He smiled again, and this time it showed a little bit in his eyes. "OK. Is there anything I can help you do to get settled—lug around the heavy furniture, and such?"

My mind worked like lightning. I hesitated, and then said, "Not tonight. I'm too tired to do any real settling. But you'd be more than welcome if you could give me a hand tomorrow night. I want to lay the rugs and get the living room straightened out then."

He nodded. "Be glad to. Good night." And he was gone, his long strides making the distance from house to car a matter of a few steps.

I lay awake a while that night, tired as I was, thinking things over—laying my plans, Marcia would have said. And next morning I was up early, hurrying about the house, getting the kitchen fixed up and still leaving enough for Paul to do so that he wouldn't think I'd lied when I said I needed his help. Then I went shopping, and about two o'clock I gathered Davy in. "You and Daddy are going to have dinner at my house tonight," I told him, "and then you're going to help me get settled. So we have to hurry and have dinner all ready by the time your Daddy gets home."

By the time Paul came in search of David, the asparagus was nearly done, the baked potatoes bursting their jackets in the oven, the steaks starting under the broiler, the salad ready to dress, and an apple pie sitting on the window sill in spicy golden brown perfection.

I greeted his, "Is David here?" with, "Yes, he is—and dinner's nearly ready. The steaks are in the broiler."

Paul ignored the door I held open. "I suppose Davy told you we have fried eggs nearly every night. Well,

*Paul came the next night to put up some shelves for me—and we had a fine time, even to the point of Paul laughing as if he really meant it.*



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I guess I lost my temper. Anyway, before I knew it I heard my own voice answering stormily, "Don't you dare! It would be a shame to disappoint the little fellow after he's helped me all afternoon. I just got dinner ready be-

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"You'll burst a blood vessel some day," he said, surprisingly, and—more surprisingly—followed that up with a grin that looked almost real. "OK. You win. When do we eat?"

That evening we laid the rugs and straightened around the furniture. I pointed out that the kitchen would be just about perfect if only I had a couple of shelves near the sink.

So Paul came the next night to put some up. We had fried chicken and corn pudding and blueberry roly-poly for dinner, and afterwards David sat on the sink and told me what a good carpenter his Daddy was, and we had a fine time, even to the point of Paul laughing as if he meant it.

**T**HEN I said that I'd have to get a man to clean out the basement. So Paul came two nights later and cleaned the basement, and I had veal birds and browned potatoes and garlic peas and home made peach ice cream for him. That night he told me I might as well not invent any more things for him to do in order to feed Davy a good dinner, so I had to give that up. But Sunday he stopped by in the afternoon, said he was taking David to the movies, and asked if I'd like

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heart. He was all I wanted out of life. He was the only person in the world with whom I wanted to share my living. I wanted to belong to him—to him alone.

On Monday I went back to work, and all day I acted like a silly school girl, inventing excuses to go into the control room when Paul was on duty, contriving elaborate accidents to run into him in the halls, just for a sight of him, a word or two to feed the hunger that was rapidly growing to be the thing around which my life revolved. At quitting time I got on my hat and coat and waited just inside the sports' office door, like a sprinter waiting for the gun, until Paul came out of the studio end of the building. Then I walked casually out and rode down in the same elevator with him. Considering that he lived a block away from me, how could he avoid offering me a ride home? But he could. I had to do that three days in a row before he even noticed me to the extent of saying, grudgingly, "Going home? Might as well ride with me."

**T**HE weeks limped slowly by, and I had to do with an occasional ride home, a few words spoken in the halls now and then, as small crumbs to feed the hunger that was growing in me until I was sure that my aching longing for Paul must show in my face, in every move I made. And then one night, in a mood of unaccustomed talkativeness, he sat on the front steps of my house while Davy played in the yard, and told me what he wanted to do. And that gave me my idea.

"I want to go into the Army," Paul said, restlessly. "I feel like the devil just sitting around, a big guy like me, especially when I have special training that the army badly needs. If it wasn't for Davy, I'd go like a shot. But there's no one to leave him with, no one to take care of him. The money wouldn't matter—there'd be enough of that. You see, I patented a little invention—a radio gadget, of course—a while back, and it brings in a little bit each month—enough to keep the house up. But I can't leave Davy with strangers."

"I—I could take care of him," I said quickly, without thinking what that sort of offer would bring in reply from Paul.

"Don't be silly," he said, evenly, and got to his feet. "Come on and walk down to the corner. We'll buy Davy a soda before he goes to bed."

And that, as far as he was concerned, ended that. But it didn't end it for me. I sat curled up in the big leather chair that my father

used to sit in until well into the early morning, going over the plan which had come to me. I was sure, sure, that I could make Paul feel kindly toward me, make him love me, even, if I could only break through the hard, protective shell that he had built up around himself. But to do that I'd have to be near him, to have a valid reason for being with him. I'd have to demonstrate what a woman could be like—words wouldn't be enough. And from that my plan came. I didn't even ask myself what would happen if it failed. I didn't care. I just knew that I couldn't let it fail, because if it did I would have ruined my whole life—and probably David's and what was left of Paul's, too.

I told him about it the next night, walking down to his house after I was sure that David would be in bed. Paul looked surprised—and not particularly pleased—when he answered the bell, but he invited me in.

"Let's sit on the porch," I said. "I have something I want to talk to you about." The porch was better. I needed darkness to hide my face, to keep him from seeing what I was afraid he must see in it.

He lowered himself into a chair after pulling one up for me. "OK," he said. "What have you got on your mind, Connie?"

I heard that "Connie" with a little thrill of pleasure which overcame my fright for a moment. Paul always avoided calling me by name if he possibly could.

When I didn't say anything he prompted me again. "What's it all about? More chores for me to do?"

"No. No chores." I tried to swallow a lump the size of an egg in my throat, tried to force the words past it in a normal voice. "It's just that I've got an idea." Now that I was started, I wanted to get it out, get it over with swiftly. I knew, almost before I began, that it wasn't any good, that Paul would laugh, or be angry or tell me that I was a fool.

"Paul, I was thinking about what you told me last night—about wanting to go in the Army. And how you had some money, enough to keep Davy and the house, so that wasn't what was holding you back." I deliberately worked in that mercenary sentence, though I hated it. "I—I want to make you a business proposition, Paul. Frankly, I'm sick of working. I never did like it. I like to cook, to keep

house, and I love children. I'm terribly fond of David; you know that. I know what you said about refusing to hire anyone to take care of him, but—well, here's my proposition. You want someone who really cares about Davy to take care of him, someone who has a personal interest in him. And I want to quit my job and keep house. Paul, I haven't any ties—any one that I'm in love with, or anything like that." I made the lie sound plausible, just as I was making the rest of the lies sound. "And I know you haven't."

He interrupted me. "Get to the point," he said, and his voice was cold.

I hurried on, committed to finish now, and frightened as I had never before been frightened in my life. "All right. It's this. I want security—freedom from having to work. It looks like a good business proposition to me. Marry me, Paul—I'll take care of David. You can go in the Army, and I won't have to work any more. It's—it's advantageous to both sides. And we—we could treat it just like any other business proposition, and—"

His voice rapped out. "Stop saying that—'business proposition, business proposition' over and over again like a parrot." Then he laughed, and it wasn't altogether a nasty laugh. "My God, Connie, what an idea. What a cold-blooded—"

I got to my feet. My face was burning, and it was all I could do to keep from running. I wanted to hide, where I'd never have to look at him again. I was so ashamed!

"Then you—?"

He laughed again. "Lord, no—of course not. You're a nice girl, Connie, and a pretty one. You don't want to get yourself tied up with some fellow you don't care two hoots about. And besides—well, it's a fool scheme. The worst fool scheme *Continued on page 50*

He made the words "I Dood It" part of the language . . . He's brash, fast-talking and funny . . . His name is Richard but one glance at that hair tells you why every one forgot to call him that years ago . . . He's a comedy highlight of a laugh-filled evening of radio listening—Tuesday nights on NBC . . . and he's sponsored by Raleigh Cigarettes.





- Best of luck  
Red Skelton





# Tell

## THE STORY:

I GUESS my parents didn't mean to give me that feeling of having been cheated by life. But they were so possessive in their love that after Mother died, and later Father, I was avid to be free—to find for myself some of the excitement and color that, I thought, other girls had as their right. I left the small town where I'd been born and went to Washington where, in the days just before Pearl Harbor, I found a job as secretary-assistant to Lt. Col. William Wilson, one of whose most important jobs was producing the Hiya Soldier radio program every week. And it was this job that brought me into contact with Dean Hunter and Tom Trumble, the two men who were to have such a tremendous effect on my life.

Hiya Soldier was a weekly program which was broadcast primarily for the boys in training camps all over the country. Great stars of the radio, screen and stage appeared on it without payment; but sometimes Col. Wilson got ordinary, everyday people for the show too. Tom Trumble was one of these. He'd been a farm boy before he was drafted, and it was only accident that he had a voice which was sweet and true and touching, even though it was untrained. Not like Dean Hunter's—for Dean was famous as a singer of popular songs. They were on the same broadcast—a contrast that perhaps had impressed Col. Wilson when he scheduled them.

Tom was a strange combination of simplicity and earnestness and honesty, I thought even on that first meeting with him. He was patriotic in an unashamed way; he didn't try to hide the lump that came into his throat when he saw Washington's beauty. His unsophistication touched me, but at the same time it amused me. He couldn't, I thought, be quite real. Dean was so different

*After the ceremony, Dean pulled me to him and kissed me. I had married a man whom I scarcely knew, a man famous the world over.*



# me you're mine

*Any girl would be bewildered—to lead an incredibly dull existence for so many years and then suddenly to have two men vying for possession of her heart!*

—poised and sure of himself, with a way of talking and looking at a girl that made her realize why he was so sought-after, so famous. And it was Dean, that night of the broadcast, who saved the situation created by Tom's own deep emotions. Tom, singing the closing song, was so overcome by the excitement of the broadcast, by the sincerity of his wish to bring happiness to all his fellow-soldiers listening in, that he broke down in mid-chorus and could not go on. Dean stepped to the microphone and saved the broadcast by finishing the song himself.

Gracie, my room-mate who had come to the studio with me, dismissed Tom's dramatic collapse as "pure corn," but I wasn't so sure. I couldn't believe he had done it for effect. But all thoughts of Tom were banished from my head when Dean Hunter asked me if I wouldn't let him take me out to supper. I'd known he was interested in me, but even so I wasn't prepared for the moment in the taxi when he seized me in his arms and murmured that he was crazy about me.

I'M not going to try to make apologies for what happened between Dean Hunter and me.

I suppose that everything in everybody's life has a thousand reasons, but I won't try to find reasons. Let me just tell how it all happened and then you decide for yourself if it was destiny, chemistry, or the wrong formula they fed me when I was a baby.

There's no use pretending Dean Hunter isn't a fascinating man. Nor will I deny that when he kissed me that night after the Hiya Soldier broadcast the world turned into a mad kaleidoscope of excitement and expectation. It was a big thrill and if you knew Dean Hunter you'd call me a liar if I were to deny it.

He said, "You might as well know, Miss Jaqueline Collins, I'm crazy about you."

He said, "I know it seems silly, darling, but you make me feel as if I'm standing on my head."

And he said, "I love you, Jackie." Once he had started kissing me it wasn't easy to stop him.

At last I found strength enough to push him away from me. I said weakly, "Hey, wait a minute." He smiled and let go of me, watching me with an amused twinkle in his eye. The cab continued to speed along the crowded Washington street. There was a great silence between us. Then he laughed and said, very softly, almost under his breath, "I'm waiting, baby."

"Dean Hunter," I said, laughing a little at myself for giving such a fatuous answer, "are you sure this is happening?"

He pulled me to him, again pressed his warm lips to mine, held me so tight that I gasped. "It's happening all right," he said softly.

"Oh, Dean," I whispered, "please don't. Don't. Let me think." But he wouldn't. The fire had been kindled—and the wind of our closeness blew the fire into a roaring flame.

Then suddenly—isn't it odd how fate arranges these things?—the cab pulled up in front of the Shoreham and the driver turned around to see why we weren't getting out of his car. Dean Hunter sighed, at last, then said, "Let's just tell him

to drive around the park."

"What park?" I said, laughing.

"We'll find one. There's always Arlington."

"How about the party?"

"There really isn't one, you know," Dean said.

He had given me the impression earlier in the evening that we were joining a lot of people. Later I found out that he'd side-stepped a big party so that we could be alone together.

"Well, let's have a drink, anyway," I said.

Again he sighed. "Very much against my principles. But—if you insist—" So laughing together in that wonderful warm way people laugh when they've just decided to be in love with each other, we went into the Shoreham and found our way to the bar for a drink.

We had the drink—and then he turned to me and said, "I feel like a ride in the country. How about it?"

I was carried away by him. "All right, let's," I said.

A phone call—and Dean Hunter had arranged for a car for the evening. That was months before America became so conscious of gas and rubber shortages, but even today I have an idea that Dean would find himself a car. He's that way—spoiled you might call it, but it is exciting to a girl to have a man pull a rabbit out of his hat if it happens to be a rabbit you need at the moment.

By the time we'd had another drink the head waiter had come up to us to tell us that Our Car had arrived.

Our Car. I can't tell you how quickly that possessive feeling creeps over you. Maybe it was the way Dean Hunter talked and managed things. Maybe it was my warm recollection of the glowing words about him my friend Gracie had whispered. Isn't it odd how your whole estimate of a man can be influenced by what your girl friends





think of him? (I've often wondered how many girls decided in favor of a man just because their friends had approved a little too highly of him.)

Maybe Our Car gave me such a kick because I was suddenly aware of the fact that we were on our own, that I didn't have any mother or any father or a friend or Tom Trumble or anybody to tell me where I should go or what I should do. And if I happened to feel like going for a ride all night through Virginia or Maryland with Dean Hunter, that was entirely up to me, and nobody in all the world—except myself—could tell me that it was wrong or silly—or dangerous.

AND in that warm and comfortable Drive-Yourself there could be no thought of anything except the happy excitement that's brewed by two people having a simply wonderful time together. When I tell you this perhaps you'll understand better the *why* of what happened then. It began when Dean asked me to marry him. I'll try to remember how he came to ask me that:

First we had driven across the Potomac and into Arlington Cemetery. We stopped the car and found our way to the simple and graceful monument which commemorates the nameless heroes of the last war. If you've stood there and watched the stalwart soldier parade between the guard posts, watched him wait those dignified moments before about-facing and heading for the other post, you know how impressive that ceremony can be. They say that it's only matched by the

famous Changing of the Guards in London, but I've never seen that so I can't say. For all I know the guard at the Monument of the Unknown Soldier may not be marching these days, but perhaps if I go out there some time I can bring back in memory those enchanting moments that night.

Dean Hunter stood behind me as we watched the impressive scene. He held my hand very tight. There were only a few people about and in the darkness we were even more alone. Then he leaned over me and his lips touched a spot under my ear that made me shiver and turn away. He was whispering softly to me—and that was the beginning—and the end.

"Jackie," he said a little hoarsely, "I've never been in such a fog in all my life."

I turned toward him quickly, hoping I could catch the expression in his face, might see how much sincerity shone from his dark eyes. But in the dim light I could see nothing except that sharp and exciting profile. I was alone with one of the most attractive and interesting and famous men in America, and between us there was spun, like a web, the wonderful casual feeling that can only exist when two people are magnificently and eagerly in love.

"I'm in a fog, too," I said at last.

"Good," he said. "Then I don't have to feel selfish."

We were breathless for a long moment. His arms were around me and he was kissing me, and the world had turned topsy turvy. I actually felt dizzy with the delight of this dark and glamorous atmos-

phere and his warmth so close to me.

"Say, wait a minute," I managed to say finally. "What's going on here?"

"The sixty-four-dollar question," he said lightly.

"I dare you to answer it," I laughed.

"I'll answer it," he said with sudden seriousness. "What goes on here is that you've got me absolutely crazy about you."

I turned away. "I wonder," I said, "if that soldier ever gets tired of walking back and forth?"

"Let's not talk about soldiers," he said quickly.

"All right."

"Let's talk about *me*," he said.

"I love you, Jackie—so why should I kid you? I'm the most selfish man you ever knew. And because I'm selfish I knew the minute I saw you—that day that Colonel Wilson introduced us—that if I were smart I'd sew you up on a life contract."

I moved away from him suddenly and hurried into the darkness. I was driven by a sudden panic.

"Never belong to a man until you know he belongs to you!"

Perhaps it was unfortunate that my father had ever said such a thing to me. Perhaps it was a waste to turn this romantic moment into cold and calculating self-analysis. Did I love Dean Hunter? Was he kidding me? Was this a proposal—and if so what *kind* of a proposal?

My panic only drove Dean Hunter on. He followed me down the path beyond the monument and caught me to him. "Jackie," he said. "Oh, God, Jackie—this is really it."

I let him kiss me then, gave myself for that moment without reserve, let myself melt into the warmth of his embrace. He held me close to him. Two people were never so alone as we were in that instant. At last I pushed him away from me without reproof and said softly, "We'd better go back to the car."

He let me go, put his arm gently about my waist and so we walked together up the path to the monument and then to the road. He helped me into the car and when he had stepped in on the other side and had closed the door behind him, he turned to me, looked down at me with an expression filled with a tenderness I had never seen before and which in that moment touched me very deeply. He spoke softly and without emphasis. "I never wanted anyone so much in my life," he said.

I turned away from him and looked out of the car, into the darkness, unable to answer.

"Yes," he continued on page 77

*I heard him say: "I love you, Jacqueline." I couldn't look at him, there was something so appealing about the sincerity in his voice.*





# FOR YOU ALONE



*Terry used to say that people invited us places just because they thought we were so cute.*

**I**D HAD more money lots of times before — but never any money that meant quite so much to me, or any I regarded with such mixed feelings. Twenty dollars isn't a great deal, but this particular twenty dollars meant the foundation of a whole new life for Terry and me, I felt certain—a life free from worry about the future, a life away from the city and all that went with city living; a quieter, saner, fuller life.

And besides, that twenty dollars represented a secret, and every woman loves a secret. Mine made me feel as if I were walking on air all the way home, and yet there was a cold, prickly little sensation in the pit of my stomach, a tiny, warning fear at the back of my mind which took the first fine edge off my pleasure. Because, you see, I knew that I was doing something Terry wouldn't approve of.

*It was money she shouldn't have had and for that very reason it was all the more precious and exciting. But if Sue had known she was wrecking her husband's life—*

That's why it had to be kept a secret—a secret until that twenty dollars had grown and multiplied. Surely, when I had enough money to buy us our dreams, even Terry, stickler for toeing the line of ethics that he was, couldn't object.

I suppose every woman keeps a secret from her husband once in a while, especially if she's doing something she's sure will help him, sure will please him in the end. But I know now that I shouldn't have done it, that I never should

have meddled in something I didn't know enough about. If I'd just been content to be Terry's wife, and not tried to play fairy godmother to him as well, I never would have heard the door close behind him that night, weeks later, never would have heard him say to me, "You've wrecked my life—now see how well you can do with yours!"

I'd won that twenty dollars betting on a horse race. You see, Terry—Terry Warren, and I'm Sue, his wife—was a jockey, then, and "right





*Terry was in the bedroom, his bag was lying open, and he was throwing clothes into it. He wouldn't look at me. He wouldn't talk to me.*

up among 'em" as he put it, which meant that he was a famous rider, winning big races on big-money horses. He'd just had his foot on the lower rungs of the ladder, so to speak, when I married him—he had started to ride for the stable where my father was a trainer. But he'd gone right up, because he was good. And at last he was riding Finale, one of the greatest racers of all time, and everyone said that the combination of Finale with Terry Warren up was unbeatable.

It was that which gave me my idea, in the first place. Of course, a jockey can't bet. It's illegal, because he could easily "throw" a race—deliberately not win—and, having bet against himself, collect a good deal of money. The rule against jockeys betting was made to help keep racing from crookedness. The same logic followed in the case of a jockey's wife, and kept me from betting, too—at least, openly.

But we needed money, Terry and

I, and because I lived in an atmosphere of racing, betting on the races seemed to me to be the logical way to get the money I wanted. And with Terry and Finale the unbeatable combination they were, what easier way of getting money than betting on my husband to win?

Maybe you've heard that successful jockeys make a lot of money, and wonder why I needed more? Well, it's true that they do. But money had gone to our heads—we were living high, much too high, spending nearly every cent he made, caught up in a whirl of "keeping up with the Joneses." And it was time we began to think of the future, as we both well knew. A jockey's professional life is a short one—only a few more years, and Terry would be through with riding. And then what was there for us? Probably a job as a handler or trainer for Terry at some stable—unless we could find the money to finance our dreams of a small farm of our own, with our own horses to raise.

That's why I did what I never would have done under any other circumstances—I kept a secret from Terry for the first time in our marriage. That's why I began to bet. Because if I'd told Terry, he never in the world would have approved.

I didn't approve, myself, at first. But Horton Loyal, who owned a number of race horses, told me not to be foolish. It would be different, he assured me, if Terry knew about it. But as long as it could be proved that Terry had nothing whatever to do with the bets I placed, had no knowledge of them, no one could charge him with attempting to do anything illegal.

Horton Loyal was a friend of ours—perhaps I should say a friend of mine, although that phrase seems somehow to imply more than the truth. It's just that Terry didn't happen to like him very much. He was a big, rather noisy man, with a loudish voice and a louder taste in clothes, and Terry, who is an awfully quiet person, just didn't get along with him. But I rather liked him. If you got past all the noise and color of him, I was sure he was a kindly, helpful man, the kind of person who cheers you up



Adapted for Radio Mirror by Caroline Hoyt, from the original radio play, "The Way of Thoroughbreds," by Marvin Ryerson, heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturday, at 12:30 P.M., EWT, on CBS, sponsored by Dari Rich.



when you're a little blue, who can make anything seem to have its funny points.

So, when I told Horton Loyal that I was beginning to worry about the future, that I was afraid that at our present rate of spending money we'd never have enough to finance our farm, he said, right away, "Why not bet on Terry? After all, he's a cinch to win. You can't place bets in your own name, Sue, but I'll be glad to take care of it for you. Nothing I'd rather do than help you kids out!"

**THAT'S** how it came about. And after I'd won that first twenty dollars, it wasn't so bad—like getting wet all over when you go in swimming and suddenly realizing that you aren't cold any more. After that I let Horton bet for me every time Terry rode, and sometimes on other horses, too, when Terry wasn't riding, and when Horton was sure they'd come in winners. Sometimes, of course, I lost, but little by little my secret hoard grew, and little by little our dreams came closer. Only, I did so badly want to tell Terry. I really hated having secrets from him—secrets just didn't have any part in the life we shared.

Mostly, I wanted to tell Terry when we settled down for the evening after dinner each night. We lived in an apartment far above the city, with a view of the river, and after dinner, if we weren't going anywhere or having people in—and we usually weren't because Terry wasn't a social sort of person—we'd sit together in a big blue chair we considered particularly ours. The chair was plenty big enough to accommodate two people in love enough to want to be very near together.

Terry used to say that sometimes he thought people invited us places just because they thought we were cute, just to show us off. I know that wasn't true, at least in most cases, but I suppose we could have been called "cute"—we were small people, and such a contrast. Terry's hair is dark, a close-cropped thatch, and his eyes are dark blue and twinkly with all sorts of things he thinks but never says. I'm blonde, with hair so light it just escapes being wishy-washy, and is saved by a good natural curl. My eyes are gray, and usually my skin is pretty tanned because I spend as much time as possible out of doors.

On the surface we're a good deal different, aside from looks. I've never had any trouble talking, and mostly I like people. Terry, on the other hand, finds it awfully hard

sometimes to put things into words, and he likes my company and his own better than a crowd. He was a shy boy, and he grew up to be a shy man.

That's the kind of life we led, Terry and I—two people very much in love, sharing everything. That's why I hated to have a secret from him. But everything was all right—Terry didn't suspect, and my money was mounting and mounting—until the day of the Longsmith Handicap. That day I bet against Terry—and I bet against my own happiness, the happiness of our life together, all the things we had shared, all of our love for each other.

I took a hundred dollars to Horton Loyal to bet for me, and he took it, smiled slowly, and said, "You know, Sue, Finale's the favorite. If Terry should come in a winner today, you'd only get two hundred dollars for this, but—"

I looked at him in amazement. "If Terry *should* come in a winner—why, what do you mean? Do you mean you think he won't? Why, he's been—"

Horton nodded. "Yes, I know all about that. But won't you concede, Sue, that I know a little bit more about horses and a whole lot more about racing than you do? And my money today says that Terry isn't going to win. After all, Sue, I think Finale's about ready to break down. Good Lord, no one, not even Terry, can expect that old plug to go on winning forever. He's been racing since—"

I swallowed a childish desire to cry, "Don't you dare call Finale an old plug!" Instead, perfectly willing to admit that Horton knew more about racing than I, I asked, "Who do you think will win today, Horton?"

"Brickyard." He said it as firmly, as surely, as if the race were already won. "Let me put your money on Brickyard, Sue. He's a long shot—you'll get a nice fat four thousand for this measly hundred."

Before a race and after one, I see and hear what's going on around me. I'm a normal human being, excited by an exciting event. But while a race is being run, I don't even seem to breathe, especially if Terry's riding. Time seems to stop from the moment I add my voice to the thousands that utter that enchanted sound which is both a shout and a whisper, "They're off!" until I find myself jumping up and down screaming my joy at a winner I want, or hanging on the fence feeling a little sick at a loser. It was that way the day of the Longsmith.

It was *Continued on page 81*



*"Terry, Terry!" I cried, and then I couldn't find anything else to say, and stood there, foolishly.*



IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

# National Barn Dance

Presenting the gang who bring you fun and melody every Saturday night on the NBC network at 9:00, EWT, sponsored by the makers of Alka-Seltzer



SKYLAND SCOTTY, as he is known to National Barn Dance fans, is sandy-haired, smiling Scott Wiseman, real life as well as air partner of the show's pretty singing star, Lulu Belle—the two are married and have a daughter, Linda Lou, six, and a son, Steven, aged two. Scotty accompanies himself on the banjo as he sings the old time mountain songs learned as a boy from his mother in the hills of Ingalls, North Carolina.

LULU BELLE started on the road to National Barn Dance stardom by singing at socials and picnics near her home at Boone, North Carolina—her real name is Myrtle Cooper. Without a single hour of vocal training, she has been crowned "Queen of the Hillbilly Singers." With her husband, Skyland Scotty, she has published a collection of 50 Home Folk Songs of the kind they both love to sing in the Old Hayloft.









EDDIE PEABODY (left) is the banjo-playing star of the Barn Dance—but appearing on it is only a small part of his activities. Away from the mike he is Lieutenant Commander Edwin E. Peabody, U.S. Navy, permitted to continue his radio appearances while he is stationed at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, where he is the director of band entertainment. He was called back into the service of his country two years ago; before that he'd been one of the nation's greatest vaudeville stars, with frequent side trips into various radio programs. Tiny and dynamic Eddie can do things to a banjo that you'd think would make it fly to pieces—but it never does. He also plays 34 other instruments.

THE HOOSIER HOT SHOTS call themselves "the sweater boys of radio." From top to bottom, they're Frank Kettering, Paul "Hezzie" Trietsch, Gabe Ward, and Ken Trietsch. "Hezzie" is the comedian of the quartet—he plays the musical washboard, Gabe, the clarinet, Frank, the bass fiddle and Ken the guitar. And that's not all. They practically constitute a full brass band, doubling up on about twenty-five instruments among them. They're known as radio's highest paid novelty instrumental act. Their specialty is in making new tunes out of old and old tunes out of new. For ten years before coming to radio, they trouped in vaudeville, touring every state in the Union and every province in Canada. They've written twenty-five or thirty of their own songs, and have sung them on records.





THE DINNING SISTERS, right, are the Barn Dance's vocal trio. From left to right, meet Jean, Lou and Ginger. Jean and Ginger are twins. When Lou was 13 and the twins 11, they hitch-hiked from their home in Blackwell, Oklahoma, to Wichita, Kansas, for their professional debut. They then toured for a few years before deciding to try radio. Chicago was their destination and with brother Wade's ancient jalopy which they kept in gas and blowout patches by dint of singing they did en route, they wound up at the NBC studios with fifty cents among them—but they got the job. The girls usually make a threesome, but one thing the girls differ on—food. Jean goes for pumpkin pie, Lou adores meat loaf and Ginger loves fried chicken.



JOE KELLY, left, the happy-go-lucky master of ceremonies of the National Barn Dance, could sing before he was able to talk, so his mother says, but he didn't begin to make his voice pay dividends until he was five. Then he left his home in Crawfordsville, Indiana, and when he was eight, joined a stock company, traveling all over the country for the next six years. One morning he woke to find that his boy soprano had changed to "toneless baritone," ending his singing career. Joe organized a dance orchestra, went on tour with several stock companies, and was a clothing salesman when he teamed up with Jack Holden, the present Barn Dance announcer, as Jack and Joe, the Two Lunatics of the Air. Two years later he took over the job of master of ceremonies for the Barn Dance, and has been its jolly chief ever since.





ARKIE, the Arkansas Woodchopper, left, was born Luther Ossenbrink in Knobnoster, Missouri. He earned his first salary as a trapper. Arkie sold the hides, bought himself a watch and began stepping out to parties where he achieved a reputation as a singer and dance "caller." He came to be in such popular demand for barn dances that he decided to learn to "fiddle" as well as to "call." He sold the watch, and bought his first "fiddle." Arkie was a bit dubious about radio when a friend suggested it, but he decided to give this new-fangled business a try. Now he's known to millions of listeners.

PAT BUTTRAM, right, known as the "Sage of Winston County, Alabama," proves that a dipsy-doodle voice can be a very fine asset in radio. It's his trademark, and no Barn Dance broadcast would be quite complete without it. Pat comes from Winston County, Alabama, where he was born in 1915 and christened Maxwell Emmett Buttram. He grew up intending to be a minister like his father, but when he appeared in a college play, an official of WSGN, NBC's Birmingham station saw him and offered him a job as a comedy announcer. He moved to Chicago and the Barn Dance in 1933. He's married to a Chicago girl, who, he says thankfully, is one Yankee who loves the South.





# Stormy Romance

By

Adele Whitely Fletcher

**H**E knew instantly he saw her. He saw her green eyes and her dark hair with darker shadows, and he wondered why all girls didn't wear green suits and leopard fur. She laughed. And violently happy vibrations swept through him.

"George!" someone called. "Come over and meet Mary Jane Mansfield!"

George Putnam and Mary Jane Mansfield looked at each other and could not pull their eyes away.

"Let's go driving when we leave here," he suggested.

"Let's," said Mary Jane.

There was lightning in the sky when they left the church party. And there was thunder.

"It's going to storm," George said, "should we go?"

Mary Jane put her hand in his. "Afraid of lightning?" she said, laughing as he laughed.

"You sit in front with me!" He was driven by an urgent need to be near her.

She was fifteen. He was sixteen. For the first time their hearts knew tumult.

Ordinarily it was a long drive to Pilot's Knob, a point of land by which Mississippi river pilots had long guided their boats. Frequently, driving with their parents on Sunday afternoons, both Mary Jane and George had found this ride endless. Tonight it seemed to take no time at all.

The storm caught them at Pilot's

Knob. With half his heart George wished the storm would pass; it frightened Mary Jane so terribly. But with the other half of his heart he wished it would go on forever. She was so soft, so warm, so wholly his when she clung, trembling, to him.

On the way home he knew, come what might, he must kiss her. It didn't concern him that someone in her house, in the suburbs of St. Paul, might be watching. He got out of his car, took Mary Jane in his arms, and bent over her.

The next afternoon, as if by design, Mary Jane and George met at the entrance of the Central High School. Promptly he steered her to a booth in an ice-cream store. For almost an hour he tried to convince

*"We'll live in a penthouse and own a wire-haired terrier," George promised Mary Jane. And it all came true. Now he is the busy, successful announcer for the Parker Family, the Army Hour and a number of weekly news broadcasts.*

her they were actors in the great, cosmic drama called Life; that it undoubtedly had been written, even before they were born, that they would belong to each other. He might have saved his breath. She had lain awake half the night resolving all he said to be true.

After that, although they travelled with a crowd, they were always together. It was taken for granted on Saturday nights at the country club *Continued on page 53*



*When a girl and a man are a couple of loving fools they're likely to be fighting fools.*



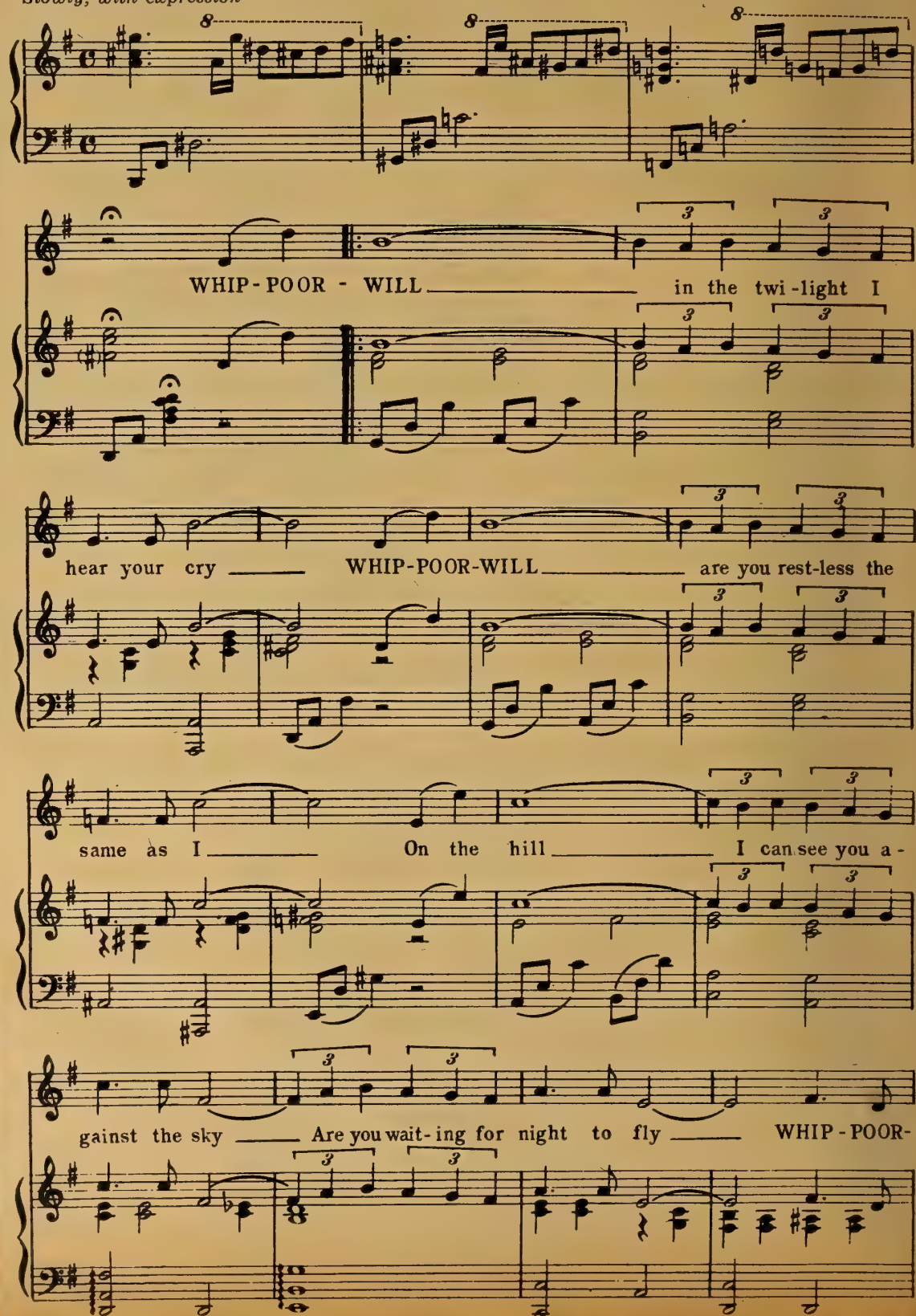
# WHIPPOORWILL

*Whistle away your winter blues with this lovely new hit from the pen of Maestro Paul Lavalle—pride and joy of the Basin Street program*

Lyrics by  
LARRY MARKS

Music by  
PAUL LAVALLE

*Slowly, with expression*



WHIP-POOR - WILL in the twi-light I

hear your cry WHIP-POOR-WILL are you rest-less the

same as I On the hill I can see you a-

gainst the sky Are you wait-ing for night to fly WHIP-POOR-



WILL? \_\_\_\_\_ WHIP-POOR-WILL \_\_\_\_\_ with a tear in your

mel - o - dy \_\_\_\_\_ WHIP-POOR - WILL \_\_\_\_\_ are you long-ing for

com - pa - ny? \_\_\_\_\_ Please be still \_\_\_\_\_ or my heart will be

hung - ry too \_\_\_\_\_ For a shad-ow-y ren - dez-vous \_\_\_\_\_ WHIP - POOR-

WILL. \_\_\_\_\_ WHIP-POOR - WILL. \_\_\_\_\_



RADIO MIRROR'S  
HIT OF THE MONTH



# Deep in my heart

ALL my life I thought that when love came I'd know it. All my life I've heard people say love is something so certain and wonderful you couldn't possibly be wrong. Maybe some boys would seem exciting, maybe you'd like to be kissed by this one, to dance with another. But love—you wouldn't make a mistake on that.

Yet when it actually happens, it isn't so easy at all. I know because I made the mistake. Because I took the sweetness of a kiss for love—and threw away, threw away forever, I thought, the real thing. Threw it away without even knowing what I did, without realizing this was the most priceless possession I would ever have.

That raw, angry November morning I walked into Jack's office to tell him I was leaving to be married, I was nervous. Nervous because I knew he was in love with me. When a girl works for a man for three years, she comes to know him very well.

If you live in my city or near it, you've probably heard of Jack Miller, because most people listen to his broadcasts. It was exciting, working for him. He wasn't afraid of striking out against any wrong he saw. He hated sham and hypocrisy. He wouldn't even let me call him "Mr."—said it sounded too officious.

He was there behind his desk in the cramped office, books and papers cluttered around him. His long fingers turned the pages of some government report he was studying.

"Hello, Mary." His gray eyes glanced up. "You look like you're carrying the weight of the world."

My fingers brushed back a loose strand of dark hair from my forehead. I said, "Jack, I've got some news."

I think he almost anticipated

what I was going to say. He looked searchingly into my own dark eyes for a second. "It's all right, Mary, whatever or whoever it is."

Quickly, coolly as I could, I told him. "So if you don't mind, Jack, I—I want to leave right away. I know it's terribly short notice. But—Gordon has only a short leave. We want to be married as soon as possible and—"

"I understand, Mary," he interrupted. "Let me say I—wish you all the happiness there is." But his smile was rueful. "I'm afraid Jack Miller will have trouble finding himself another Lady Friday."

"Oh, it won't be hard." I tried to sound gay. "After all, there are plenty of girls lots smarter than I am."

"Maybe they won't know how to handle me so well, though."

He stood up, his lean figure towering over the desk. "It'll be next to impossible finding someone to replace you. I guess I—I've sort of come to depend on you—"







*My lips tightened.  
You want to take Gordon from me, I was thinking—break up my romance.*

gangsters or crooked politicians or anyone keep him from doing his job. And I'd had plenty of opportunity to watch him, for the last three years.

Mother and Dad were worried about my taking a job with a news broadcaster, so soon after graduating from business school. They're just a little old-fashioned and they didn't think it was quite right for a girl of twenty to be "out on her own," even though I was living at home and always close to them. And they were particularly upset because they were certain a news broadcaster would be some sort of

He grinned and held out his hand and told me I could always count on him as a friend if I ever needed one. And I thanked him. But as I walked out of the office I felt sad and sorry.

I admired Jack tremendously. You had to admire him if you knew him. There was about him a wonderful courage that wasn't apparent at first. You had to watch him working day to day, refusing to let

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wild being like the reporters you see in the movies.

Of course, he wasn't like that at all. He was gentle and kind and he realized this was my first job and wasn't angry with me for making a mistake here and there. From the beginning, I knew he wanted to be my friend.

Only, as time went on, I began to realize he was falling in love with me. It was in the way he acted, the tenderness I caught in his eyes when he looked at me. He spoke about it only once. We'd gone out to the drugstore, the way we sometimes did, for a morning cup of coffee. He sat there, stirring his coffee and looking at me.

"Mary," he said, "I suppose someday you—you want to get married, don't you?"

It was so entirely out of a clear sky. I said, "Why, yes. Someday. But right now—"

"This is a crazy business we're in," he went on, staring down into the coffee cup. "A man like me, for instance. Live a hectic sort of life. Never know when I'll be sent off somewhere on a story. No life for a—a fine young woman."

I didn't know how he meant me to take it. But I didn't want him to make love to me. Jack, you see, wasn't like a sweetheart—he was like a big brother. I liked him a great deal more than I wanted him to know. But love—

I passed it off impersonally. "Problems like that," I smiled, "aren't for me. You'd better write Dorothy Dix."

He laughed. "I'll send her a night letter." Then he grinned. "Have a doughnut."

All of that was before I'd met Gordon, before I'd lost my heart entirely. Because Gordon Heyward changed everything in the universe. In the few months I'd known







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**H**E was a flying cadet then, studying all hours. Still, he found time to see me and we'd gone out on several dates. We both knew, both understood the strength of the emotions that swept through us. That day when his orders came to report for active duty, he'd taken me in his arms and asked if I'd wait for him. There was only one answer to that. I told him I'd wait till doomsday.

We lost ourselves then in talk about plans for the future. When the war was over, he would go into his father's architectural business, and we'd build our own home somewhere in the country. It was all foolish dreaming—and very wonderful.

Then he'd gone, gone for two months that were the loneliest I'd ever known. Nothing in the world—work or home or parents—seemed to matter. All I wanted was to be with Gordon again.

And now he had come back, with a month's leave. The moment I saw him there at the front door, the moment he swept me into his arms, holding me so tightly he took away my breath, I knew the world was right again.

"We're going to be married, Mary," he said. "Now—while I have this leave. We're going to take our happiness while we can."

Looking into his strong face, seeing the anxiety in his blue eyes, I found it hard to think. It was always that way when I was with Gordon. I stopped being Mary Rowan and became just any girl in love, bewitched by love. I

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Not until the next day, when I went in to resign, did I think of Jack, and even then I was only sad because I knew I was hurting him.

When I reached home, after my interview with Jack, Mother was helping the girl get dinner and Dad was engrossed in the evening paper. But he got up when I came in and kissed me and told me he was happy I'd given up my job. "Been afraid you might become a radio performer yourself," he said. "He's a good boy, Gordon. He'll make you happy, and that's all your mother and I want."

Mother cried a little at dinner.

I understood. I'm their only child and they felt they were losing me. "But you aren't really," I told them. "I'll be staying right here while Gordon's on duty. I'm giving up my job only because he—he doesn't want his wife to be working in an office."

Mother daubed her eyes. "There's something so final about marriage. Even when you're sure you're right."

All the time I was dressing, after dinner, I had a mounting sense of exhilaration. In a few minutes, Gordon would be here, by my side. The thought was warming. Everything is different, when you're wait-





ing for someone important. The mere ringing of a doorbell is exciting.

He was very handsome that evening, in his dress uniform. He had a big grin on his face as he greeted me and after a few words with Mother and Dad—they were impressed and didn't even try to hide it—he slipped his arm through mine and we started out.

"Let's be alone tonight, Mary," he said. "No excitement, no music or dancing. Just—some quiet place?"

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As we sipped our coffee, I noticed at a table across from us two familiar faces—Jane O'Brien, the receptionist at the studio, and Johnny Knight, one of the announcers. Johnny stands about five feet six and he's as chunky as a robin and lots of fun. Jane's a cute little redhead, awfully pretty, and always hunting for a new party or dance

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Jane was eyeing Gordon as if she wanted to buy the uniform herself. "It certainly is beautiful," she said.

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They understood. They stayed a minute longer and then we all left and they went their way—on to the "high spots" as Johnny put it.

Gordon was silent as we started home. I told him I was sorry they'd interrupted our evening, but they were my friends and I hadn't wanted to be rude if I could help it.

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# Jack Armstrong


## ALL AMERICAN BOY

Weissoul  
(Played by Herb Butterfield)


**T**HRILLING is the only word for the adventures of Jack Armstrong, youthful hero of the serial that delights children (and their elders too) five afternoons a week at 5:30 on the Blue network, sponsored by Wheaties—and here, for your further enjoyment, are presented pictures of Jack and his friends, as well as one of his bitter enemy, Weissoul, “man of a hundred faces.” Weissoul is a master spy whose plots Jack and his best friend, Billy Fairfield, aided by Billy’s sister Betty and Uncle Jim, are usually able to defeat—although they have not yet succeeded in capturing Weissoul himself, due to his ability to disguise himself at will. Just now Jack and the Fairfields are in Africa, where Axis agents are attempting to enlist the help of native tribesmen in destroying United Nations air bases. If you haven’t yet made the acquaintance of Jack, now is the time to start.



Billy Fairfield  
(Played by John Gannon)



Betty Fairfield  
(Played by Sarajane Wells)



Uncle Jim Fairfield  
(Played by James Goss)





Jack Armstrong  
(Played by Charles Flynn)



## TOP-O'-THE-MORNING

# Meals

morning in one of the following ways:

### Pan Fried Cereal

Pack cooked cereal, while hot, into small loaf pan which has been rinsed with cold water. Allow to cool; cover and place in refrigerator. To cook, turn cereal out of pan and cut into slices about  $\frac{1}{3}$ -inch thick. Dip each slice in flour and brown on both sides in hot fat or margarine. If preferred, cold cooked cereal may be formed into flat round cakes and pan fried in the same way.

### Cereal Souffle

1 cup cooked cereal  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup warm milk  
 3 eggs  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. salt

Combine cereal and milk and beat together until smooth. Beat egg yolk, add salt and beat into cereal mixture. Beat egg whites stiff and fold in. Turn into buttered baking dish (a deep one, for the souffle will rise), place in shallow pan containing 1 cup hot water and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Both cereal souffle and pan fried cereal may be served with molasses, syrup, honey, hot fruit sauce or jelly.

### Breakfast Casserole

For each person to be served, allow the following:

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup cooked cereal  
 2 tbs. warm milk  
 1 egg  
 Salt and pepper to taste

Combine Continued on page 68

Give your family the right start and make breakfast menus enjoyable with variations on familiar dishes. Above, crisp waffles made with creamed canned corn.

**I** SOMETIMES wonder if the man who first said, "Well begun is half done," was thinking about breakfast. Perhaps he was, because it is certainly true that if we start out in the morning with a good nourishing breakfast we have the energy to do more and better work during the day. And since today, more than ever before, we are all being called upon for extra tasks, it is up to us homemakers to give extra thought to our breakfasts.

My first choice for a breakfast standby is cereal and, for the winter months, hot cereal, particularly whole grain cereal. Not necessarily the same cereal, served the same way every day. We need variety for the first meal of the day just as much as we need it for other meals.

As a tasty variation from the customary topping of milk and sugar, and to ease the pressure on your sugar ration, cook chopped fruit such as figs,

dates, raisins, currents or prunes with your cereal. Allow a cup of chopped fruit for every three cups of cooked cereal and for best results stir it in as soon as you have mixed the cereal and liquid together for cooking.

Another excellent cereal and fruit combination is to add chopped cooked or canned fruit just before the cereal is done and to serve it with a hot sauce made of the fruit juice.

### Hot Fruit Sauce

1 tbl. butter or margarine  
 1 tbl. flour  
 1 cup fruit juice  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup warm milk (optional)

Melt butter, add flour and rub to smooth paste. Add fruit juice slowly (if you haven't quite a full cup of juice, add water) and cook at low temperature, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens. If you wish a thinner sauce, thin to desired consistency with warm milk. And incidentally, your sauce can easily be prepared the night before.

A good cereal trick is to cook twice the quantity you need for one breakfast and serve the remainder next



BY  
**KATE SMITH**  
 RADIO MIRROR'S  
 FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.



# INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

## SUNDAY

| PACIFIC WAR TIME | CENTRAL WAR TIME | Eastern War Time                            |
|------------------|------------------|---|
|                  | 8:00             | 8:00 CBS: News                              |
|                  | 8:00             | 8:00 Blue: News                             |
|                  | 8:00             | 8:00 NBC: News and Organ Recital            |
|                  | 8:30             | 8:30 Blue: The Woodsheddors                 |
|                  | 9:00             | 9:00 CBS: News of the World                 |
|                  | 9:00             | 9:00 Blue: World News                       |
|                  | 9:00             | 9:00 NBC: News from Europe                  |
|                  | 9:15             | 9:15 CBS: E. Power Biggs                    |
|                  | 9:15             | 9:15 Blue: White Rabbit Line                |
|                  | 9:15             | 9:15 NBC: Deep River Boys                   |
|                  | 9:30             | 9:30 NBC: Words and Music                   |
|                  | 9:00             | 10:00 CBS: Church of the Air                |
|                  | 9:00             | 10:00 Blue: Fantasy in Melody               |
|                  | 9:00             | 10:00 NBC: Radio Pulpit                     |
|                  | 9:30             | 10:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan                |
|                  | 9:30             | 10:30 Blue: Southernaires                   |
|                  | 10:00            | 11:00 CBS: Warren Sweeney, News             |
|                  | 10:00            | 11:00 Blue: Glen Gray Orch.                 |
| 8:05             | 10:05            | 11:05 CBS: Budapest String Quartet          |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30 MBS: Radio Chapel                     |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30 Blue: Josef Marais                    |
| 8:45             | 10:45            | 11:45 NBC: Olivio Santoro                   |
| 9:00             | 11:00            | 12:00 CBS: Quincy Howe, News                |
| 9:00             | 11:00            | 12:00 Blue: News from Europe                |
| 9:00             | 11:00            | 12:00 NBC: Hospitality Time                 |
| 9:15             | 11:15            | 12:15 CBS: Womanpower                       |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | 12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle        |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | 12:30 Blue: To The President                |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | 12:30 NBC: Emma Otero                       |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | 1:00 CBS: Church of the Air                 |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | 1:00 Blue: Horace Heidt Orch.               |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | 1:00 NBC: Robert St. John                   |
| 10:15            | 12:15            | 1:15 NBC: Labor for Victory                 |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | 1:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning            |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | 1:30 Blue: Modern Music                     |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00 CBS: These We Love                     |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00 Blue: Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.           |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00 NBC: Sammy Kaye                        |
| 11:30            | 1:30             | 2:30 CBS: World News Today                  |
| 11:30            | 1:30             | 2:30 Blue: Yesterday and Today              |
| 11:30            | 1:30             | 2:30 NBC: University of Chicago Round Table |
| 12:00            | 2:00             | 3:00 CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.          |
| 12:00            | 2:00             | 3:00 Blue: John Vandevhook                  |
| 12:00            | 2:00             | 3:00 NBC: Music for Neighbors               |
| 12:15            | 2:15             | 3:15 Blue: Wake Up America                  |
| 12:15            | 2:15             | 3:15 NBC: Upton Close                       |
| 12:30            | 2:30             | 3:30 NBC: The Army Hour                     |
| 1:00             | 3:00             | 4:00 Blue: National Vespers                 |
| 1:30             | 3:30             | 4:30 CBS: Pause that Refreshes              |
| 1:30             | 3:30             | 4:30 Blue: Toastchee Time                   |
| 1:30             | 3:30             | 4:30 NBC: We Believe                        |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | 5:00 CBS: The Family Hour                   |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | 5:00 Blue: Moylan Sisters                   |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | 5:00 NBC: NBC Symphony                      |
| 2:15             | 4:15             | 5:15 Blue: Ella Fitzgerald                  |
| 2:15             | 4:15             | 5:15 MBS: Upton Close                       |
| 2:30             | 4:30             | 5:30 Blue: Musical Steelmakers              |
| 2:30             | 4:30             | 5:30 MBS: The Shadow                        |
| 2:45             | 4:45             | 5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer                 |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00 CBS: Edward R. Murrow                  |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00 Blue: Britain to America               |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00 MBS: First Nighter                     |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour                     |
| 3:15             | 5:15             | 6:15 CBS: Irene Rich                        |
| 3:30             | 5:30             | 6:30 CBS: Gene Autry                        |
| 3:30             | 5:30             | 6:30 Blue: Metropoitan Auditions            |
| 8:00             | 5:30             | 6:30 NBC: The Great Gildersleeve            |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00 CBS: Commandos                         |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00 MBS: Voice of Prophecy                 |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00 Blue: Drew Pearson                     |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00 NBC: Jack Benny                        |
| 4:15             | 6:15             | 7:15 Blue: Stars from the Blue              |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30 MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain      |
| 6:30             | 7:30             | 8:30 CBS: We, the People                    |
| 8:30             | 7:30             | 8:30 Blue: Quiz Kids                        |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30 NBC: Fitch Bandwagon                   |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | 8:00 CBS: Hello Americans                   |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News                |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | 8:00 NBC: Charlie McCarthy                  |
| 5:15             | 7:15             | 8:15 Blue: Edward Tomlinson                 |
| 8:00             | 7:30             | 8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor                      |
| 6:30             | 7:30             | 8:30 Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery            |
| 5:30             | 7:30             | 8:30 NBC: ONE MAN'S FAMILY                  |
| 5:45             | 7:45             | 8:45 MBS: Gabriel Heatter                   |
| 5:55             | 7:55             | 8:55 CBS: Eric Sevareid                     |
| 6:00             | 8:00             | 9:00 CBS: Radio Reader's Digest             |
| 6:00             | 8:00             | 9:00 MBS: Old-Fashioned Revival             |
| 7:30             | 8:00             | 9:00 Blue: Walter Winchell                  |
| 6:00             | 8:00             | 9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round          |
| 7:45             | 8:15             | 8:45 Blue: The Parker Family                |
| 6:30             | 8:30             | 9:30 CBS: FRED ALLEN                        |
| 8:30             | 8:30             | 9:30 Blue: Jimmie Fidler                    |
| 8:30             | 8:30             | 9:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music  |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It              |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00 Blue: Goodwill Hour                   |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00 MBS: John B. DeMott                   |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm                    |
| 7:30             | 9:30             | 10:30 CBS: Report to the Nation             |
| 8:00             | 10:00            | 11:00 CBS: News of the World                |
| 8:00             | 10:00            | 11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra                  |
| 8:15             | 10:15            | 11:15 NBC: Cesar Saerchinger                |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30 NBC: Unlimited Horizons               |



### RADIO'S GOOD LUCK CHARM . . .

Radio people, like their co-workers on the stage and in movies, are more than a little superstitious. They put stock in signs, portents and omens. And in Hollywood there's a superstition that a new program is marked for success if it includes in its cast-list pretty, red-headed Lurene Tuttle.

Yet maybe it isn't fair to call this idea just a superstition. Lurene has such a reputation for skilled and steady radio performances that a good part of the success she brings to her programs is due to her talent. At any rate, she certainly is lucky. She was in the Dr. Christian show when it first auditioned, and a sponsor bought it. (She still plays Judy, the doctor's nurse.) She was in several Pacific Coast programs, did five or six different parts on a Freddie Martin audition for a cosmetic company, had a dramatic role in the first broadcast of Lionel Barrymore's current series . . . well, you get the idea.

All in all, it's no wonder that when the Great Gildersleeve program first went on the air more than a year ago, Lurene was the first actress the producers called for. She plays the part of Marjorie Forrester—and so convincingly that she's received half a dozen proposals of marriage from members of the listening audience. She turned all of 'em down, because she is happily married to Mel Ruick, formerly the announcer for Cecil B. DeMille's Lux Theater and now a Captain in the Army Air Force. The Ruicks have a nine-year-old daughter, Barbara Joan, who is intensely interested in both their careers and intends to be an actress herself when she grows up.

In addition to filling Hollywood's busiest radio schedule, Lurene manages the Ruicks' beautiful new modern home at Toluca Lake, makes countless dresses for Barbara Joan's collection of dolls, tends a victory garden, and keeps up a personal wardrobe that accords her the reputation of being Hollywood's best-dressed radio actress. "For exercise Mama cleans the swimming pool," is her daughter's tart comment on Lurene's boundless energy.

She was born at Pleasant Lake, Indiana, and acting is in her blood. Her father was an old time minstrel man and her grandfather taught dramatics in college and at one time managed the Opera House in Angola, Indiana. Lurene took "expression" lessons when she was ten, and made her stage debut at seventeen, with Ye Liberty Players in Pasadena, California. Several years of stage experience followed before she began devoting all her time to radio.

## MONDAY

| P. W. T. | C.W. T. | Eastern War Time                     |
|----------|---------|--------------------------------------|
|          | 8:30    | 8:30 Blue: Texas Jim                 |
|          | 8:00    | 9:00 CBS: News                       |
|          | 8:00    | 9:00 Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB            |
|          | 8:00    | 9:00 NBC: Everything Goes            |
| 1:30     | 2:30    | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air          |
|          | 8:45    | 9:45 CBS: The Victory Front          |
| 8:30     | 9:00    | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady              |
|          | 9:00    | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson    |
|          | 9:00    | 10:00 NBC: Victory Volunteers        |
| 8:45     | 9:15    | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle               |
|          | 9:15    | 10:15 Blue: News                     |
| 9:00     | 9:15    | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills              |
|          | 9:30    | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill            |
|          | 9:30    | 10:30 Blue: Help Mate                |
| 12:45    | 9:45    | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children       |
|          | 9:45    | 10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone          |
| 8:00     | 10:00   | 11:00 CBS: Clara, Lu, 'n' Em         |
| 8:00     | 10:00   | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's     |
| 8:00     | 10:00   | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life              |
| 8:15     | 10:15   | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband            |
| 8:15     | 10:15   | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade              |
| 8:30     | 10:30   | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon            |
| 11:15    | 10:45   | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories      |
|          | 10:45   | 11:45 NBC: David Harum               |
| 9:00     | 11:00   | 12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS         |
| 9:00     | 11:00   | 12:00 NBC: Words and Music           |
| 9:15     | 11:15   | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister                |
| 9:30     | 11:30   | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent    |
| 9:30     | 11:30   | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour       |
| 9:45     | 11:45   | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday            |
| 10:00    | 12:00   | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful      |
| 10:00    | 12:00   | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking          |
| 10:15    | 12:15   | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins                 |
| 10:15    | 12:15   | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh            |
| 10:30    | 12:30   | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade               |
|          | 12:45   | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs              |
| 10:45    | 12:45   | 1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News        |
| 11:00    | 1:00    | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone           |
| 11:00    | 1:00    | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World         |
| 12:30    | 1:15    | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.         |
| 11:15    | 1:15    | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women               |
| 11:30    | 1:30    | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn          |
| 11:30    | 1:30    | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light          |
| 11:45    | 1:45    | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family      |
| 11:45    | 1:45    | 2:45 Blue: Stella Unger              |
| 11:45    | 1:45    | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches      |
| 12:00    | 2:00    | 3:00 CBS: David Harum                |
| 12:00    | 2:00    | 3:00 Blue: Open House                |
| 12:00    | 2:00    | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin                |
| 12:15    | 2:15    | 3:15 CBS: Missus Goes Shopping       |
| 12:15    | 2:15    | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins                 |
| 12:30    | 2:30    | 3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea            |
| 12:30    | 2:30    | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family      |
| 12:45    | 2:45    | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness         |
| 1:00     | 3:00    | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee              |
| 1:00     | 3:00    | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife             |
| 1:15     | 3:15    | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas              |
| 1:30     | 3:30    | 4:30 CBS: Giants of Freedom          |
| 1:30     | 3:30    | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones              |
| 1:45     | 3:45    | 4:45 CBS: Raymond Scott Orchestra    |
| 1:45     | 3:45    | 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown         |
| 2:00     | 4:00    | 5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius           |
| 2:00     | 4:00    | 5:00 Blue: Sea Hound                 |
| 2:00     | 4:00    | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries        |
| 2:15     | 4:15    | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad             |
| 2:15     | 4:15    | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan              |
| 2:15     | 4:15    | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life          |
| 2:30     | 4:30    | 5:30 CBS: Landt Trio and Curley      |
| 2:30     | 4:30    | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong            |
| 2:30     | 4:30    | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill            |
| 2:30     | 4:30    | 5:30 MBS: Superman                   |
| 2:45     | 4:45    | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell         |
| 2:45     | 4:45    | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie                 |
| 2:45     | 4:45    | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight          |
| 3:00     | 5:00    | 6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe, News          |
| 3:00     | 5:00    | 6:00 Blue: Don Winslow               |
| 3:10     | 5:10    | 6:10 CBS: Eric Sevareid              |
| 3:15     | 5:15    | 6:15 CBS: Today at the Duncans       |
| 3:30     | 5:30    | 6:30 CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing |
| 3:45     | 5:45    | 6:45 CBS: The World Today            |
|          | 6:45    | 7:00 Blue: Lowell Thomas             |
| 8:00     | 6:00    | 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy              |
| 8:00     | 6:00    | 7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle           |
| 8:00     | 6:00    | 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang         |
| 4:15     | 6:15    | 7:15 CBS: Ceiling Unlimited          |
| 7:30     | 6:30    | 7:30 CBS: Blondie                    |
|          | 6:30    | 7:30 Blue: The Lone Ranger           |
| 4:45     | 6:45    | 7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn           |
| 5:00     | 7:00    | 8:00 CBS: Vox Pop                    |
| 8:00     | 7:00    | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News         |
| 9:15     | 7:00    | 8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney                 |
| 8:30     | 7:00    | 8:00 NBC: Cavalcade of America       |
| 8:15     | 7:15    | 8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner             |
| 8:30     | 7:30    | 8:30 CBS: GAY NINETIES               |
| 8:30     | 7:30    | 8:30 Blue: True or False             |
| 5:30     | 7:30    | 8:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone         |
| 5:30     | 7:30    | 8:30 CBS: Bulldog Drummond           |
| 5:55     | 7:55    | 8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown                |
| 6:00     | 8:00    | 9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER                |
| 6:00     | 8:00    | 9:00 Blue: Counter-Spy               |
| 6:00     | 8:00    | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter            |
| 9:00     | 8:00    | 9:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour         |
| 6:30     | 8:30    | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands           |
| 6:30     | 8:30    | 9:30 NBC: Doctor I. Q.               |
| 6:55     | 8:55    | 9:55 Blue: Gracie Fields             |
| 7:00     | 9:00    | 10:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players      |
| 7:00     | 9:00    | 10:00 MBS: Raymond Clapper           |
| 7:00     | 9:00    | 10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing       |
| 7:00     | 9:00    | 10:00 NBC: Contented Program         |
| 8:30     | 9:15    | 10:15 Blue: Alias John Freedom       |
| 7:30     | 9:30    | 10:30 CBS: Daytime Showcase          |



# TUESDAY

| P. W. T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time                   |
|----------|--------|------------------------------------|
|          | 8:30   | Blue: Texas Jim                    |
|          | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: News                     |
|          | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB          |
|          | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Everything Goes          |
| 1:30     | 2:30   | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air        |
|          | 8:45   | 9:45 CBS: The Victory Front        |
| 8:30     | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady            |
|          | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson  |
|          | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Victory Volunteers      |
| 8:45     | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle             |
|          | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: News                   |
|          | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills            |
| 9:00     | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill          |
|          | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights  |
|          | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate               |
| 12:45    | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children     |
|          | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Stringtime             |
|          | 9:45   | 10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone        |
| 8:00     | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor         |
|          | 10:00  | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's   |
|          | 10:00  | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life            |
| 8:15     | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband          |
|          | 10:15  | 11:15 Blue: Vic and Sade           |
| 8:30     | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon          |
|          | 10:30  | 11:30 Blue: A House in the Country |
| 11:15    | 10:45  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories    |
|          | 10:45  | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little     |
|          | 10:45  | 11:45 NBC: David Harum             |
| 9:00     | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks       |
|          | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister              |
| 9:30     | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent  |
|          | 11:30  | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour     |
|          | 11:30  | 12:30 NBC: Our Gal Sunday          |
| 10:00    | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful    |
|          | 12:00  | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking        |
|          | 12:00  | 1:00 NBC: Air Breaks               |
| 10:15    | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins               |
|          | 12:15  | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh          |
| 10:30    | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade             |
|          | 12:45  | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs            |
|          | 12:45  | 1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News      |
| 11:00    | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone         |
|          | 1:00   | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World       |
| 12:30    | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.       |
|          | 1:15   | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women             |
| 11:30    | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn        |
|          | 1:30   | 2:30 Blue: Victory Hour            |
|          | 1:30   | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light        |
| 11:45    | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family    |
|          | 1:45   | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches    |
| 12:00    | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum              |
|          | 2:00   | 3:00 Blue: Three R's               |
|          | 2:00   | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin              |
| 12:15    | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: St. Louis Matinee        |
|          | 2:15   | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins               |
| 12:30    | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: Keyboard Concerts        |
|          | 2:30   | 3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea          |
|          | 2:30   | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family    |
| 12:45    | 2:45   | 3:45 CBS: Right to Happiness       |
| 1:00     | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                     |
|          | 3:00   | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee            |
|          | 3:00   | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife           |
| 1:15     | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Listen Neighbor          |
|          | 3:15   | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas            |
| 1:30     | 3:30   | 4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones            |
|          | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record      |
|          | 3:45   | 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown       |
| 2:00     | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius         |
|          | 4:00   | 5:00 Blue: Sea Hound               |
|          | 4:00   | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries      |
| 2:15     | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad           |
|          | 4:15   | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan            |
|          | 4:15   | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life        |
| 2:30     | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Landt Trio and Curley    |
|          | 5:30   | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong          |
|          | 5:30   | 5:30 MBS: Superman                 |
| 2:45     | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie               |
|          | 5:45   | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight        |
|          | 5:45   | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell       |
| 7:45     | 5:00   | 6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt             |
|          | 6:00   | 6:00 Blue: Don Winslow             |
| 3:15     | 5:15   | 6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill            |
|          | 5:30   | 6:30 NBC: Bill Stern               |
| 3:45     | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: The World Today          |
|          | 6:45   | 6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas           |
| 8:00     | 6:00   | 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy            |
|          | 6:00   | 7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle         |
|          | 6:00   | 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang       |
| 4:05     | 6:05   | 7:05 CBS: Stars From The Blue      |
|          | 6:15   | 7:15 CBS: Harry James              |
|          | 6:15   | 7:15 NBC: European News            |
| 4:30     | 6:30   | 7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour     |
|          | 6:45   | 7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn         |
| 8:30     | 7:00   | 8:00 CBS: Lights Out               |
|          | 7:00   | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News       |
|          | 7:00   | 8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms              |
| 8:15     | 7:15   | 8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner           |
| 9:00     | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: Al Jolson                |
|          | 7:30   | 8:30 Blue: Duffy's                 |
|          | 7:30   | 8:30 NBC: Horace Heidt             |
| 5:55     | 7:55   | 8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown              |
| 6:00     | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Burns and Allen          |
|          | 8:00   | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter          |
|          | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Famous Jury Trials      |
|          | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Battle of the Sexes      |
| 6:30     | 8:30   | 9:30 CBS: Suspense                 |
|          | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands         |
|          | 8:30   | 9:30 MBS: Murder Clinic            |
|          | 8:30   | 9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly   |
| 6:55     | 8:55   | 9:55 Blue: Gracie Fields           |
| 7:00     | 9:00   | 10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes          |
|          | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing     |
|          | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Bob Hope                |
| 7:30     | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Red Skelton             |
| 7:45     | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Frank Sinatra           |
| 8:00     | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News        |



HE'S "DOCTOR BOB" . . .

One of radio's best-known and best-loved characters is the wise and gentle "Dr. Bob" of Bachelor's Children, the CBS serial. And Dr. Bob in real life is actor Hugh Studebaker, who created the part and has always played it on the air.

What few people know is that Bess Flynn, who writes Bachelor's Children, patterned her fictional character of Dr. Bob Graham after a real-life model, Dr. Robert Black, who is one of the country's greatest pediatricians and a close friend of the authoress. Dr. Black once put himself on record with the highest compliment Hugh Studebaker has ever had paid to his acting ability, by saying he only wished that he or any other doctor of his acquaintance had as fine an approach to sick people as Dr. Bob, who isn't a real doctor at all.

Hugh's personal philosophy of maintaining a keen interest in humanity is probably responsible for his ability to portray a character like Dr. Bob. Moreover, Hugh has had a good many ups and downs in his life, thus acquiring a fine tolerance and understanding.

When he was a boy he wanted so much to be a sailor that he ran away from home on his seventeenth birthday and joined the Navy. That was during the first world war, and when the war was over he turned to studying music, first in New York and later in Kansas City. In the latter city he got a job as a member of a vocal quartet.

He was on the air in those early days, a time when radio wasn't the safe and sane profession it is now. Hugh still shudders when he remembers seeing the engineer of a Kansas City station electrocuted before his eyes. Hugh was at the mike, singing, and the engineer was standing in a puddle of rain water on the floor of the makeshift studio. Suddenly the engineer accidentally picked up a live wire. He was killed instantly.

Hugh had other jobs while he was waiting for success. Once he worked as a postal clerk, but was fired because of his family's high mortality rate. It seemed that every time Hugh had a chance to sing somewhere he was absent from work because of another funeral in his family!

He was a blacksmith's helper, a ranch hand, and a vacuum cleaner salesman. Once he and his brother Joseph were completely broke and lived for several weeks on an exclusive diet of jelly beans, counting them out and saving the licorice ones for dessert. Now, at Christmas or other anniversaries, they send each other sacks of licorice jelly beans for presents.

While he was in Kansas City Hugh reversed the usual order of things and married his boss, who was the assistant program director at station KMBC. Both he and Bertina love the out-of-doors, and in happier, non-war-time years their favorite sport is traveling, by car or train or any other conveyance that's handy.

# WEDNESDAY

| P. W. T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time                  |
|----------|--------|-----------------------------------|
|          | 8:30   | Blue: Texas Time                  |
|          | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: News                    |
|          | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club         |
|          | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Everything Goes         |
| 1:30     | 2:30   | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air       |
|          | 8:45   | 9:45 CBS: The Victory Front       |
| 8:30     | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady           |
|          | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson |
|          | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Victory Volunteers     |
| 8:45     | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle            |
|          | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: News                  |
|          | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills           |
| 9:00     | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill         |
|          | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights |
|          | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate              |
| 12:45    | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children    |
|          | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Stringtime            |
|          | 9:45   | 10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone       |
| 8:00     | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Clara, Lu, 'n' Em      |
|          | 10:00  | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's  |
|          | 10:00  | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life           |
| 8:15     | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband         |
|          | 10:15  | 11:15 Blue: Vic and Sade          |
| 8:30     | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon         |
|          | 10:45  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories   |
|          | 10:45  | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little    |
|          | 10:45  | 11:45 NBC: David Harum            |
| 9:00     | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks      |
|          | 11:00  | 12:00 NBC: Words and Music        |
| 9:15     | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister             |
| 9:30     | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
|          | 11:30  | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour    |
|          | 11:30  | 12:30 NBC: Our Gal Sunday         |
| 10:00    | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful   |
|          | 12:00  | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking       |
|          | 12:00  | 1:00 NBC: Ma Perkins              |
| 10:15    | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Edward MacHugh          |
|          | 12:15  | 1:15 Blue: Vic and Sade           |
| 10:30    | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: The Goldbergs           |
|          | 12:45  | 1:45 CBS: Morgan Beatty, News     |
| 11:00    | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone        |
|          | 1:00   | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World      |
| 12:30    | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.      |
|          | 1:15   | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women            |
| 11:30    | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn       |
|          | 1:30   | 2:30 Blue: James McDonald         |
|          | 1:30   | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light       |
| 11:45    | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family   |
|          | 1:45   | 2:45 Blue: Stella Unger           |
|          | 1:45   | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches   |
| 12:00    | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum             |
|          | 2:00   | 3:00 Blue: Three R's              |
|          | 2:00   | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin             |
| 12:15    | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: St. Louis Matinee       |
|          | 2:15   | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins              |
| 12:30    | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: Songs of the Centuries  |
|          | 2:30   | 3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea         |
|          | 2:30   | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family   |
| 12:45    | 2:45   | 3:45 CBS: Right to Happiness      |
| 1:00     | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                    |
|          | 3:00   | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee           |
|          | 3:00   | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife          |
| 1:15     | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Of Men and Books        |
|          | 3:15   | 4:15 NBC: Lorenzo Jones           |
| 1:30     | 3:30   | 4:30 CBS: Raymond Scott Orchestra |
|          | 3:30   | 4:30 Blue: Young Widder Brown     |
| 1:45     | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: Are You a Genius        |
|          | 3:45   | 4:45 NBC: Sea Hound               |
| 2:00     | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: When a Girl Marries     |
|          | 4:00   | 5:00 Blue: Mother and Dad         |
|          | 4:00   | 5:00 NBC: Hop Harrigan            |
| 2:15     | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Portia Faces Life       |
|          | 4:15   | 5:15 Blue: Landt Trio and Curley  |
|          | 4:15   | 5:15 NBC: Jack Armstrong          |
| 2:30     | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Superman                |
|          | 4:30   | 5:30 Blue: Just Plain Bill        |
| 2:45     | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie              |
|          | 5:45   | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight       |
|          | 5:45   | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell      |
| 7:45     | 5:00   | 6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt            |
|          | 6:00   | 6:00 Blue: Don Winslow            |
| 3:15     | 5:15   | 6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill           |
|          | 5:30   | 6:30 NBC: Bill Stern              |
| 3:45     | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: The World Today         |
|          | 6:45   | 6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas          |
| 8:00     | 6:00   | 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy           |
|          | 6:00   | 7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle        |
|          | 6:00   | 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang      |
| 4:05     | 6:05   | 7:05 CBS: Stars From The Blue     |
|          | 6:15   | 7:15 CBS: Harry James             |
|          | 6:15   | 7:15 NBC: European News           |
| 4:30     | 6:30   | 7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour    |
|          | 6:45   | 7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn        |
| 8:30     | 7:00   | 8:00 CBS: Lights Out              |
|          | 7:00   | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News      |
|          | 7:00   | 8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms             |
| 8:15     | 7:15   | 8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner          |
| 9:00     | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: Al Jolson               |
|          | 7:30   | 8:30 Blue: Duffy's                |
|          | 7:30   | 8:30 NBC: Horace Heidt            |
| 5:55     | 7:55   | 8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown             |
| 6:00     | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Burns and Allen         |
|          | 8:00   | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter         |
|          | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Famous Jury Trials     |
|          | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Battle of the Sexes     |
| 6:30     | 8:30   | 9:30 CBS: Suspense                |
|          | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands        |
|          | 8:30   | 9:30 MBS: Murder Clinic           |
|          | 8:30   | 9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly  |
| 6:55     | 8:55   | 9:55 Blue: Gracie Fields          |
| 7:00     | 9:00   | 10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes         |
|          | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing    |
|          | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Bob Hope               |
| 7:30     | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Red Skelton            |
| 7:45     | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Frank Sinatra          |
| 8:00     | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News       |



# THURSDAY

| P. W. T. | C. W. T. | Eastern War Time                   |
|----------|----------|------------------------------------|
|          | 8:30     | Blue: Texas Jim                    |
|          | 8:00     | 9:00 CBS: News                     |
|          | 8:00     | 9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club          |
|          | 8:00     | 9:00 NBC: Everything Goes          |
| 1:30     | 2:30     | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air        |
|          | 8:45     | 9:45 CBS: The Victory Front        |
| 8:30     | 9:00     | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady            |
|          | 9:00     | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson  |
|          | 9:00     | 10:00 NBC: Victory Volunteers      |
| 8:45     | 9:15     | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle             |
|          | 9:15     | 10:15 Blue: News                   |
|          | 9:15     | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills            |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill          |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights  |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate               |
| 12:45    | 9:45     | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children     |
|          | 9:45     | 10:45 Blue: Stringtime             |
|          | 9:45     | 10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone        |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor         |
|          | 10:00    | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's   |
|          | 10:00    | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life            |
| 8:15     | 10:15    | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband          |
|          | 10:15    | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade            |
| 8:30     | 10:30    | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon          |
|          | 10:30    | 11:30 Blue: A House in the Country |
| 11:15    | 10:45    | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories    |
|          | 10:45    | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little     |
|          | 10:45    | 11:45 NBC: David Harum             |
| 9:00     | 11:00    | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks       |
|          | 11:00    | 12:00 NBC: Words and Music         |
| 9:15     | 11:15    | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister              |
| 9:30     | 11:30    | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent  |
|          | 11:30    | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour     |
| 9:45     | 11:45    | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday          |
| 10:00    | 12:00    | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful    |
|          | 12:00    | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking        |
|          | 12:00    | 1:00 NBC: Air Breaks               |
| 10:15    | 12:15    | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins               |
|          | 12:15    | 1:15 Blue: Edward Mac Hugh         |
| 10:30    | 12:30    | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade             |
|          | 12:45    | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs            |
|          | 12:45    | 1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News      |
| 11:00    | 1:00     | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone         |
|          | 1:00     | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World       |
| 12:30    | 1:15     | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M. D.      |
|          | 1:15     | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women             |
| 11:30    | 1:30     | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn        |
|          | 1:30     | 2:30 Blue: James McDonald          |
|          | 1:30     | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light        |
| 11:45    | 1:45     | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family    |
|          | 1:45     | 2:45 Blue: Stella Unger            |
|          | 1:45     | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches    |
| 12:00    | 2:00     | 3:00 CBS: David Harum              |
|          | 2:00     | 3:00 Blue: Three R's               |
|          | 2:00     | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin              |
| 12:15    | 2:15     | 3:15 CBS: St. Louis Matinee        |
|          | 2:15     | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins               |
| 12:30    | 2:30     | 3:30 CBS: Indianapolis Symphony    |
|          | 2:30     | 3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea          |
|          | 2:30     | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family    |
| 12:45    | 2:45     | 3:45 CBS: Right to Happiness       |
| 1:00     | 3:00     | 4:00 CBS: News                     |
|          | 3:00     | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee            |
|          | 3:00     | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife           |
| 1:15     | 3:15     | 4:15 CBS: Listen Neighbor          |
|          | 3:15     | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas            |
| 1:30     | 3:30     | 4:30 CBS: Highways to Health       |
|          | 3:30     | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones            |
| 1:45     | 3:45     | 4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record      |
|          | 3:45     | 4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown       |
| 2:00     | 4:00     | 5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius         |
|          | 4:00     | 5:00 Blue: Sea Hound               |
|          | 4:00     | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries      |
| 2:15     | 4:15     | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad           |
|          | 4:15     | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan            |
|          | 4:15     | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life        |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 CBS: Landt Trio               |
|          | 4:30     | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong          |
|          | 4:30     | 5:30 NBC: Superman                 |
| 2:45     | 4:45     | 5:45 CBS: Just Plain Bill          |
|          | 4:45     | 5:45 Blue: Ben Bernie              |
|          | 4:45     | 5:45 NBC: Captain Midnight         |
| 2:55     | 4:55     | 5:55 CBS: Front Page Farrell       |
|          | 4:55     | 5:55 Blue: Frazier Hunt            |
|          | 4:55     | 5:55 NBC: Don Winslow              |
| 3:15     | 5:15     | 6:15 CBS: Don't You Believe It     |
|          | 5:15     | 6:15 Blue: Loon Henderson          |
|          | 5:15     | 6:15 NBC: Bill Stern               |
| 3:45     | 5:45     | 6:45 CBS: The World Today          |
|          | 5:45     | 6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas           |
| 8:00     | 6:00     | 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy            |
|          | 6:00     | 7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle         |
|          | 6:00     | 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang       |
| 8:05     | 6:05     | 7:05 Blue: The Army-Navy Game      |
| 8:15     | 6:15     | 7:15 CBS: Harry James              |
|          | 6:15     | 7:15 Blue: European News           |
|          | 6:15     | 7:15 NBC: Easy Aces                |
| 8:30     | 6:30     | 7:30 CBS: Easy Aces                |
|          | 6:30     | 7:30 Blue: Abbott and Costello     |
|          | 6:30     | 7:30 NBC: Mr. Keen                 |
| 8:45     | 6:45     | 7:45 CBS: Reflections              |
|          | 6:45     | 7:45 Blue: Earl Godwin, News       |
|          | 6:45     | 7:45 NBC: Coffee Time              |
| 8:55     | 6:55     | 7:55 CBS: Lum and Abner            |
|          | 6:55     | 7:55 Blue: Death Valley Days       |
|          | 6:55     | 7:55 NBC: America's Town Meeting   |
| 9:00     | 7:00     | 8:00 CBS: ALDRICH FAMILY           |
|          | 7:00     | 8:00 Blue: Cecil Brown             |
|          | 7:00     | 8:00 NBC: Major Bowes              |
| 9:05     | 7:05     | 8:05 CBS: Gabriel Heatter          |
|          | 7:05     | 8:05 Blue: KRAFT MUSIC HALL        |
|          | 7:05     | 8:05 NBC: Stage Door Canteen       |
| 9:15     | 7:15     | 8:15 CBS: Spotlight Bands          |
|          | 7:15     | 8:15 Blue: Rudy Vallee             |
|          | 7:15     | 8:15 NBC: Gracie Fields            |
| 9:30     | 7:30     | 8:30 CBS: The First Line           |
|          | 7:30     | 8:30 Blue: Raymond Clapper         |
|          | 7:30     | 8:30 NBC: Raymond Gram Swing       |
| 9:45     | 7:45     | 8:45 CBS: March of Time            |
|          | 7:45     | 8:45 Blue: Ned Calmer, News        |



## TWICE A HELPMATE . . .

Every day, except Saturday and Sunday, Fern Persons goes to NBC and plays Linda Harper, the heroine and title-role of the daytime serial *Helpmate*. And every day, including Saturday and Sunday, she plays practically the same role in her own home. Fern is one wife and mother who has an acting career but never lets it interfere with her real job—her home.

She doesn't even use her maiden name professionally, as most actresses do. She is Mrs. M. I. Persons, and proud of it; and if her husband's business made it necessary for him to leave Chicago she'd go along just like any other wife, not caring that the move meant she would have to give up her radio career.

Fern is tall, slim, blue-eyed, blonde, soft-voiced and inclined to be serious. She's Chicago-born, and as far back as she can remember she has wanted to be an actress. Although even as a youngster she was shy and timid, she stuck to her ambition through school and college—Kalamazoo College in Michigan, where she acted in Little Theater plays and finally graduated with high honors in dramatics.

She never did work in the professional theater, though, for almost as soon as she was out of school she began acting before the microphone—first at KDKA in Pittsburgh and later in other cities. She temporarily gave up her radio work to be drama instructor at Ferry Hall School in Illinois, but decided that teaching wasn't her line. After her marriage, when she moved with her husband to Detroit, she was heard on WJ over a three-year period, until the Persons moved back to Chicago. Since then you've heard her in *The Story of Mary Marlin*, *Midstream*, *The Bartons*, *Author's Playhouse* and many other programs. Linda Harper in *Helpmate* is the biggest part she's ever had, and she's thrilled with it—not because it's big, but because Linda is the sort of person she enjoys portraying.

"I've been awfully lucky," she says. "I always wanted to be an actress, and I became one, but I didn't have to give up the things that make life worth while—a home, a husband and children. I have my cake and I'm eating it too."

The Persons have one child, four-year-old Nancy. They live in a suburb of Chicago, in a house with a big back yard where Fern this year planted a Victory garden. Much to her amazement, everything in the garden "came up just the way it said it would on the package."

She reads a lot, mostly non-fiction, likes to bake, and every year takes a vacation of several weeks with her husband. They go to northern Minnesota in an eighteen-foot speedboat which they built themselves, and fish. Fern's special province on the boat is keeping everything polished and shining. She likes to fish, but admits that she has never caught any very big ones.

# FRIDAY

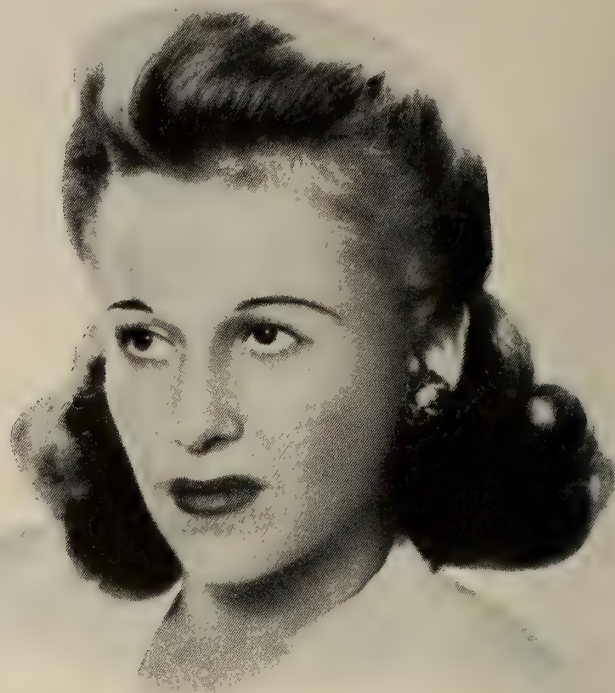
| P. W. T. | C. W. T. | Eastern War Time                     |
|----------|----------|--------------------------------------|
|          | 8:30     | Blue: Texas Jim                      |
|          | 8:00     | 9:00 CBS: News                       |
|          | 8:00     | 9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club            |
|          | 8:00     | 9:00 NBC: Everything Goes            |
| 1:30     | 2:30     | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air          |
|          | 8:15     | 9:15 NBC: Isabel Manning Hewson      |
|          | 8:45     | 9:45 CBS: The Victory Front          |
| 8:30     | 9:00     | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady              |
|          | 9:00     | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson    |
|          | 9:00     | 10:00 NBC: Victory Volunteers        |
| 8:45     | 9:15     | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle               |
|          | 9:15     | 10:15 Blue: News                     |
|          | 9:15     | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills              |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill            |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 Blue: Help Mate                |
| 12:45    | 9:45     | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children       |
|          | 9:45     | 10:45 Blue: Stringtime               |
|          | 9:45     | 10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone          |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 CBS: Clara, Lu, 'n' Em         |
|          | 10:00    | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's     |
|          | 10:00    | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life              |
| 8:15     | 10:15    | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband            |
|          | 10:15    | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade              |
| 8:30     | 10:30    | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon            |
|          | 10:30    | 11:30 Blue: A House in the Country   |
| 8:45     | 10:45    | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories      |
|          | 10:45    | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little       |
|          | 10:45    | 11:45 NBC: David Harum               |
| 9:00     | 11:00    | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks         |
|          | 11:00    | 12:00 NBC: Words and Music           |
| 9:15     | 11:15    | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister                |
| 9:30     | 11:30    | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent    |
|          | 11:30    | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour       |
| 9:45     | 11:45    | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday            |
| 10:00    | 12:00    | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful      |
|          | 12:00    | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking          |
| 10:15    | 12:15    | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins                 |
|          | 12:15    | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh            |
| 10:30    | 12:30    | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade               |
|          | 12:45    | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs              |
|          | 12:45    | 1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News        |
| 11:00    | 1:00     | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone           |
|          | 1:00     | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World         |
| 12:30    | 1:15     | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M. D.        |
|          | 1:15     | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women               |
| 11:30    | 1:30     | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn          |
|          | 1:30     | 2:30 Blue: James McDonald            |
|          | 1:30     | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light          |
| 11:45    | 1:45     | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family      |
|          | 1:45     | 2:45 Blue: Stella Unger              |
|          | 1:45     | 2:45 NBC: Betty Crocker              |
| 12:00    | 2:00     | 3:00 CBS: David Harum                |
|          | 2:00     | 3:00 Blue: Three R's                 |
|          | 2:00     | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin                |
| 12:15    | 2:15     | 3:15 CBS: Missus Goes Shopping       |
|          | 2:15     | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins                 |
| 12:30    | 2:30     | 3:30 CBS: Eastman School Symphony    |
|          | 2:30     | 3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea            |
|          | 2:30     | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family      |
| 12:45    | 2:45     | 3:45 CBS: Right to Happiness         |
| 1:00     | 3:00     | 4:00 CBS: News                       |
|          | 3:00     | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee              |
|          | 3:00     | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife             |
| 1:15     | 3:15     | 4:15 CBS: Dave Cheskin Orchestra     |
|          | 3:15     | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas              |
| 1:30     | 3:30     | 4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones              |
|          | 3:30     | 4:30 Blue: Raymond Scott Orchestra   |
|          | 3:30     | 4:30 NBC: Young Wilder Brown         |
| 1:45     | 3:45     | 4:45 CBS: Are You a Genius           |
|          | 3:45     | 4:45 Blue: Sea Hound                 |
|          | 3:45     | 4:45 NBC: When a Girl Marries        |
| 2:00     | 4:00     | 5:00 CBS: Mother and Dad             |
|          | 4:00     | 5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan              |
|          | 4:00     | 5:00 NBC: Portia Faces Life          |
| 2:15     | 4:15     | 5:15 CBS: Landt Trio and Curley      |
|          | 4:15     | 5:15 Blue: Jack Armstrong            |
|          | 4:15     | 5:15 NBC: Superman                   |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 CBS: Just Plain Bill            |
|          | 4:30     | 5:30 Blue: Ben Bernie                |
|          | 4:30     | 5:30 NBC: Captain Midnight           |
| 2:45     | 4:45     | 5:45 CBS: Front Page Farrell         |
|          | 4:45     | 5:45 Blue: Quincy Howe, News         |
|          | 4:45     | 5:45 NBC: Don Winslow                |
| 2:55     | 4:55     | 5:55 CBS: Eric Sevareid              |
|          | 4:55     | 5:55 Blue: Today at the Duncans      |
|          | 4:55     | 5:55 NBC: Keep Working, Keep Singing |
| 3:15     | 5:15     | 6:15 CBS: The World Today            |
|          | 5:15     | 6:15 Blue: Lowell Thomas             |
| 3:45     | 5:45     | 6:45 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy              |
|          | 5:45     | 6:45 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle           |
|          | 5:45     | 6:45 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang         |
| 8:00     | 6:00     | 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy              |
|          | 6:00     | 7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle           |
|          | 6:00     | 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang         |
| 8:05     | 6:05     | 7:05 Blue: Our Secret Weapon         |
| 8:15     | 6:15     | 7:15 CBS: European News              |
|          | 6:15     | 7:15 Blue: Easy Aces                 |
|          | 6:15     | 7:15 NBC: The Lone Ranger            |
| 8:30     | 6:30     | 7:30 CBS: Tommy Riggs, Betty Lou     |
|          | 6:30     | 7:30 Blue: Mr. Keen                  |
|          | 6:30     | 7:30 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn           |
| 8:45     | 6:45     | 7:45 CBS: KATE SMITH                 |
|          | 6:45     | 7:45 Blue: Earl Godwin, News         |
|          | 6:45     | 7:45 NBC: Cal Tinney                 |
| 8:55     | 6:55     | 7:55 CBS: Cities Service Concert     |
|          | 6:55     | 7:55 Blue: Dinah Shore               |
|          | 6:55     | 7:55 NBC: These Good Old Days        |
| 9:00     | 7:00     | 8:00 CBS: INFORMATION PLEASE         |
|          | 7:00     | 8:00 Blue: Cecil Brown               |
|          | 7:00     | 8:00 NBC: Philip Morris Playhouse    |
| 9:05     | 7:05     | 8:05 CBS: Gang Busters               |
|          | 7:05     | 8:05 Blue: Gabriel Heatter           |
|          | 7:05     | 8:05 NBC: Waitz Time                 |
| 9:15     | 7:15     | 8:15 CBS: That Brewster Boy          |
|          | 7:15     | 8:15 Blue: Spotlight Bands           |
|          | 7:15     | 8:15 NBC: Double or Nothing          |
| 9:30     | 7:30     | 8:30 CBS: Plantation Party           |
|          | 7:30     | 8:30 Blue: Camel Caravan             |
|          | 7:30     | 8:30 NBC: Meet Your Navy             |
| 9:45     | 7:45     | 8:45 CBS: People Are Funny           |
|          | 7:45     | 8:45 Blue: John Gunther, News        |
|          | 7:45     | 8:45 NBC: Ned Calmer, News           |



# SATURDAY

| PACIFIC WAR TIME | CENTRAL WAR TIME | Eastern War Time                        |
|------------------|------------------|---|
|                  | 8:00             | CBS: The World Today                    |
|                  | 8:00             | Blue: News                              |
|                  | 8:00             | NBC: News                               |
|                  | 8:15             | CBS: Music of Today                     |
|                  | 8:30             | CBS: Missus Goes A-shopping             |
|                  | 8:30             | NBC: Dick Leibert                       |
|                  | 8:30             | Blue: Texas Jim                         |
|                  | 8:45             | CBS: Adelaide Hawley                    |
|                  | 8:45             | Blue: News                              |
|                  | 8:45             | NBC: News                               |
| 8:00             | 9:00             | CBS: Press News                         |
| 8:00             | 9:00             | Blue: Breakfast Club                    |
| 8:00             | 9:00             | NBC: Everything Goes                    |
|                  | 8:15             | 9:15 CBS: Caucasian Melodies            |
|                  | 8:30             | 9:30 CBS: Garden Gate                   |
|                  | 9:00             | 10:00 CBS: Youth on Parade              |
|                  | 9:00             | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson       |
|                  | 9:00             | 10:00 NBC: Orchestra                    |
|                  | 9:30             | 10:30 CBS: Hillbilly Champions          |
|                  | 9:30             | 10:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights       |
|                  | 9:30             | 10:30 NBC: Nellie Revell                |
|                  | 9:45             | 10:45 NBC: String Serenade              |
| 8:00             | 10:00            | 11:00 CBS: Warren Sweeney, News         |
| 8:00             | 10:00            | 11:00 Blue: Servicemen's Hop            |
| 8:00             | 10:00            | 11:00 NBC: The Freightmen Are Coming    |
|                  | 8:15             | 10:15 11:15 CBS: God's Country          |
|                  | 8:30             | 10:30 11:30 CBS: Let's Pretend          |
|                  | 8:30             | 10:30 11:30 Blue: Little Blue Playhouse |
|                  | 8:30             | 10:30 11:30 NBC: U. S. Coast Guard Band |
|                  | 9:00             | 11:00 12:00 CBS: Theater of Today       |
|                  | 9:00             | 11:00 12:00 Blue: Music by Black        |
|                  | 9:00             | 11:00 12:00 NBC: News                   |
|                  | 9:15             | 11:15 12:15 NBC: Consumer Time          |
|                  | 9:30             | 11:30 12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood   |
|                  | 9:30             | 11:30 12:30 Blue: Farm Bureau           |
|                  | 9:30             | 11:30 12:30 NBC: Whatcha Know, Joe      |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | 1:00 CBS: Country Journal               |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | 1:00 Blue: Vincent Lopez                |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | 1:00 NBC: Pan-American Holiday          |
| 10:10            | 12:30            | 1:30 CBS: Adventures in Science         |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | 1:30 Blue: Washington Luncheon          |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | 1:30 NBC: Matinee in Rhythm             |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00 CBS: News                          |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00 Blue: Metropolitan Opera           |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00 NBC: Autumn Leaves                 |
| 11:05            | 1:05             | 2:05 CBS: Of Men and Books              |
| 11:30            | 1:30             | 2:30 CBS: Spirit of '43                 |
| 12:00            | 2:00             | 3:00 CBS: F. O. B. Detroit              |
| 12:30            | 2:30             | 3:30 CBS: Hello from Hawaii             |
| 1:00             | 3:00             | 4:00 CBS: Matinees at Meadowbrook       |
| 1:45             | 3:45             | 4:45 CBS: Report from London            |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | 5:00 CBS: Cleveland Symphony            |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | 5:00 Blue: Joe Rines Orchestra          |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | 5:00 NBC: Charles Dant Orchestra        |
| 2:30             | 4:30             | 5:30 NBC: Three Suns Trio               |
| 2:45             | 4:45             | 5:45 NBC: News, Upton Close             |
| 7:45             | 5:00             | 6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt                  |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00 Blue: Dinner Music                 |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00 NBC: Gallicchio Orch.              |
| 3:15             | 5:15             | 6:15 CBS: Calling Pan-America           |
| 3:30             | 5:30             | 6:30 Blue: Message of Israel            |
| 3:30             | 5:30             | 6:30 NBC: Religion in the News          |
| 3:45             | 5:45             | 6:45 CBS: The World Today               |
| 3:45             | 5:45             | 6:45 NBC: Paul Lavalle Orch.            |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00 CBS: People's Platform             |
| 8:00             | 6:30             | 7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks           |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30 Blue: The Green Hornet             |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30 NBC: Ellery Queen                  |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | 8:00 CBS: Mr. Adam and Mrs. Eve         |
| 8:00             | 7:00             | 8:00 Blue: Roy Porter, News             |
| 8:30             | 7:00             | 8:00 NBC: Abie's Irish Rose             |
| 5:15             | 7:15             | 8:15 Blue: Edward Tomlinson             |
| 8:30             | 7:30             | 8:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby                   |
| 5:30             | 7:30             | 8:30 Blue: Over Here                    |
| 8:00             | 7:30             | 8:30 NBC: Truth or Consequences         |
| 5:55             | 7:55             | 8:55 CBS: Eric Severeid                 |
| 9:00             | 8:00             | 9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE               |
| 6:00             | 8:00             | 9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance           |
| 6:30             | 8:30             | 9:30 CBS: Can You Top This              |
| 6:30             | 8:30             | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Band               |
| 6:45             | 8:45             | 9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade       |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00 Blue: Danny Thomas                |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00 NBC: Bill Stern Sports Newsreel   |
| 7:15             | 9:15             | 10:15 CBS: Soldiers With Wings          |
| 7:15             | 9:15             | 10:15 NBC: Dick Powell                  |
| 7:30             | 9:30             | 10:30 Blue: John Gunther, News          |
| 7:30             | 9:30             | 10:30 NBC: Ted Steele Variety           |
| 7:45             | 9:45             | 10:45 CBS: Eileen Farrell               |

Admired by musicians, neglected by everyone else—that was the plight of Georgia Gibbs, now star soloist on the CBS Caravan.



## Cinderella Girl

IT'S all very fine to be a singer greatly admired by musicians, but a girl likes to have the public know she's good too—because the public, when you come right down to it, pays the salary checks.

Georgia Gibbs, the Camel Caravan's star soloist on CBS Friday nights, has been singing with bands and in night clubs ever since she was fourteen, but not until a couple of months ago, when the Caravan had her sing for a couple of guest spots, did the much-coveted public recognition come her way. All at once, it seemed, she was put on the Caravan as a regular performer, succeeding no less a person than the great Connie Boswell, and there was even talk about giving her a program of her own.

Tiny, brown-haired and brown-eyed Georgia started life in Boston. Because she wanted to be a singer and thought she could be a good one, she started in early. Two years ago she came to New York to see if radio would show any interest in her. It didn't—much—although you may remember her on a few network shows, singing under her own name of Fredda Gibson. Discouraged because she didn't seem to be getting any place, she went back to Boston, more or less resigned to remaining an obscure singer.

And there she might have stayed if John Hammond, the swing music critic, hadn't happened to visit Boston and hear her. He brought her to the attention of Artie Shaw, who

listened and solemnly said she was the "greatest singer of American songs" he had ever heard, backing up his opinion by inviting her to record four numbers with his band. As soon as Artie's manager heard the records he got busy and began finding more jobs for her under her new name of Georgia Gibbs—chosen to symbolize a complete break with her first unfortunate foray into New York radio.

Georgia lives with her mother in a Long Island suburb. She's the youngest of four children, and the only one still unmarried. The youngest of her brothers is about to enter the Army, and Georgia looks forward to making lots of Army camp singing appearances. She really likes sports and hates cooking, and for years she has put all her spare change into a collection of phonograph records, until now she has about a thousand of them, ranging all the way from Duke Ellington to Debussy. She practices singing religiously, two hours every day. She works out her songs herself, and has never taken a formal singing lesson in her life. Her only intention, when she does a song, is to sing it the way the composer heard it in his head when he wrote it, and she hasn't any patience at all with singers who put in extra frills which mean nothing.

You'd probably like Georgia Gibbs a lot. Success came hard enough for her to make her appreciate it, and she's still a hard worker, unspoiled and sincere.





**SHE HANDLES HIGH EXPLOSIVES!** Anne has been promoted step by step in the intricate processes of making shells—and has recently completed a special course to become a "job-instructor" in training other girls.

## Anne Nissen, gallant bride-to-be of a soldier

Her engagement to Lawrence Van Orden,  
was announced by her parents shortly  
before "Larry" went into the Army

ANNE IS IN UNIFORM, TOO—the trig overalls-and-blouse girls in defense plants all over the country are wearing. "I couldn't have Larry do all the fighting," Anne says. "I wanted to do my share."

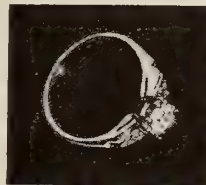
She is in a big munitions plant—employing 1,000 women. She works on rotating shifts—7 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.—3:30 p.m. to midnight or midnight to 7 a.m.

Anne says, "In a war plant you work indoors and with intense concentration. This begins to show in your face if you're not careful. Your skin gets a tense, drawn look. I've always used Pond's Cold Cream. It helps keep my skin feeling so *soft and smooth*, and it's a grand grime remover when I get home."

Anne uses Pond's *every* night—for daytime clean-ups, too. She smooths Pond's over face and throat—pats gently to release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. "Rinses" with more Pond's for *extra* cleansing and softening, tissues off again.

Do it *yourself*. You'll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III, use Pond's—why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even *more* for your money. All sizes popular in price, at beauty counters everywhere.

# She's Engaged!



ANNE'S LOVELY RING is simply set in a plain gold band. A small diamond is set on either side of the sparkling center stone.

## SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S



**A DARLING COUPLE!** Anne and Larry have been friends since high-school days—but on Anne's birthday last year they started devoting *all* their spare time to each other. Anne's lovely complexion is one of her chief charms. "All I ever use is Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It suits my skin just beautifully." Yes—it's *no* accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!





# Marry Me

Continued from page 22

I ever heard. Get along home and think it over, and you'll see that it is."

I thought it over, all right—how could I think of anything else? But in spite of the humiliation, in spite of the fear that I would never be able to look Paul Rentlow in the face again, I was still sure that my idea had been a good one, that my solution to the problem of making him realize that all women are not as one woman had been was a feasible solution. And I was sure that it was the right solution to my problem, too—the problem of making Paul Rentlow aware of me as a woman, a desirable woman, a lovable woman—the woman for him.

I managed to avoid Paul all next day, sneaking about the studio as if there were a reward on my head. I hid behind the closed door of the office until he was safely on his way before I ventured out to go home.

**I**T was about eight o'clock that night, when Paul tapped on my door. I knew that it was he, and for a moment I stood very still, my heart thumping dully, heavily. And then I let him in.

I wonder if any girl ever had a less happily offered proposal of marriage, or ever accepted one with greater fears? There was nothing light-hearted about this; there was none of the wonder to it that there should be for every woman who knows that she is going to marry the man she loves.

Paul said, "Connie, I've been thinking about what you said last night. Did you mean it?"

"Yes, I meant it, Paul." I don't know how I got the words out.

"Do you still want to marry me? Are you still willing to go through with your 'business proposition'?"

"Yes, Paul."

"I want to get into the army. I can't think of anyone else I'd be willing to trust David with, and he's awfully fond of you. There'll be enough money to get by on. You won't have to work. There'll be the invention royalties and my dependents' allowance from the army."

"Yes, Paul." Those seemed to be the only words left in my vocabulary.

"If you're very sure, then, we can get the license at lunch time tomorrow."

"Yes, Paul." Oh, Paul, Paul! Maybe this isn't right, I thought, but if I live with you, if I take care of you and your son, maybe you'll see!

I wondered what Paul felt and

thought during that wedding ceremony. He looked as blank and untouched, when he made his replies, as if he were—well, as if he were making out the laundry list, or giving the grocer an order. A Justice of the Peace's chambers, and me wearing a dress I'd worn often to work, and saying, "I, Constance, take thee, Paul, to be my wedded husband. . . ." And afterwards, he kissed me, because the Justice seemed to expect it of him.

I fulfilled my part of the bargain. I moved into Paul's house that day, and I kept the place spic and span. David's clothes—and David himself—were shining clean. Dinner—good, appetizing, nourishing food—was on the table every night when Paul came home from work. And Paul fulfilled his part of the bargain. He gave me an ample allowance to take care of the house, and for spending money. He made arrangements so that the monthly checks from his invention would come to me after he left for training. He got his affairs in order, preparing to leave, and did everything he could to make my life easier after he was gone.

It wasn't so bad when Paul was away from the house—then, with David to take care of and the housework to do, I could pretend that this was a normal household, that this was my little boy, that my husband, with a husbandly kiss for me, would be home for dinner soon, just like any normal family. But after Paul got home—then we sat in strained politeness in the living room, making desultory conversation about the radio station, or reading, and then going to bed—Paul in David's room, I in the room he used to have.

But I still didn't give up hope. There was always the chance that he was testing me, that he was biding his time, that he would suddenly smile at me, hold out his arms, cover the miles of distance between us in a moment's time.

That was the way we lived for the three weeks before Paul left. At least, it was that way until the last night. He was in the bedroom, packing, and I was in the kitchen, doing dinner dishes. We finished at the same time, and came out into the little hall onto which both rooms opened together, bumping into each other. We laughed a little, and said the conventional polite things that strangers who bump into each other say. I felt sick—just the touch of him, so very

near to me, and yet as far away as the moon! Besides, this was the last night, our last night together in the little house, and I had not progressed at all in making Paul realize that I was more than a housekeeper to him.

It was just the same, that night—and then, all of a sudden, it was different. Paul had drawn away from me, mumbling an apology. And then as I turned away, too, not wanting to look at him, not daring to look at him, I felt my shoulders caught in strong hands, my head thrust back. And then I was in his arms, where I wanted so badly to be, and my heart was pounding so that he must have heard it, and my mouth was hurting with the joyous hurt of his hard mouth against it. I let him hold me up, resting all my weight on his arms, feeling as if I were falling. . . .

And then he pushed me roughly away, and his face was as hard, as set, as I had ever seen it. "Sorry, Connie," he said. "I shouldn't have done that. I—I'm not really the sort of man who can get along without women, I guess. I suppose it's—well, let's say it's against nature for a man and a woman to be in the same house, and—well, forget it!"

"But, Paul—"

He didn't look at me. "I said I was sorry, didn't I? Good night, Connie—I'm going to bed now. Got to be up early."

And that was the end of that. He left next day with hardly a word.

**B**UT it wasn't until after he was gone, after he was gone for some days, that I would admit to myself that I had made a mistake, admit my defeat.

Paul didn't love me. He'd shown that, very plainly. Even that one fierce kiss had been an accident, born of a moment when deep physical instincts had betrayed him. I had been foolish to think that my mere presence could change him.

And it occurred to me that Paul might have been suspicious of my motives from the very start. I had said I wanted security, freedom from the necessity of earning my living. Wasn't it possible, then, at least in Paul's eyes, that when the war was over I intended to remain in my safe, comfortable position as his wife?

Yes, I told myself, he might have thought that. But if he had, there was one thing at least that I could do. I could make it perfectly plain that nothing of the sort would happen. When he came home on his first furlough, I would let him see that our "bargain" was to be in effect only for the duration of the war.

I went around the house automatically, rehearsing always what I would say to Paul. I'd be very calm and matter-of-fact about it, I promised myself. I wouldn't for the world let him see how I felt. I'd show him, by carefully-dropped little remarks about the future, that remaining his wife after the war was farthest from my thoughts. . . .

If David hadn't got his feet wet and taken cold I might have gone on rehearsing those speeches until I was letter perfect, but he did get sick and that took my mind off everything else. He complained of "a hurt in

Continued on page 52



## Say Hello To-

MEL POWELL—whose brilliant piano-playing you hear on the CBS Jump Time programs. Mel is only nineteen years old now, but four years ago he had his own band and was commuting between City College in New York and the Palais Royale in New Jersey, where the band was playing. Last year he was with Benny Goodman, but left to join the CBS all-star jump band which was organized especially for these broadcasts. Mel has also made phonograph records with his own band, and is a prolific composer. His favorite music-makers are Duke Ellington and Benny Goodman. He likes to see movies, particularly when they star Rosalind Russell or Greer Garson, but most of all he just likes to play the piano, anywhere, anytime, for any audience.



*Here's our lovely RITA...*

Here's  
the **BEAUTY** Soap  
she uses every day



**RITA HAYWORTH**

COLUMBIA PICTURES STAR

JUST LIKE **SMOOTHING  
BEAUTY IN** WHEN YOU  
TAKE THESE **ACTIVE-  
LATHER FACIALS!**  
FIRST, SMOOTH THE  
RICH LATHER WELL  
INTO YOUR SKIN



NOW RINSE WITH  
WARM WATER, THEN  
SPLASH WITH COLD.  
PAT THE FACE  
GENTLY DRY WITH  
A SOFT TOWEL



NOW TOUCH  
YOUR SKIN. IT'S  
FLOWER-FRESH,  
EXQUISITELY  
SMOOTH. LUX  
SOAP'S A REAL  
**BEAUTY SOAP.**  
SOFT SMOOTH  
SKIN IS  
**IMPORTANT**



**9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**





I DIDN'T MEAN TO, of course. But Dickie had such a dislike for that laxative I gave him, he'd actually fib when he needed relief. The stuff really tasted awful! And it acted even worse. It was just *too strong!*

SO, I TRIED giving him another laxative—with no better luck. Dickie would gag on it every time. And, when he did get some down, it only stirred him up and failed to give him the relief he needed. It was just *too mild!*



IT WAS A LUCKY DAY for Dickie and me when I finally changed to Ex-Lax! He simply loved its fine chocolate taste. And I was delighted to discover how smoothly Ex-Lax works. It's not too strong, not too mild... it's just right!

Ex-Lax is effective—but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset the children; won't make them feel bad afterwards. No wonder it's called:

## THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

As a precaution, use only as directed.

### IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE—

It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold not to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

**EX-LAX**  
10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores

**PINS 55¢ up RINGS 1.50 up**  
For your class or club. Over 300 designs. Finest quality. Write Dept. J, Metal Arts Co. Rochester, N. Y. **FREE CATALOG**



Don't risk making surface pimples worse by picking them. Instead, thinly cover each with Poslam, leaving some on overnight, if necessary. It hardly shows on the skin; girls can apply make-up right over Poslam. The powerful properties of this CONCENTRATED ointment work wonders in relieving that itch, redness and angry look; it's brought swift, happy results to thousands during 35 successful years. Only 50¢, all druggists.

**FREE:** Generous sample, write postcard to Poslam, Dept. 2W, 254 W. 54 St., N. Y. City.

**POS LAM**

Continued from page 50

my neck, Mummy," and when I felt his head it was damp and feverish. I put him to bed with lots of fruit juice and an aspirin, and when he didn't seem any better by morning, I called the doctor, and then had him in again in the evening when David developed a croupy-sounding cough.

The doctor was brisk and reassuring. No, nothing serious. Just a bad cold. Keep him in bed. Must be careful of pneumonia, you know. Plenty of liquids. And here were two prescriptions. Get them filled, and start the cough medicine right away. It wasn't until after the doctor had gone that I realized it was night and the neighborhood drugstore didn't deliver.

As soon as Davy dropped off into a troubled sleep I slipped on my coat and hurried out. The drugstore was just three blocks away. I could be there and back before he woke up, and even if he did there wasn't any danger. He'd been told to stay in bed, and he minded well.

I hurried as much as I could, but the druggist was busy, and I had to wait. When I started back I was surprised to find that I'd been gone nearly three-quarters of an hour.

IT seemed to me, as I walked rapidly down the street, that our little house was brighter than it had been when I left it. Perhaps Mrs. Sullivan had come in, I thought.

But it wasn't Mrs. Sullivan. It was Paul. He met me at the door, and his face was alive with blazing anger.

He didn't give me a chance to say a word. He just lit into me, and his voice carried all the scorn and the bitterness in the world.

"You—I never thought this would happen with you. I thought at least you loved David enough to take as good care of him when I was away as you did when I was here. But not you—not any woman! The child is sick, he's all flushed with fever, and talking in his sleep. How could you leave him when he's sick?"

I couldn't take that. I didn't care what Paul felt about me on other counts; our bargain was finished. But I loved David with all my heart—I couldn't bear to let Paul believe that for one second I'd failed in my duty to that little boy. My own anger blazed.

"Paul—Paul, you be quiet and listen to me! How dare you talk to me like that? If you'd stop raving like a crazy man for a minute and take a look at me—housedress, old shoes, hair flying—you'd see that I haven't been out having a good time for myself. I stayed up all last night with that little boy and I'm prepared to stay up tonight, too, if it's necessary. I've been down to the drugstore getting medicine."

Once launched on my tirade I couldn't stop. I said all the things I'd never meant to say to him, all the things that must have been somewhere in the back of my mind, all the things that my love for him had never even allowed me to think.

"As for you," I went on, "you've a nasty, warped mind, that's what's wrong with you. You think just because one woman played you a dirty trick that all women are like her. Well, let me tell you, Paul Rentlow, there are a thousand good, fine women for every bad one, but you're just too blind and too pig-headed, and too wrapped up in nursing your hatred

to see it. You don't deserve to have—"

A fretful little voice stopped my words in full flight.

"Mummy! Who's out there?"

Paul was looking at me as if he were seeing me for the first time, but when he spoke, what he said was, "He calls you Mummy?"

I nodded, turning toward the bedroom. "He asked me if he could." Then I forced a smile to put on my face as I went in to David. "Davy, Daddy has come home on leave."

I stood at one side of the small bed and Paul came around to the other. "Hello, Butch," he said in that voice he reserved for David alone.

The little boy managed a grin. "Hi, Spike!" He moved about under the covers, settling himself comfortably. "I feel a lot better. I guess I'm almost well now," he observed, "on account of it's such fun to have you come home, Daddy."

I pulled the covers up under his chin and wielded my bottle of cough medicine. "You're to take a spoonful of this, Davy, and then go fast asleep, so you'll be well enough to have a good time with Daddy tomorrow."

Davy swallowed the medicine obediently, made a face, and squirmed down. "You know," he said, "Jimmy Sullivan's Mummy and Daddy take him into bed with them and read the funny papers to him every Sunday morning."

"Do they?" Paul and I said it together, both in falsely interested tones. Our eyes met above the bed, and moved uncomfortably apart again.

We said goodnight to David, came out of his room and closed the door. Once more Paul and I were standing close together in that little hallway.

"I'm sorry," he said, and his voice sounded genuinely miserable. But that didn't matter. Nothing in the whole world mattered to me now but managing somehow to live through this leave of his, managing somehow to tell him that I knew we had made a bad bargain. I turned away, but his hand came out to stop me. Something of that gentleness he reserved for David was still in his voice.

"Connie, I am sorry." That gentleness made me stop, made me turn around to look at him, and something in his face sent my heart to beating wildly once again, as it had that night before he went away.

"Connie, honey, I've been doing an awful lot of thinking. And—well, most of the thinking boiled down to what you said to me tonight when you got mad at me."

I took a hesitant step toward him, and then his hands were on my shoulders again, his mouth against mine, and when he stopped to speak, he said, "Honey, I hate your business proposition—couldn't we put it on another basis? Connie, do you suppose you could ever manage to love a guy like me?"

"Ohhh," I cried, and that must have been enough of an answer, for he caught me up in his arms, lifting me as if I were a feather.

"They say you're supposed to carry your bride over the doorsill," he said. "Seems I omitted that little ceremony, but I'm going to make up for it now!"

I settled my head on his shoulder, and I said, "Tomorrow's Sunday."

He nodded, grinning. "We'll have to get up early and bring David in with us so we can read the funnies to him."



## Stormy Romance

Continued from page 35

that they would have the first and last dances and plenty in between when the orchestra played their special songs; that George would fasten her skates; that they would sit side by side at the movies, at tables in restaurants, on stools at soda fountains.

George was reasonable enough about other fellows admiring Mary Jane up to a certain point and beyond that point not reasonable at all. Mary Jane knew it was only the emotion of a moment when George responded to girls who were quick on the draw verbally or who sang softly when someone played the piano. But she was never calm about this. Not even for the second an admiring glance takes would she spare his heart.

**T**HEY were as different as day from night. Which is why they loved each other with such sudden passion and so tempestuously always. Which is why they quarreled.

Time and time again his energy—like a magnet—pulled him into a world in which she was strange and lonely. He played basketball and football. He was star of the school's debating society. Moving on to the University of Minnesota, he won low and high hurdle championships. He served as president of his class, presi-

dent of the Student Council, president of the dramatic club. In the summer he earned his college funds ranching in Montana, taking blue ribbons in rodeo contests. Five minutes after he auditioned for a job at WDGY in Minneapolis he was hired as staff announcer. He led his own orchestra in local night clubs. He entered Jesse Lasky's "Gateway to Hollywood" competition and, in California, was offered a movie contract which he promptly declined.

His life was a turbulent mountain stream rushing out to meet the sea. Hers was a quiet woodland pool. Shy and retiring and possessing a gentle but mighty pride, she was content with her own world, with bridge luncheons, club dances, working *petit point* for a living-room chair, matinees, church work, shopping with her mother.

There was the time he persuaded her to ride horseback. However, in persuading her he caught some of her fear.

It was October. The air was golden and as refreshing as cider. Along the Mississippi the trees blazed scarlet and gold against the blue water.

Mary Jane, green eyes full of childish surprise, turned to George who rode protectively beside her. "I love it!" she told him. "What a little

coward I must seem to you—always afraid of anyone or anything or any place that's new. Canter ahead, George. So I can watch you!"

He could never resist showing off before her. He was so young, twenty-four that year, so in love.

**O**N a roadway running parallel with the bridle path a truck travelled lickety split, its tarpaulin blowing out in the wind. George reeled his horse about. His knowledge of horses combined with the nervousness he had caught from Mary Jane sent him racing to her. At a bend in the path a riderless horse whizzed past.

He found her lying on the grass, sobbing.

"Mary Jane . . ." he said. "My darling . . ."

Before he could collect himself, she was on her feet. Her green eyes blazed.

"Maybe this will teach you a lesson," she told him. "Maybe now you'll stop laughing at my fears . . . After this, perhaps, you won't always try to override my conservatism . . ."

A spark from her anger set him aflame. "Don't be such a little ninny," he told her. "I'll go after your horse! And when I bring her back you'll ride her again!"

"Get my horse if you want to!" Her

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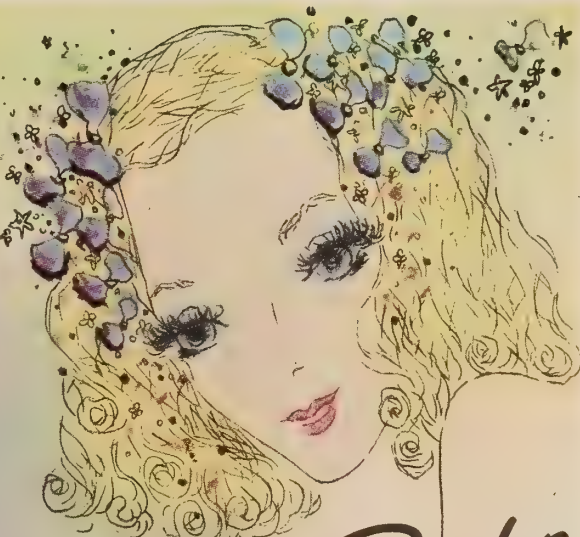
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voice was like flint. "But I won't ride her—or any other horse—as long as I live!"

All the way home they tore at each other with bitter recriminations remembered from other hurts. When he brought the car to a stop she jumped out and slammed the door. She didn't say good-by. She didn't turn around. He jammed the gears. His car went screaming down the street.

When at last anger died away his loneliness was more than he could endure. One evening in a mad desire to outdistance his misery he drove his car faster... faster... There were wet leaves on the pavement. The car skidded on them and overturned. He was thrown clear out of the car.

IT was a boy who joined the crowd at Mary Jane's house who brought her the news. She flew for her coat.

They wouldn't let her see George. But to sit outside his room was solace.

The third day his nurse came to her. "He's asked for you," she said.

George's eyes waited for her to come through the door.

"Mary Jane!" was all he said.

She pressed his hands against her cheek. She knelt by the bed and kissed him. Her tears were salty on his lips.

They only let her stay a little while. But the next day she stayed longer. At the end of the week George was strong enough to press her hands against his cheek, to kiss her, to say:

"We're going to be married when I get out of here. There aren't going to be any more separations. Wherever I go you're going—even if we aren't talking to each other when we start out."

"Before we get married," she said gently... "before you have responsibilities that say you can't do this and you can't do that, you must go to New York and audition for that big radio job you're always talking about."

There was unbelief in his very blue eyes. It wasn't like Mary Jane to urge new fields... a gamble...

"When I saw you without any enthusiasm," she explained, "not wanting to go anywhere or do anything, I thought my heart would break. I knew then, even though we've quarrelled mostly because of your enthusiasm and emotion for many people and many things, that it's because you're the way you are that I love you—so desperately! I prayed, George, that you'd be your old self again. And I vowed, when you were, I'd never try to hold you back."

"I'll go to New York and have an audition," he said. "Then I'll come back and marry you. And before 1942 I'll be a big name on the radio in New York... we'll live in a pent-house overlooking the East River... we'll have a champion wire-haired terrier... and you'll drive a beautiful convertible coupe, green as your eyes... So help me!"

"And we'll live happily..." she began. But he stopped her with a kiss.

"... tempestuously forever after!" he corrected her. His arms went around her. "When a girl and a man are a couple of loving fools they're likely to be a couple of fighting fools too, remember..."

A moment of revelation, that. For it's all come true!



# Deep in My Heart

Continued from page 41

"They are a lot of fun," I said. "They certainly seem to be," he said, grinning. He slipped his arm through mine. "But tonight they were just in the way!"

Back in my house, we sat in the living room and soon we were talking again about the house we would build.

"I want it out in the country," I said. "I want it to be small and sweet. It'll be fun—having our friends to see us. Jane and Johnny will probably be married by then—"

"Yes," he said. "I guess they'd come to see us. I suppose we'd have to see them occasionally."

I didn't like the way he said that. "I like them," I said. "You shouldn't talk about them as if—"

"I know, Mary. Of course, they're nice. But after we're married, we'll make our own friends. We'll build our own circle—"

I stared at him, puzzled and hurt, and, as he caught my eye, he shrugged dismissively.

"Oh, they're all right," he said, "but—we've got to look to the future. We'll be building friendships that will be really important to us, that's all."

IT was the first cloud, the first time we'd even approached a quarrel. But it was understandable, if you realized Gordon had always been brought up to believe that social position was important. Only—I didn't want my world that way, and he sensed my disappointment. He leaned over, drew me toward him.

"It isn't important," he said. "Let's not worry about it, Mary. We've only a short time together. Let's—forget it."

And we did. He put his lips against mine and I knew nothing was important, nothing except the fact he was there and holding me tightly.

Still, when he was gone and I was alone in my room, I found it hard to down the doubts that came to my mind. Probably it didn't matter, I tried to tell myself. I wouldn't ordinarily be seeing Johnny or Jane or any of the people I knew at the station. The only thing was—Gordon had seemed so positive about it. Not in what he said, but in his manner. Other things came to my mind. The time he'd told me, just as positively, that I had no right to political opinions because I was a woman and couldn't understand. The time he made me change my Kelly green dress because it was "too conspicuous."

But they were trivial things—and Gordon could be so kind, so full of love for me. He was the man I wanted, the only man, and what if he had his faults? Oh, I wanted our life to be happy. I'd sacrifice little things for important things. Maybe it would be difficult at first, but it would be worth it, if we were together, if we had our chance for happiness.

The next evening, I was dressing before dinner, because Gordon was coming at eight and I wanted to be ready. It was six o'clock. Always in the past I would turn on Jack's six o'clock broadcast. Without thinking about it consciously, I tuned in the radio to his station.

It seemed curious to hear his voice—that quiet tone, with just a trace of

bitterness and sardonic humor flashing near the edges. "So tonight there is still a chance that our crazy world will pull through. The Russians, so often destroyed by the Nazis, are somehow still holding back the Nazis. Still hurling back the civilizing German hordes—"

I turned the radio off. Hearing him brought a kind of pain to my breast. I stood there, trying to understand myself and my own emotions.

I was going to marry Gordon Heyward. Why should it disturb me to hear a man who was never more than my employer? Why should the mere sound of his voice—but it was sheer foolishness, I knew. It was childish and I would pay no attention to it. It was the devil getting into your thoughts and trying to stir up trouble.

I PUT the doubts out of my mind and devoted my attention to dressing.

The doorbell rang as I started downstairs a little later. I heard Dad shuffle to answer it, heard his rather startled, "Well, hello!" Then as I reached the landing, I heard him say brusquely, "I'll tell Mary you want to talk to her."

He walked into the living room, followed by a tall figure I recognized at once.

For an instant, panic swept over me. I met Dad in the hall and told him I wanted to see Jack alone. I found myself frightened. Not of Jack but of myself.

The humor was gone from the gray eyes. The lean face was drawn and tired. He looked as if he hadn't had any sleep for days. But as I came in, his lips twisted in a tired smile.

"Why—hello!" I echoed Dad, trying to sound cheerful. "This is a surprise."

"Mary," he said, "I've got to talk to you. It's—it's important."

"Of course, Jack," I replied. "What's the matter?"

"I—I knew exactly what I wanted to say," he told me. "Now the words have run out on me. Mary—it's that I think you're making a mistake."

"A mistake?"

"I know Gordon Heyward, Mary. I know him, and I know what he's like, he and his background."

"That's very interesting, Jack," I said coldly—coldly, because his criticism of Gordon was like a more positive echo of what I had been thinking myself, and I didn't want to admit it.

"Mary, he's a snob," Jack blurted out the words. "His whole world is—it's different from yours. You're a real person, Mary, down to earth and wonderful. This boy is—don't you see how he'll try to mold your life to fit into his—into snobbery—"

"Jack!" I said. "I won't listen to that kind of talk. If that's all you came here for—to try to tear down the man I love—"

"I'm only interested in your happiness."

My lips tightened. You want to take Gordon from me, I was thinking. You want to break up my romance, the most important thing in my whole life.

"You need a friend's advice now, Mary," Jack was saying. "You've only known Gordon a short time.

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## Say Hello To-

**SAMMIE HILL**—Radio Mirror's ice-skating cover girl, whom you've heard on many a radio program—Bright Horizon, the very clever Jones and I, which had to be taken off the air when its author was drafted, and others. Sammie is about as big as a split second, dark and vivacious, and a Southern girl from Memphis, Tennessee. She came to New York determined to crash radio, but—like so many other young hopefuls—didn't succeed for some time. Just as she was about to return home to Memphis in dismay, she got her first radio part and since then has been busy all the time. So she won't forget her struggles, she recently donated a scholarship to the Maverick summer theater, where she got her stage training.

You don't really know him at all."

My hands pressed tightly against my sides. I could feel the throbbing rage in my throat. "You're jealous," I told him. "You want to ruin my romance because—because you want me yourself. That's the truth of it, but you aren't man enough to admit it. It's selfish—wicked—"

It was as if I had struck him with my fists. His face was white and his eyes grew dark as storm clouds.

I knew it was useless to talk. Jack was trying to tell me how to run my life. He was in love with me and he was jealous. Maybe though—maybe he meant it. Maybe he really did believe Gordon was the wrong man.

I could feel his eyes—hurt and bitter—looking at me.

"Mary," he said, his voice halting, "I—I do love you. I—wanted to be sure. Sure for your sake. I wanted to know *you* were sure." He closed his eyes. "I'm sorry, Mary. Sorry for all this. I guess I shouldn't have—said anything."

He turned, started toward the door. I stood there trembling, not looking at him. I heard him say, "Mary—I do want you to be happy. Please remember that."

The front door closed behind him.

**A**LL that evening, while I was out with Gordon, Jack was in my thoughts. He had no right to intrude himself that way. Later in the evening, when Gordon whispered of the children he hoped we'd have some day, I stopped him with, "Gordon—that's miles in front of us yet."

"You're—sort of strange tonight," he commented. "Is something wrong?"

I put my hand on his. "I guess I'm—just tired."

"Been running around too much," he agreed. "I'll tell you what you do. You fix yourself a hot lemonade just before you go to bed. Fix it in a small glass—"

"Please, Gordon. I'll take care of it."

Orders Advice. You'll have to do it this way. Only this way. No other way is right. I wondered if for the first time, I were seeing Gordon not as an ideal in my heart but as a human being with whom I'd spend the rest of my life. But then—standing there outside the door of my home—he took me into his arms and kissed me. All the doubts, all the misgivings, fell away, lost themselves in that kiss. This was the man I loved—nothing else was important.

Maybe it's lucky we can't see into the future. Maybe it was good I couldn't see all the heartbreak that

would come that very next night.

It was a party at Gordon's home, given by his parents. I knew they were planning to have Mother and Dad and me and a few of their close friends, and it was all to be informal. But I dressed carefully for the party. I wore the white dress with the old-fashioned mutton sleeves and when I looked at myself in the mirror I was pleased. I told myself to forget all about worries—they were only seeds Jack had tried to sow in my mind.

**T**HE house was large and comfortable, with a big fireplace in the drawing room and an overstuffed sofa before it around which we gathered. There were a number of young couples there and they were all pleasant and kind. Mrs. Heyward, tall and white-haired, was a charming, gracious hostess. After we'd been there a while she drew me to one side and told me how happy she was that we were going to be married.

"Gordon thinks a great deal of you," she said. "You know, he's our only son. We're glad he's found someone who'll be his helpmate through life."

"Thank you," I told her. "I—I'm going to work at making him happy."

"It may mean many changes," she said. "The Heyward name, that's something important. Something we're proud of, you see. That gives you a responsibility, my dear, because you will bear that name—"

It was fortunate at that moment that several persons came up to interrupt us and I had no need to answer her. Everyone was talking all at once, and our little chat was ended. One of the men, a tall, bald-headed businessman, was discussing excitedly the floods which had been ravaging the western part of the state.

"Don't want to miss that broadcast," he was saying. "That fellow—Jack Miller. He's out there now—broadcasting from that big dam they're afraid may go out. Be on in ten minutes," he added, glancing at his watch.

That fellow—Jack Miller. Jack going out to the flood zone to broadcast. Probably forgetting to take his overcoat and hat, as usual, so he'd come down with his death of cold. I was the one who always had to look out for him. Besides, suppose that dam were actually to—

Wait a moment, I thought. This sudden fear in my heart—it didn't mean anything. I wasn't afraid for Jack. I knew he'd be safe. Of course he would!

The bald-headed man fussed with the radio. I stood there listening, almost as if hypnotized. It was curious,

being here in Gordon's home, and hearing Jack's voice. The moment I heard it, I caught the excitement of it, beneath that calm way he has of speaking.

"They are working with great speed," he was saying, "trying to bolster the sides of the dam with hundreds of sandbags. The engineers claim that if the water goes on rising at its present rate, the dam will go out in twenty-four hours, before there is time to complete the reinforcing."

I heard Gordon's father—a short, puffy little man with a mustache—gasp at that. "I'd hate to be that fellow," he said, "talking from that spot. If that dam goes—"

The others agreed. I tried not to listen. They didn't know about news broadcasting. Jack would be all right. He always was, no matter how dangerous the story he was covering.

Jack was going on, still unperturbed. "Homes in the lower valley are being evacuated. The perch here, from where we broadcast, gives a clear picture both of the dam and of the road immediately beneath it, clogged with fleeing people. If the dam should go this minute, this perch would be washed to kingdom come . . . The dam itself soars above us, like a monster . . . wait a minute . . . wait, something is wrong . . ."

The group at that party crowded closer around the radio. I told myself to stop being afraid. I told myself he'd be all right.

"There's a crack in the side of the dam," Jack spoke tersely now, voice tense. "Workmen are running out of the way. One foreman is standing on a platform, signaling with a flag. The men look like ants scurrying for cover. The crack is widening now. Water is beginning to pour through . . . white, angry, roaring rivers of water. The engineers were wrong. This dam won't . . ."

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am trying to bring you this eye-witness account. I will continue broadcasting until the last minute. There is no place to move from here. As long as our lines are intact we will continue to bring you the story. It will be only a matter of—"

The voice went dead. We heard a tremendous explosive sound, over the radio. The noise vibrated in the room. Then—silence. In cold, unspeakable terror, I stared into the radio. I didn't dare to move or speak. A moment later, we heard the voice of one of the announcers.

"Due to conditions beyond our control, we are unable to bring you further details from the flood zone. There has been no word from our reporter, Jack Miller, whose broadcast from the scene was cut off a few minutes ago."

**I** DIDN'T try to think. Didn't try to explain to myself what was happening to me. My mind echoed what the announcer had said: There has been no word from Jack Miller. No word from Jack. That sentence kept going over and over in my mind. No word—of course, no word. He—he's dead, don't you see? The dam broke and the water swept over him—

Maybe you don't think it means anything to you, but get that through your head, Mary. He's dead. There was no place to run, no place to hide. He stood there doing his job and the waters swept over him and that was all. Do you understand?



That was what I was thinking, standing there, bracing myself against the sofa. The others were looking at me. I could feel their eyes, boring into mine.

"He's dead," I whispered. "He's been killed."

Thoughts rushed into my mind. The way he had of grinning crookedly. The times we used to sneak out to the drugstore for coffee. The last time I had seen him, the way he had stood and looked at me. "I'm sorry, Mary. Sorry for all this."

I didn't understand death, the reality of it. That was difficult to grasp. Just that he wasn't any more. That—I was alone. Jack who loved me. Jack who wanted me to be happy, who always needed someone to watch out for him. But what did it mean to me? I didn't know, I didn't understand. Only I knew there was a weight in my heart I'd never known before. I remember stepping back, looking into the puzzled faces of my parents, of the Heywards, of Gordon. I remember the sudden dizziness, sagging forward into darkness.

**T**HEY had me on the sofa. I realized I had fainted. For a few moments I lay there, eyes open, trying to recall what had happened. The news on the radio. Jack. The sudden dizziness. I tried to sit up. Gordon sat on the sofa beside me.

Gordon said, "Mary, I know. It was a shock. But—well, after all, he was a reporter. That was his life."

"You don't understand, Gordon," I said. "This—this isn't just anybody. It's Jack. There's nobody else quite like him."

His face was suddenly very grim. I sat up a little, saw that the others had left us alone. "You sound," he said, "as if you were in love with him."

"Don't be foolish," I said. "I—I—"

You sound as if you were in love with him. Gordon was saying that, putting it into words. But maybe—maybe he was right. Maybe this was the reason for the heaviness, the aching. I'd never thought of it that way before. Never even stopped to realize what it meant. But now it seemed different, the feeling I had for Jack. It seemed overwhelming, undeniable. I looked at Gordon. Saw the hardness in his eyes.

"You are in love with him." There was an icy quality in his voice. "You were in love with him all along, weren't you?"

I couldn't answer that. I said, "Has there been any further word?"

"Yes." He sounded bitter. "The radio said they think he's been—drowned." He paused a moment, stood up, began to pace the floor. "The dam broke, swept everything before it—"

I tried to look into his face. It was a curious feeling I had. A coldness. All the fire that had been in my heart for Gordon—suddenly all of that was burned out.

"I—I think you're right," I said. "I—I think I did love him."

He whirled, an expression of triumph on his face. "So it's true? You admit it, Mary?"

"I never believed it, Gordon. Never thought it was so. But now—now that he's dead, I think I understand. I think I did love him, all along. But I didn't know it."

"Why didn't you tell me that was the way you felt?" There was no compassion, no understanding.

# Nothing's too good for you, my lad—



## not even FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

You're definitely White House material, and you're going into training for it—right now! Especially the 'white' part.

Everything you wear is going to be washed with Fels-Naptha Soap. You'll be so shining clean you'll think I've bought you a new dress every day. And don't try to laugh *that* one off, young fellow. You don't know how lucky you are to be starting life in a Fels-Naptha home.

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It's AMERICAN for a woman's hands to work hard—and still look well groomed, feel pleurably soft.

Your hand-care need waste no time. You can give your hands practically professional care with Jergens Lotion, which leaves no

sticky feeling. Such a satisfaction—Jergens Lotion brings your skin the same 2 ingredients many doctors use to help harsh skin to smoothness, softness. You so easily help prevent awkward, uncomfortable, rough hands when you always use Jergens.



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nishes smoothness-saving moisture for your skin. It leaves no annoying, sticky feeling.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

Funny. The night before I'd told Jack he was jealous. Told him he was talking out of bitterness. And now—now I was seeing what it was really like, to be jealous and bitter and—heartless.

"I tell you I didn't know," I said. "You don't, you can't think I tried to deceive you?"

He regarded me steadily. "You should have told me."

I stood up. I felt sick and ashamed. I wanted only to be out of there, to be free of him and all the others. I said, "Thank you, Gordon. Very much."

"Thank me? For what?"

"For keeping me from making another terrible error. Thank you."

There was no point in trying to tell him. I knew he wouldn't understand. Jack had been right—we were from different worlds. I didn't wait any longer. I ran out of the room, out of the house. Out into the chill tang of the autumn night.

Back in my room, I threw myself on the bed and wept. There was release in weeping, release in hot tears I couldn't stop. Dear Heaven, I prayed, bring him back. Bring him home safe. But it was too late for that, too late for prayers. I have no idea how long I lay there weeping. Sometime later—I fell asleep.

IN the morning, Mother and Dad were there. They were worried and wanted to call a doctor. They kept asking questions. But I didn't want to talk, I wanted to be left alone. They brought up the morning paper. There, on the front page, I read the story of Jack's death. How he'd been last seen reaching for a plank as the waters swirled over him. I threw the paper to one side.

I stayed home that day. Stayed in bed mostly, tried to sleep. It was close to five-thirty when Mother came in and suggested that I have dinner downstairs. "Do you good, dear, to get out of your room for a while."

She was so gentle. I think she understood. I think she realized what had happened but didn't want to speak of it. It seemed to me perhaps it would be better if we didn't speak of it, if we left it until time healed it, until it was almost forgotten.

I got up and started to fix my face. I was going through the motions automatically, not thinking what I was doing. Then—then I realized the radio was on. I had turned it on, the way I had always done, at six o'clock, to hear Jack's broadcast.

There was a man speaking. For an instant, I paid no attention. Then I realized. I stood up, my whole body trembling with excitement.

It was Jack's voice. Jack's voice over the radio.

I ran to the machine, bent beside it listening, holding it in my hands as if it were alive.

"So I am glad to report that earlier reports that I was among those missing were in error." I could almost see the humorous light in the gray eyes. "I managed to hold on to that plank until a rescue boat reached me. Word of my rescue and that of many others did not get out until this morning, because of the failure of communications—"

Jack. Jack safe and alive and unharmed. It was too wonderful, I was almost afraid it was a dream. The world hadn't reached its end—there was still light. Suddenly, I



felt the warm rush of emotion running through me.

But it was only an instant. Jack wasn't mine. I'd sent him away, told him he was nothing but a jealous man trying to ruin my life. I'd sent him away for good. There was a certain poetic justice in it, wasn't there? I could know he was safe—but he wasn't mine, couldn't ever be mine.

But another voice rose within me then. A voice that was urging me to tell him. Not to wait, not to play games. To go there and—

That next morning, I was at the studio early. The girl outside was a good friend of mine and greeted me with great enthusiasm. I said, "I want to see Jack, Betty."

She looked surprised. "Want the old job back? He's still looking for somebody—"

I nodded. She said, "Go on in. He's been interviewing girls ever since you left."

AS I walked in, I said one little prayer. That he'd understand.

He was there behind the desk, half-turned and working at his typewriter. He didn't look around as I entered. He said, "With you in a second. Had any experience?"

I said, "One experience that wasn't too happy. I'm trying to straighten it out."

He jumped to his feet. "Mary!" For a second, he just looked at me. Then he said, "I thought it was someone looking for a job."

"I am," I said. "A permanent job. Know of one that's open?"

He stared at me. He asked, "How permanent, Mary?"

"For—life." There was a tenderness in his eyes. "Wouldn't you—wouldn't you have to love somebody, to work for them that long?"

I didn't answer, not in words. I just nodded. There was a lump in my throat and I was afraid to speak. Jack started toward me. "I won't ask you what happened," he said. "I—I guess it was something that made you—well—know how I feel. Whatever it was—"

But then he was grinning. "Come on—we'll get ourselves a rationed cup of coffee to celebrate."

I was glad he said that. Glad because otherwise I might have cried. He grabbed my hand and we started out. Right in the middle of the main office, he stopped. "Good Lord—I haven't kissed the bride-to-be yet!" So there in front of everybody, he took me in his arms and kissed me. It was a long kiss. A very wonderful kiss.

He hadn't asked me why I'd come back. It was enough for him that I had. Because he had faith, because he believed in me. That was it. That was the reason I loved him. Because now he reached out and took my hand, and I wasn't afraid any more. I was warm, and safe.

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FEBRUARY 3RD

ON NEWSSTANDS COAST TO COAST



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## Counterfeit Love

Continued from page 15

"It doesn't seem to cramp his style any," I said, and somehow that broke the tension, so that Mike chuckled. But after I'd paid my check and gone out, I had an uneasy feeling that even if he was too polite to say so, Mike was inwardly criticizing the way I had acted.

I pushed the incident out of my mind, and concentrated instead on Bob—on his good, honest face and slow smile, his even temper and never-failing kindness. I felt as if I needed the thought of Bob to cling to in a world that was so completely unsatisfactory in every other respect.

It was not so easy, though, to forget the boy Mike had called Tony. The memory of the way he had tensed when I called attention to his lack of a uniform stayed with me, a constant reminder that while I had believed in the words I'd spoken, they need not have been said quite so cruelly.

AND one night I went back to the diner

Oh, I won't try to pretend that I simply dropped in, without a thought in the world—although that was pretty much the pretense I made to myself at the time. I must have hoped I'd see him again, must have hoped there would be a chance for him to learn that I wasn't really as curt and unpleasant as I'd sounded.

I know now that I didn't really have the power to decide whether or not I'd go back into that diner. Already I was caught up into the current of an emotion utterly new to me—so new that I didn't even recognize it.

It wasn't quite as late in the evening, this time when I went into the diner, as it had been the week before, and the place was nearly empty. For a while Mike and I talked—and then somebody came in. I knew without turning around that it was Tony. Something—the nerves in the back of my head, as if they'd been eyes—told me so.

Mike gave me an uneasy glance, and shuffled over to take Tony's order. After that, for a minute, there was a heavy, thick silence, its heaviness and thickness in no way affected by the fact that two other customers at the end of the room were talking and Mike was rattling a frying-pan.

I felt myself being forced to look up—look over at Tony. And he was looking at me.

"Hello," he said.

I nodded, briefly, and turned away. With a quick movement, he left his stool and moved to the one next mine. "Look," he said, "you'd be a lot prettier if you weren't such a sour-puss."

"Thanks," I said, "but I don't remember asking you for any beauty tips." And even as I spoke, I hated myself. I didn't know why I was being so hateful. It would have been so simple to let him see that I didn't want to talk to him—simple, as far as that went, never to have come to this diner again. Yet I *did* want to talk to him, and I *had* come here. Then why must I be rude? I didn't know...

"You don't like me much, do you?" he asked, and though he meant to sound easy and ironic, I caught a note of wistfulness in his voice.

"It isn't you," I said. "I just have a grudge against any healthy young man that isn't in uniform."

"Did it ever occur to you that I might prefer a uniform myself?"

"Then why aren't you wearing one?" I asked bluntly.

"Because I was told I was needed more right here." Mike had put his food in front of him, but he wasn't paying any attention to it.

"I expect you didn't need much persuading." But I didn't expect anything of the sort. Suddenly, I knew that I believed anything this boy told me, would always believe it, and that when I said I didn't, I was lying.

"Aw, what's the use?" he said wearily. "I guess you can't argue with a woman." And, dismissing me, he picked up his fork.

Across the back of his right hand was an ugly gash, a couple of days old. "You'd better take care of that cut on your hand," I told him, "or you won't be needed anywhere for a while."

"Don't worry about me," he flung out. "I can take care of myself—and a little scratch won't ruin my life."

"A nice deep infected scratch, you mean. Here, let me see it."

"Oh, let it go," he said impatiently.

Mike, unexpectedly, intervened. "Let her look at it, Tony," he said, "and don't be a baby."

"Well, all right," Tony agreed grudgingly. "Only there's nothing wrong with it a little iodine won't fix." He held the hand out for my inspection. It really was a bad cut, and evidently it hadn't been treated at all. It was swollen and inflamed, and



## Say Hello To-

BARTLETT ROBINSON—who plays two parts in Portia Faces Life—that of Walter Manning, the newspaper man who is being held prisoner by the Nazis, and his German double who is in the United States engaged in espionage. He's also Frank Palmer, the young aviator in Young Dr. Malone. Bart is the son of a well known artist, and was slated to be an architect himself, but made up his mind while he was still in school to switch to the drama. A year later he made his first professional appearance in "Camille," with Lillian Gish. Then for a while he was in the movies, but turned his back on Hollywood and came to New York. He's married to a Colorado girl and is the father of a year-old son. His hobbies are swimming, fishing and writing.



when I touched it with my finger he winced a little.

"You'd better come with me," I told him. "We're going over to a drugstore and get this fixed up. It has to be opened and cleaned out and bandaged."

"Aw, I can take care of it all right. I've had worse things than this happen to me."

"You do what Miss Breckenridge says, Tony," Mike ordered. "She knows what she's talking about."

Tony chuckled. "Miss Breckenridge, huh? What a name." But he finished his meal and came along meekly enough. At the drugstore the clerk let me use the little back room, and provided me with the drugs and materials I needed.

I warned Tony it would hurt, but he only laughed and told me to go ahead—and he didn't make a sound during the whole painful process, although his jaw tightened a little when I cut the wound. After it was over, he looked at the neat bandage admiringly.

"Nice job, Miss Breckenridge. What are you, a doctor?"

Laughing—a little shakily, I remember, for this had been my first "operation" since I got out of school—I said, "No, just a nurse—and a new one at that."

He was impressed. "Why don't you come over to the plant? They could use you over there."

"At the plant—?"

"Sure—where I work." He had an odd way of talking, short and a little harsh, yet with an undertone that was soft and thrilling. "That's why I didn't have this hand fixed up at the company hospital. There's one nurse there for five thousand men."

But I shook my head. "I won't be around here long. I've put my application in for service overseas."

OH, I think I must have sounded smug and self-satisfied. I must have let some of my inner conviction that going overseas was glorious and romantic show in my voice. Because he smiled mockingly, and said, "Oh?" on an upward tone.

"Well, take care of that hand," I said, seeking refuge in a business-like manner from the too-personal quality of his gaze. I started to walk away, out of the store, but he stopped me; and this time, when I looked at him, he was no longer mocking.

"Listen—Miss Breckenridge," he said. "When can I—see you again? . . . Now, don't freeze up," he added quickly. "All right, I'll admit I acted pretty bad the first night I saw you in the diner—I tried to move in on you without even an introduction. Well, I'm sorry. I had you figured out all wrong. Now let's start all over again, and you'll find out I'm not such a bad guy after all."

I hesitated. It was so odd—I didn't approve of him, I wasn't sure I even liked him, and yet at this moment I simply wasn't capable of resisting his appeal. But one thing I could do—I could be honest.

In a low voice I said, "Please—it's sweet of you—but I don't think you'll want to see me again. You see, I'm in love with someone. He's training to be a Marine. I've known him all my life, and I—I love him very much."

"All right. Thanks for warning me. How about going to the movies before the late shift tomorrow night?"

"I—" From very far off, I heard myself saying "All right."

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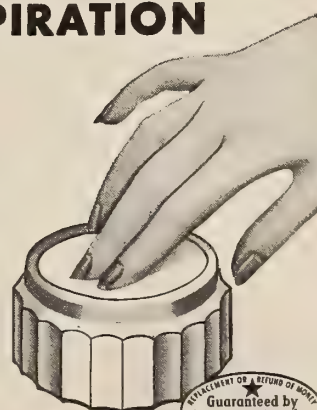


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By Adela Rogers St. Johns



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Love can be ecstatic and beautiful, I know. But it can be horrible, frightening—like the love for Tony Armand that grew in my heart during the next two weeks.

Getting a letter from Bob was torture. There he was, miles away, learning to fight, and while he thought I was waiting for him, I had fallen in love with another man.

And this was no mere momentary infatuation. I was sure of that. Perhaps just at first, before I knew him well, before I learned that underneath his tough merriment he was gentle and strong—perhaps then what I felt was passion, not love. But my last defenses had crumbled the night he told me about himself, told me why he was not in uniform.

**H**E'D been born in a small town not far from mine, and because his father had been a jeweler and he admired his father more than anyone in the world, he had decided he would be a jeweler too. He had learned to be a good one when the war came—and that, in a way, was his tragedy.

"I was wild to enlist," he told me. "I went down right away. But when the Army found out I was a jeweler they wouldn't take me. They said I'd be more use here at home."

He stopped then, and glanced at me defiantly, but I said nothing, and he went on to tell me the rest, to explain that in the manufacture of airplanes there are certain important instruments that only the most skilled craftsmen can make. When a pilot's life depends on the accuracy of the precision instruments which guide his flight, the factories can't take a chance on faulty workmanship. They want only the best men for that job, and the perfect precision instrument workmen are jewelers.

So Tony hadn't deserved the scorn I'd poured on him at our first meeting. "I'm sorry," I said, knowing he would understand.

"Don't worry," he answered. "You weren't the first one to make a crack, and you won't be the last. All the fellows have had it happen to them, one time or another, and lots of them have quit their jobs and joined up—so many that some plants are going crazy trying to find men."

But mostly we didn't talk about the war or the problems it created. It was as if we both knew what such talk would lead to: remembrance of Bob. And neither of us wanted to remember him.

Golden autumn afternoons when we met at the edge of town to walk through the crisp woods . . . the smell of wood smoke in our nostrils . . . Tony's worn leather jacket, as brown as one of the oak leaves that came drifting down . . . companionship . . . the red tweed suit I wore the afternoon the weather turned cold . . . and one kiss . . .

These are the things I remember, lovingly, of those enchanted two weeks before Bob's letter came, announcing that he would be home on furlough soon.

It was in my jacket pocket, creased already from my nervous hands, when I met Tony that afternoon—and it must have been on my face, too, for Tony to see, because his look of eager happiness changed when we met.

"Lucy—what's wrong?"

"It's Bob—he's coming home on leave . . . Tony, what shall I do? Suddenly, I'm—I'm afraid to face him." The dark skin over Tony's jaw



tightened. "You've got to face him," he said quietly. "Lucy—we've been cowards. We've just gone on, seeing each other, getting more and more in love. Now it's too late—we can't go back. You've got to tell him."

"I can't! I can't! Not when he's on his last leave before being sent overseas to—fight and maybe to—"

But the words choked me, I couldn't go on.

Our feet had carried us, automatically, along our favorite path winding aimlessly through a grove of oak and maple. The rustling of the dead leaves sounded unbearably loud as we walked.

"Just because he's in uniform—" Tony began bitterly.

I interrupted him. "No—that isn't it!" My protest was a lie; I knew it was a lie. It was precisely because Bob was in uniform that I could not hurt him this way. Tony might wish he were in the service, he might even be showing greater heroism in staying where he was, in the factory, but . . . Tony was safe. That was the inescapable truth. Tony's life was safe, Bob's was in danger. I couldn't betray someone who was ready to give up his life for me.

If only I were fighting too! Somehow, it would have been easier—I'd have felt more free to follow my heart—if my service application had come through. Yes, of course that would take me away from Tony, but that would be better than being here in the same town with him loving him and knowing I must not.

Tony caught me roughly to him. Once before he had kissed me—lightly, gayly, as we parted. There was nothing light nor gay about this kiss.

It was savage and demanding and fiercely possessive.

After a moment—"Tell him it was a mistake—you've fallen in love with someone else!" he murmured against my lips. His arms were supporting me; I would have fallen without them. But they were not just a support—they were temptation, they were the blood coursing swiftly through my body, they were calling me to follow him to the instant when there could be no turning back, when I would have to tell Bob the truth or be forever lost.

With my last strength I tore myself away, crying, "No—Tony, no! Please, don't . . ."

And ran, tears blinding me so I stumbled over the rough ground. But I had no need of eyes to know that Tony was standing where I had left him, alone, arms empty at his sides.

**B**OB arrived two mornings later. He looked—well, different and yet so much the same. He was bigger and straighter, and he was tanned the clear color of health; but his smile was the same, his kiss as warm and gentle.

They say that women are natural actresses. That may be true, but I think only when their hearts are in acting a part. Mine was not in acting the part of the girl Bob had left, the girl who had written him those first letters, so full of love. I went through inner agonies behind my mask of happiness. Every fibre in me ached to tell him I loved Tony. I felt stifled with the oppressive weight of the secret I must keep.

And Bob wanted to be with me every minute of his short leave. When he dropped around to see old friends,

I must be along. When he had dinner with his parents, I must have my dinner there too. It's all right, I kept telling myself, it's all right. In a few days he'll be gone and he'll never know. I can keep up the deception that long.

—Until the night, as we walked home, when he wanted to drop into the Silver King and see "old Mike."

"Oh no!" I cried with unthinking vehemence, and Bob looked at me oddly. "It's—it's not the same as it used to be," I added in lame explanation. "It's full of factory workers, and Mike's too busy to talk to us—"

"Well, he won't be too busy to make us one of his hamburgers," Bob insisted. "He'd never forgive me if I didn't drop in just to say hello."

Gayly over-riding my protests, he led me into the crowded, noisy diner.

Tony was there, of course. I'd known he would be. It would have been too kind of fate to let him be absent just then. He saw us when we entered—he could hardly have missed Bob in his bright blue uniform—and followed us with his eyes to where we sat at the counter. I couldn't read his face, in the quick glance which was all I dared give him.

Mike greeted us noisily and insisted on "setting up" not only hamburgers, but pie and precious coffee. And all the while I was conscious of Tony watching us. If only he'd be kind enough to do what he must know I was hoping he'd do—if only he'd finish his food and pay his check and walk away, without speaking to me or letting Bob realize he knew me at all!

He was not kind. He stood up and sauntered over to us.

"Hello, Lucy," he said.

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"Oh—hello, Tony." I tried to seem surprised, tried to seem casual. Maybe, if I only nodded and turned away, he'd take the hint and go on by. But he waited, and Bob was twisting around to look at him curiously.

"Bob," I said miserably, "this is Mr. Armand—Bob Ritchie."

"Hi," Tony said without enthusiasm. "I've heard a lot about you."

"Nothing I wouldn't want told, I hope," Bob laughed.

"No. I don't think so," Tony said, and then there was an awkward pause. I tried desperately to fill it by saying the first thing that came into my mind.

"Tony works in the plant up the road," I said.

"Is that right?" Bob asked, interest in his voice. "What do you make there?"

I knew what Tony was thinking—that it wasn't fair for Bob to be in uniform and him out of it, and that he must be on his guard against any attempt on Bob's part to patronize him. His feeling of inferiority was all too evident in the shortness of his reply: "Precision instruments."

"You do?" This time there was no mistaking the sincerity of Bob's interest. And he was not only interested, he was impressed. "Gee, that's something!" He laughed. "You know, don't you, that the fellows who fly those planes practically worship you guys?"

"Oh, I don't know . . ." Tony was melting, losing his gruff belligerence.

"It'd be just too bad," Bob explained, "if one of those instruments went on the bum—and they darn seldom do. Why, you must've had years of training to do such exacting work! Y'know, I was up in a Navy plane the other day and . . ."

A minute later—I didn't quite know how it happened—Tony was on the stool beside Bob, and the two of them were deep in a discussion of something called an "automatic control." I might not even have existed, as far as they were concerned.

If something like this had happened a few months earlier, I would have been furious. Now I was so glad, so tremendously relieved, that I wanted to cry.

They remembered I was there, after a while. Bob turned and laughed sheepishly. "Sorry, honey. All this

isn't very interesting for you, I guess."

"I don't mind. Only—" Now that they had left the impersonal and perfectly safe realm of precision instruments, I was afraid again. I wanted to get Bob away from Tony. "Only you promised to drop in to see Biff Regan and Sylvia tonight, and it's getting late."

"Yep," Bob agreed, standing up and fishing in his pocket for some money. "I guess you're right."

Tony, too, stood up; and he looked across Bob straight at me.

"Lucy's always right," he said clearly. "I've found that out."

His eyes, so brown and big, sent me the same message. "Yes, you were right," they said silently. "You can't do anything terrible to this soldier."

They said something else, too. They said, "Goodbye."

Yet we were both smiling when we parted—Tony to go to the factory, and Bob and I in the opposite direction.

"Nice guy," Bob said, swinging along beside me. "Where'd you get to know him?"

"Oh—I dropped into the diner one night for a minute, and Mike introduced us. I fixed his hand for him—he'd cut it at the plant."

"Do you . . . like him?" Bob sounded doubtful and worried, and fear rushed back to take possession of me. Had I betrayed myself, after all?

I steadied my voice. "Yes," I said, with just the proper amount of indifference. "I think he's very nice."

After a little silence, Bob said, "Yes," abstractedly, and when he spoke again it was about something else.

I didn't hear from Tony the next day, or the next, or the next. But I hadn't expected to. I didn't expect to hear from him again, ever. I went about with Bob in a trance of misery, playing my part, smiling or laughing when he said something funny, telling him the news and gossip of town, kissing him when we met or parted, being natural, natural, natural. . . .

Slowly, the certainty grew in me that I was not being natural enough. Bob suspected that I was carrying a secret locked inside me—he must suspect that, for several times I caught him looking at me in a way that was half quizzical, half worried; and now and then he would fall into a mood of abstraction, as if he were

Eddie Cantor has a new protegee—she's Shirley Dinsdale, cute little 15-year-old ventriloquist who is heard with her impudent dummy, Judy Splinters, on Eddie's show every Wednesday night on NBC.





trying to solve a knotty problem. Still, he said nothing, and neither did I, for I felt that if only nothing had been brought out into the open before he left we would both be safe—Bob safe from being hurt too much, and I from betraying him.

His last night came, and we were out all by ourselves. First dinner, and then dancing; it grew late, and Bob would have to take an early train in the morning, but still he did not seem to want to go home. The midnight shift would be on now at the factory . . . Tony would be bending over his work-bench. Oh, Tony darling—never to see you again, except at a distance.

Sirens wailed outside, thin and ominous above the cheerful din in the night club where we'd been dancing. And then another, and another, accompanied by the roar of heavy trucks, moving rapidly.

People asked questions, went to the doors and looked out, came back:

"It must be a big fire. Where is it?"

"Don't know . . ."

"Somebody says it's out at the edge of town."

Bob asked, "Like to take a run out and see, Lucy?"

"No—I don't think so." It would have been a distraction, a chance to forget about playing my part for Bob's benefit, but I was tired; there was nothing I really wanted to do except crawl home, where I could be alone with my unhappiness.

BOB accepted my refusal to visit the fire, but still he seemed reluctant to leave the table where we sat. He lit a cigarette, carefully deposited the match in an ash-tray.

"Lucy," he said at last, "there's something I've got to tell you—I don't know, I mean I *think* I ought to tell you—"

Even in my preoccupation with my own troubles, I could see his embarrassment. "What is it, Bob?" I asked.

"Well, you see—this may be the last time I'll see you before I go overseas, and you'll be going too, as soon as you get your appointment. And we ought to get things straight. It wouldn't be fair to you not to tell—The truth is—I met a girl down south where I'm in camp and I—"

It was easy to see what word he'd stumbled over. He just couldn't say, "and I'm in love with her." But I, in my amazement and relief, could.

He didn't hear the relief, though, and he stumbled on, before I could say anything more, "I'd rather have had anything else in the world happen than this. You know I've always loved you, Lucy, ever since we were kids, but not—not like that. I've loved you the way a fellow loves his family, or his best friend. And I thought you felt the same, until I began getting letters from you after I left. I hoped maybe it was just the shock of seeing me in a uniform, or something—just a romantic idea. Then I came back on this furlough, and you—well, I couldn't figure you out. Sometimes it was just as it used to be, between us, and then another time I'd get the feeling that you really did love me and—I'm sorry, honey, but I had to tell you because I think I'm going to get married pretty soon."

"Oh, Bob!" It was all I could say, torn between laughing and crying. "Oh, Bob!" I took a deep breath, to gain control of myself, while he

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stared, and then I explained shakily, "But that's the way it was—I missed you so much when you left that I imagined I was in love with you. And I guess there was a good deal of the romantic business of loving a soldier mixed up in it, too. Anyway, I'm in love with somebody else, and all this week I've been trying to tell you—"

And it was then, as if to shatter this glorious new feeling of freedom I had, that a waiter came to our table.

"Miss Breckenridge?" he asked. "The hospital just called—they'd been trying to reach you at your home. They want you to report at once out at the airplane factory. There's been a big fire, and lots of the men are hurt."

The airplane factory. The midnight shift! *Tony!*

The last thought brought me up out of my chair, and Bob—bless him for his immediate understanding of what he couldn't really have understood at all—was on his feet too, saying, "I'll drive you out there."

**I** THINK I explained in the car—at least, I know I must have said enough to let Bob know it was Tony I loved. I really don't remember very well—don't remember anything except my fear for Tony's safety, until Bob had deposited me at the plant and I was standing in the hospital in front of a white-faced man who was in charge.

"You one of the nurses we sent for?" he snapped at me.

"Yes."

"Go right on in there and wash up, then. And report to Dr. Hastings inside."

He had papers, lists, on his desk, and I asked, "Tony Armand—was he in the fire? Do you know?"

"No names available yet," he said curtly but not unkindly.

One doctor and one nurse for five thousand men. That was what Tony had told me about conditions at the plant hospital. Now I was to learn what it meant. It meant confusion and pain which couldn't be stopped because there weren't enough trained people to stop it. It meant long hours in which I obeyed orders mechanically, helping with hypodermics and bandages and dressings, never knowing if the next blackened, tortured man would be Tony. It meant stifling my own fear to comfort others.

And then, when the worst was over, I did find Tony.

He was in an anteroom, with others who had been only slightly injured and so could wait until the serious cases had been attended to. When I

saw him my knees suddenly went weak—with relief from long strain, with weariness, with happiness. But he frowned and looked away while I applied salve and bandages. Neither of us spoke. It was like the other time I'd nursed him—in the drugstore, so long ago it seemed!—we were strangers, each on the defensive with the other.

"Thanks," he said when I'd finished, and made as if to go.

"Tony," I said, "please! Please don't freeze me out this way. I know what you're thinking—that we mustn't have anything to do with each other—but it isn't like that. Bob and I—he's in love with somebody else, Tony. He is, honestly—" as I saw the doubtful expression on his face. "He told me tonight . . . And he didn't know it, but he told me something else. He showed me that I'd let myself get all confused about things, because of the war."

"I don't get you." Tony was still dubious, wary.

"It's hard to explain. But I pictured myself as—oh, as kind of a wonderful heroine. First I fell in love with a soldier, just because he *was* a soldier, although I'd known him all my life and never loved him before. Then, when I discovered I didn't really love him, I saw myself making a big sacrifice so he wouldn't know. It wasn't *real*, Tony. It was story-book thinking. That isn't the kind of sacrifice a person has to make now—not big heroic gestures, but little everyday sacrifices that are so much more difficult. Like my thinking I could only be a nurse on some battlefield, when there's a place for me right here at home, helping out as a volunteer nurse in the factory."

Tony smiled. "Funny little kid. You had to think that all out, didn't you? You're right, of course, even if you haven't got it all quite straight in your head yet. But how about your application for overseas service? Will you turn it down when it comes through?"

I'd forgotten that application, sent in with such high hopes it would be accepted. Now, in my heart, I hoped the acceptance would never come through. But if it did—

"No, I wouldn't turn it down," I said. "That's part of what I know now. The sacrifices have to be made, but it isn't for us to say what they'll be. If they want me overseas, I'll go. If they don't, I'll stay here and find a way to be useful."

Tony put his arm around me, right in front of everybody. "You can start in by taking care of me," he said.



## Say Hello To-

**ETHEL SMITH**—who plays those rhythmic rhumbas and sambas on the electric organ, as a regular feature of the CBS Hit Parade. Ethel is as American as her name—she was born in Pittsburgh—but she has traveled extensively in South America and Cuba, where she studied the native music until she became familiar enough with it to put its whole meaning into her performances. She studied at Carnegie Tech, learning to play the piano and organ, and to speak Spanish, French, German and Portuguese fluently. After leaving school, she played the piano in movie theaters. Then the electric organ was invented, and Ethel recognized in it the ideal instrument for the rhythmic music she likes to play. She's appeared in night clubs here and in South America.



## Facing the Music

Continued from page 4  
Musical Mathematician

ALTHOUGH dignified announcer Milton Cross humorously refers to the musicians employed on the Blue network's popular and witty Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street as the "Aged In the Wood Woodwinds" or the "Barefooted Symphony" or the "Poor Man's Philharmonic," these remarks fail to upset Paul Lavallo, the orchestra's director. More temperamental artists might rebel at these whimsies, even though they are said only in jest, but Lavallo enjoys these script sallies much as any listener. He is also comforted by the fact that as musical director of the Blue network he directs seven other broadcasts which give him more reverential introductions.

"Too many musicians are typed," he explains. "Playing one type of music continuously would drive me crazy."

Lavallo is equally at home playing saxophone under the great Toscanini and piping out a hot clarinet solo in swing tempo. This versatility has paid the youthful-looking musician dividends and makes it possible for him to turn down attractive offers to organize a regular jazz band or accept a prominent post in a symphonic organization.

A graduate of the famed Juilliard School of Music, Lavallo disagreed with his "long hair" colleagues there.

"I believe musicians today should play modern music that most Americans enjoy," he insisted then and still insists today.

It wasn't difficult for the young theorist to get a job in a popular orchestra. For three years he played under Paul Ash at the New York Paramount theater. Then Rubinoff hired him for the old Eddie Cantor radio show. Broadcasting work appealed to him because of its varied opportunities and he's been at it ever since.

Playing under such men as Rubinoff, Don Voorhees, and Frank Black helped Paul earn \$400 to \$500 a week and his music was continuously di-



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verting and interesting.

Then his friend Benny Goodman told him about a Russian composer and teacher named Joseph Schillinger who had a challenging approach to music. Like George Gershwin and other modernists, Lavallo studied under Schillinger, learning a new scientific approach to music that has helped him enormously. From Schillinger, Lavallo developed refreshingly different tone colorings, bizarre orchestrations, and a streamlined method of orchestration, all evident today when you tune in one of his programs. "Music is mathematical," he insists. "Overtones are measured by mathematics. After all, the very instruments we play are made not by musicians but by mathematicians."

Perhaps the most startling innovation that Lavallo introduced as a result of his study under the Russian was the adaptation of concert hall instruments into jazz playing. Music critics gasped when Lavallo used bassoons, oboes, English horns—all woodwinds—on the Basin Street program, then composed original compositions like "Bullfrog and the Robin" and "Memoirs of a Dilemma" to accentuate these instruments. Lavallo also was fortunate to have such dulcet and decorative singers as first Dinah Shore and now Kay Lorraine lending their talents to his shows.

At present Lavallo is working out a way to develop that rugged Carnegie Hall stand-by, the kettle drum, into a jazz instrument.

Paul was born in Beacon, N. Y. His father was a well-to-do Italian-American building contractor who

gave his children every advantage. When Paul finished high school he decided to become a lawyer and entered Columbia University. But his classmates preferred to hear him play piano, clarinet, or banjo rather than discuss his Blackstone. When a friend heard of a scholarship opening at Juilliard, he challenged Paul to try for it. Paul did and was accepted. His law study was sidetracked.

Once the youngster decided on music for a career, he laid out his plans as carefully as an architect.

First he planned to become a first rate instrumentalist. Then, if he succeeded, he would try conducting. Finally, if all went well he hoped to devote himself to composing.

So far the blue print has gone off according to schedule, and his admirers are now waiting for the day he starts writing music exclusively. He's already written a few songs, and one of them, "Whippoorwill" is this month's RADIO MIRROR song hit.

The 34-year-old, black-haired, brown-eyed conductor stands five feet five, dresses neatly, and talks quickly. You get the impression that each sentence he utters has been as carefully planned as one of his musical arrangements. Married, he lives in Manhattan, handy to the concert halls, which he visits as often as the jitterbug havens.

Lavallo has had much changing of names. His right one is Joe Usifer. He thought that lacked a professional sound and adopted Laval, his mother's maiden name. Then that Vichy viper, Pierre Laval, made this spelling an odious one and Paul quickly changed the spelling to Lavallo.

## Top-O'-the-Morning Meals

Continued from page 44

cereal and warm milk and beat together until smooth. Turn into buttered casserole and cook in 350-degree oven until cereal is piping hot. Break eggs carefully over cereal, dust with salt and pepper and continue baking until eggs are set.

melted butter. Beat egg whites stiff and fold in. If you use whole kernel corn, increase milk to ½ cup.

### Rice Pancakes

- 1 cup flour
- 2½ tps. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- Pinch of nutmeg
- 1 tbl. New Orleans type molasses
- 1 or 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk (scant)
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 2 tbs. melted butter or margarine

Sift together the dry ingredients. Beat egg, add milk and molasses, then add rice. Combine with flour mixture and beat until smooth. Beat in melted butter and bake on hot griddle.

### Apple Molasses Pancakes

- 2 cups flour
- 4 tps. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ cup New Orleans type molasses
- 2 eggs
- 1½ cups milk
- ¼ cup melted butter or margarine
- 1 cup chopped tart apples

Sift together dry ingredients. Beat eggs, add milk and molasses. Combine with flour mixture and mix well, then beat in melted butter. Stir in apples. Use a lower temperature for baking, otherwise the additional molasses in this recipe may cause the cakes to get too brown.

### Orange Marmalade Doughnuts

- 4 doughnuts
- 1 tbl. soft butter or margarine
- 1 tbl. orange marmalade

Cream butter, add marmalade and cream together thoroughly. Slice doughnuts in half horizontally, spread creamed mixture on cut surface and brown beneath the broiler flame.

### Corn Waffles

- 1 cup canned corn, cream style
- ¾ cup flour
- ½ tsp. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup milk
- 1 tbl. New Orleans type molasses
- ¼ cup melted butter or margarine

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt and mix with corn. Beat egg yolks, beat in milk, molasses and



# This Is Heartbreak

Continued from page 17

Greg enough credit. He had gone to college, only because he was willing and able to work his way through. Carl had not gone, mainly because he did not know what he had wanted to do with his life.

I tried to shake off all these nagging memories, once I realized they were making me critical of Carl. I didn't want to get into that frame of mind. I argued with myself that it was too easy to be regretful now that I saw how well Greg had made out.

In all fairness to myself I had to admit, though, that things had not worked out as I had hoped. Something had gone very wrong somewhere. We had started out happily, Carl and I. For one whole year, we were almost ridiculous about our love. I was glad I had not let Greg's lightheartedness and charm turn my head. I was glad I had felt Carl's real, deep need for me. I suppose all women have to feel they are needed. It gives importance to their lives. Carl gave my life meaning.

**SLOWLY**, however, almost imperceptibly, life seemed to go sour for Carl, and consequently for me. The old moods would come on him, when he was depressed and frustrated. I was always there to help him, cajole him, pamper him, but each time he seemed to need me more, to depend more heavily on me.

They were strange moods. Sometimes I used to long desperately to be able to run to Greg and ask him to help me straighten Carl out, the way he used to do, when we were growing up together. But Greg was far away. He had gone to South America on an engineering job, right after I had told him I had decided to marry Carl. Somehow, I couldn't write him what was happening.

Carl's moods had affected his work, too. He began to lose jobs, one after the other, and he began to console himself with the idea that he could become a great writer. When things went wrong, he would hide away in his den and put all his anger and bitterness into those stories of his. I didn't know what to do. I only knew how to soothe his self pity, how to encourage him when he made indiscriminate promises to change, although I was afraid he didn't mean them. I knew how to sympathize with him when he complained of never having a chance, of being tied down all his life, even though I knew he meant I was tying him down too. But I could never understand the causes of all these things.

When I found out I was horrified. It was after Carl had quit one of his jobs. I was desperate that time. We needed money badly. So I had gone out and asked for my old job at the bank. When I told him what I had done, Carl was furious. He got up from his chair and stood over me, his eyes burning. For the first time, I was almost afraid of him.

"I'll kill myself, if you take that job!" he stormed. "Don't you know it's hard enough for me to keep thinking that I couldn't give you the kind of life you should have—the things that Greg would give you—without you throwing it in my face? Are you trying to drive me crazy?"

It was like a picture unfolding. I



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saw it all then. We had been happy the first year, because Carl had been so proud of getting me away from Greg. Then, as Greg became more and more successful, Carl had grown more and more envious, more and more insecure.

Remembering that, I almost wished that Greg were not coming back. A small shudder of fear ran through me and, no matter how I fought to dispel it, it lingered in the back of my mind. I told myself I was being silly. That had all happened three years ago. It was all over. Carl couldn't possibly still be jealous of Greg. Why, I had even stopped writing to Greg, just to keep peace. We hadn't even mentioned him for a long time, until this afternoon. But I couldn't shake off that sense of foreboding.

I had wanted to suggest that Carl and I go down to meet Greg's train, but thinking of these things, I didn't dare. I didn't want to give him the chance to accuse me of still loving Greg.

In the end, it didn't matter, because Greg came to see us. The moment he stepped inside the door, even before he picked me up and whirled me around and kissed me, all my old affection for him came flooding back. I knew in that moment, how terribly I had missed him all those years, how little his absence had changed my feeling for him. I'm afraid there were tears in my eyes as he set me down.

**DIMLY**, I saw him grasp Carl's shoulder and shake his hand and slap him on the back. "You lucky dog!" he said. "How are you?"

Carl grinned and slapped him back and I thought with relief that everything was going to be all right, that Carl had forgotten all his old nonsense and was genuinely glad to see Greg. Greg pushed us both down on the sofa and sat down and just looked at us for a moment.

"You people," he said with a delighted shake of his head, "you don't know how I've missed you. Kirtha, you look wonderful. And Carl—still the old bear, still worrying about the world. Lord, it's good to see you! Tell me about everything. What's been happening? What're you doing?"

"Oh, there's nothing to tell," Carl said. "You're the one who's been doing things. You're the go-getter. Many's the time I've told Kirtha she should have married you instead." He was smiling and Greg chuckled.

But I knew Carl too well. He wasn't joking. He was deliberately trying to make Greg or me say something that would give him a chance to make a scene later. He had done that so often to me in the past. This time I was determined it wouldn't happen. I led Greg into talking about himself, all the places he'd been, the things he'd done. And I watched Carl.

All my pleasure at seeing Greg was gone. All my excitement faded. I hardly heard what Greg was saying. I was too miserable to listen. For I realized from Carl's expression that nothing had changed.

I knew that now I had to be more careful than ever. I even hoped that, perhaps, if I didn't see Greg again, Carl would begin to trust me, begin to believe in my love for him. And it seemed to me that to win that, it was a small thing to give up all I had hoped for from renewing our old

three-sided friendship again.

Greg was talking about the factory. He was enthusiastic and proud of being able to bring life back to Warrensville. "You know, Carl," he said. "I've been thinking you ought to come and work with me. You were always pretty good at plans and things and we need all the men we can get."

Carl shook his head. "I—I'd like to," he said, "but I've got a novel in the works and I can't leave it now."

Greg looked at me and I bit my lip. His light brown eyes flashed with understanding and he smiled quickly at Carl. "Just thought I'd ask," he said.

A little later he left. As the door closed behind him, Carl turned sharply on me.

"Well," he said, "how do you feel now? I look pretty silly beside him, don't I?" I didn't say anything. "I suppose now he'll be around here all the time. I'll never have any peace any more."

"No," I said quietly. "He'll be too busy for one thing. And I won't ask him for another."

"What's the matter?" Carl asked. "Has he lost his charm?"

I knew this would go on for hours, if I let it. So I got up and went wearily to the bedroom and locked the door. Sitting on the side of the bed in the darkness, I wondered helplessly whether anything could save the farce my marriage had become. Yet I knew I couldn't leave Carl. Somehow, it all seemed to be my fault, that I had made some mistake, and had done something at some time to rob Carl of his security, or at least his sense of security. And it seemed to me that only I could give it back to him.



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**DON'T** wash dishes under the faucet. Use good sudsy water in a pan—with a rinse of hot water. It's healthier—and thriftier. Between-plates running water is wasted water and wasted money. Remember: water power is defense power.



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There was a soft knock at the door. "Kirtha," Carl pleaded, his voice soft and calm, "please, let me in."

I unlocked the door and he caught my shoulders and drew me into his arms. "Darling, darling," he whispered into my hair, "I'm such a fool. Why do you let me make such a fool of myself? I love you. Forgive me."

Hours later, when he had fallen asleep, I lay awake, wondering what would become of us. Two days ago I had been so happy, so excited about the factory opening up. I had seen Carl becoming a part of the revitalized town, finding himself again, forgetting his unhappiness and bitterness in the excitement of work. Now it was all over. Simply because Greg had asked him, he had thrown away the first chance he'd had in months.

It was difficult to stay away from the factory site, those next few weeks. Everything in Warrensville seemed to begin and end there. Trucks were rumbling by the house, day and night, with materials for rebuilding. People we knew were continually waving to us from the street on their way to work and coming home from work. It was almost painful to restrain myself. I wanted so much to become a part of this thing, I wanted so much for Carl to be in it. But I held myself back. Greg was there and I mustn't go where he was.

ABOUT three weeks after his arrival, Greg came to see me. I must have looked frightened as I opened the door. Greg smiled gently.

"It's all right, Kirtha," he said. "I know that Carl always goes to the Unemployment Insurance Office on Thursdays. He won't be home for awhile. I want to talk to you alone." He made me sit down beside him and he held my hand as he went on. "Kirtha, you know I love you. And because I love you, I know something is very wrong. You aren't happy, are you?" I shook my head dumbly. "Why?" he asked quietly.

Somehow, just having someone care about how I felt was too much. I found tears welling up in my eyes and then I was telling Greg all about what had been happening to us, Carl's erratic temper, his growing restlessness, his moodiness, his escaping into the pretence that he'd show the world when he wrote a great novel, even his envy of Greg.

"I thought as much," Greg said, when I had finished. "I asked a few questions around town and the general impression seems to be that Carl is going to pieces." Greg stood up and looked down at me. "But I don't think it's beyond hope—yet." He smiled. "I know just what he needs. He's got to feel important. He's got to do some work that gives him that feeling. Kirtha, you've got to make him come to work with me."

I almost wanted to laugh. If he had asked me to move the factory with my bare hands, it couldn't have been a more preposterous request. "You don't understand," I said helplessly. "There's no way I could make him do that."

"All right," Greg said. "Then I'll find a way. But you help me as much as you can. You see, darling," he said softly, "I know what's troubling you. I knew it that night I was here. Carl's jealous of me. And there's only one way to cure that. Make him sure of himself again and let him see us together so he'll know there's nothing for him to fear."

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I smiled wryly. "That sounds too simple," I said.

"That's no reason for not trying it," Greg said. "I'm kind of a simple guy, anyway. I'll send for Carl and you make sure that he comes to see me."

I watched Greg for a long time, as he strolled down the street in the direction of the factory. I watched the tall, straight figure, swinging purposefully along, shoulders back, head high. What I wouldn't give to have Carl walk that way, I thought.

And because Greg had given me a ray of hope, I did my best the next day, when a worker came to pick Carl up and drive him to the factory in a truck. Carl almost sent the man away, but I managed to draw him aside and whisper, "Darling, you can't do that. You must go, if Greg sends for you. What would everyone think, knowing what good friends you were before?" And I held my breath, waiting to see if it would work.

CARL looked at me suspiciously, but he thought it over. And he went. He was gone only an hour, but to me it was an eternity. I kept seeing them together. I had visions of Carl angry, his jealousy flaring up. I had visions of him calm and happy. I remembered how Greg used to be able to talk Carl into almost anything in the distant past and I prayed silently that he could do it again.

Then Carl was back. He banged open the door and threw his hat angrily on the floor. "Don't you ever send me out to be humiliated like that again!" he shouted.

"Carl, what are you talking about?" I asked stupidly.

He looked at me furiously. "You may be ready to pick up crumbs from Greg's table. But I'm not willing to take charity from him. Do you hear?"

"Greg wouldn't offer you charity," I said, frantically, feeling the whole thing slip away from my control.

"No?" Carl asked hotly. "Am I supposed to believe that he needs me? He needs me! That's funny!"

"If Greg said he needs you, he probably does," I said.

"Sure," Carl said. "He certainly needs me as an assistant." He paused and added significantly, "And I know what for, too! So I'll be busy and won't know what you're doing."

There it was again. He'd never forget that. He'd torture himself and me with that, no matter what it cost us both.

"Carl," I said wearily, "you're not thinking. Your imagination is running away with you and you're not thinking." I walked out of the room, and a minute later I heard him go into his den, slamming the door. In a little while, his typewriter began to go, pounding, almost shaking the whole house.

Gradually, I could tell his anger was subsiding. He was slowing down. Finally, he stopped writing altogether. In my mind, I could see him in there, ashamed of himself, wanting to apologize, wanting the support of my love. And this time, I felt I had to take advantage of him, for his own good.

Without knocking, I opened his door. He was leaning despondently over his typewriter, his chin in one hand, his troubled, dark eyes staring miserably out of the window. I slipped over to him and put my arms around his neck, kissing him gently on the ear.

"Oh, Carl," I whispered, "what's

wrong with us? Why do we go through these things all the time?"

He caught my hands and kissed them hungrily. "I'm sorry," he whispered, the old Carl now, a little bewildered, a little helpless, as though he himself no longer knew what the fuss had been about.

"Tell me exactly what Greg said," I began softly.

There was a flash of pain in his eyes, but he smiled it away. "He said work wasn't going as fast as he'd like and he wanted me to be his assistant, to work directly with the men. He—he said he's not very experienced in that—he's more a paper man."

"He probably is, darling," I smiled. "So you see, he does need you. How much did he offer you?"

"Seventy-five a week," Carl said awkwardly.

I almost said it. I almost said that was more than Carl had ever made, or hoped to make in his life. I stopped myself just in time. "That's wonderful," I said, "for a beginning. Think of what we could do with that much money. Darling, we'd be rich."

Carl bit his lip and looked at me suspiciously. "You want me to work there, don't you?" he asked quietly, too quietly.

"I want you to work, Carl. I want you to feel safe and well again. I want you to be happy and I think not worrying about money all the time will help. And why shouldn't you work there? Almost everyone else in town is."

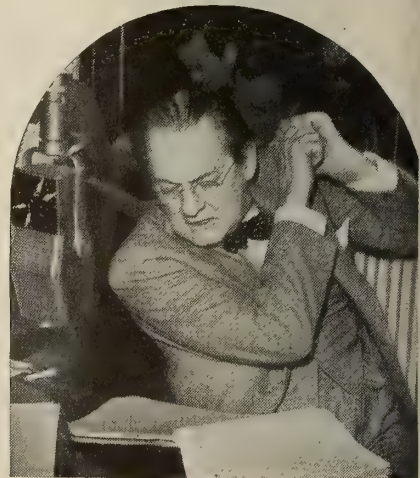
Carl pulled me down on the arm of his chair. "If only I could believe you," he said. "If only I could be sure it wasn't just so you and Greg—"

I lifted his head and made him look into my eyes. "It isn't because I want to be with Greg. It's for you, because I love you."

He smiled then, like a little boy smiling the tears out of his eyes. I hugged him to my heart. "You will do it, won't you?" He nodded.

He started to work the next morning. He was wary, at first, careful, always looking for signs of criticism. But Warrensville is a small place and everyone knew him. Almost everyone had had a taste of his ir-

*Continued on page 74*



*Veteran movie star Lionel Barrymore is fast becoming a radio veteran as well, playing the title role in "The Mayor of Our Town" Wednesday nights on CBS.*



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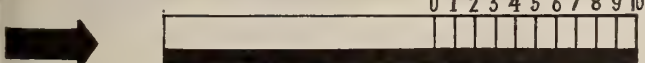
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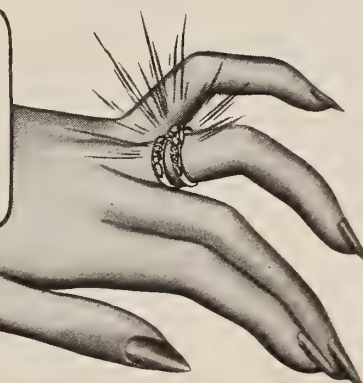
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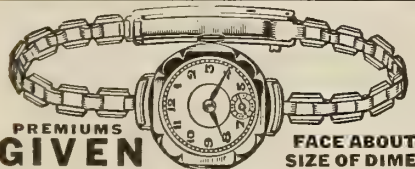
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Continued from page 72

rational temper. I think they all were pleased to see him working again. In a little while he relaxed. He really began to be interested in his work. His face got tanned and his shoulders began to straighten out of their habitual slump.

Still, I was watchful. I never went to the factory site unless Carl specifically asked me to meet him there. Even then, I was always careful never to stay anywhere alone with Greg, whom I couldn't very well avoid when I was on the grounds. Greg and I agreed it would be best not to suggest any meetings anywhere else. We would wait for the suggestion to come from Carl.

It took him weeks to get around to that, however. And, when he did finally say that we ought to have Greg to the house for dinner, he spoiled it by saying that he didn't want people in town to get funny ideas about our coldness to Greg. But it was a beginning and I grasped at the chance, not too eagerly, not too obviously.

That dinner was the beginning of the happiest months I'd spent in a long time. Greg did it all. It was Greg who began to weave his old spell over both of us, who began treating Carl in the old way, as his dearest friend. It was Greg who led us slowly into our old habit of seeing each other every day. It was Greg who brought the smile back into Carl's eyes and the laugh back into his voice.

Slowly, all the tension between us disappeared as though it had never been. Gradually, all fear, all doubt left my mind. It was a wonderful feeling, like stepping out of a dungeon into the sun, free.

It was marvelous to be free like that, but in some ways, it was bad, too. It had the effect of making me heedless. It made me forget that Carl had ever had crazy ideas of jealousy and false pride. That forgetfulness probably accounts for my lack of suspicion when Carl didn't protest against my taking a job as general secretary at the factory. Greg, loaded down with accumulated work, suggested it one evening.

"You might as well be doing something for the war effort," he said lightly. "Besides, the salary will be good."

I glanced at Carl. The memory of his fury the last time I had wanted to go to work came vividly into my mind. There was a strange, guarded look on his face. Then, seeing that I was watching him, he smiled.

"Sure, why not?" he said gaily.

I stared at him. I had very little time to wonder what had prompted him to agree so quickly. Greg was already spreading papers all over the table. I just had time for two ideas to flash through my head, the first that Carl was really cured, the second that he couldn't resist the idea of more money, now that he had had a taste of what it was like not to have to pinch pennies.

After that, I had no time to worry about Carl, or anything else. I worked for several men besides Greg and Carl. Greg was concentrating on getting the factory part of the building set up, the machines installed and started. The offices were not ready yet. I worked all over the place, taking my notes wherever the men I worked for happened to be and transcribing them at home. No one, least

of all Greg, thought of hours.

I didn't mind the work. I loved it, in fact. I loved the satisfying tiredness with which I went to bed nights and the new excitement of every morning. I loved the sense of accomplishment I had, when day by day, I saw the factory taking shape, and knew I had a part in it. I was as delighted with the first tiny office that was finished as though it were a palace.

As I said before, no one thought of hours. We all felt we had a big job to do and we wanted to get it done fast. So, one evening when Mr. Appleby, the purchasing agent, asked me whether I could stay late and type out some lists of orders for him, I didn't even think twice about saying I would stay. I tried to get Carl on the phone once or twice but he wasn't home yet. Then I got so busy I didn't want to take the time.

It was almost eleven-thirty when Mr. Appleby dropped me at our gate. Tired but unworried, I walked up to the house and stepped into the living room. Carl stood up from the sofa, a book falling to the floor at his feet.

"Gee, I'm tired," I said.

"Really?" Carl asked, levelly.

I came wide awake, stung by his tone.

"I thought if I gave you two enough rope you'd end up by hanging yourselves," Carl went on. "It's been fine for you, hasn't it? But even having an excuse for seeing Greg every day wasn't enough, was it? You couldn't resist this, could you?"

I had almost forgotten he could be like this. It was worse this time than it had ever been before. He caught my wrist. "Where's Greg now? Where is he?"

"He's in Chicago," I cried. "He flew down this afternoon. I haven't seen him since two o'clock. I've been typing for Mr. Appleby—"

"Don't lie!" He pushed me away



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from him, and, his eyes blazing, he slammed out of the room, into his study.

I don't know how long I stayed there, standing very still in the center of the room, too sick, too disgusted even to cry. I couldn't even think, couldn't even, this time, look for sense in all this. I just let my misery and hopelessness beat through me.

It had all been so useless. Carl hadn't changed. No one, nothing, could ever change him. It would always be like this, all the rest of our lives. And I couldn't let it be. I was too tired to fight. Somehow, it didn't matter any more.

Finally I dragged myself off to bed. I hadn't thought that I could sleep, but finally I did—I fell asleep, every nerve exhausted, while I was waiting miserably, restlessly for the dawn to come, wondering, but not caring, if Carl were ever going to stop his typing, ever come in to bed. But he didn't before I fell asleep, and when I awoke, later than usual in the morning, he was gone.

**L**ISTLESSLY I dressed, dragged myself reluctantly to the office. I wanted Greg desperately, wanted to tell him what had happened, to ask him what I should do. But he was away, and another day of waiting, of indecision, of heartbreak, was ahead of me.

I uncovered my typewriter, began automatically to copy a list of figures that was on my desk. It was better to keep working, better not to think about—

"Kirtha!" It was Greg's voice, from the doorway.

I got stumblingly to my feet, knowing in that second before I turned to see him that all I asked of life was to hear his voice calling my name. I loved him. It was time to admit now that I loved Greg, that I'd always loved him, that there must be an end to my foolish martyrdom.

"I—I thought you were in Chicago," I said, stupidly.

He shook his head. "Couldn't get away yesterday. I—why, Kirtha! Good Lord, what's the matter? You look—" He strode across the little office to stand beside me. "Has something happened?"

"Oh, yes," I cried. "Oh, Greg, I can't stand him any more. I don't want ever to go back to him. I—I hate him, almost."

His hands were firm, reassuring, on my shoulders. "You don't have to, Kirtha, not if you don't want to—"

"Greg, about the specifications on this pipe fitting—"

That was Carl's voice, from the doorway. Instinctively, from long habit of avoiding scenes, I stepped hastily back from Greg.

Carl's voice, matter-of-fact a second before, changed sharply.

"I thought you said Greg was in Chicago, Kirtha?"

"I thought so, too," I began, but a gesture from Greg silenced me.

"Let her finish," Carl said, evenly. "Let her tell me whatever tale you two cooked up."

Greg's arm fell protectingly over my shoulder as I moved instinctively closer to him. "I don't like—" he began.

"Don't you?" Carl's eyes fell to the length of steel pipe he carried in his hand. Suddenly there was something new in those eyes, something I had never seen before in all of the stormy scenes which lay behind us. A kind

# "HAS GOD FAILED?"

I don't think so. I don't believe the American people know too much about God. Certainly they know little of the actual existing Power of the Great Spirit—God. If they did, they would most certainly be able to use the superlative invisible Power against such world-disturbing human parasites as Hitler and Tojo and the Italian dictator—would they not?

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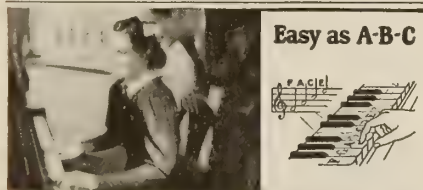
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of madness. Deliberately he hefted the rod, letting it slip gently between his fingers, getting it balanced for a blow. And he began to smile a little, and took a step forward.

Somehow, I freed myself from Greg's arm. There was only one thing in my mind then. Carl was going to murder Greg. And I had to stop him.

"No," I found myself saying quietly, steadily. I was moving, although I had no idea how. "No, Carl, you won't do that." I was looking directly into his eyes, holding them with my own. I forced myself to smile gently. "No, Carl." Then, my fingers were around the steel rod. "Give it to me, Carl," I said softly. Time seemed to stand still while Carl glared at me and I glared back at him. His eyes flickered, wavered. I felt the full weight of the steel on my hand. I stepped back, dropping the rod so it rolled under the desk.

I reached blindly for Greg, my knees giving way under me. Greg caught my arm as I was falling and lowered me into a chair. He got me a glass of water. All the while, I was vaguely conscious of Carl, still standing in the door, motionless, almost as though he were holding his breath.

Greg turned to him finally. "That's all, isn't it, Carl?" he asked quietly. "It's all gone far enough and we've all paid for our mistakes. It's over now."

"Mistakes?" Carl spoke uncertainly. I almost felt sorry for him.

"Yes—all our mistakes—" Greg went on. "Kirtha's in marrying you because she thought you needed her more than I did. By trying to help you, she almost ruined you completely. Mine for not fighting for her, for letting my fondness for you trick me into letting you have her. And yours—yours most of all for wanting her not for love of her, but to feed your vanity, to keep me from getting her."

AND then any last vestiges of pity I might have had for Carl disappeared. "And you still won't get her," Carl said coldly. "I know what you think. You think she can divorce me. I won't let her. I'll contest it in every court." He turned to me. "Maybe I can't have you. Maybe you'll never come back to me. But he won't get you."

Greg sighed. "Carl, you might as well spare yourself a lot of humiliation." That word brought Carl's head up sharply, as though he had been slapped. "Legally," Greg went on, "we can find a dozen causes for divorce. And there isn't a man or woman in this town who wouldn't be a witness against you. You wouldn't have a chance. You know it takes a lot of money for long drawn out legal battles. You have some money now. But I have more, much more. And this time, I'm going to fight."

Carl stood silent for a moment, his fists clenched impatiently at his sides. Suddenly, he wheeled about and ran out the door and thundered down the iron stairs. Then it was very still.

Greg knelt down beside me. Tenderly, he brushed tears I hadn't known were there from my cheeks. "It's all right, now, darling," he said. "It's all over." He kissed me gently and held me close and it was safety and refuge and glory and peace, all in one. And nothing mattered but that I had found my place there in his arms, at last.



## Tell Me You're Mine

Continued from page 26

went on, "I mean it just the way it sounds. But I mean it in another way, too, Jackie—I want that life contract."

"Dean!" I said, "Don't play games with me—please."

In answer he turned the switch and started the car. It roared away under his sure touch—and in a moment we were tearing down the drive, away from the monument.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"We're going," he said firmly, starting at the winding road before us, "to get married."

**W**HEN Dean Hunter and I stood in front of the justice of the peace in that little Maryland house, while the old man's wife and maid hovered in the background, you might have thought that we should be very gay and debonair about the whole thing.

But we weren't. We were like a couple of nervous kids at their high school graduation. No matter how carefully or how suddenly you plan a marriage I suppose there's always that hushed and awful moment when the finality and uncertainty of union between two people overwhelm you and make you shiver with stage fright.

We'd had quite a time awakening the old man and it took some minutes for Dean to arrange with him all the prohibited details which this Mr. Garner had found perfectly legal ways of sidestepping.

After the ceremony was over, Dean pulled me to him and kissed me without regard for the people in the room with us. I knew that the two of them were beaming on us (their maid had retired as soon as the ceremony was finished) and I remember wondering if these rural people had any idea how long I'd known the man who was now my husband.

Then Dean was saying with studied cordiality, "Thanks very much, Mr. Garner. And thanks, Mrs. Garner. We're terribly tired. Do you think we can put up at the hotel?"

"I should think you could," Mr. Garner said. "Why don't you call 'em up and see if they have a room?"

Which was what we did. They did have one. We drove right over, parked our car in the parking place behind the hotel, then went to our honeymoon apartment—room and bath, facing Main Street.

When Dean Hunter and I were alone, there suddenly descended upon me the enormity of what I had done. I had married a man whom I scarcely knew, a man famous from one Coast to the next, a man who had merely said, "I never wanted anyone so much in my life," and I had come along docilely, tied myself up for the rest of my life—and I'd never even met any friend or relative of his.

I didn't know how old he was.

I didn't know where he was born.

I didn't even know if I really loved him.

All I knew was that I was carried away by this Dean Hunter and that I could no more have stopped what had happened than a swimmer can fight the undertow when it drags him into the inevitable.

Now I've told you what happened. I've tried to give you the picture of how Dean Hunter and I became husband and wife that mad and wonder-

ful night. I've tried to give you a glimpse of what happens to a girl when she's swept off her feet by an exceedingly glamorous fellow who has made up his mind that he wants to be married to her.

Whatever complaint I could have about Dean Hunter, I could never say that he lacked kindness, or understanding, or the art of the great lover. Any ordinary man could have blundered that night. But Dean Hunter managed to quiet all my fears, led me into this new experience with grace and patience.

Somehow, in all those exciting hours, I had the feeling that the bubble of our happiness must burst, that this couldn't be solid and final, as I'd always dreamed my marriage would be. But the ecstasy and excitement of Dean Hunter's nearness shut my mind to such thoughts—until his nearness was a thing of memories.

In the morning we had our breakfast brought in. We smiled at each other, happily and contentedly, as we ate the buckwheat cakes the waitress brought us.

Finally, over the coffee, Dean said, "This is an awful thing to say on your honeymoon—but we've got to get back to Washington."

"Don't we though," I said. "I imagine Colonel Wilson is having a fit right now."

Dean looked at his watch and whistled. "And I was supposed to see so many people—oh well," he finished suddenly, "you don't get married every day, do you?"

"No," I whispered as his hand reached out toward mine.

"Please tell me you don't regret it," he said.

"I'll tell you next Christmas," I said. "Right now I'm still in a complete fog. What about you?"

"A complete fog," he said.

"Fancy meeting like this, in a fog," I said.

"If we hear a horn," he laughed, "we know somebody's intruding."

**H**E came around the table then and kissed me, held me in his arms for a long while.

"Look," he said suddenly. "You were pretty taken with that soldier boy, that Tom Trumble, weren't you?"

"Dean!" I said. "Of course I liked him. He's a simple sort, don't you think, almost pathetic?"

He said evenly, "I hated him from the first moment I saw him—because you'd come to meet him at the station."

"But Dean," I told him, "that was part of my job."

"So was this," he said without emphasis.

"Dean!"

"Well, it's all true, isn't it?" Dean Hunter said.

As we drove back to Washington I was acutely aware of the fact that this man whom I'd married was not an easy person to get along with. It was he who had mentioned Tom Trumble. Frankly, I hadn't thought about Tom for hours. But once Tom came into the conversation an atmosphere of jealousy and mistrust enveloped us—and all the excitement and glamour seemed to be dissipated in a drab cloud.



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A half hour out of Washington we had a heart-to-heart talk. "Look," Dean Hunter said—that was the usual way he started a conversation. "Would it matter a great deal to you if we don't make a lot of publicity out of—out of—this?"

"You mean you don't want to announce our marriage, Dean?"

"Not right away, darling," he said.

"That's all right with me," I told him. "As long as you'll tell all our friends that I'm an honest woman."

He laughed. "It's just that the papers always make so much fuss out of runaway marriages. It would mean interviews and pictures—and we wouldn't be left alone for days. Let's just keep it to ourselves."

"All right," I told him. "Whatever you say." I tried not to mind, but I did—a little.

**B**ACK in Washington I began to return to normal. All the excitement of the night before dropped away from me and I looked at what had happened in the cold, detached light of the morning after. I'll admit that Dean's wish for secrecy made me wonder—how I'd have loved to hurry to Gracie and the girls to tell them the great news (of course I *did*, later!—that wasn't telling the newspapers) but I was very happy and excited just the same and felt like shouting my happiness to the world.

We went to Dean's suite so that he could make a few phone calls and take care of some correspondence he said was worrying him. While he busied himself with his chores I made a few calls, too. I called Gracie and told her not to worry, that I'd talk to her later. I called Colonel Wilson and caught him in the midst of as much of a tantrum as that sweet-tempered man can manage. "Where the deuce have you been?" he wanted to know. "I've been going crazy with this man—"

"I'm sorry, Colonel," I said, "I'll explain everything."

"Never mind explaining. Just come over here this minute. This Private Trumble has been on the phone or standing outside my office door or talking to the secretaries saying he's sure you've been kidnapped or something and that we should call the police."

I couldn't help laughing. "Where's he now?"

"Outside in the hall pacing up and down."

"Can't you give him a magazine and tell him to relax?" I laughed.

"Listen here, young lady, I've entrusted you with this strange military

creature, and I expect you to handle him. You come right over here and take him off my hands, do you hear?"

"Yes sir. I'll be right over."

Dean was sweet about my having to go to the office. Besides, he had a string of appointments so we made a date to meet at his suite for dinner. Somehow I never did get around to telling him just why the Colonel was so excited and wanted me back at the office. I remembered our first—call it misunderstanding. It had been about Tom Trumble—and I wasn't going to take a chance on our having another one.

"Mind you be careful crossing the streets," he said sweetly and smoothly as we kissed good-by. Then, more intently, he added: "Still in a fog?"

"Yes, Dean," I told him, "still in a fog."

Do you remember that I told you there was an air of mystery about Dean Hunter, something that you didn't quite believe in but which fascinated you and drew you to him? Remember that I told you he could look at you so frankly, with so little restraint, and yet keep his distance? Well, I never felt those things quite so strongly as now when he held me in a tight embrace and said, "You don't know a thing about me, do you, Jackie?"

"No, I guess I don't."

"I won't try to tell you everything at first." Then, suddenly, "Will you do me a favor?"

"Yes, Dean."

"I just wrote a note—a note to a girl—in New York. I want you to be the one to mail it."

I took the envelope from him. His eyes said that I was to look at it. It was addressed to Miss Diana Stuart, 277 Park Avenue, New York.

"Mail it, Jackie. It tells her. It says good-by."

"You didn't have to tell me," I said, turning away from him.

"I'll tell you about it some day."

"No, don't," I said. "I'll mail it."

He kissed me again and I hurried out. I was somehow hurt, and at the same time I was pleased with this first demonstration that I was to have a part—no matter how painful—of Dean Hunter's life.

As I stood at the desk in the lobby, asking the clerk where the mail box was, a tall, beautifully dressed blonde girl came up to the desk from the other direction. There was an expensive look, an expensive air about her. She managed to talk to the clerk before I did. "What room is Mr. Dean Hunter's?" she asked.

"Room 813. May we announce you?"

"No, thank you," she said. "Mr. Hunter is expecting me."

With that she was off. I looked at the envelope in my hand. I shook the thought from my mind that the girl on the envelope was the one I had just seen—things like that just don't happen, I assured myself—and reminded myself that Dean Hunter was a man in the public eye with thousands of contacts with the press, the theater, in society, everywhere, and that I was not going to start our marriage—as he had done—with jealousy.

I went to the nearest corner mailbox and dropped into it the letter to Miss Diana Stuart. Then I decided to put her—and that expensive looking blonde—out of my mind.

But it was not until I was so busy with Tom Trumble, that I didn't have time for any other thought, that I really succeeded in forgetting.

When I reached my office I found Tom Trumble had calmed down to a mild panic. "I was mighty worried about you," he said as he got up from my desk where he'd been sitting.

"So I hear," I laughed.

But he wasn't joking. "You're sure you're all right?" he wanted to know.

"Of course," I said.

"Jackie—I mean, Jacqueline—Miss Collins—it doesn't matter," he finished suddenly, "I like the sound of all of them."

"Stick to Jackie."

"I'm going to," he said taking my arm in that ingratiating way of his. "How'd you like to take a walk?"

"Oh no," I said hurriedly, "you've got to start thinking about your train home. You don't want to be court-martialed, do you?"

"It would be worth it," he said. "Besides, the train doesn't go for hours—well, an hour anyway."

"When did you eat last, Tom Trumble—you look hungry."

He smiled shamefacedly. "I guess I am at that—I got so busy worrying about you I didn't have anything but a cup of coffee."

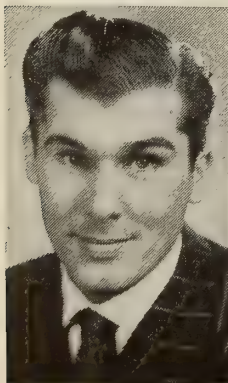
I told him that we'd go straight to his hotel, pick up his bag, and then use whatever time there was left getting him something to eat at the station. He tried to argue with me but I insisted.

**L**ESS than a half hour later we were eating at the quick-lunch counter to which so many travelers hurry before their trains leave.

It was quite an experience to watch Tom Trumble this day, and to listen to him. He ate eagerly, but between bites he told me many things, how he had suffered tortures the night before, and then had wandered about Washington for hours until at last he'd realized that nobody really cared whether he'd fumbled his song or not, that in the long run it didn't matter as long as I didn't "hate him for failing." Tom Trumble had changed. The experience had done something to him. He was still the same ingenuous, innocent boy—but somehow he was no longer "corny."

"Don't you worry about the broadcast," I told him. "Everybody was very happy about it."

"That's what I decided," he said. "I know it was Dean Hunter's cleverness that turned my mistake into a swell moment—and when I started to think that probably very soon all of us boys would be in the thick of the war it was pretty unimportant whether I'd flubbed a silly song or not."



## Say Hello To-

**JAMES MONKS**—who plays the role of Victor Maidstone in the CBS serial, *Our Gal Sunday*, and is often heard on *Manhattan at Midnight*, *Light of the World*, and other shows. Jimmy returned to New York a few months ago from Hollywood, where he appeared in "How Green Was My Valley" and "Joan of Paris." Now he's doubling between radio and a leading role in the Broadway stage hit, "The Eve of St. Mark." He's a native New Yorker and his birth certificate bears the date of February 10, 1916. The moment his education was completed he turned his talents to radio, and by the time he was 21 he was playing all kinds of roles on the air. He's single, tall and dark, and these days devotes all his time when he isn't in the studios or on stage to war work.



"Just don't think about it any more," I told him.

"I won't," he said. Then he turned and regarded me very gravely. I avoided his eyes, lifted my cup of coffee to my lips. I heard him say: "I love you, Jacqueline."

I couldn't look at him, there was something so appealing about the sincerity in his voice—somehow more vibrant than anything Dean Hunter had said to me in the past hours. But I knew I didn't have the courage to tell this soldier boy that I was another man's wife. I kept thinking that something about the glamour and excitement of Washington had made Tom Trumble feel this way, that it really had nothing to do with me as a person. Yet I felt I must tell him about Dean and me. "I must tell you something—"

But he broke in: "I don't ask a thing, Jackie," he said. "Naturally you couldn't have learned to care for me in this little time. But maybe, if I can come back some day, and you can have a chance to look me over, you may decide that—"

"Tom Trumble," I said sternly. "Listen to me. I've just got to tell you—"

"No you *don't*," he said with a touch of fierceness in his voice. "I want to go back to camp with you on my mind—and I'm not going to let you tell me anything. Of course there's some man in your life—there's bound to be. Maybe it's Dean Hunter—and I don't want to know about it. You might tell me it's hopeless—and I don't want to hear that. Anyway," he went on, very softly, "even you can't make me believe it's hopeless."

If only he knew how hopeless!

"You'll be hearing from me." He

whipped out a bill and quickly paid the check. "I want to remember you right here, Jackie, just as you are this minute. Good-bye, darling. And don't forget. You'll be Mrs. Trumble some day, so don't try to get out of it." Suddenly he was gone. And I sat, staring after him, wondering how

## Overheard

**WAR-TIME GYPSIES**—Designed to meet the needs of officers' families, government officials, and defense workers, in short, the needs of all Americans whose jobs demand that they move often and quickly, is a new, collapsible type of furniture, called Cross Country. Into one small crate, approximately 2 x 3 x 4 feet, can be packed a desk with bookshelves, a five-drawer chest, a coffee table, rugs, pictures, lamps, draperies, curtains, bric-a-brac and slip covers—in fact, enough to completely transform a barren Army post into a gracious home.—Ken Farnsworth, Department Store News, WJZ, New York City.

it's possible for a girl to lead so many years of an incredibly dull existence—and then to experience two days like these!

Tom Trumble was gone.

"Something more?" the girl behind the counter said.

"No thanks," I told her as I slipped from the stool. "I've had plenty."

I hurried to Dean's hotel. I phoned him from the lobby. He didn't answer. I went to the desk. There was a note from him there, addressed to Miss Jacqueline Collins. It said:

"Darling,

Something very unexpected has happened. I had to go back to New York. I tried to get you at Colonel Wilson's office but you'd left. We'll be together soon, I promise you—but we can't be for a few days. Write me where I can phone you. You'll hear from me soon, darling, very soon.

I'll miss you tonight, Jackie. I'm in a fog all right.

All my love,  
Dean"

I have been alone for many moments in my life, and I haven't minded. It's only when you've been given so much, and suddenly have less than nothing, that you know how alone a human being can be.

The clerk behind the desk was so busy looking somewhere else. He was a worldly little fellow with a waxed mustache. He kept sorting the mail and picking up the phone—so busy—so incredibly busy.

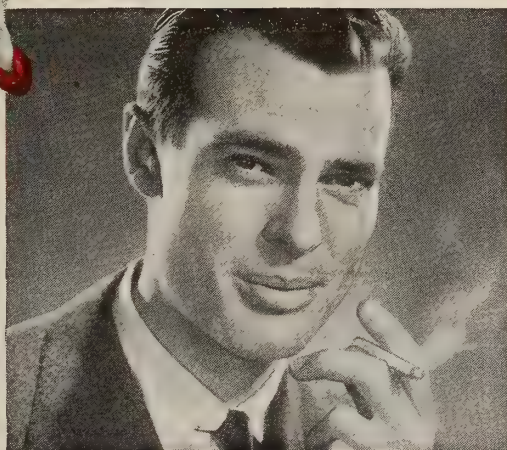
I had to keep moving. I stuffed the note into my bag and hurried into the street.

*And so Jackie's enchanted two days have come to an end in loneliness and doubt, with Dean suddenly and mysteriously called to New York, and Tom still unaware of her marriage. Don't miss next month's exciting instalment of "Tell Me You're Mine" in the March RADIO MIRROR, on sale February 3rd.*

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# True Story

February issue now on sale



# For You Alone

Continued from page 29

so wonderful, watching, listening—the roaring crowd, the thunder of hoof beats like the rhythm of far-off drums, the thrill, like a tangible hand clutching at throats and hearts—that I completely forgot about the bet I had made, the bet against Terry. And then, suddenly, it was all wrong. There was the streak of gray that was Finale, topped by the bright streak of Terry's silks, moving clear and fine and clean. And then another horse bore sharply over, cutting across to make smaller the hole which Terry had seen along the rail, through which he had been about to send Finale in a spurt to gain ground at the final turn. The big gray stumbled, seemed to stop in mid-air and shake himself—and then he went down. There was a welter of flying hoofs about the fallen horse and rider for a moment and then the rest thundered on and left them there, looking forgotten and lonely—the big, struggling gray heap that was Finale and the smaller, gaily-colored one that was my Terry. I looked down at my tight-held fists, and found that I had pounded them raw on the top of the fence.

**I** DON'T remember a great deal of what happened after that, in the hurry and excitement that followed. Just two feelings stand out—the wave of relief when I knew that Terry was all right, and the sick stab of sorrow when they told me that Finale was dead.

They kept Terry in the hospital over night, and the best part of that long waiting for him was Horton Loyal's bringing me the money. Actually, I hadn't thought about the bet, hadn't even known who had won the Longsmith. But Brickyard had, and there was a fat roll of bills in my hand to prove it, and another long step forward toward our dreams.

And the worst part of that long waiting was the visit from the Turf Association investigator. He was a brusque little man, and he looked at me with an unfriendly eye. "I want to ask you a question, Mrs. Warren," he said, and his voice, too, was ominous. "Yes?" My heart had begun to thump unpleasantly.

"We have been informed that you placed a bet on Brickyard in yesterday's Longsmith. Is that true?"

There wasn't any use in denying it; apparently they knew. I nodded, and my voice, when it came out, was very subdued. "Yes, I did."

The man took up his hat from the table, where he had put it. "That," he said, and it sounded like the trump of doom, "is all I wanted to know."

I called the hospital then, but Terry wasn't there. He'd been released some time before. So that was something else to worry about—where was Terry?

I soon found out. He came home shortly, and there was something in his face I'd never seen there before. A combination of hurt and anger—deep hurt, blazing anger—that made me feel as if my blood had turned to water.

"Terry—what is it? What's wrong?" I knew what part of it must be, but I was sure that a mistake, made in good faith on my part, couldn't put that—was it hatred?—into his eyes when he looked at me.

"Did you bet on Brickyard?" His voice was sharp and hard.

I nodded my head, because the "yes" in my throat wouldn't come out.

"Will you tell me why you did a thing like that?"

So clipped, so cold, his voice was! I would a thousand times rather have had him yell at me, hit me, even, than just stand there, biting out questions that were like icicles.

I tried to explain. My voice hurried along, telling him all the things I had thought, all the hopes I had had for us, hurrying, hurrying to get to the end of the explanation, to see his face soften, his wiry little body relax, forgiveness make him my Terry once again.

"And I was afraid, Terry," I finished, "of what was going to happen to us. It didn't seem to me so very wrong for us to get some of that money—you've made so much money for other people, winning races. And so when Horton—"

His voice stopped me. "Just what has Horton Loyal to do with all this, anyway, Susan? What has he to do with us—with you?"

"Why—why, he advised me, and placed the bets for me. I couldn't place them myself, and—"

"Bets? You mean you've bet before, Susan?"

I wished that he would stop calling me Susan—he never did; it was always Susie, or Sue. "Yes," I said, and my voice was very small. "Yes, I've been betting all season—but always on you, if you were riding, before," I hastened to add, as if that would help the situation.

Suddenly the anger which he had been keeping in check boiled over. "Good Lord, girl, I suppose you thought it was all right to sneak around and do something by an underhanded route that it wasn't all right to do in the open? Do you think it made it any more right to place your bets through Loyal than to go up to the window and place them in your own name? I've raced clean, and kept my name clean, Susan, and now you and Loyal have fixed me up fine!"

I hated the way he kept coupling my name with Horton Loyal's, as if we had been in a conspiracy against him. And I was afraid, too, of the answer to my question, "Fixed—? What do you mean, Terry?"

"I suppose you don't know what Loyal had in mind all along? I suppose you're an innocent child, without an idea in your head. Don't tell me that, Susan—you're not stupid. You must have known what was going to happen. And don't tell me that you don't know how Loyal feels—oh, what's the use?" His shoulders, stiff and squared a moment before, sagged dispiritedly. "Well, I'm suspended—suspected of having thrown that race—and your having bet against me is the strongest possible evidence. I'm suspended, and Finale's dead—" his voice rose high and furious once more—"and you and your friend have—"

Then, suddenly, I was angry, too. "You stop that, Terry Warren," I cried. "You stop saying things like that about Horton Loyal. He did what he did for me because he wanted to help us. He advised me, and his advice was always right. He helped me because I asked him to. It's not his fault, and you've

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no right to blame him!"

I'd seen Terry angry before, but I'd never heard anything like the bitterness in his voice when he answered me. "Sure—go ahead and defend him. I didn't expect that you wouldn't. Well, you listen to me—you've wrecked my life, now see what you can do with yours!"

He turned on his heel and hurried out of the living room, through the apartment, leaving a trail of slammed doors in his wake. I stood very still where he had left me, puzzled, bewildered, the anger draining out of me to leave a cold fear instead. It was minutes that seemed hours before I could make myself move to follow Terry, and when I did I found him in the bedroom. His bag was lying open, and he was throwing clothes into it.

"Terry!" I cried, and then I couldn't find anything else to say, and I stood there, foolishly repeating his name. "Terry, Terry!"

He wouldn't look at me. He wouldn't talk to me. He slammed the grip shut, snatched up his hat, and strode out, without a word. I didn't believe it until the front door had closed behind him, until I was alone in the apartment—more alone than I have ever felt in my life.

THAT night I didn't go to bed at all. I just tortured myself by sitting alone in that big chair that used to hold us both, trying to think. But my mind refused to accept any fact but the fact of Terry's leaving me. "He's gone," my mind kept saying stupidly, over and over again, "He's gone, he's gone."

In the morning, although it seemed unreal, like a nightmare, I had to make myself believe that life was changed, that there was no Terry now, that I must find some means of taking care of myself. But in the back of my mind I was sure that this was only temporary, that Terry's righteous anger would abate, and, more than anything, that the charges against him could quickly be disproved, and everything set right again.

That's why I finally dragged myself up, made myself bathe and dress, and go out to see Horton Loyal. Nothing could make me believe that Horton wasn't my friend.

And sure enough, just talking to him made me feel better. "Of course it can be fixed, Sue," he assured me. "It's all a mistake. But these things take time. Look—why don't you come to work in the office here for a little while? My secretary's going to be married, and I really need you here. You can be a big help to me, and you'll be earning your way until we can

make Terry see things in a different light. Meanwhile, I'll do all I can with the Turf Association. Just don't worry. And if you'll take my advice, Sue, you won't try to see Terry for a little while, until he has a chance to simmer down and think things over. After all, you didn't really do anything wrong—it was just an unfortunate mistake all around. Terry'll see that, especially when we get that suspension lifted. Everything'll be all right—leave it to me!"

I was only too willing to leave it to him. I was moving in a kind of stupor, and my brain refused to offer a single idea, a solitary solution.

I liked the work in Horton Loyal's office—it kept my mind busy during the day, and it was work that I could understand and do well. Somehow, I achieved a dull apathy which carried me along. It had to be that way because, you see, I was so terribly lonely. I loved Terry with all my heart—ever since I had first laid eyes on him he had been the center of my world, the point around which my life revolved, the peg upon which I hung everything that I did. It's terribly hard to be separated from someone you love—you know that, if it's ever happened to you. And it's doubly hard if you're the cause of the separation.

I remembered so many things about Terry, when I was living alone like that—and hating it. I remembered how proud he'd been, in a shy, nice sort of way, because he'd made a lot of money and got his name known—he'd been the runt of the family, and his brothers and sisters had always teased him and said he was never going to amount to anything. I remembered how he used to surprise me with presents—flowers, or candy, or maybe some new phonograph records, and how he'd be embarrassed but happy when he saw how pleased I was.

I REMEMBERED how he always jumped to wait on me, to get things for me, how proud he was when he introduced me to people. Why, I was always his girl, even after we'd been married a long time—never getting used to me, taking me for granted, the way some men do. And I remembered how he used to tell me, when we were first married, about what he wanted to do, and how he'd be a famous jockey and make lots of money, and then he'd buy me a house in the country and we'd raise horses when he got too old to ride—tell me that in bed at night, with my head in that place on his shoulder that seemed just made for it—and how sometimes he'd stop in the middle of planning to kiss the tip of my nose, and then



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FEBRUARY, 1943

we'd laugh as if it were the funniest thing in the world. Oh, I missed him so!

Horton Loyal kept reassuring me; he kept my hopes up, telling me that he was making progress in getting Terry's suspension lifted, in clearing up the misunderstanding. I was terribly grateful to him for giving so much of his time to trying to straighten out what I had done, and I tried to tell him so.

"Don't thank me, Sue," he'd always say. "There isn't a thing in the world I wouldn't do for you—and Terry. I just want you to be happy. But I want you to take this free time to think things over very carefully, to be very sure of what you want to do. That's why I think this waiting time, without seeing each other, is the best thing in the world that could happen to you and Terry. You get a better perspective on things. So just bide your time, Susie. Leave it to me."

There didn't seem to be anything else to do. I was sure, in my heart, that Terry would call me, come to me. After all, I hadn't acted maliciously—everything that I had done, I'd done for him, and I was sure that when the first flush of his anger died away he would see that. He'd know that I might have been stupid, but that I could never be vicious, as far as he was concerned. He couldn't, I told myself over and over again, have lived with me all this time without being sure in his heart of that.

EVERY time the phone rang, my heart jumped; each mail delivery found me holding my breath until I had hastily shuffled through the envelopes; but there was no word from Terry for days. And then, when word did come—!

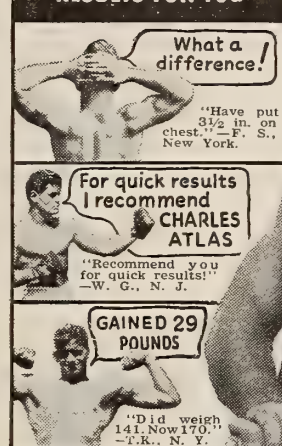
It didn't look like anything very dreadful—just a white envelope, with the name of Terry's lawyer engraved in the corner. But the letter it held left me sick and shaken, the ominous phrases chasing madly about in my mind. "Conference in our offices... discussion preparatory to filing suit for divorce... trust you will find it convenient to meet Mr. Warren and me at that time..." Divorce! Never, for one moment, had such a dreadful, final thought entered my mind. That would be the end of everything, the end of my reason for living. It couldn't happen! I mustn't let it!

But, when it came to the conference in the lawyer's office, it became apparent that there was little I could do to prevent it. Little, even, that I could try to do once I saw Terry's face. It was no use. The coldness, the hardness, were there again. His eyes were like dull blue ice. There was no kindness in him at all, he who had been kindness itself. Always I had thought that only downright betrayal could make Terry hate me. And I had not betrayed him. I had made a foolish mistake, but I'd made it in good faith. How could he talk to me like that, look at me like that, feel toward me like that—Terry whom I loved, who must know how I loved him?

I haven't any idea what happened at that conference. I remember saying "yes" and "no" to the questions the lawyer asked me; I remember begging Terry to talk to me in private, and his sharp, definitely negative headshake, his eyes turning away from the pleading in mine. I don't even remember leaving them—all I know is that I stumbled, shaking as if I were freezing, into Horton Loyal's

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office sometime after I had escaped  
the battery of Terry and his lawyer  
lined up against me.

Brokenly I managed to tell Horton  
what had happened. Without a word  
he opened his arms to me and I crept  
into them, crying out all the pent-up  
pain in me against the rough tweed of  
his shoulder. I don't know how long  
I wept there before I realized that  
his hand was no longer patting my  
shoulder, before I realized that his  
arms were tight around me. I turned  
my head up to look at him, and instead  
of the kindness, the pity that had been  
on his face a few moments before,  
there was a kind of exultation now.  
And then he kissed me, his arms im-  
prisoning me against him, and when  
I wrenched my head down again to  
avoid his lips, his voice, hoarse and  
strained, poured into my ears.

"Sue, forget it, forget him—forget  
all about him. You're too fine a wo-  
man to be tied to a man who would  
treat you like that. Oh, I know it's  
hard—but let him go! Be—be proud,  
Sue—too proud to stand for being  
treated the way he's treating you.  
You need a man like me, a man who  
appreciates you, a man who can un-  
derstand—"

I struggled fiercely against him, hat-  
ing the very thought of being in any  
arms but Terry's, detesting the feel  
of any lips but Terry's on mine. "Let  
me go," I cried, beating futile fists  
against the bulk of him, "Let me go!"

He held me close to him a moment  
longer, and then his arms slackened  
and I was free. It was strange to  
watch his face; as if he had smoothed  
it from one pattern to another with  
an invisible hand, the exultation died  
away, to be replaced by contrition.  
"I'm sorry, Sue," he said. "I was—  
well, I was so darned sorry for you  
that I guess I just lost my head, try-  
ing to take your mind off yourself.  
I—it won't happen again, Susie. For-  
give me?"

I gave him a doubtful forgiveness—  
doubtful because, although his face  
and his words were an apology, his

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eyes still held a touch of a kind of fierce hunger. For the first time since I had known him, a frightened doubt of Horton Loyal crept into my mind.

It was that doubt which sharpened my senses in the days to come, which made me watch and listen in that office as I had not done before, which made me look at some of the things which went through my hands with a new interest instead of the dull apathy with which I'd treated everything in the office before.

And suddenly I remembered a letter I'd seen in going through Horton's files weeks ago. One line of it had stayed buried in my memory, waiting there for some spark to touch off a train of suspicion. A line in that letter, sent to Horton Loyal by some friend or other, said, "Good luck on that business of the 31st—everything is OK at this end." There wasn't much in that, except that the 31st was that fatal day, the day of the Longsmith Handicap which had started all of our troubles.

NOW that my mind was tuned to suspicion, other things which happened in the office seemed peculiar, too. There was Horton Loyal's private letter box, to which a portion of his mail was addressed, and from which he, himself, collected the letters each day. There was his personal file, in his office, to which he alone had the key.

Knowing about that file, I watched for an opportunity to get a look at its contents. Unless he was in the office, Horton's file was always locked. And then, late one afternoon, he was called to the stables by some sort of an emergency there. He snatched up his hat and coat and ran out, calling something over his shoulder. And when I went into his office, the private file stood open.

My heart in my throat, frightened to death that he would return and catch me, I began going through that file. And I found a little packet of papers labeled "Warren." Hastily, I looked through it, and I found three things which made me lean against the wall, sick and dizzy at the thought of what a fool I had been.

First, there was a cancelled check made out to Johnny Lester, dated the 31st, the day of the Handicap. Johnny Lester was the jockey who rode the horse which had edged Finale over and resulted in the accident at the final turn of the Longsmith that day. The check was marked "services," and was above and beyond the regular payment to the jockey. And, more important than that, there was a copy of a letter, likewise dated on the 31st, addressed to some official of the Turf Association.

That letter said, "I feel that it is my duty to draw your attention to the fact that Mrs. Terence Warren placed a bet, through me, on Brickyard in today's Longsmith. I cannot make too emphatic my belief that Mrs. Warren is not at fault in this matter, that she does not understand the implications of such a bet, but is doubtless only following instructions from her husband. I must ask that you keep my name out of any investigation which may arise from your receipt of this information." And the letter was signed, "Horton Loyal."

The third piece of evidence was the most damning of all. It was a handwritten agreement, signed by Johnny Lester, to "perform for Horton Loyal,

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in accordance with a verbal agreement between us, certain services during the Longsmith Handicap of October 31st." Doubtless Horton Loyal had insisted that Johnny sign an agreement and had kept it in order to have a hold over the jockey—a hold with which he could threaten the boy with exposure if, in turn, Johnny came to the point of exposing Loyal.

All I wanted, then, was to get out of that office as soon as I possibly could, to get to Terry. As far as I could see, this would have nothing to do with Terry's feeling toward me—Terry, as far as I knew, was angry because I had bet against him, and that fact still remained a fact. But surely this information now in my hands would clear Terry.

**I**T took a number of telephone calls to locate Terry, but I finally found him. Then there was the problem of getting him to see me, but I managed that more easily than I expected to when I told him that I had found proof that Horton Loyal had deliberately had Finale crowded over in the Longsmith. Terry's voice was full of surprise, and the emphasis in his answer was as surprising to me.

"You want to give me proof that Loyal made it look as if I threw that race?"

"Yes, Terry. Oh, I know you're angry with me, but I'm not sure about this; I don't know enough about it to be sure. But you'd be able to tell in a minute, and to tell me just what to do about it. Please forget your personal feelings, Terry, and help me."

There was a second's silence, and then he said, "OK, Sue. Be right up."

More surprising than anything was the fact that he looked almost like the old Terry when he came in. But that, I supposed, was because he saw his way clear now to proving his own

honesty, to having his suspension lifted.

I spread the papers out on the table. "You see, Terry, here's a check, and here's a letter to the Turf Association, and here's an agreement—"

But he wasn't looking at them. He was looking at me. "How you going to explain these things being missing when you go back to the office tomorrow morning?" he asked.

I shook my head. "Terry, I can't go back to that office. Why—why, Horton Loyal framed you, Terry. How could I go back? And even if he hadn't—well, he—he kissed me, and he told me to forget you, and I can't stand him! Telling me to forget you, when I can't forget you for a second, and I'm so unhappy—" The words were falling over each other in their haste to be spoken. I sounded like a child, babbling out its incoherent grievances.

Terry stood beside me, and I had a feeling that he was poised for movement, as if he were waiting some cue. I turned my face to his. "Terry," I cried, "I love you so—"

It felt just as it had always felt, being in Terry's arms. It meant love and security and that wonderful sure, together feeling we had always shared. And now, after so long, all of those feelings were more acute than I had ever known them before, so sharp that the delight of finding myself in his arms once more was like a sweet sort of pain.

"Oh, honey," he kept saying. "Oh, honey! Look, Sue—it wasn't that I was so angry about your betting. That was wrong, of course, and you shouldn't have done it—but I thought you were in on the deal to make it look as if I'd thrown the race. I've been sure Lester rode me out all this time, but I couldn't prove it—and I couldn't understand how Horton got

you to bet on Brickyard unless you were in on it. And I didn't think you would be in on it unless—unless you'd been letting Loyal make love to you. It was plain, just giving him one look, that he was crazy about you. So I thought—oh, Lord, honey! Don't you see, now, dear—Horton got you to bet in order to discredit me, to cover up any fuss there might be about Lester's dirty riding with a bigger fuss over my being suspected of throwing the race—and because he wanted you, Susie, and all of this seemed a good way to separate us."

His arms were so tight around me that they all but squeezed the breath out of me, all but kept me from telling him, "But I bet on Brickyard because Horton said he was going to win. All the other horses Horton told me were going to win came in winners, and I just thought he was right—he knows so much about racing. I just took his word for it."

Terry was grinning down at me. "Little dope," he said, and the word couldn't have been a sweeter endearment. "Innocent little dope—oh, honey, I guess I was the dope, at that. I ought to have known that you wouldn't do anything like that to me, and yet it seemed so evident—Susie, can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" I cried. "Terry, can you ever forgive me? Terry, will those things I brought—the check and letters and so on—get your suspension lifted?"

**H**E nodded decisively. "And they'll put quite a crimp in Horton Loyal's style, too. And then you know what we're going to do?"

I shook my head, and waited for an answer, but it was another question. "Where are your ill-gotten gains, Susie—all the money you won?"

"In the bank."

"Well, here's what we're going to do. We're going to clear me with the Association, and we're going to take that money—we can't turn it back, or anything, because there's nothing that can be done with it now at this late date—and we're going to buy an interest in a little place I know of out in the country. Part interest now, and later maybe we can own the whole thing. We'll buy the rest out of profits, if all goes well—but I do know one thing, Susie."

"What?" My head had found that place on his shoulder where it belonged; I was hardly listening.

But he didn't answer. Instead, he steered me by the shoulders into the living room, pulled me down beside him in our big blue chair—that chair plenty big enough to accommodate two people enough in love to want to be very close together.

"From now on, we're partners, Susie—no more secrets, nothing one of us knows that the other doesn't. Right?"

"Right," I murmured as I settled my head more comfortably against the rough wool of his coat.

"We'll get hold of a place without too much trouble," he went on, and I settled comfortably back. Terry was planning again—planning, just like old times. It was almost too wonderful to believe, after all those weeks of being separated from him. "If we can raise a couple of likely colts—"

He broke off. "Susie, you aren't listening to me, at all. You're—" Then he broke off, and he leaned over and kissed me. And, after that, neither of us talked any more at all.



Boy, was it a whopper! So relates Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve in telling the story of the big fish he caught on his vacation. Nephew Leroy fell for Gildy's story hook, line and sinker, but Niece Marjorie, was not taken in by the yarn, as you can see: Left to right: Harold Peary as Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve, Walter Tetley as nephew Leroy and Lurene Tuttle as Marjorie—all of the comedy program you hear every Sunday, NBC.



# ★ Women AN AMAZING OPPORTUNITY . . . . . EARN <sup>UP TO</sup> \$23 WEEKLY!

—and in addition GET YOUR OWN DRESSES **FREE!**

Do you need money? Here is an easy way to get it—full or part time. The demand for Fashion Frocks is growing tremendously. We are having the biggest sales in our history and we need more ambitious women to service customers for these smartly styled, economically priced dresses. — Accept this offer.

Earn up to \$23 weekly, and get your own dresses free. Hundreds of women are making brilliant successes in this easy, dignified way. Mrs. Hazel Harper of Cal. earned \$9.90 in 5½ hours. Mrs. Viola Holeman of La. earned \$20 her first week. Join these money makers. We'll help you equal or better their earnings.

Mail Coupon for Free Offer! Get Complete Portfolio of Smart, NEW ADVANCED 1943

Spring Dresses \$2<sup>39</sup>  
many as low as

## EASY TO START!

No Money or Experience Required. House-to-House Canvassing Unnecessary. Start at home. Just show the Fashion Frocks portfolio of gorgeous new spring and summer dresses to friends and neighbors. The thrilling styles, rich fabrics, and amazing values—many as low as \$2.<sup>39</sup>—are so irresistible that they will gladly give you their orders. All you have to do is to send the orders to us. We deliver and collect. You get paid immediately. The complete line is absolutely free—without a penny of cost or obligation.

## AUTHENTIC STYLES!

Fashion Authorities Approve Them. Many Hollywood Stars Wear Them. The advanced New Fashion Frocks for spring and summer, 1943, are the last-minute styles—just released from all the famed fashion centers. They have the acceptance of the fashion editors of leading magazines for women—are approved and worn by prominent screen and radio actresses. This makes them truly authentic—reflecting present as well as future style trends. Every Fashion Frock must give complete satisfaction or we refund the money paid.

## FREE TO YOU!

Elaborate Portfolio of Complete New, 1943 Spring and Summer Line. This wonderful dress presentation of over 140 last-minute styles is all you need to make money at once—as much as \$23 weekly, besides getting your own dresses free. You and your customers will rave at the thrilling styles—marvel at the amazing values. This offers a wonderful opportunity for wives or mothers of boys in service who need extra money. Remember—you don't have to send any money, now or at any time. Everything is furnished you FREE.

## A GROWING DEMAND!

Fashion Frocks are Extensively Advertised and Known to Women Everywhere. You are assured of a hearty welcome when you have the Fashion Frocks line. These lovely dresses are known to almost all women because of attractive full color page advertisements in Good Housekeeping, Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, True Story, McCall's, Household, Modern Romances, and other magazines. Fashion Frocks are known so well they are easy to sell . . . Take advantage of this offer while it lasts. Mail the coupon today.

FASHION FROCKS, INC., DESK 52039, CINCINNATI, OHIO

*Just Mail this Coupon!*

Fashion Frocks, Inc.  
Desk 52039, Cincinnati, Ohio  
● Yes—I am interested in your offer. Tell me how I can make up to \$23 weekly in spare time and get my own dresses Free of cost. Send me—without obligation—details of your Free Offer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



Jane Brandes  
wears colorful fiesta  
colors in an exquisite  
black boasting smart,  
vel costume pin.  
NEW SPRING STYLE No. 319



Linda Brent  
Lovely Linda Brent's  
smart "Beau Print"  
coat-dress is ideal for  
countless Hollywood  
activities.  
NEW SPRING STYLE No. 359



Anne Jeffries  
Appearing in Republic  
"Lazy Bones" is  
radiant in her print  
"n" plain suit with its  
all-pleated skirt.  
NEW SPRING STYLE No. 340



OUR 35th YEAR IN BUSINESS







"Beauty lies within your Eyes  
when you use  
**Maybelline**  
mascara  
eyebrow pencil  
eye shadow



# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

MARCH

15¢



PATRICIA  
RYAN

SEE COLOR PICTURES OF

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE • THE BREAKFAST CLUB • KATE SMITH

LEADER • The Story of a Girl Who Was Afraid to Love



She picked him right out of the Air—  
thanks to the **CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**



**Follow the Beauty Treatment of Charming Brides!**



**Mildness counts!** Work Camay's rich lather over your face—especially over nose and chin. Feel—*how mild it is!* Gentle on sensitive skin! Rinse warm—and if your skin is oily, splash cold for 30 seconds.



**Day-by-day shows results!** Be brisk with your morning Camay cleansing—and see your skin glow! Follow this routine twice daily. Day-by-day gives you the full benefits of Camay's greater mildness.

**W**HY NOT WIN thrilling new beauty for yourself? You can, so easily—on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Skin specialists say that you now—even without knowing it—may be cleansing your skin improperly. Or you may be using a soap not mild enough for your skin.

These same specialists advise—*regular cleansing with a fine mild soap.* And Camay is milder than dozens of other beauty soaps. That's why we say, "Start the Camay Mild-Soap Diet tonight." Do this and soon your mirror will likely tell you—a thrilling story of new loveliness!

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Tonight—go on the Camay  
Mild-Soap Diet!*



# Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

**A radiant smile  
is a key to hearts!**



**Your smile can hold the key to happiness. Help keep it sparkling and lovely—with Ipana and Massage.**

**T**AKE A BOW, plain girl, it's your world, too. You don't need beauty to fill your date book, to win your share of fun and attention. *No, not if your smile is right.*

For a sparkling smile can light up even the plainest face—can take a man's eye and hold his heart.

So smile—but remember, sparkling

teeth and your smile of beauty depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

**"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!**

For bright, sparkling teeth, remember: *Gums must retain their healthy firmness.*

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage. For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the health of your gums.

Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping gums to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.



Product of  
Bristol-Myers

*Start today with*

## **IPANA and MASSAGE**



**Who steals the limelight—who but the girl with a lovely smile? Help keep yours bright with Ipana and Massage!**



# SAVE UP TO 1/2 on Lovely BROADLOOM RUGS



## Send us Your OLD RUGS Carpets, Clothing

**WE DO THE REST!** *It's All So Easy:* your materials are picked up at your door at our expense by Freight or Express and rushed to the Olson Factory where we shred, merge, sterilize and reclaim the valuable wool and other materials in them. Then we bleach, respin, redye, reweave—and

**In One Week** you can have colorful, modern, deep-textured OLSON BROADLOOM Rugs that are woven **Reversible** for double wear and greater luxury.

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**Your Choice** of 61 Early American, 18th Century floral, Oriental, Texture and Leaf designs, Solid or Two-Tone colors, soft Tweed Blends, dainty Ovals. The correct size for any room—

**Seamless up to  
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Any Length**

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1943  
ORO

# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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**Color Portrait by Ben de Brocke**

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## Be Beauty-Wise

**I**F your eyebrows are contrary things—always going the wrong way—train them with bandoline or mustache wax.

If you have a bad mouth dramatize your eyes. And vice versa. In other words, seek to make your good feature the thing Mr. and Mrs. Public see when they look at you.

Try putting on your lip salve with a small paint brush. Outline your mouth. Then fill in the outline you have made with smooth, bright color.

If you tint or dye your hair do not seek to regain the color it had when you were younger. Remember time has changed the depth of your eyes and your skin tones, too, probably. Allow for these changes. Temper the brightness or depth of your hair coloring.

If your hair is thin brush it. And brush it! And brush it! Massage your scalp, too. Often enough it's poor circulation that causes hair to grow thin.

Lemon juice and Salts Tartar are good friends to blonde hair. Use one tablespoon of Salts Tartar and the juice of two lemons to a quart of very warm water. Apply as a rinse following your shampoo.

If your pep isn't what it used to be add a little salt and the yolk of an egg to your morning glass of orange juice. Beat these things together. And omit any other breakfast for a week.

Bags under the eyes are common to many people. Almost everyone has them at one time or another. To get rid of these bags—or at least to make them much less pronounced—put warm cloths over your eyes and massage your eyes gently, then put cold cloths over your eyes and massage your eyes gently. Use two cold cloths to one warm cloth.

You want to reduce? One day a week confine your diet to black coffee, half a head of lettuce without dressing or salt, three pints of skimmed milk, and four bananas. At other times have no traffic with pastries or ice cream or alcohol or candy. And eat bread and butter and potatoes sparingly.

Ingrown nails are painful and sometimes cause infections. If you have an ingrown nail get rid of it! After bathing your feet pack a little absorbent cotton under the nail where it presses into the flesh. Cut a tiny V in the center of the nail. You can use scissors or a razor blade for this. The nail will at once begin pulling together at the center to close the V. And while this is happening the cotton will keep the corner from cutting the flesh.

# "Just to be polite— you'd think they'd ask me to lunch!"



**Edna:** "There goes the office lunch club again—but when I suggest lunch they have dates! What makes those girls so stuck-up, Miss Brown... or what's wrong with me?"

**Miss Brown:** "Our girls aren't really snooty—you'd like them if you knew them! I've been in business a long time, Edna, so perhaps you won't mind if I give you a tip?"



**Edna:** "But how can I offend with underarm odor? I start each day with a bath!"

**Miss Brown:** "That morning rush can wilt a bath. So most of our girls also use Mum!"



"I'm making Mum my business partner now. After this, every day it's a bath for past perspiration and Mum to prevent risk of underarm odor in the hours to come!"



So many popular girls praise Mum for its—

**Speed**—Only half a minute to apply!

**Safety**—No worries with gentle Mum! It won't irritate sensitive skin. Mum won't harm fine fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

**Certainty**—Mum prevents risk of underarm odor without stopping perspiration—charm is safe all day or evening with Mum!

**For Sanitary Napkins**—Mum is so safe, so gentle, so dependable! Thousands of women use Mum this way, too.



# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF  
PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers





Ken and Carolyn, left, the cooking experts on "Yankee Kitchen," interview writer Louise Kent for their show. Fiddlin' Mack McGar, below, has been a feature of WSM's popular Grand Ole Opry for the past five years, and he also plays on two other NBC shows weekly from Nashville.



## What's New from Coast to Coast

**W**E THINK the best story of the month is why Toscanini decided to finally break down and play a jazz rhapsody on a recent NBC Symphony program. At a dinner party, the famed Italian conductor was thumbing through a magazine edited in Switzerland when he discovered an item stating that Mussolini had banned all American jazz from the air. Toscanini turned to John F. Royal, an NBC vice president, and asked, "Is my program short waved all over the world?" Royal told him that it was. The next day, Toscanini sent Royal a copy of his next week's program. At the top of the list was George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue."

Put Bob Hawk down as the most inveterate movie goer in radio. He sees approximately ten movies a week and has seen "The Major and the Minor" eight times. "It improves every time I see it," he grinned.

When Sammy Kaye wrote "Remember Pearl Harbor" he promised all the royalties from the song to Navy Relief. Recently, he turned over a check for \$1000, bringing the total to \$4000. This can only be topped by Ted Weems' recent action. After their last Fitch Bandwagon Show, Ted, and every member of the band, joined the Merchant Marine.

**BOSTON**—One of the old New England traditions is good food well served—many of those sumptuous dishes which make visitors smack

their lips have been handed down from colonial days. But modern kitchen advice to New England radio listeners comes through "The Yankee Kitchen," a new type of food program which brings with it two new radio personalities.

Station WNAC and the Yankee Network have brought Ken and Carolyn into New England kitchens—and both of them are experts in the realm of food and its preparation.

Ken started in the most humble of culinary circumstances—as a dish washer. But from there he rose rapidly through the ranks in a number of hotels and restaurants. He served in the posts of steward and chef, and then advanced to dining room manager. He has been manager of two exclusive Boston clubs and has held responsible positions in food departments from one end of the country to the other.

Recently Ken was honored with the presidency of the New England Club Managers association, and is an active member of the International Stewards and Caterers Association—all of which goes to prove that when Ken talks about cooking he knows what he's talking about.

Carolyn, too, has a background rich in knowledge of food and its preparation. She is a graduate of the University of Maine and a specialist in home economics with a great deal of work to her credit in food research and experimentation.

Ken and Carolyn are in complete agreement on this point: Yankee cooking, they say, is the best in the world, and they set out to prove it in "The Yankee Kitchen." The program deals for the most part with new and better recipes, but the best features of many tradition-tried recipes and new experiments in cooking as well, have a part in their show.

With war shortages playing havoc with many a housewife's kitchen skills, Ken and Carolyn have taken up the challenge in their program, with many tips on food economy as a result.

"The Yankee Kitchen" originates at WNAC and is carried on eleven stations of the Yankee Network, Monday through Friday from 2:15 until 2:45.

**NASHVILLE, Tenn.**—One of the most versatile fiddlers on the air today is Mack McGar—Fiddlin' Mack to WSM's Grand Ole Opry fans.

Mack McGar spent his childhood on a farm in Christian County, Kentucky, going to school between plowing and harvesting. In 1926 he left the farm to make his living from the soil in another way—as a coal miner in Corbin, Kentucky. From there he began radio work on WFIW in Hopkinsville—encouraged to make a start in it by his fellow miners whom he entertained at their Saturday night dances. The next stops were WKBF and WGBT.

It was five years ago that Mack was "discovered" by the Solemn Old Judge, and he's been with WSM's

**By DALE BANKS**



**WET FEET?  
TIRED?  
EXPOSED TO GERMS?  
LOOK OUT FOR A COLD**

**AND SORE THROAT!**

## GARGLE WITH **Listerine-Quick!**

Anything that lowers your body resistance such as wet or cold feet, extreme fatigue, drafts, sudden temperature changes, may make you easy prey to the germs associated with colds and sore throat due to colds.

Doctors often call such germs the "secondary invaders." Despite their ugly names, they may live harmlessly in the throat until resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and help to set up or aggravate infection.

### *Combat Those Germs*

At such times what a wonderful first-aid Listerine Antiseptic is . . . gives Nature a helping hand in fighting off a "mass invasion" of threatening bacteria.

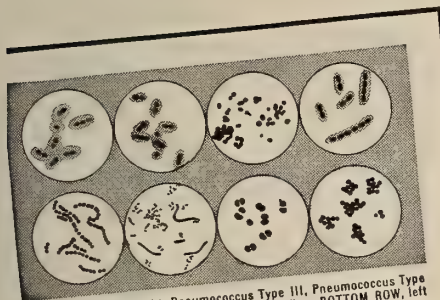
In tests, reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces were noted ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after gargling.

### *Fewer Colds In Tests*

It is this marked ability to kill germs which accounts, we believe, for Listerine's impressive record made in tests over a period of 11 years. These tests showed that regular twice-a-day Listerine users had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers.

This does not mean to hint that Listerine is a specific for colds and sore throats. We know of no such thing. We do believe, however, that Listerine's test record in combating colds makes it a distinctly worthwhile precaution and first-aid treatment.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

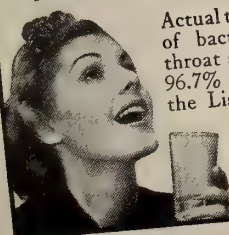


TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

### **The "Secondary Invaders"**

Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they get the upper hand.

### **Note How Listerine Reduced Germs**



Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.



# Irresistible

AS HE DREAMED OF  
FINDING YOU!



THAT Irresistible  
SOMETHING IS  
IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



It's like the magic of moonlight, only it's more lasting! It's a pulse-stirring, heart-catching, unforgettable fragrance because it was blended with youth in mind. Wear Irresistible Perfume tonight! You owe it to him if he's in love with you... and to yourself if you want him to be! Enchanting valentine package.

10c at 5 and 10c stores everywhere



USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK  
Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer... s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r... 10c

Grand Ole Opry ever since. Mack possesses unique sense of tone quality and fingering which has brought comment from some of the country's best violinists. He is married and has two children.

Not only does Mack play with his Grand Ole Opry band on the Prince Albert NBC show, but he's also featured on two variety shows which WSM feeds to NBC. On these spots he's featured as a soloist, playing with the WSM 33-piece staff band.

\* \* \*  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.—They say that two's company, three's a crowd—and at Charlotte's station WBT they say that six is a very remarkable radio family! The Johnson Family, featured on WBT's Sunday Morning Farm Club, and the Dixie Network Jamboree, consists of an eleven-year-old bass singer, an alto of the same age, an expert accountant of fourteen, a pianist just a year younger, and a couple of grown folks who fell in love singing over the supper dishes.

The Johnson Family was destined for the entertainment business from the very first. They say that Pa fell in love with Ma one night when he came calling on her and found her washing dishes to the rhythm of her own songs. Pa joined in, liked the sound of their blended voices, and before the last cup was dried and put away he decided that he was in love and now was as good a time as any to propose!

Six years ago Pa Johnson gathered his talented family together in a trailer and set out from the Tennessee hill country in search of fame and fortune. The story of that trek is full of triumphs and disappointments, times when there was plenty of money and times when it took lots of songs and lots of smiles to get through days when there wasn't enough to eat. But, as the eleven-year-old twins express it, "We just stuck together—and things always came out right."

There was the time, for example, that the family, in a new trailer, set out for the Texas Centennial. When they arrived, the family budget was in a sad state—there was just about enough money left, as a matter of fact, to buy a huge baked ham and a hundred pounds of potatoes but Pa figured that this would keep them

going until money began to come in. But Pa hadn't counted on the weather when he counted on the good Fair dates they had booked. The first day it began to rain, and for three record-breaking weeks the rain came down in sheets. The trailer leaked, the potatoes rotted, and when, in desperation, Ma put the ham under the trailer to protect it from the deluge, a wandering dog discovered the hiding place and made short work of the meat.

But things like that are all behind them now. Pa and Ma Johnson think their family was made to order. The twins—Bobby and Jimmy—sing duets, and in group choruses Bobby sings the bass and Jimmy the alto parts. Smiling Betty is a golden voiced songstress and the accompanist for the group. Red, besides being the group's comedian (and doing a whale of a good job of it) is the family accountant, keeping a complete record of every engagement they've ever played, what expenses and receipts were, and so on.

Last December marked the second anniversary of the Johnson Family on the air at WBT. Ma, Pa, and their quartet of youngsters are definitely on the road to success.

\* \* \*  
Many of you have been writing in asking for the names of those whacky people who frequent Allen's Alley on Fred's CBS show. Here they are: Charlie Cantor plays Socrates Mulligan; Minerva Pious plays Mrs. Nussbaum and Johnny Brown plays John Doe.

\* \* \*  
**Radio and The Armed Forces:** When you read this, Kay Kyser may be a buck private. . . . Frank Parker is doing his rehearsing at Manhattan Beach these days. He's in the Merchant Marine. . . . Betty Wragge is proudly telling everybody about her brother, Eddie, a former radio actor, who is now a Lieutenant in the Signal Corps. . . . Gale Gordon checked out of his part as Mayor La Trivia on the Fibber McGee and Molly program to join the Coast Guard, so Fibber, being a right guy, hired his wife for a part on the show. . . . Don Tyrol, who was announcing NBC's Coast Guard On Parade, got so excited about the Coast Guard that he

**WBT's versatile one-family show, the Johnsons. Left to right, the twins and Red, Ma, Betty, and Pa, the proud head of the troupe.**





quit NBC a few weeks ago and joined up. Don is just nineteen.

**NOW IT CAN BE TOLD:** When director George Zachary was auditioning girls for the part of Nikki Porter on the Ellery Queen show, he definitely did not want Marion Shockley. In fact, he wanted Shirley Booth for the part. But, three other network officials outvoted George and Marian got the part. Marian set out to win George's respect and not only did that, but caused him to fall in love with her and they were married. Now that George has left the Ellery Queen show for a job as program director for the OWI, the story leaks out. While they were working together on the Queen show, they didn't want it known.

When a radio announcer shoots off his big toe, that is news. It might even be gruesome news, but Lou Crosby, Lum and Abner's spieler, who did the shooting while cleaning a shot gun, is quite cheerful about it. "It was a mistake," he grins, and is back at the mike, bandages, cane and all.

Gary Moore, star of the Everything Goes show, walked into rehearsal and proudly announced that he was going to be a father for the second time. He thought he had an exclusive, but four members of Irving Miller's band stood up and went through the same routine. One of them even went so far as to bet Gary that his wife would have twins.

**WAR YARN:** Last year, when Bob La Boure left station KGU in Hawaii, all was peaceful. Bob went to San Francisco on vacation, but the day he arrived, Pearl Harbor was bombed and, in his hotel room, Bob heard the owner of the station describing how the Japs had tried to bomb it. He tried to get back to Hawaii, but the military authorities said no. Bob is now a production director at NBC.

Dinah Shore, now a honey blonde, is stepping out with handsome George Montgomery who is Hedy LaMarr's ex. What happened to that nice, but not very famous, soldier Dinah was so hepped about? Dinah also made her debut as a dramatic actress on a recent Arch Oboler show, but her name was not announced and it was kept quite a secret. Reason? The part was very small.

**OVERHEARD:** When Madeleine Carroll, appearing as a guest star on We The People gave a big congratulatory kiss to 22-year-old Walter Root, he said, "Torpedoes won't mean a thing now!" Root got the kiss because he was the ten-thousandth trainee to go through the U. S. Maritime Service Training Station at Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn.

NBC's Howard Petrie was the 1942 winner of the H. P. Davis Memorial Award for the best announcer in the United States and Canada. That didn't tickle him nearly as much as the fine reviews he received when he made his recent debut as a concert singer at Town Hall.

**MARINE WIFE:** One of the nicer persons in radio is Gladys Swarthout, star of the Family Hour. Her husband, Frank Chapman, is now a Captain in the Marines and is stationed

# Don't waste PEPSODENT

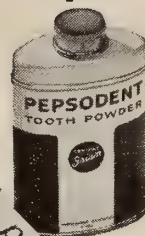
## It takes only a little to make your smile brighter

● Nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make goes to men in uniform ... they want it ... they deserve it.

● At the same time, we are trying to supply the biggest number of civilian customers in Pepsodent history.

● But, wartime restrictions limit the amount of Pepsodent we can make.

● So ... we urge you: Don't waste Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. If you will help save enough for others ... there will be enough for you.



### Lucky for all...

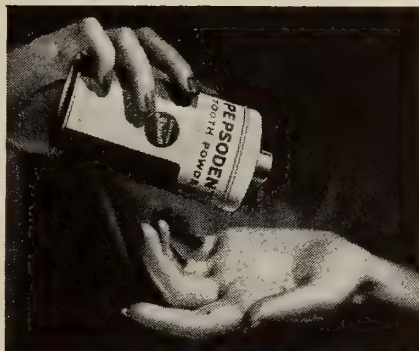
dentalscience knows no more effective, safe ingredients than those which make up Pepsodent's patented formula. That's why Pepsodent is so good, so effective, so safe that only a little is needed to make teeth brighter, make smiles more sparkling.



**1. MOISTEN** your brush before applying paste. If you apply Pepsodent before wetting brush, it may wash down the drain. Finish brushing before rinsing brush.



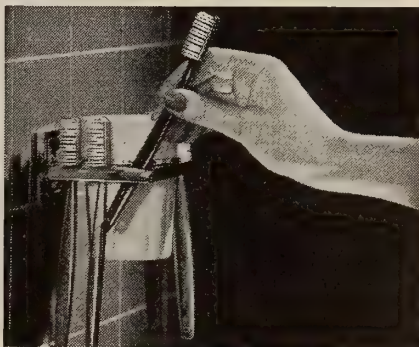
**2. MEASURE** out only as much paste as you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Always squeeze and roll tube evenly from the bottom. Replace cap.



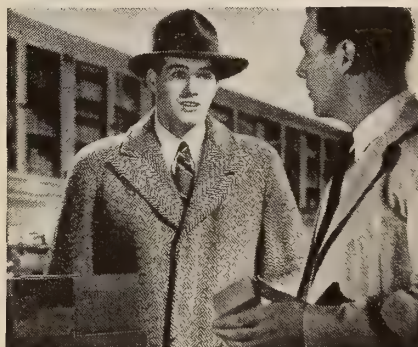
**3. POUR** Pepsodent Powder into the cupped palm of your hand — enough powder to cover a 5¢ piece is plenty. Do not sprinkle it on the brush — this is wasteful.



**4. SHOW** children how to dab — not rub — moist brush in powder to pick it up. Measure out the right amount for small children and teach them the proper way to brush teeth.



**5. HANG** your tooth brush up to dry after you use it. Bristles will stay firmer and last longer this way. Soggy, worn, wilted tooth brushes are inefficient, wasteful.



**6. YOUR DRUGGIST** is trying his best to serve everyone. Don't blame him if his Pepsodent stock is low and he has to disappoint you. Try again in a few days.



# Look Your *Loveliest* with **GLAMOROUS HAIR**



**Linda Darnell**, glamorous 20th Century-Fox star in "Loves of Edgar Allen Poe," uses GLOVER'S to condition scalp and hair.

Lovely Linda Darnell is one of many movie stars who keep their hair charming and refreshed with GLOVER'S famous MEDICINAL treatment, so popular with millions of men and women! GLOVER'S is a medicinal application recommended, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. TRY it today—you'll feel the exhilarating effect, instantly! Ask for GLOVER'S at any Drug Store.

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with massage, for  
**DANDRUFF, ITCHY SCALP**  
and Excessive **FALLING HAIR**



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GLO-VER SHAMPOO, in hermetically-sealed bottles,  
and informative booklet. I enclose 25c.

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....

at Quantico, Virginia. Before joining up, Chapman was a concert singer and Miss Swarthout's manager. "He did all the hard work," Gladys said, "I just sang. Now, I find myself faced with making all the decisions which he used to make. But," she smiles, "I'll get along all right and, I feel, the Marines need him much more than I do."

**BOY ENSIGN:** Radio's twelve-year-old Ronnie Liss, star of Bright Horizon, has just been appointed Honorary Ensign Aircraftman by the United States Navy. He got the appointment for turning out quite a number of model planes which the Navy and the Army uses in pre-flight classes. Last year, American boys and girls turned out 142,616 of these model planes, but Ronnie tells us to pass the word along that many more are needed. The quota for this year, in fact, is 500,000. Every boy or girl who makes a model that is accepted gets the rank of Cadet Aircraftman and, if you make enough of them, you can become an Admiral Aircraftman.

Gil Lamb, who plays Homer Clinker on the Vallee show, has a pre-broadcast routine which always gets a laugh. He comes out and tells the audience he wants them to meet a boy who is just getting started in radio and begs them to give the kid a good round of applause. Then he pulls the curtains and out steps Rudy Vallee. Incidentally, have you heard that song Joan Davis wrote with Dick Mack, producer of the show? It's called "One Day Nearer To Victory?" Listen for it. You'll like.

**GOOD FOR THEM:** Dick Powell has sold his sail boat and his home and will confine himself to city life for the duration. Powell, Blondell and their two kids live just one half gallon of gas away from NBC's Hollywood Radio City, a distance he says he will hike with pleasure. And Rex Stout, the CBS Lie Detector, gave up his country place when the war began, a retreat he really loved. Add to this the warwork of NBC's singer, Beverly Mahr, who spends almost all her spare time doing Red Cross work. Her husband, Carl, who is a music arranger in radio, spends his nights

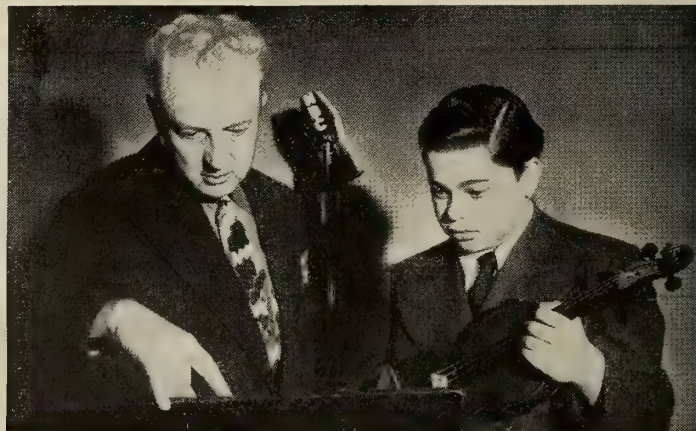
in an aircraft factory. Jack Benny and Bob Hope are still touring the Army camps.

Genius of the month is 12-year-old Kenneth Gordon, who turned in that brilliant violin solo on Leopold Stokowski's recent NBC Symphony program. Kenneth is a Brooklyn kid, was studying with an unknown teacher, when his grandad went to Mishel Piastro, concert master of the Philharmonic and begged Piastro to hear the boy. Piastro did and was amazed. Kenneth is now under the concert master's wing and is also studying piano. When Toscanini heard that the boy's favorite composer was Bach, he demanded to hear him. Bach is Toscanini's weakness. But what is so startling to everybody in radio is that the young genius is a dead ringer for Orson Welles. When he was told this, Kenneth smiled, and said, "Orson Welles? What instrument does he play?"

John J. Anthony went to Cafe Society, a New York night spot, to see and hear Zero Mostel's version of Mr. Anthony. Mostel's skit features a "Mr. Agony" and John J. didn't seem so pleased about the thing. Zero, star of last year's Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street, will soon be on the networks again in a new show written by Sigmund Miller and Jack Sher called The Zero Hour.

Bob Shaw used to be a publicity man, one of the praise throwers at NBC, of which there are many. He resigned to write a radio show called Front Page Farrell, which is one of the better day time scripts. The reason Bob's show is such a hit is that he takes up to the minute news and turns it into drama. No small help on the show is director Bill Sweets, who was formerly with the United Press and a correspondent in Washington.

If you heard a dog howling while Diana Courtney was singing on a recent Three R's show, you heard right. The dog belonged to a blind girl who works in a New Jersey defense plant. The girl was a guest on the show and when her seeing eye dog began to harmonize with Diana no-



Young Kenneth Gordon has earned high praise for his brilliant violin solo played for Stokowski's NBC Symphony.



body seemed to mind, least of all Miss Courtney.

The only woman music "Annotator"—that's CBS's word for her—on the air is Kay Hale. Kay made an 18,000 mile flight around South America in 1940 making transcriptions. The records were sent all the way back to Cleveland to be played and made such a hit that she was signed to do the stint on the Cleveland Symphony Hour.

**DEADLINE FLASHES...** Hedda Hopper will not take over the spot that Walter Winchell has vacated, so the Parker Family stays put. . . . Raymond Edward Johnson, star of Inner Sanctum, has been handed the lead in Sidney Kingsley's new play "The Patriots" and will enact the role of Thomas Jefferson. . . . Norman Abbott, nephew of Bud, has joined the Merchant Marine and Costello wants you to know that his brother, Pat, has dittoed with the Navy. . . . Orson Welles just bought a horse and buggy and actually uses it. . . . Jimmy Durante may bring back his two old vaudeville partners for a radio routine known as Durante, Clayton and Jackson—as it was known in Vaudeville for 25 years. . . . Jimmy Melton's dream has come true. He finally made the Metropolitan Opera and the reviews were not bad. . . . Sammy Kaye has written a book which has the same title as his program, Sammy Kaye's Sunday Serenade, and the book contains excerpts from those poems and sayings he gives out with every Sat. . . . Lanny Ross had a transcription made when he sang, "There's An F. D. R. In Freedom," and President Roosevelt now has that record. . . . Jack Pearl has hired three more script writers, bringing the total to four! . . . Cal Tinney's Mutual show has been renewed for a year. When Fulton Lewis Jr. asked his radio audience to send in old keys for the salvage drive he got 50,000 in one week. . . . Larry Le Sueur, CBS commentator, who spent a year and a day in Russia has just finished a book about it, but can't think of a title. What's the matter with "A Year And A Day"? . . . Due to a contract mix-up, Harry James, who was brought to Hollywood to work in "Best Foot Forward," gets a month's salary for not doing anything. . . .



NBC's Campana Serenade combines the voice of Dick Powell and the smooth rhythms of Marty Malneck.

# "Other Wives...hear my story"

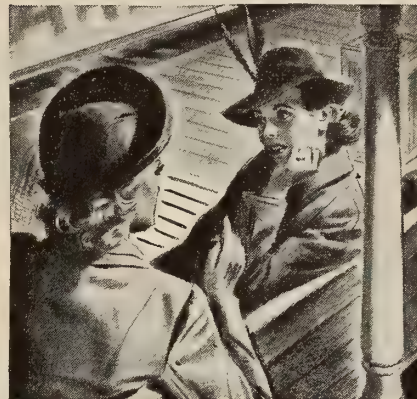


HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT ROBS SO MANY MARRIAGES OF ROMANCE

1. Slowly, my husband's love and tenderness had changed to . . . a frozen strangeness. Then neglect. I spent long evenings alone. One grim night, driven to despair, I left my unhappy home . . .



2. My ticket back to Mother's was in my hand when I ran into an old school chum, a widow a little older than I. I couldn't bluff her. I had to tell. And bless her, she opened my eyes by saying, "So often, my dear, a loving husband can't overlook one neglect . . . carelessness of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*).



3. "Many modern wives," she told me, "use a gentle yet thorough method of feminine hygiene—Lysol disinfectant." She explained how Lysol is so gentle it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she advised. "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes, leaves you feeling dainty."



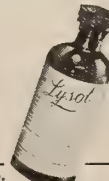
4. Well, I tore up that ticket. And just as she said—I find Lysol disinfectant easy to use, so economical. Wives, don't let "one neglect" dim your happiness!

## Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. **EFFECTIVE**—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **SPREADING**—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. **ECONOMICAL**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **CLEANLY ODOR**—disappears after use. **LASTING**—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

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- Red, white and blue Ribbon finest quality rayon
- Colorfast: Can be washed with hot or cold water, any soap
- Colors blend with any dress
- Safety-catch back

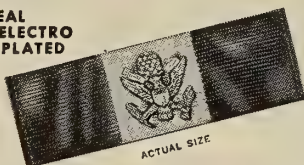
He's fighting for you—so why not show you really care? If you have a dear one in the Service—honor him by proudly wearing this Civilian War-Service Pin.

IMPORTANT: State specific branch of service.

If you have no loved one in the Service—  
as an American, wear this

**PATRIOTIC BAR PIN**

U. S. SEAL  
24 K. ELECTRO  
GOLD-PLATED

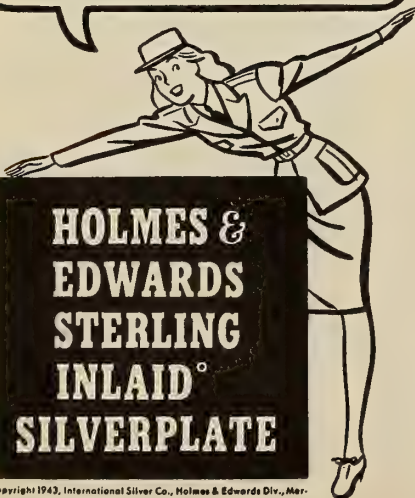


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**"COME 'V' DAY"**

I'm planning to buy the silver-plate with the two blocks of sterling silver inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks.



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Glenn Miller—he's now Captain Miller—a short time ago completed his Army Air Corps training.

Joe Marsala, heard with his orchestra on Mutual and NBC, features Adele Gerard, called the only swing harpist in the U.S.



*Facing  
the Music*

By KEN ALDEN

THE \$67,000 salary ceiling is just another headache for the dance band industry, which has already been seriously affected by the musicians' union recording ban, and the wholesale enlistments of orchestra leaders and their men. Many of the big league batoneers still available for work on the air and in movies, theaters, and ballrooms, will cut down their appearances because of the new government edict.

At press time the recording ban was still in effect with no new plans for settlement offered.

Sonny Dunham's young band gets that big break when it plays in the Hotel New Yorker for three months. Johnny Long follows the Dunham outfit there in the Spring.

Ted Lewis recently celebrated his thirtieth year in the band business, an enviable record. Lewis is still a top-flight attraction.

#### TO THE COLORS:

Dick Stabile has enlisted in the Coast Guard and has turned band and baton over to wife Gracie Barrie. The band has recently clicked after several false starts.

Ted Weems and his entire band, fourteen men, have joined the Merchant Marine. Weems got a chief petty officer rating. He has a wife and seven-year-old son.

Frank Parker, well-known radio tenor, has enlisted in the Merchant Marine and Meredith Willson has become an Army Captain.

Captain Glenn Miller is now stationed with the U. S. Army Air Corps at Maxwell Field, Alabama.

Dick Jurgens has disbanded his thirteen-year-old outfit and joined the Army. Most of his musicians are also enlisting.

Lieutenant Eddy Duchin is reported to have asked his Navy superiors for active duty instead of "morale" work.

Don Bestor, an old favorite, is now house conductor of the radio station WHN, New York, orchestra.

Casa Loma will soon introduce a new quartet of girl singers to replace the LeBrun Sisters.

Abe Lyman, rejected by the Army because of high blood pressure, has reorganized his band and starts an engagement in New York's Hotel Lincoln this month.

Several "pirate" recordings have been made despite the union ban but the union's agents are hot on the trail of the rule-breakers.

Lionel Hampton is experimenting with an innovation. His idea is to play the vibraharp without mallets, using instead small lead balls attached to the fingers. This is definitely not recommended to novices.



Les Brown has added a new unit to his orchestra, called The Town Criers, a west coast singing group consisting of four brothers and a sister.

Woody Herman's band broke four all-time attendance records when they recently played the New York Paramount theater. Of course the screen attraction, "Road to Morocco" with Crosby and Hope, didn't hurt.

Sammy Kaye has contributed \$4,000 to the Navy Relief Society, royalties accumulated from his song, "Remember Pearl Harbor."

Army flyers at a New Mexico base have tagged one of their Flying Fortresses, "Miss Dinah" in honor of Dinah Shore.

Morton Gould, young composer-conductor, whose new Columbia album has won the critics' plaudits, has been named musical director of a leading New York advertising agency. He'll supervise the agency's musical air shows.

Jack Pearl has gone off the costly "Cresta Blanca Carnival" show on Mutual after a 13-week series of disappointments with young musical director Morton Gould inheriting the star role for the wine company. Under the new format, prominent name singers will make guest appearances, giving music a victory over comedy.

Al Donahue has reorganized his orchestra in Hollywood, returning to the podium after a series of operations.

Helen O'Connell, Jimmy Dorsey's vocalist, probably the best known dance band singer, is reported leaving Dorsey's band. When she leaves, she will be replaced by Kitty Kallen, formerly heard with Jack Teagarden. Helen wants to be near New York to be with her fiancé who is posted there with the Army Air Force. However, she will do solo radio and theater work in that vicinity.

The various popular record programs, featured on almost every radio station in the country, are meeting the dearth of new recordings by reviving old favorites. The revivals have met with plaudits from listeners.

Top record seller for the year was Bing Crosby's warbling of "White Christmas." Sales are expected to exceed the 2,000,000 mark.

One of the nation's top-flight dance spots, the lofty Rainbow Room in Radio City, has closed for the duration.

Artur Rodzinski, who won fame conducting the Cleveland Symphony has been signed as director of the New York Philharmonic.

Sammy Kaye replaces Nelson Eddy on that CBS cigaret show.

The small cocktail units have benefited from the dance band shortage. Many hotels and night clubs unable to hire big orchestras, are using the pint-sized outfits.

# "For Beauty in a Blackout try my\*W.B.N.C."

JANET BLAIR, STARRING IN "SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT"—A COLUMBIA PICTURE



**Says Janet Blair:**

"You'll never sigh for popularity if you follow Hollywood in our bedtime beauty care. It helps make skin look simply dazzling. We call it W.B.N.C. That's our name for--

**\*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap."**

Cleanse with silky Woodbury Cold Cream--wipe away. Pat on more--wipe again, leaving a trace for all-night magic. Its 4 special ingredients go to work, helping turn rough skin dewy soft, helping smooth tiny dry-skin lines. And an exclusive ingredient constantly acts to purify the cream right in the jar, helping guard against germs from dust and soiled fingers. Use Woodbury Cold Cream tonight--for a softer, smoother, lovelier look tomorrow.

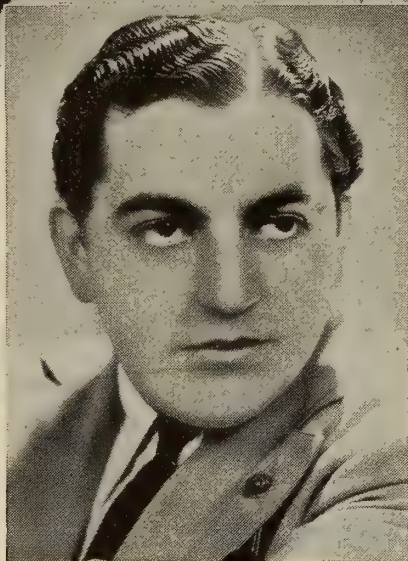
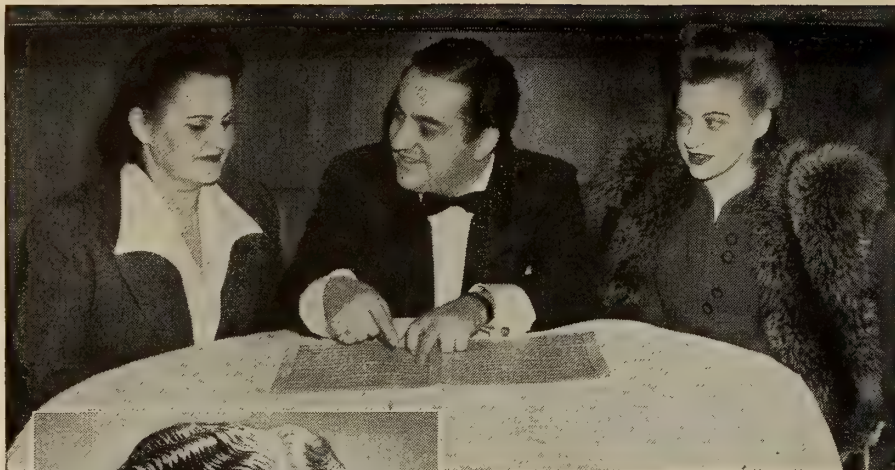
## WOODBURY COLD CREAM

*Beauty Night Cap of the Stars*



Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Big economy jars, \$1.25, 75¢. Also generous sizes at 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢.





*It was showmanship, not musician-ship, that put Blue Barron among the top band leaders. He is shown above with his mother, left, and his sister Clarice, who serves as secretary and bookkeeper for him.*

Xavier Cugat leaves the Waldorf-Astoria this month for a sixteen-week theater tour winding up in Hollywood for work on his new film, "Stage Door Canteen."

Vaughn Monroe quits the Commodore Hotel in New York this month to start out on a lengthy road tour.

## MUSIC IS HIS BUSINESS

**A**LTHOUGH Blue Barron can read only a few notes of music and seldom takes his violin out of its case, his shrewd showmanship and business acumen has made "Music of Yesterday and Today Styled the Blue Barron Way," a familiar radio network signature for distinctive dance music.

Under normal circumstances, one would hesitate to put the blue chips down on a bandleader who candidly admits "I'm no great musician." But how the chunky, curly-haired Ohioan inherited both a baton and a band and made them pay dividends, is a success story that doesn't happen every day along Tin Pan Alley and probably won't happen again.

Barron knew from experience gained over a six year span that a budding bandsman doesn't have to be an ex-child prodigy or a new day Bix Biederbecke to make the grade. Many an accomplished musician has flopped as a big league bandleader. Barron's own unit has passed many an orchestra piloted by an instrumental virtuoso. Barron had the formula. The others didn't.

"I know the pulse of the people," states Barron, "and I know what they want when they want it."

As if to illustrate, Barron pointed to the crowded dance floor of New York's Hotel Edison, where his band is currently playing, and added:

"Right now the trend is toward sentimental tunes. The war did that."

Blue Barron's right name is Harry Freedlin. He was born twenty-nine years ago in Cleveland, the only son of a hard-working milk dealer. His parents were ambitious for their boy and saved what they could so that Harry could have a formal education.

"Our boy," they told friends of the family, "will be a doctor."

Unfortunately the parents couldn't convince Harry that their plan was a practical one.

"I could have told them it wouldn't work," Blue explains. "Ever since I was a kid I hated the sight of blood. Now that's some handicap for a doctor."

The boy was willing to try to overcome this allergy and even enrolled for a pre-medical course at Ohio University. After a few sessions in the chemistry laboratories, he became deathly ill and threw in the stethoscope.

After this decision, Harry found a much more pleasant and profitable endeavor. He became the campus booking agent for dance bands that played the various hops and parties. His ability to out-talk, out-bargain, and out-smart the professional band managers, gave him confidence. He quit school and opened a small booking office in Cleveland.

But when the big band booking agencies started to monopolize the field, Harry and the small string of bands he represented, felt the squeeze like a Nazi pincer movement.

"I almost decided to go into the produce business," Blue recalls, "but the boys in one of the bands I handled had another idea. They wanted me to lead their outfit."

After a few all-night sessions, Harry finally agreed, hunted for a tricky band-de-plume and came up with Blue Barron. The only one who still calls him Harry is his mother.

**T**HE first few months found the new Blue Barron band on a bumpy road

of barnstorming and only the managerial feats of the leader saved it from extinction.

"I had never led a band before so naturally there were plenty of panics," he says.

Finally the young outfit won an engagement in a Cleveland restaurant that had an NBC wire. Blue knew that the wire could make or break his band so he concentrated on every broadcast so that these precious programs would be of professional calibre. The efforts produced results. One night a long distance phone call came from New York. Maria Kramer, owner of two New York hotels, the Edison and the Lincoln, and one of the first to see merit in the bands of Harry James, Jan Savitt, and Jerry Wald, was on the wire.

"Would you like to bring your band to New York?" she asked Barron.

Barron's answer might have startled his new-found benefactor but it almost caused a revolution among his musicians.

"Gosh, Mrs. Kramer," he replied cautiously, "I sure would. But would you mind waiting for a few months? We can't make it right now. We have other commitments."

When he hung up, the men ganged around him ominously.

"What kind of a line is that?" one musician demanded.

"Listen, boys," Barron appealed, "we're not ready for it. Not yet. If we go there now we're sure to flop. If Mrs. Kramer wants us now, she'll want us a few months later."

Barron's theory proved to be correct. The next few weeks were spent in endless rehearsals but when they did come east, they had the precision and policy necessary for discriminating New York audiences.

The band opened in the Hotel Edison in January, 1938, and they have been coming back there ever since. Blue is playing in that hotel right now and can be heard over both Mutual and CBS.

The band also has a Sunday radio show on the Blue network, presented in cooperation with the War Manpower Commission. When records can be made, Barron records for Victor.

**M**OST dance fans are forever arguing over the respective merits of Blue Barron, Sammy Kaye, and Kay Kyser. All three have similar styles, each one uses singing titles. I asked Blue who originated this musical trick.

"Give full credit to Kay Kyser," he admits.

Blue handles his own managerial affairs, although the band is booked nationally by Music Corporation of America. His sister Clarice serves as secretary and bookkeeper and the technical musical duties are handled by arranger Ivan Lane. The 13-man band features two vocalists, Clyde Burke, who used to sing with competitor Sammy Kaye, and Jimmy Brown.

Blue is a brown-eyed, short and heavy-set bachelor who has his heart set on a Memphis debutante. He lives in a New York apartment hotel with his mother, father, and sister. He takes care of them. Although his parents are proud of his accomplishments in the musical field, Blue's mother says:

"I'm glad my Harry's happy and successful. But I still would like to see him a doctor."



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**Your Favorite Emblem, Name,  
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**FREE!**

Men:—Here, without a doubt, is positively the greatest Billfold and Pass Case Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. For a high quality Calfskin Billfold, beautifully engraved in gold, with your LODGE Emblem or Army, Navy, Marine or Air Corps Insignia, and Name, you would expect to pay up to \$4.50 and consider it a marvelous buy. If you take advantage of this sensational introductory offer, you can get this superb genuine Calfskin Wallet and Pass Case for only \$1.98, and we will send you absolutely free a specially designed three-color Emergency Identification Plate, which carries your Social Security Number, your Name and Address or your Army Draft Number. This fine grain calfskin Billfold must actually be seen to be fully appreciated. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., it has four pockets each

protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards. When closed, this handsome Billfold has the soft velvety feel you find only in quality Calfskin. Your choice of Emblems and Initials, are beautifully embossed in 23 karat gold on the face of the Billfold. Due to difficulty in obtaining choice leather because of war conditions, the supply of these Billfolds is limited. Remember if you send your order promptly, we will include absolutely FREE, a beautiful identification Key Tag and Gilt Chain to match, all hand engraved with your Name, Address, City and State. If after receiving your Billfold and Free Gift, you don't positively agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you have ever come across, return them to us and your money will be cheerfully refunded in full. Send your order today, without fail so you won't be disappointed.

## Rush This Coupon For This Once-In-A-Lifetime Bargain!

**ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART,  
Dept. 131, 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago,**

If you want a LODGE, or Army, Navy, or Marine Insignia, state name here  
Gentlemen: I enclose \$1.98. Please send me a Genuine Calfskin Billfold with my name and Lodge Emblem engraved in 23k gold. Include absolutely free, an Emergency Identification Plate carrying my full Name and Social Security Number or Draft Number. Also include FREE an Identification Key Tag and Gilt Chain to match, all hand engraved with my Name, Address, City and State.

My Full Name ..... (Please print clearly)

Address .....

City..... State.....

Social Security Number..... Army Draft Number.....

☐ Please ship the above C. O. D. for \$1.98 plus a few pennies postage and C. O. D. charges.



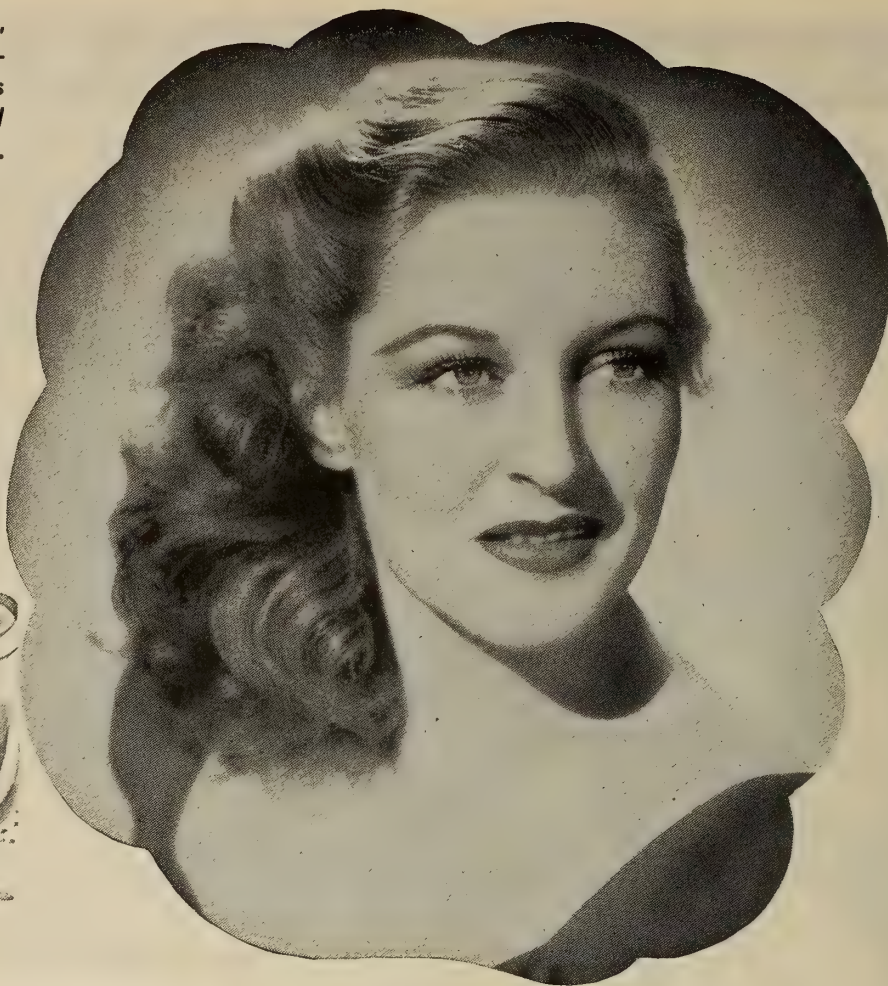
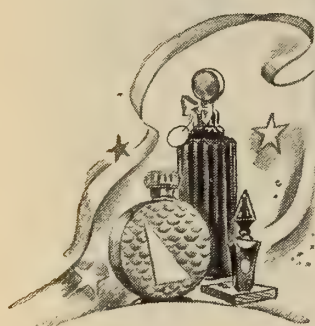
This beautiful three-color emergency Identification Plate carries your full name, address and social security or draft number exactly the way you want it.



**Also FREE**—If you order at once we send you this beautiful Identification Key Tag and Gilt Chain to match, hand engraved with your name, address, city and state. Will last a lifetime.



Josephine Houston,  
Blue Network sing-  
ing star recommends  
a daily home facial  
for a radiant skin.



# Face Insurance

By Roberta Ormiston

**O**NE of the most beautifully luxurious experiences in a woman's daily life is a facial.

But that's not the half of it. A facial also erases those little tired lines which become wrinkles if they occur often enough without anything being done to tone up the tired tissues which induce them.

You can, of course, go to a deluxe salon where smooth-fingered, smooth-voiced operators will use perfumed unguents and ointments upon you. And very pleasant this is, too. We haven't one word to say against it. However, if you can't afford this—and more can't than can—you may have a facial at home which will be just as satisfactory from any practical point of view.

Wrap a towel around your head and make sure no wisp of hair escapes from it.

Remove all make-up and dirt with cleansing cream.

Then remove every bit of cleansing cream.

With a cotton swab apply mineral oil generously at the corners of your mouth and nose, under your chin, across your forehead, between your eyebrows, and all around your eyes.

Nourishing cream comes next. Smear little dots of it all over your

face and proceed with your massage in this manner:

Start your massaging fingers above the eyebrows and move them up to your hair line.

Start at the inner part of your eye and gently massage your eyelids. When your finger reaches the outer corner of your eye bring it back underneath the eye to the nose again.

Do all this one dozen times.

Cheeks and chins require different treatment. They should be pinched lightly. Over and over again.

The underpart of your chin, on the other hand, requires kneading. Place your knuckles against the under part of your chin and knead upward and outward.

Then pinch the back and the sides of your neck. Use big light pinches, not the sharp little kind that can hurt or bruise.

Remove the cream and apply a skin tonic—to close your pores and tone

up your skin generally.

Ten minutes will be ample time for this massage. And it will make you look and feel ten years younger.

Sometimes, when you've really had one of those days, it's epsom salts you need. Externally. Rest first, if only for five minutes. Lie flat on your back. Really let yourself go.

Clean your skin. Use two applications of cleansing cream to make doubly sure you're spick-and-span clean.

Fill a bowl with about a pint of water that's of a temperature between warm and hot. Fill another bowl with about a pint of cold water and cracked ice. Put two rounded tablespoons of epsom salts into the bowl of cold water, and two rounded tablespoons of epsom salts into the bowl of warm water. Let the salts dissolve.

Dip a cloth in the warm epsom salts water and hold it to your face for a minute. Repeat this *five* times. Dip another cloth in the icy epsom salts water and hold it to your face for a minute. Repeat this a *dozen* times. Pat your face dry. And look into your mirror to see the magic you have managed with your own hands.

Take out face insurance today, by having facials regularly at home.

**RADIO MIRROR** ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**





*"Her lovely, shining hair  
It did my heart ensnare!"*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous  
... and yet so easy to manage!\***



HER GLEAMING LOCKS (shampooed with Special Drene) rival the glitter of her sequin gloves and dress! The smart simplicity of her lovely hair-do is accentuated by the tricky ornaments—satin bows with tassels of silken balls cut from ball fringe.

**For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!**

Nothing makes a girl so alluring to men as shining, lustrous hair! So, if you want this thrilling beauty advantage, don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob your hair of lustre!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far more glamorous . . . silkier, smoother and easier to arrange, right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't

tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soaps!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

\*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.  
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Soap film dulls lustre—  
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as soaps and soap shampoos always do.

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!



**Special Drene**  
with  
*Hair Conditioner*



*She wanted her Nurse's Aide diploma more than she ever wanted a radio role—that's Pat Ryan, the cover girl!*



# Double in white

**U**NTIL the day she was awarded her diploma as a Nurse's Aide, nobody at the Misericordia Hospital in Manhattan knew that Patricia Ryan was a radio star. But, on that day, while she was standing in line waiting to be "capped," a probationer suddenly hurried over to her and exclaimed, "Why, you're Patricia Ryan! I know. I saw a picture of you in RADIO MIRROR!" Patricia admitted it, which almost broke up the ceremonies, what with girls crowding around her, asking for autographs and questioning her about radio.

All that time nobody had recognized her, because Patricia is the sort of girl who gets things done quietly. She hadn't wanted anyone to know who she was, for fear it might have some effect on the way they judged her work at the hospital. And she wanted that degree as a Nurse's Aide, more than she wanted a role in radio.

Patricia is just twenty years old. She is five feet three inches tall and weighs one hundred fourteen pounds, with shining, blonde hair, gray-blue eyes and a sweet, Irish smile—but, pictures speak louder than words, so look at our cover again. In the picture, you see her just as she is in real life and the way she will look to our boys in England, where she may be sent soon to put her training into practice.

If Patricia goes to England, it won't be the first time she's been there, although her feet have never touched English soil. Pat's father was an American doughboy in the last war. While overseas, he met and married an English girl. Their first daughter, Patricia, was born in London, just six weeks before their boat sailed for America.

Most of Patricia's life has been spent in Manhattan and she's been on the

air since she was six years old. At four, so her mother will tell you, she could read and write. At the age of seven, she had a fling at vaudeville and was arrested twice for being too young to work for a living. The first time she was arrested, the six other children on the vaudeville bill were taken to jail, but a detective took Patricia to his home. She was so cute he wanted his wife to see her.

**P**AT, as everyone in radio calls her, got her first taste of the radio business when she was introduced to the CBS network at the age of nine as a member of the cast of Nila Mack's Let's Pretend program, and she has been a part of that show ever since. When she was eleven she wrote a fairy tale for Let's Pretend—not only wrote it, but cast it, directed the performance, and played a part in the show herself as well. You still hear her on Nila Mack's program, playing the part of the Princess.

Since that time Pat has been on shows too numerous to mention, a few of which are Manhattan at Midnight, The Parker Family, Henry Aldrich, Just Plain Bill, as Claudia in Claudia and David, and as Myra, a volunteer nurse in Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne. It was the last show that made her want to become a Nurse's Aide. "Playing a nurse on the radio every day," she smiles, "made me realize how important they are and I just had to become one."

Until the war, most of Pat's life was centered around St. Michael's Church, where she sang in the choir, and in the gym, where she was a star basketball player, a forward on the church girls' team. She regretfully gave that up a year ago, though, because her radio and war work filled every moment of the time. Pat has never sung on the air, in spite of her choir work—although she even won a choir pin for her singing when she was sixteen.

Now she spends her mornings at the hospital—7:15 until noon three days a week—her afternoons on the air, and her evenings with soldiers at the Stage Door Canteen. In her spare time she lectures for the American Theater Wing. She writes three letters a day to soldiers, another three to the mothers of soldiers she meets at the Canteen—and a very special daily letter to a Private overseas. She also entertains for service men, and particularly likes to give parties for British seamen.

Patricia has two sisters, Peggy, who is married, and a younger sister, Janice, who, according to Pat, is a genius. Janice has just been graduated from High School at the age of fourteen. "And," Pat grins, "Janice has been engaged since she was twelve. Her boy friend is in the Merchant Marine, now."

Pat claims nothing very exciting has happened to her in radio, except that once she was knocked out by a microphone when she was twelve. An announcer was adjusting a mike just over her head and it came loose and beamed her. They brought Pat back into this world just two minutes before the program went on the air and she played her part. "Although," she says, "I had a slight headache."

In spite of her radio success, Pat is very anxious to go to England as a nurse and because she'd like to see her grandfather and her uncles and aunts, and several cousins who are now in the R. A. F.



# "You bet I know my groceries!"

...if any customer complains about not getting her favorite flavor of Karo Syrup, you know what I tell her?

I say, first: "Don't you know that the Army and Navy are buying tons of Karo Syrup?"

Then I say: "Every housewife in the land is buying more Karo than ever before—'cuz Karo is the kind of food that gives energy to hard-working Americans."

Last, but not least, I tell her this: "The makers of Karo won't let down on quality just to step up quantity. No Ma'am—not with millions of us babies, our mothers and our doctors too, depending on Karo for our feeding formulas."

As a clincher—I suggest: "If you can't get one flavor of Karo (the shortage is only temporary)—just try another flavor. They're all delicious—all nutritious—all rich in Dextrose...food-energy sugar."

See what I mean?

Corn Products Refining Company, 17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.



**IMPORTANT**—Karo is packed in tin and in glass. Regardless of type of package, when you see the name **KARO** on the label, it is your guarantee of purity and quality.



FOR VICTORY  
Buy U. S. War  
Bonds and Stamps

BECAUSE THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY, THERE NEVER CAN BE A "SUBSTITUTE" FOR KARO



*Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .*



You must be busy — who isn't, with all the extra war-work there is to do? Well, when you're feeling all worn out, try this: sit down and do your nails with Dura-Gloss. Do it slowly. Observe Dura-Gloss' steady, even flow. Look at its lovely radiance and sparkle. Your nails will look more beautiful than ever before. Chances are, you'll feel refreshed, ready for anything. Get DURA-GLOSS now. At cosmetic counters everywhere.



10¢ PLUS TAX

Copr. 1943, Lorr Laboratories • Paterson, N. J.  
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

**DURA-GLOSS** *nail polish*

Cuticle Lotion  
Polish Remover  
Dura-Coat



# If I Dared

*Why did she force him away from her, frantically beating against him with clenched fists, when all she wanted was to be in the shelter of his arms?*

**I**T IS six years ago now, but I remember that night in every clear, terrible detail. I think I always will.

I was fifteen. Fifteen is such an awkward, shy, frightened age at best, and for me it was made even worse because I was seven years younger than my brother Tom and because Father had died a bare year before. I had thought I couldn't go on living after I lost Father. He and Matilda, our housekeeper, were the only mothers I had ever known and while I had them both I never felt the lack of another.

Father was always kind and wonderful toward both Tom and me, although I think he understood me the better and loved Tom the more. I was like him while Tom, I was always told, was like Mother—gay and full of life, with snapping black eyes matching his hair, strong of body and will, meeting every new experience with wide-open, welcoming arms. Father and I lived more inside ourselves. Now that I'm older, I know he too must have had secret fears and doubts that he kept buried near his heart. I only hope that his did not fester there.

But with all his gentle sympathy, Father made one mistake. It must have been his love for Tom that tricked him into it, or perhaps he did not really believe that the possibility he was preparing for would ever come to pass. At any rate, when his will(Continued on page 70)



Adapted for Radio Mirror by Norton Russell from an original radio drama, "Linda's Beau," heard on the True Story Theater over Mutual.

A "True Story Theater" Drama



# I love you too much

*That first evening Barbara knew she had found her love. Later she learned she must stop these thoughts before Kit guessed them—he belonged to somebody else*

**E**VERYONE always took it for granted that I was Paul Craven's girl, ever since we'd started school together, years ago. Well, I was Paul's girl—if you mean that Paul was the man I went around with. But if you mean that I loved him—it just wasn't so.

He thought that I did love him, I suppose. Just took it for granted. And I'd never been able to say, in so many words, that I didn't. Weakly, I'd always hoped that my actions would speak for me, save me from hurting him with words. I'd always hoped that when the right man came along that Paul would know it, just as I would, and that I shouldn't have to tell him.

Paul had been wonderful to me, sharing his home and even his parents with me after my father and mother died. They—Paul's parents—had wanted me to come and live with them, assuming that it would only be a few years until I was a regular member of the household, anyway. But I couldn't do that, no matter how grateful I was. I knew, somehow, that there'd be a day when I'd regret having allowed myself to pile up a debt that I might feel obligated to pay no matter how much it went against my heart. So my Yankee independence had forced me to find an apartment of my own, even though my stenographer's salary was just barely enough to make ends meet.

Paul had been angry at what he called my stubbornness then, and he was angry now. Angry because I insisted on giving up four nights a week to working at the canteen for merchant seamen—the "heroes without uniforms"—recently opened in our New England coastal city. "After all," he told me crossly, "I'm serving my country, too—or will be in a few more weeks. Doesn't that entitle me to some of your time?"

I couldn't say, bluntly, in answer, "It would, Paul, if I were in love with you—but I'm not." I had no way of knowing then how a woman should feel toward the man she loves, but something, intuition, maybe, told me that Paul wasn't the one.

I had never felt toward Paul the way I felt toward Kit Ericson almost the moment I saw him. We needed no introduction at all. I looked across the noisy confusion of the canteen's recreation room, one evening, and saw his blond head shining in the light, and in the same instant he looked up and his blue eyes met mine. He rose and started walking toward me, threading his way among the crowded tables with the sure-footed ease he had learned on lurching decks. When he reached the counter where I was dispensing coffee and sandwiches, though, he didn't speak. He just looked at me.

I couldn't look away. For a


minute I couldn't even speak, though I had learned a list of opening remarks guaranteed to set a shy boy at ease. I just looked up and saw the way his wide mouth quirked at the corners before he smiled, and I thought how nice and white his teeth were, before I stopped myself. This was no way for a hostess to be thinking; it was practically improper. I asked, a little breathlessly, "What will you have?"

He said, "Nothing. But maybe I could help you some, back there."

I let him, and he was different from the others, who usually were so high-spirited and useless they had to be ordered back to the other







*She was a pretty girl. I tried to smile at Kit's wife as he said, "Lacey, this is Barbara Nickerson."*

side of the counter. His hands were big but they moved with a deftness that was like magic. It was fun, even exciting, to be working there with him. "Where'd you learn to be so good at this?" I asked him.

"I shipped out as mess boy twice before I got my union card," he said. That was all, but his voice had an easy, rhythmic drawl, different from New England speech, and it enchanted me.

"Where from?" I had to keep him talking.

"Galveston." He used no extra words.

"What kind of boat?"

"Tanker."

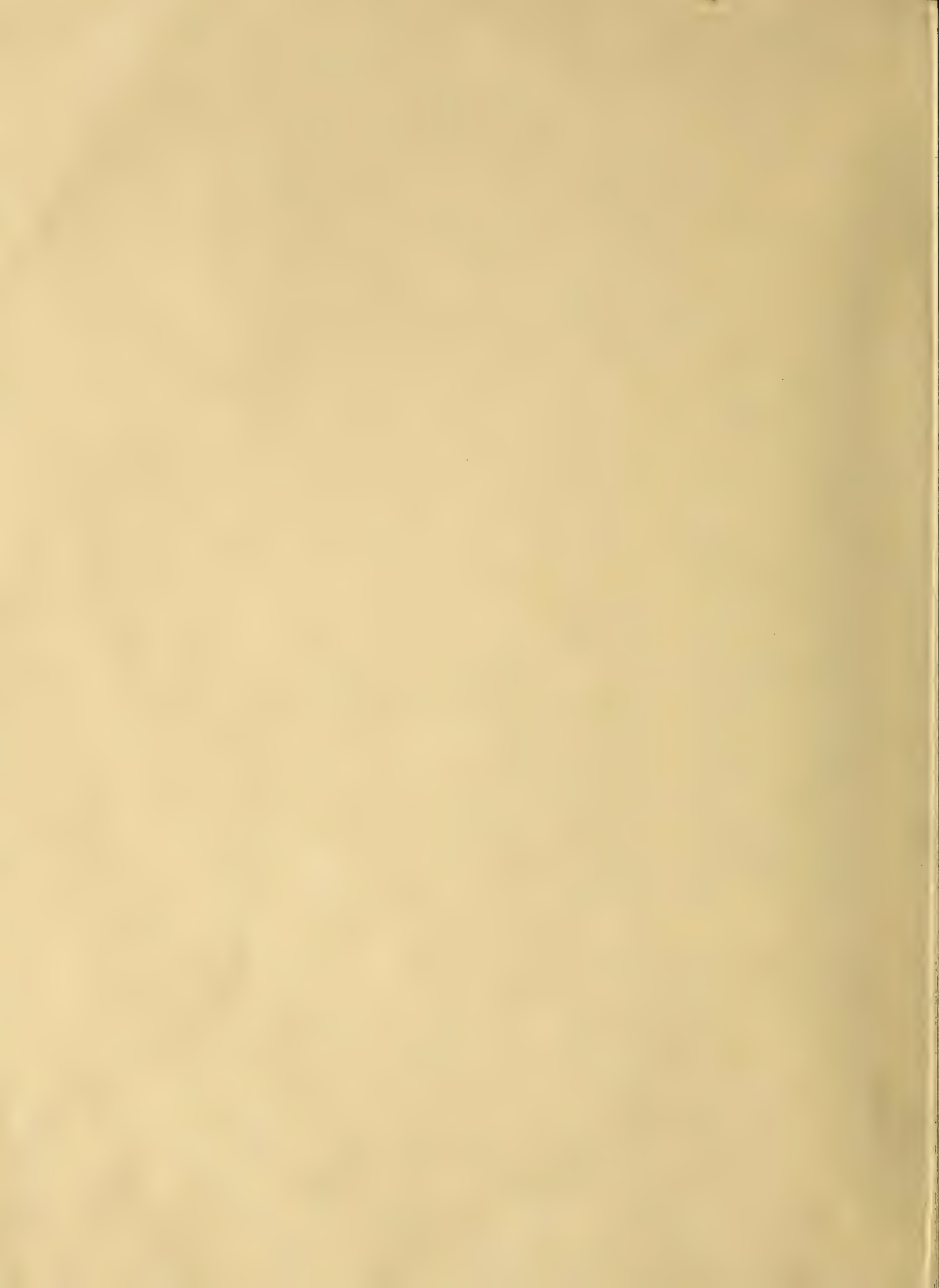
I couldn't keep from questioning him. "Is that where you live—Galveston, I mean?"

"Near there. Inland a ways."

Oh, it was music, the way he said those simple matter-of-fact things. I wanted him to tell me everything—all about his family, where he went to school, his friends—oh, especially his friends, and especially his girl friends!

But I didn't find out. That should have made me wonder, and worry, too, later on, but I wouldn't let it. He was the quiet kind, the kind that does things and doesn't talk about it. Still waters run deep, I told myself, afterward, night







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*She was a pretty girl. I tried to smile at Kit's wife as he said, "Lacey, this is Barbara Nickerson."*





# My Life

**I**T isn't easy to put the past down on paper, to write the record of a broken dream.

Yet I want to tell it, because now I see the girl that I was as if she were someone else, because now I know it wasn't the struggle of Judy Crane against a cold, unlistening world, but of Judy Crane against herself.

The dream began, I guess, on that sunlit autumn afternoon when Don Winters told me about the orchestra job. Listening, breath-held, to him, I was sure that the turning point of my life had come. I saw adventure ahead of me. I saw fame beckon. I caught a heart-warming glimpse of a life no longer bounded by the limits of my home town of Seabright, but stretching to the horizons of the world.

Don flashed his bright-white smile at me, and handed me my dream on a silver platter. "Remember the fellow who was at the studio last week when you came for your lesson? The one who listened to you sing? Well, I didn't want to say anything about it until it was more definite, but he's a scout for Bob Halsey's band. I knew they needed a new singer—and, Judy, I made up my mind that you'd be the one if I could possibly swing it."

My heart began to thump, and eagerness thickened my tongue. "You—you mean—oh, Don, you mean you've arranged for an audition for me? With Bob Halsey?"

His dark head nodded emphatically, and his smile widened to match the one which was lighting my face. "I think it's all set, Judy. The band will be passing through Seabright tomorrow, and you'll sing for Halsey himself. But that's just a formality—Bob takes the advice of that scout of his, and the scout thought you were terrific."

Impulsively, I took his hand in both of mine. "Don, you don't know what this means to me. I don't know how I can ever find a way to thank you—not just for this, but for the pains you've taken, for all you've taught me—"

"Honey, it's a pleasure!" he said, and I knew he meant it. Some people in Seabright don't like Don, but he's one of my favorite people. I suppose a lot of people

think that being a singing teacher isn't just the job for an able-bodied man, but he's a wonderful teacher. He'd taken my voice, sweet but faltering and unsure, and given it power and richness. I owed him more than I could put into words.

"You don't know what this means to me," I repeated.

He grinned again, that sure, cocky grin of his that made some of the old fellows who hung out at Hanson's store say that Don Winters was "too big for his britches."

"Oh, don't I? Sure I do—better than you do, Judy. It means singing with a fair band now. And that's just the first step. There'll be better bands, with better names, and after a while, top-notch bands with top-notch names. You'll make it, Judy, because you've got all you need—a voice, an ability to put your voice across, and a mighty pretty face to dress it up!"

No wonder my head was in the clouds as I left Don's studio that afternoon. I felt as if fame were a tangible thing, something warm and glistening that I could reach out and touch if I chose. It was only when at last I thought of Aunt Myra that the world lost a little of its rosy glow, that a little prick of pain found its way through the armor of my pleasure.

Aunt Myra, you see, has been kinder to me than anyone else in the world. I was still in grammar school when my parents died, and I had lived with her since I was ten. I had grown up under the guidance of her firm but gentle hands, had watched her gray eyes grow older, more tired, her duties at the Marine Hospital become a heavier burden but a greater pleasure to her.

"Someday, Judy, you'll be a nurse, too," she'd always told me. "You'll go to nursing school at the hospital, and then, after you're graduated—"

That was her dream, I knew. And it had been mine, too, until a brighter, gayer dream replaced it. It had seemed right that I should follow in her steps. I had really wanted to become a nurse. The thought of giving my life to the service of others had seemed beautiful and worth while. But now I knew it was impossible. I had discovered a new



# to Live

*She would be famous! But she paid for it with bitter loneliness when anger blazed between them, when the man she loved cried, "We'd better call it off!"*





future—a future that would make Judy Crane a famous name—and suddenly nursing seemed a drab way of living indeed.

I had to tell Aunt Myra about the audition, about the job which was almost sure to follow on its heels, but I didn't know how. And then I remembered that I'd see Bill tonight—Bill Benson, United States Coast Guard—for his ship had come into port this morning. My steps slowed a bit. Telling Bill about my new-found future wasn't going to be the easiest thing in the world, either. But surely I could make him understand it. He was young, and he loved me—he knew the stuff that dreams are made of, for he had dreams of his own, dreams that had to be postponed while he did his part in the war. Yes, I was sure I could make Bill see how necessary it is to make your dreams come true, how important singing was to me. And when I had convinced him, perhaps he, with that practical mind of his, could help me to devise a way to tell Aunt Myra which would soften the blow.

**I**T'S strange how chance takes a hand in your life I thought, as I turned in the gate. It was just by chance that Don Winters had attended my high school graduation last June. I'd sung a solo that night, and afterward, when Bill and the rest were congratulating me, Don Winters had sauntered up. He bowed a little as a friend introduced him—no one had ever bowed to me before—and he said, in that slow drawl of his that makes you wait impatiently for the next word, "You know, if you wanted to give that voice of yours a chance you could really get somewhere with it."

Very professionally, then, he began to discuss my singing, and how it should be developed, and I felt very professional myself. I liked the pleasant things he said, and I liked the twinkle, half amusement, half admiration, in his eye. But that was a busy night—there was

music and dancing waiting for Bill and me, and we hurried away, and I forgot about Don Winters until next day. But I did remember him then, and I went to talk to him. It was after that talk—and after the nearest thing to a fight that Bill and I had ever come to—that I decided to put off entering nursing school for a few months and to use some of the small inheritance I had from my mother for singing lessons.

**B**ILL, as I say, hadn't liked the idea much. We were taking our favorite walk the day I told him—around the edge of the little lake in Seabright's one park. "Your nursing's the important thing, Judy," he said, that evening. "And it's more important now than ever—now that we're in the war. Singing—well, it doesn't look like much beside saving lives, when you get right down to it, does it Judy?"

"But I don't mean to sing my life away," I told him, trying with lightness to erase the frown that darkened his face. "I just want to spend the summer at it—like, like a vacation. And in the fall I'll get down to my nursing."

"There isn't any time left in the world to waste," Bill said. I'd never seen him so serious before—never so angry with me. We'd grown up together, Bill and I, and we'd never come near to an argument since the childish days of hair-pulling and snowball throwing. But now there was a new look in his eyes, a steady, strong look, which made me feel somehow insignificant and frivolous.

"Let's go home," he said, after a moment's silence, and he began to walk away. But I didn't want to leave it like that. I put my hand on his arm to stay him. "Don't be angry with me, Bill," I pleaded.

He turned back then, and laughed his old, cheery laugh. "All right, Judy," he said, "I guess you're entitled to sing your head off for a couple of months if you want to. We won't say any more about it, eh?"

And so I had started to take lessons with Don Winters. And Bill—Bill enlisted in the Coast Guard, and then I was very glad of those singing lessons, for they took up my time, gave me an active interest to fill the gap that Bill's going away made in my life. Because, by that time, we'd admitted that we were in love. We'd sort of grown up to it, all these years, but we'd never said the words until just before Bill left for training. Just how or why the friendship of so many years ripened into something so much more wonderful, I can't say. You can't explain love. Love just is. It's something that comes to you without

your knowing it, something which makes the world suddenly brighter one day, makes common words turn into music, makes your whole heart a song.

But one reason I loved Bill so much was because he was such an understanding person. And that was why, the day Don Winters told me about the orchestra job, I was sure I could make Bill understand, sure I could make him see it my way. Oh, he'd disapproved when he thought I was going to waste time on singing lessons, but when he learned that the time hadn't been wasted, that someone wanted my voice—!

Aunt Myra wasn't home, and I was glad of that. A very discerning person, my Aunt Myra—she'd have known at once that something was afoot. I busied myself with making myself as pretty as possible for Bill—I hadn't seen him for weeks—and didn't let myself think about what might be Aunt Myra's reaction to my news. I brushed my hair until it was as bright as the copper candlesticks on the mantelpiece, and arranged it softly away from my face, the way Bill likes it best. Then I slipped over my head the dress I'd bought because it made my eyes a deeper blue, and put on, for sentiment's sake, the little blue mosaic bracelet that had been Bill's first gift to me. All my happiness shone through me like the sun behind a stained glass window.

**T**HAT'S the way it always was when Bill came—I was happy to the bursting point, and then, when the bell finally rang, I was happier still, although I'd thought it impossible a moment before. I hardly seemed to touch the stairs, flying down to open the door for him, to find myself caught up in his arms and whirled around and kissed as soundly and satisfactorily as any girl could ask. Then he put me on my feet, and we looked at each other for a moment without speaking, satisfying the hunger our hearts had known in the weeks apart. Bill seemed somehow taller, now that he wore a uniform, each time I saw him, and his face was dark with the rough kiss of the wind, his brown eyes bright with eagerness, his hands out in front of him a little as if waiting for some sort of signal to touch me again.

I heard my own laughter, short and sharp and breathless, and then he took me in his arms again, gently, tenderly this time, and I found myself strangely fearing and welcoming his kiss, as a woman sometimes fears and welcomes spring. It was that new little fear which made me realize that (Continued on page 91)

Adapted for Radio Mirror by Will Oursler from the original radio play "My Life to Live," by Cameron Hawley, first heard on the Armstrong Theater of Today, Saturday at noon over CBS.





*Vaughn Monroe's life is much richer than ever he dreamed possible for a man who blew a trumpet, because his childhood sweetheart said "I do"*

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

THERE was bedlam in the school gym. The girls' basket-ball team, practicing for an inter-class game, refused to leave the floor. The boys, waiting their turn, vied with one another inventing young insults.

"G'wan and powder your noses and comb your hair," they shouted.

Some of the girls made little self-conscious attempts to fix their hair. But one among them, intent upon a difficult throw for a basket, gave no sign she even knew they were there.

When she threw the ball into the basket, making an almost impossible toss, the boys were admiring in spite of themselves. "She's good," they agreed. "Who is she anyhow?"

"Baughman's her name," Vaughn Monroe, a Junior, told them. "Marian Baughman. She's a mess!"

"What do you expect?" a senior asked. "Any girl who can make a throw like that is bound to have funny looking hair and a dirty perspiring face. And you could bet your last buck she'd wear horn-rimmed glasses."

Marian caught the ball on a bounce and started for the door.

"Come on," she called to her teammates, still a little triumphant. "The boys probably need to practice more than we do anyhow."

Vaughn led his team out on the floor. He was practically new to the school and the community, but he was definitely Big Time. He excelled in sports. He looked like pictures of the Greek gods although he would have socked anybody who said so. He could blow a trumpet like nobody's business. He played at country club parties in the local band, and had no time for girls.

The girls, however, had plenty of time for him. They went out of their way to introduce him to feminine charms. He wasn't dull. By the time he was voted senior class president he had as quick an eye for a well turned ankle or soft looks as the next fellow. He was as individual in his taste, too. He really



Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn Monroe at home with Baby Candy.

## WHEN YOUR HEART REMEMBERS

had to look around for a girl to take to a class party. Looking around, assiduously, he discovered Marian Baughman, "that mess." Marian, however, was different, too. During the summer a West Point cadet had been very polite and attentive to her in his effort to attract her older sister. He had caused her heart to flutter in the oddest manner. Whereupon, without quite knowing why, she had let her hair grow and thrown away her glasses.

Vaughn wasn't remotely romantic about Marian. He wasn't remotely romantic about anything but his trumpet. But Marian was very romantic. And when a girl is romantic a man likes her better and better, until he's romantic, too.

For weeks he looked forward to the senior prom when, as president of the class, he would lead the grand march—Marian beside him.

Then he discovered he had to go to Harrisburg on the day of the prom, to compete for the state musical championship. If he won—and the school music teacher didn't think there was the least doubt he

would—he would have to stay over another day to play at a luncheon for the august judges.

"Don't you worry about me winning," he told Marian. "I'll get back in time to lead the grand march with you if it's the last thing I ever do." He grinned. "There should be a law against girls like you, do you know it?"

His arms went around her in a strong circle. "But you'd like me to get back to dance at the prom with you, too, wouldn't you?" He made it a plea.

"Yes," she whispered.

Vaughn and the music teacher went to Harrisburg in her car.

"Vaughn," she protested as they raced homewards, "take it easy in these Pennsylvania mountains. Please! I don't understand you today. I was certain you'd win the championship for us. And you would have, too, if you had played as well as I've heard you play—a hundred times."

Vaughn grinned in the dark. No use to explain to her it was a race for life, a (Continued on page 56)



*I'll*

There was no need to  
say, "I love you,  
I'll always love you."





# always hear your voice

*How could she forget those countless nights she waited at home, pacing the floor, with anguished heart, knowing that again Phil had broken his promise?*

IT was dusk when we left the jail. I was glad. The darkness was a shield against the curious stares of loiterers around the steps, and it shut me off from the two men beside me. I couldn't bear the prying eyes of strangers, and my heart was too heavy for sympathy. All I wanted was to be alone—with my sorrow and humiliation, with my broken hope.

We got into the car, and Dr. Patton squeezed his massive bulk beneath the wheel. "Try not to take it too hard," he said. "This will probably do the boy a lot of good—make him realize what he's doing."

"I hope so," Phil's father said heavily, beside me. "I hope so."

I didn't answer. So this is the way it feels, I thought. This is the way it feels to commit your husband to the State Hospital for habitual drunkenness. This is the way shame feels, and the disgrace of people knowing, and the end of youthful dreams.

It had all been cold and business-like back there at the jail as Father and I, backed up by Dr. Patton, presented our petition to the board that one Philip Humphries should be committed for an indefinite period to the Inebriates' Ward of the State Institution. Phrases like "confirmed alcoholic" and "menace to society" had sounded like so many words, in the boardroom—impersonal and anonymous. They hadn't meant Phil at all. Not the boy who could be, at times, the sweetest, gayest person in the world. Not my husband.

But now it was done, and I knew that tomorrow Phil would be taken up to Haskell as a charge of the state, and I shuddered.

Oh, it was easy enough to understand it all with my mind. It was my heart that was sick and unhappy. Dr. Patton had done his best to explain Phil's trouble in terms of

cause and effect. Carefully, he'd told me I mustn't think of Phil as a criminal. I must realize that he was sick. I must realize that he didn't drink because he liked the taste of whiskey, but because life seemed too much for him, and he wanted to escape responsibility.

Cause and effect, cause and effect. They are such cold, abstract things when you apply them to someone who is part of your life.

When I first knew Phil he had already started drinking. Just a little, and just for fun—that's what I thought then. I was sure that when we had been married a while, all that would stop. I was so sure that I paid no attention to other people's advice—for even his own parents didn't want us to marry. They knew him, I guess, better than I. They knew—and understood the implications of what they knew—that he was their only child, born when they were both past their youth, delicate when he was a boy and so unable to take part in the rough-and-tumble of childish games. In those days of unhappiness, of being an outcast, he had acquired a sense of inadequacy that later found its surcease in liquor . . . So Dr. Patton had told me, in words that fell hard and cold and somehow meaningless into my mind.

"You mustn't think Phil is being sent up there as a punishment, Connie," the doctor had said. "Not just because he was drunk and disorderly. That isn't it at all. I hope—I believe," he said stoutly, "they can cure him—with your help. You've got to use your courage and your heart to help him. You've got to write to him up there, and go

to see him when they let you, and make him feel you've got all the faith in the world in him. Can you do that?"

"Yes, Dr. Patton," I had said. "I can do that."

But behind the firm certainty of the words I was frightened and unsure. He looked at me sharply.

"Look here. Are you still in love with him?"

"Why—why, of course. He's my husband."


"Good. That's all I wanted to know."

If it were only as simple as that, I thought miserably as Dr. Patton drove through the familiar streets, with me in the seat beside him and Phil's father in back.

He let us out in front of the weatherbeaten old house where I had lived since my marriage, and we walked together up the narrow sidewalk to where Mom Humphries waited to hear that Phil had been committed. She'd known of the decision, of course, but I suppose up until the very last moment she'd hoped—as I had—that it wouldn't be necessary. One glance at our faces as we came in told her that she had hoped in vain.

It was a silent meal we had that night—a time of avoiding each other's gaze, of putting commonplace thoughts into brief sentences. We were all afraid that emotion might break us. As soon as I could I said good night and went up to my room. Phil's and my room—the one we'd had since we were married.

I didn't turn on the light. I stood by the window and looked out over the old magnolia tree in the yard. I watched a plane flying low, coming in to land on the new training field a few miles away. The red and green lights twinkled in the cloudless sky, and suddenly I thought, "How wonderful it would be up there with nothing but just sky and stars and mystery." And

  
Fictionized for Radio Mirror by Helen Irwin Dowdey from a problem presented before radio's human relations program, A. L. Alexander's Mediation Board, heard Friday, 9:30 P.M., EWT, on WHN, New York.



I was filled with the strangest yearning I'd ever had—but for what I didn't know.

Phil and I had been married eighteen months before, when he was twenty-three and I was eighteen. And, as the doctor had reminded me, everybody had been against that marriage. My aunt, with whom I'd lived since my parents' death, had loved and cared for me, but she'd been too busy with her own large brood of youngsters to have much time for real understanding. She'd just said no, you can't marry Phil Humphries, he drinks, and that was an end to that. Phil's mother and father had been more sympathetic. "Wait," they'd said. "Wait till he settles down a little. You're so young yet." And Dr. Patton had said, "The boy's unstable. Give him a chance to grow up, and yourself a chance to really know your own heart."

**B**UT Phil was headstrong and terribly in love, and I—well, he was my first real beau. The first one who'd meant more than dances, and having sodas at the drugstore, and dates on Saturday nights. He was dark and compact and good-looking, one of the most attractive boys in Hornsby. I knew he "drank," but with the strict upbringing of our small Southern town, that was something intriguingly romantic. Something daring and a little wicked. He promised to give it up if I married him. I'd reform him, I thought. I'd be the Good Influence in his life that would make of him the success I knew he could be.

So one moonlit summer night we drove the twenty miles to the county seat and got married. Just like that. The Humphries' made the best of it and offered us a home with them until we were settled in one of our own. But that day never came.

Phil had had several jobs, good ones. But he never kept them long. Always the pattern was the same.

Always the boss singled him out to pick on, or somebody was out to "do" him, or another fellow would be promoted over his head. Phil would either quit, or get in an argument and be fired. I comforted myself with the thought that he was young yet and hadn't really found himself.

One night, after we'd been married three months, Phil didn't come home from work. He didn't come the next day. Nor the next night. We were frantic. When the police finally found him it was in a grimy roadside tavern a few miles out of town, sodden with cheap whiskey, penniless, and unable to remember anything that had happened since he had had an argument with his boss and stopped to buy a bottle on his way home.

"I don't know what got into me," he said, over and over. "But I'll never do it again, so help me—if you'll just forgive me, honey." There was such agony of remorse in his face, I believed him. We all did.

He kept that promise—for six weeks. And in that time I dared believe that drunken spree had been a single, isolated incident. I dared to dream again of our own home and babies and our fine life together.

For Phil was smart and he had a great deal of boyish charm, and I knew he would amount to something once he settled down. He got a new job, selling cars at a local agency, and he was good at it. Then the government froze all cars and Phil was let go. To him, that was a personal grievance.

That time, when he got drunk, he crashed the family automobile into a lamp post on Main Street. He wasn't hurt, but he paid a stiff fine, received a public reprimand in court, and had his driver's license taken away.

"I've learned my lesson. I'll never touch the stuff again," he vowed solemnly to me. "I promised when you married me I'd stop drinking and I will! Why—I might have killed somebody!"

He honestly believed every word he said, and—again—I tried to. He kept that vow until Pearl Harbor. When he tried to enlist the day after the tragic Sunday, they turned him down. We both knew why. In our little town everyone knew Phil drank—and they don't want drunkards in the Army.

"4-F!" he said bitterly when he came home. "What chance has a 4-F guy got in the world today!"





He was slouched in a chair.  
"Phil!" I cried out in horror.  
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I tried to tell him there were other ways to serve his country besides carrying a gun, but it was no use. That was, somehow, the beginning of the end. After that—but how can I tell about the bouts that came with ever-increasing frequency then, the periods of abject remorse and reform in between?

How can I describe the countless nights three of us waited at home, pacing the floor, with anguished hearts? Waiting . . . until Phil should come stumbling in. Waiting . . . for the telephone call that some day must inevitably come, telling of accident, disgrace, or death. Waiting . . . while hopelessness stole over us like a pall that never lifted.

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SO when Mary-Lou Savery called to invite me to a party at her house one evening, I accepted. "I'm so glad you're coming," she said. "I'm having some of the flying cadets from the training field. They are the swellest fellows, Connie. Most of them are from the North and they have the *cutest* Yankee accents!"

Mary-Lou was a good friend. She tactfully gave me a chance to say I'd have to come alone as Phil was away for a while, and asked no questions. If I could populate the world myself, I thought, I'd have nobody in it but people like her and Father and Mom and Dr. Patton.

At Mary-Lou's, I realized how much I'd missed fun like this. The last parties I'd been to with Phil had been overshadowed by my fear of what would happen if he got hold of something to drink. And, for a long time, I hadn't been to any. It was fun to meet the flyers, and talk to old friends, and dance to the radio.

I was standing by the punch bowl, laughing with one of the cadets, when it happened. In the general rush of introductions I hadn't caught his name, but in the free-and-easy hospitality of our little town names didn't matter. If a boy was courteous and decent and wore the uniform of his country, that was enough for us.

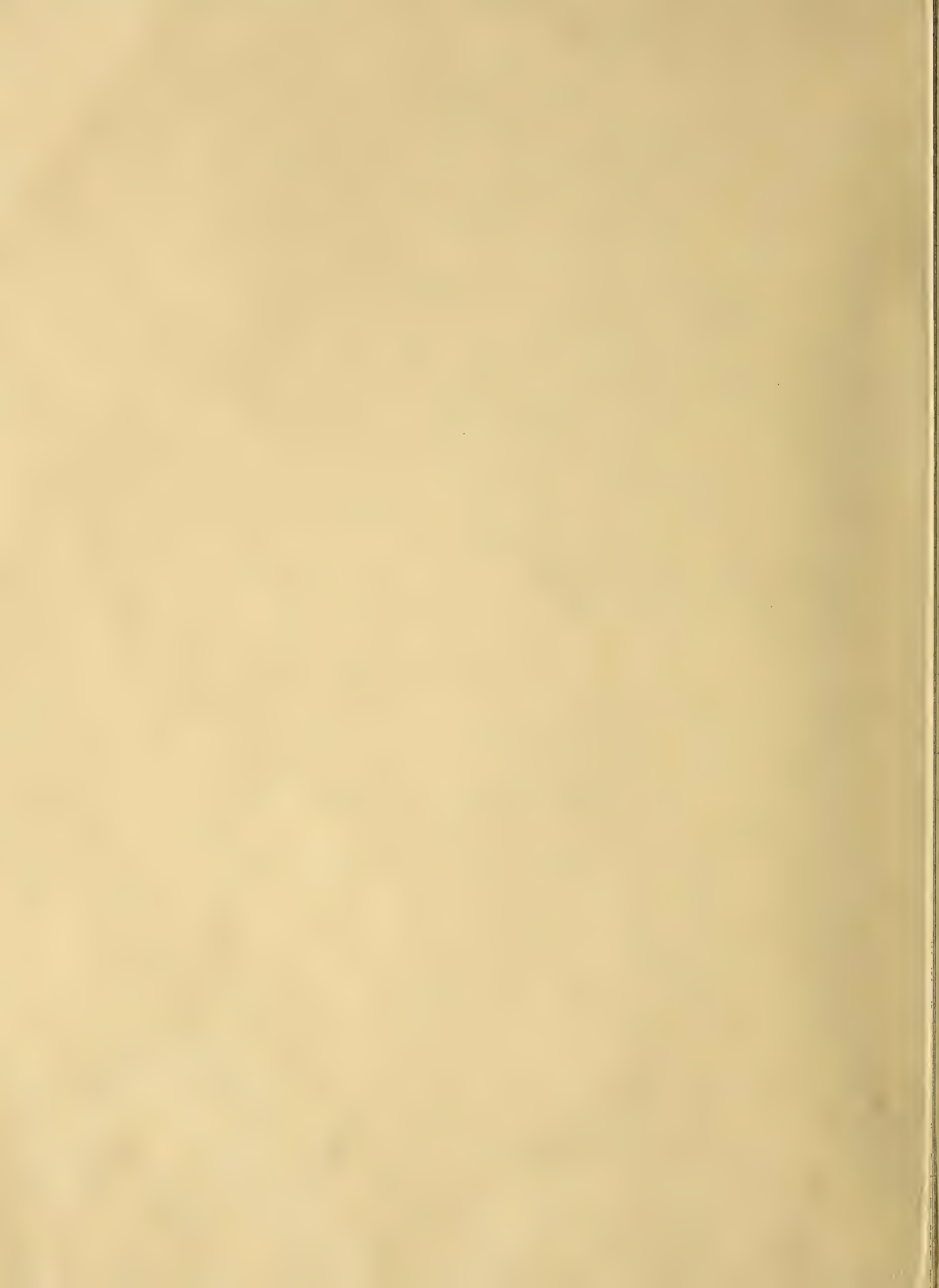
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"Wherever are you hiding Phil?" she said in her loud, clear voice. "I haven't seen him around in ages."

"Oh, he's up at Haskell," I said as lightly as I could in face of the danger signals flying. "He's working there for a while—"

"What in the world can he be doing in Haskell? I didn't think there was (Continued on page 64)







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IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

# Abie's Irish Rose

Here they are—those delightful, battling Levys and Murphys—just as you hear them every Saturday night at 8:00 EWT over NBC, sponsored by Drene Shampoo



ROSEMARY—"Abie's Irish Rose"—is finding life a lot more complicated now than ever before, since the arrival of the twins. A girl who has always been used to luxuries, she had discovered that doing her own housework as well as taking care of feedings and schedules for two babies is almost more than one woman can manage. "I could do nicely with another pair of hands and a few more hours each day," Rosemary says wearily.

(Played by Mercedes McCambridge)

ABIE LEVY is rushing things a bit with those fire engines, but who could blame a father when he has a pair of good reasons for being proud? As a matter of fact, the twins have proved a blessing—even serving to make grandfathers Levy and Murphy forget their long-standing feud once in a while, and to patch up the quarrel between Abie and his father. "If they grow up as beautiful as my Rosemary I'll be perfectly happy," says Abie. (Played by Richard Coogan)









**PATRICK JOSEPH MURPHY**, left, with a map of Ireland written all over his face and a temper to match, was disgusted with the whole business, to put it mildly, when his daughter ran away from their home in California and came East to marry Abie Levy. And when he had met his daughter's new father-in-law his blood pressure shot up and has been mounting ever since. However, no man could resist twin grandchildren, and no grandfather could be more doting than he. "They favor the Murphys," he tells Sol Levy, who of course doesn't agree with him. (Played by Walter Kinsella)

**SOL LEVY** (right), Abie's father, owns the biggest department store in the Bronx, and sometimes he considers it the biggest headache in the Bronx as well. Casey, his secretary, often has to bear the brunt of his tantrums, although Sol is really very fond of her. His worst headache though is not the store, but Pat Murphy with whom he carries on a running battle. The only thing they agree on is that the twins are the world's best children. (Played by Alan Reed)





MRS. COHEN — "Mamale" to her husband—has taken a very motherly interest in Abie for many years, and naturally takes as grandmotherly an interest in his little son and daughter. It was the Cohens who helped smoothe the way for Abie when he brought Rosemary to meet his father, and the Cohens again who saw the young people through the somewhat harrying experience of being married three times—once by a Methodist minister, a second time by a rabbi, and again by a priest. Though Mrs. Cohen likes to have her way, her sharp tongue hides a heart of gold.  
(Played by Anne Appel)



MR. COHEN (left)—  
"Papale" to his wife, is Sol  
Levy's lawyer. He may be  
an impressive figure at the  
bar, but he has to take a  
back seat when it comes to  
"Mamale" and her very  
definite ideas of how things  
should be done. He has a  
very soft spot in his heart  
for Abie, and now, of  
course, for the twins and  
Rosemary. Mrs. Cohen  
doesn't miss a thing, but  
her husband is satisfied  
to let well enough alone.  
(Played by  
Menasha Skulnik)



# You Must

**W**E sat there until the last possible minute, close together, not speaking, pretending those few moments were forever, and that there was no such thing in the world as parting for lovers.

Jerry took a deep breath. "Well, darling," he said finally, "this is it. I've got to go now."

There was a roaring in my ears, as if the war had suddenly hurled itself into the crowded confines of our taxi and were bursting about our heads. And I clung to Jerry frantically, suddenly realizing fully, for the first time, what this meant. I'd told myself that I wouldn't cry, that I wouldn't make it any harder for Jerry, but I did cry. I couldn't help it. This was the end of my world, my new and wonderful world, which had been mine so short a time.

Jerry's mouth was close to my ear, buried against my hair. "Eileen—dearest! It's all right—you mustn't cry. I'll be back. It isn't as if it were for good."

I tried to smile, a smile that was dead before it was born. "I—I'm sorry. Jerry, I didn't mean to—"

His arm caught me closer. "I'll tell you something," he whispered. "I'd have been very disappointed if you hadn't cried a little." He took my face between his hands, staring hard at me, as if he would force his mind to bear my image with him.

"Good-by, darling. Always remember I love you." He kissed me quickly, tenderly. The door of the cab slammed sharply behind him. He was gone. I didn't want to look after him. I wanted to remember his face close to mine, not his back disappearing through a door whose closing was cutting our lives too soon apart. I couldn't stand the shut-in feeling the cab gave me, and I jumped out after a moment and started walking.

I wasn't going anywhere—there wasn't anywhere to go. I wished poignantly for someone to talk to, someone who would understand and help me over these first wretched hours. There wasn't anyone. I'd met some of Jerry's friends, of course, since we'd been married, but we had kept pretty much to ourselves, hoarding the precious little time left for us to be together before Jerry would be drafted, as we had both known he would be, eventually. It was a shock to realize that in the whole city



A "Manhattan at Midnight" Drama



# Believe

*"My faith in you is the most precious thing I have," her husband had said. Did this give him the right to accuse her of living a lie?*



there was only one person I knew well. And I couldn't go to Sam Waller—not after what Jerry and I had done to him.

Sam Waller was the manager of the night club where I used to sing before I married Jerry. The Crossroads Cafe wasn't what you'd call an exclusive place, but it was fairly respectable as night clubs go, and Sam Waller was easy going and a pleasant man to work for.

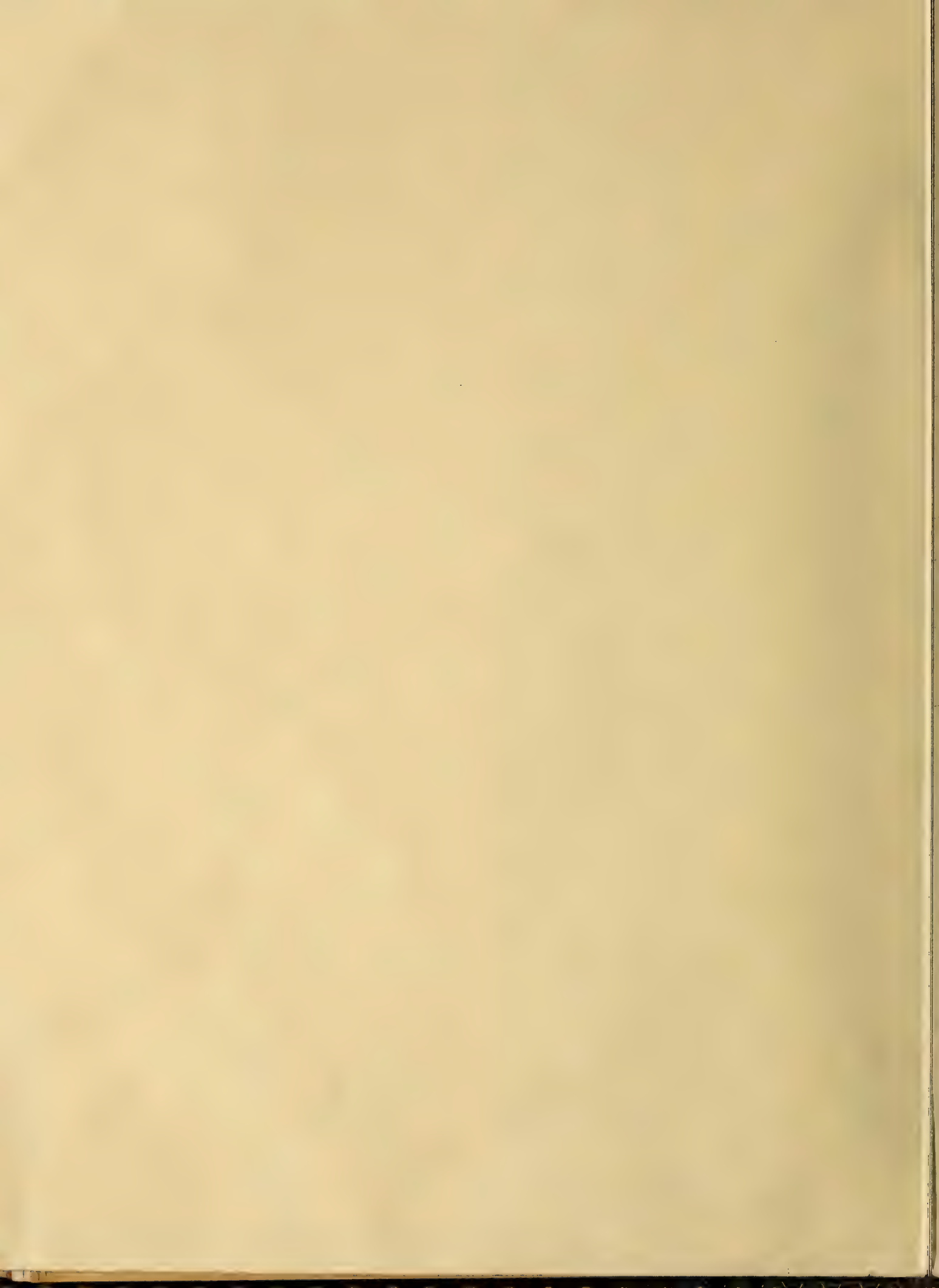
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If anyone had told me, when I left home, that I wouldn't be back, I'd have laughed at them. Oh, it wasn't that I was conscious of the glamour of being a singer—that's overrated, anyway—or ambitious for fame, or anything like that. But singing was my job. It was the only thing I knew how to do, and I did it well. Besides, the pay was good—better than any I'd get working in an office. And, after five years of it, I'd got to a point where I could be fairly sure of a steady income and regular engagements. So, as I say, I was just going to stay at the Crossroads Cafe for a little while—just to fill in. You see, I didn't know then that there was anyone like Jerry anywhere in the world.

I suppose falling in love is always a sort of a shock to a girl—oh, we women dream and dream, but when the dreams materialize it's always surprising. Love had no place whatever in my schemes. Somewhere in the back of my mind was the notion that someday I'd be married, but that was all. I was even too busy to daydream about it much, and besides, there wasn't any person upon whom I could fasten my dreams. But all that changed . . .

The first time I met Jerry, he made me furious. He came into the Crossroads Cafe with a group of men, noisy and boisterous. They interrupted one of my numbers with their heavy laughter until I was thoroughly angry with the whole lot of them. And then I noticed Jerry—he, of the whole group, had the grace to look a bit uncomfortable at the scene. He was the only one who wasn't contributing his share to the noise and confusion. I remember that I wondered what he was doing there at all. Somehow, skin with that wind-kissed color,







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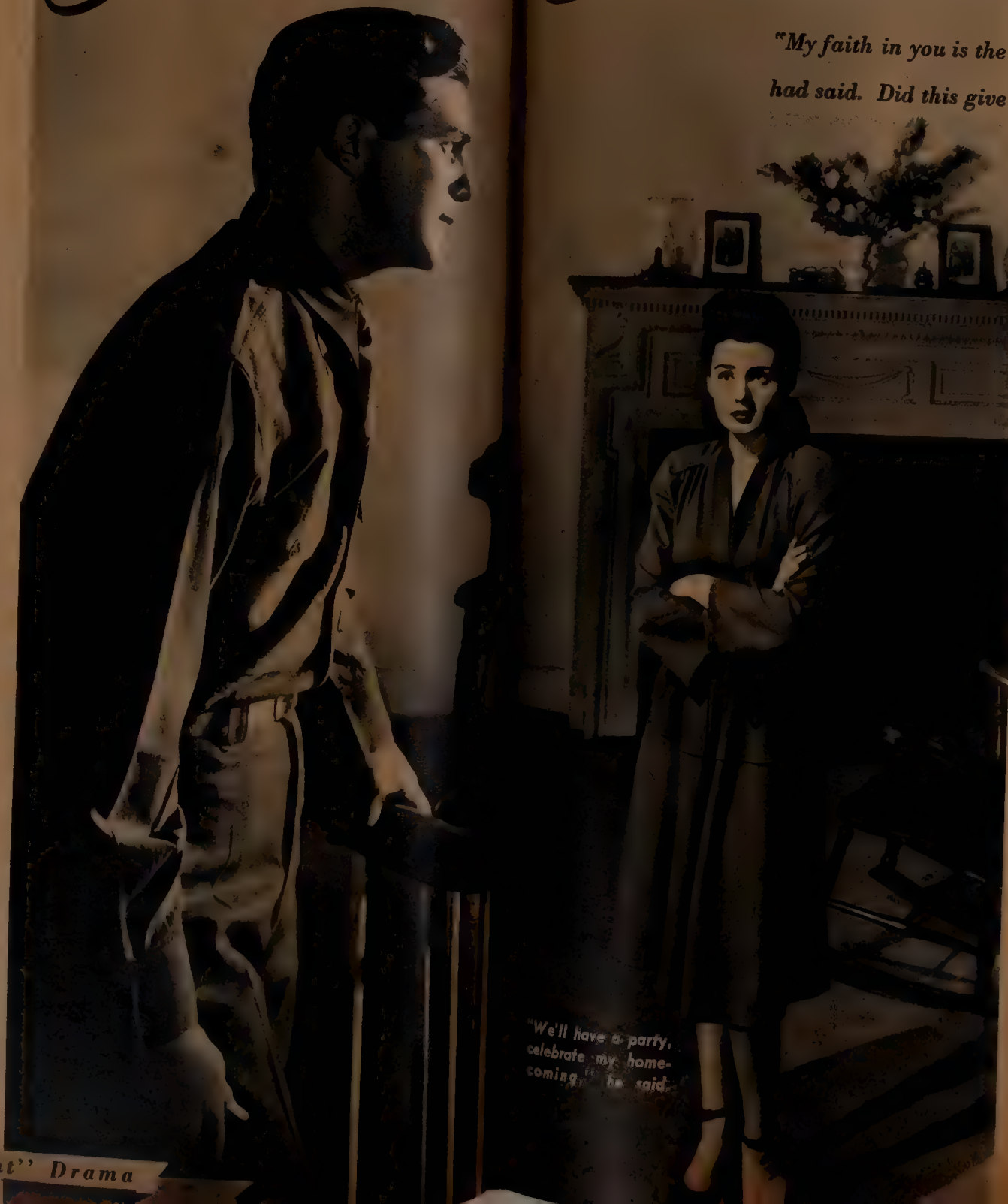
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A "Manhattan at Midnight" Drama



broad shoulders, rusty-colored hair which looked as if it took hourly combing to keep it under control at all, the kind of person who makes you think of sunlight and high places—well, he was just out of place in a night club, that was all.

It was funny, my wondering that about him, because the very first thing Jerry ever said to me was, "What are you doing in a place like this?" That was after Sam Waller had called me from my dressing room to join the party, and Jerry had asked me to dance with him.

"Why, I work here," I told him. It didn't occur to me that there were people who would consider my saying that I worked in a night club any more extraordinary than if I'd said I ran a switchboard or was a stenographer.

"That's what I mean," he went on. "How does a girl like you come to be working in a place like this?"

**I** FELT on the defensive—for myself, and for Sam Waller and all the others like him who run decent, respectable night clubs. "If you don't like it," I asked him a bit sharply, "why did you come here?"

He grinned down at me. "We're giving Johnny Manners over there a send-off," he answered. "He's going into the Army tomorrow. He likes night clubs, and we're giving him the kind of party he likes."

"You don't like night clubs, I take it?" There was an edge to my voice.

"No," he said, briefly and finally.

One of the other men of the party cut in, and after that I moved from one to another of them, dancing. But all the while I was conscious of Jerry, his eyes following me about. Suddenly I decided that I disliked him intensely—smug, impertinent man! His party left soon, and I was glad to see them go.

It wasn't until later, when I was getting ready for bed, that I realized that what he had said was a compliment, in a way. And then, because I was tired, and because I probably wouldn't see him again anyway, I stopped thinking about him altogether, and went to sleep.

But I did see him again. He came to the club the very next night, alone, and he sent a little note to my dressing room. It was just a repetition of the same question, that note—"I'd really like to know what you're doing here." So I brushed my hair with more vigor than was absolutely necessary and slapped my nose with a powder puff. I was going to tell him just exactly what I thought of him.

But the little speech I rehearsed

on my way to his table was never spoken. I just didn't have time, for Jerry said, "Do you have to stay here?" and in answer to my rather doubtful, "No-o," I found myself being swept out of the club and into his car. We drove toward the outskirts of the city, and by the time I'd caught my breath I couldn't tell him what I thought of him—because I'd begun not to think that way of him at all!

Weeks went by—weeks which were somehow fuller and brighter because I could be almost sure that Jerry would turn up sometime during each evening. Without my realizing it, Jerry had become a part of my life. Sometimes we drove out into the country between shows, or we'd go rowing on the lake near his home, or, when it was cool or raining, we'd sit and talk for hours before the fireplace in the big old Burns house which was all there was left of his family's once large fortune.

And little by little I knew that I was in love with him, and that my whole world had changed values. But it wasn't until Jerry

kissed me that first time that I dared to hope he felt the same way I did. We were in the car then, stopped on the summit of a hill. The top was down. The wind played softly over us.

"You're so beautiful, Eileen," Jerry whispered. "Your hair, with the wind in it . . . your lovely little face . . ." And he kissed me, very gently, very sweetly. I knew that no one had ever really kissed me before, and that, if I could help it, no one else would ever kiss me again.

Jerry and I might not have decided to get married so soon if it hadn't been for Sam Waller. A couple of times Sam hinted to me that he wished I wouldn't leave the club between shows, and that, when I was there I wouldn't devote every moment of my time to Jerry. He was very sweet about it—really. I think he was worrying more on my account than on his own. One evening he followed me to the table where Jerry was waiting, and as I sat down he slipped his arm across my shoulder, in that unconsciously possessive way of his which meant



*"With this ring I thee wed"—our  
language has no lovelier words.*





precisely nothing except that he liked me.

"Mr. Burns," he said, "don't you think you're taking up an awful lot of Eileen's time?"

Jerry looked up quickly, and his eyes were strange. I thought foolishly of lighted windows when the shades are suddenly pulled down. But his voice was smooth and—well, almost gentle.

"You mean you don't like it?"

Sam wasn't used to dealing with a man like Jerry, and that ease of his rubbed Sam the wrong way. "All right," he said, shortly. "I don't like it."

"It seems to me," Jerry told him, his voice still deceptively level, "that it's up to Eileen to decide what she'll do with her time."

Sam shook his head. "Not entirely. She had a contract with me. And besides—well, I wouldn't like to see Eileen get hurt. I'm pretty fond of her, you know." His protective arm about my shoulders tightened in a little squeeze.

Anger flamed in Jerry's eyes, and a little tongue of fear shot through me to answer it. His chair screeched on the floor as Jerry pushed it back and got to his feet.

"Take your hands off her." Still his voice was controlled, but there was a kind of deadliness behind it now. And then Jerry reached out a hand, took me firmly by the wrist, and made for the door—and I, perforce, had to follow him. But I would have followed him anyway. Sam was my friend, but Jerry—Jerry was my destiny.

Jerry shot his car out of the parking lot, headed for the country.

"I'll lose my job," I said, presently, when I could feel that his anger had cooled a little.

"That doesn't matter. You're not going to work any more, anyway. If I can help it, you'll never set foot inside another place like that. You're going to marry me the first thing tomorrow morning."

**I** SUPPOSE I should have been sorry about Sam that night. We'd treated him shabbily. But there wasn't any room in my thoughts for anything but Jerry, and tomorrow.

And when tomorrow came, Judge Parker, who had been Jerry's father's best friend years ago, married us in his chambers. It wasn't the sort of wedding most girls dream about. There wasn't a church or a veil, or an organ to play Mendelssohn. There was just the little office, and the kindly old Judge with his solemn voice and his twinkling eyes, and rows of law-books, and a picture of George Washington looking down approv-



ingly upon us from the wall. But when Jerry slipped the slim gold circlet on my finger, when I heard his voice, with a little husk of emotion making it deeper, saying, "With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow,"—well, what more could any woman ask of heaven?

**I** DON'T suppose I'll ever be as happy again as I was those four months between the time we were married and that day when I parted from Jerry in the taxicab, when he was inducted. It was a new sort of life for me—secure, regular, steady. I'd been working since I was eighteen, singing with bands, traveling around, living out of my suitcase more often than not. I loved feeling settled, with roots, in a home that was mine. Most of all, I loved Jerry with the fullness of my heart.

Perhaps we were always conscious, both of us, of the threat to our security, and that had something to do with the gripping intensity of our love. We were together now, we would soon be parted—and although we never put it into words, the feeling was always there. We lived for the present, from day to day, doing the simple things that made us happy because we could do them together, seeing few people, caring only about each other.

But now all that was over. Jerry was gone, and I was alone once more. All the memories of those happy months crowded into my mind and my heart after I left Jerry that day, as I stumbled along the streets, not caring where I was, not knowing where I was going. I don't know how long I walked, but it began to grow dark and I knew that I must go home sometime—it might as well be now. Now I might as well face the empty house, the rooms in which Jerry's laughter still echoed, making the silence somehow more still.

There were things to do, thank heaven, for tomorrow I was going to be a working girl once more. Jerry had arranged that with Mr. Perry, who owned the city's biggest department store. I had to work—with Jerry gone to war his income stopped, of course, and there was the house to keep up. "Please don't worry," I told him. "I can earn my own keep—I've done it before."

But I'd never done anything like this before. The job was selling behind the perfume counter—and I hated it from the very first. The heavy scent of the perfumes made me sick. Never before had I had to get up in the morning in time to punch a time clock. Never had I

had to stand, smiling, all day long, telling myself grimly that the customer is always right. Just the same, because Jerry wanted me to do it, because he would rather have me doing this than the singing I knew so well, I determined to do my very best to make a go of it.

Perhaps it was a good thing, after all, that the job was so new and so distasteful. It was hard work, and it kept my mind occupied during the day. Better still, it left me so tired at night that I usually fell asleep as soon as I slid my aching feet between the cool sheets. But sometimes, even so, I lay awake for a little while, feeling very small and lost in the big double bed which Jerry and I had shared.

You can get used to anything, I suppose. It just takes time—and the time that it takes is dreadful. At least, it was for me. I never really did get accustomed to the loneliness, the terrible longing for Jerry, the yearning for a return to the sweet security I had so cherished. No, I never did get used to it—it would be better to say that I became numb, like a tooth that has stopped jumping and settled down to a dull, steady ache. For long hours of the day I would almost forget that the pain was there—and then the sight of someone in uniform, the sound of a man's care-free laughter, would bring it all back sharply once more.

And so I existed in a sort of vacuum for the first six weeks that Jerry was away, smiling automatically at customers until the muscles at the sides of my mouth ached and twitched. But it wasn't real.

Then Jerry got his first week-end pass, and I began to live again. But that day at the store was

worse than all the others—the thought that Jerry was at home, waiting for me, and I was prisoner behind the perfume counter until 5:30, drove me wild, hoping and hoping for the ringing of the closing bell, until at last it sounded.

I stepped outside, looking about for a taxi—nothing was going to keep me away from Jerry one moment longer than absolutely necessary tonight—when a hand reached out for mine.

And there he was—Jerry, laughing at my surprise, looking strangely different in his uniform, with his face leaner and more tanned, his eyes bluer in contrast.

Beginning right there, in front of the store, that whole weekend was delightful madness. I was swiftly in Jerry's arms, laughing and crying all at once, and Jerry was kissing me, neither of us caring a bit about the people who turned to stare. As far as we were concerned, there just weren't any other people in the whole world.

It was wonderful, but it was so short, that weekend. So little time to say all the things to be said, to do all the things to be done. So little time to feel secure once more in the shelter of Jerry's arms. We gave those two days over to happiness. I heard from Jerry only the pleasant things about life in the army, and he heard from me only the ordinary little incidents which went to make up my life—none of the anxious loneliness, none of the fears, none of the weariness my job brought me. I couldn't bear to tell him things like that.

But it was too soon over, and I stood beside him at the station, waiting for a train to take him away from me. The last thing he said, as he put his arms around me once more, was, "Honey, honey—it's so good to have a wife like you! Some of the fellows spend all their time worrying about what their wives are doing, how they're spending their time, if they're going out with other men. But whenever I think of you—and that's just about all the time—I don't have to think anything but happy thoughts. I guess that's the most precious gift a woman can give her husband to take away with him—a firm faith in her, in knowing that wherever he goes, however long he stays away, he can trust her completely."

"I'm glad," I began, but I had to kiss him goodbye for the rest of the answer, for the train was coming in.

I was alone again, and my life settled down into monotonous routine. Up in the morning, off to the store, and everlastingly smile, smile, smile (*Continued on page 58*)



Adapted for Radio Mirror by Madeline Thompson from an original radio drama, "No Small Change," by George Axelrod, heard on Manhattan at Midnight, Wednesday nights at 8:30 EWT, over the Blue Network, sponsored by Energine.





LOU COSTELLO (right) usually gets the laughs but this time Bud Abbott is managing to get that apple—a close-up of the comedy team that has become a national craze. Recent graduates from burlesque, Abbott and Costello got their first big break when they were chosen to appear on the Kate Smith Hour—now they're famous in radio, movies, and every army, navy and marine camp in the country. Bud was born William Abbott, in Asbury Park, New Jersey. His background was a Ringling Brothers circus tent. Lou started life as Louis Francis Cristello in Paterson, N. J. Both married chorus girls of shows in which they were appearing; both have beautiful Hollywood homes complete with swimming pools. On the air, you hear them on Thursday nights at 7:30, EWT, over the NBC network.



# BE NOT DISENCOURAGED

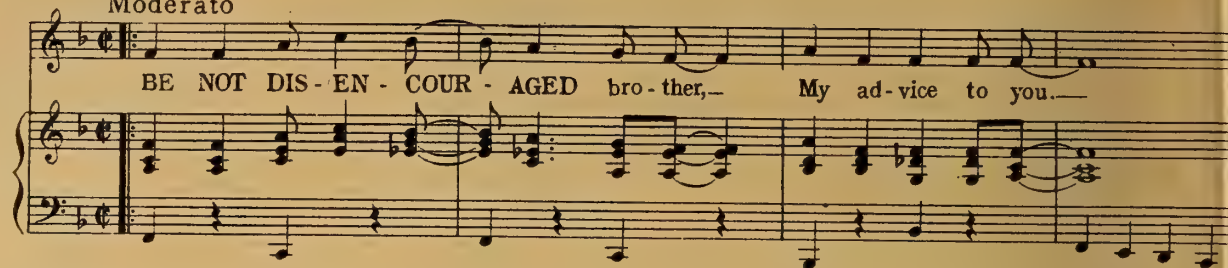
Lyric by  
LEO CORDAY

Music by  
JOE BISHOP

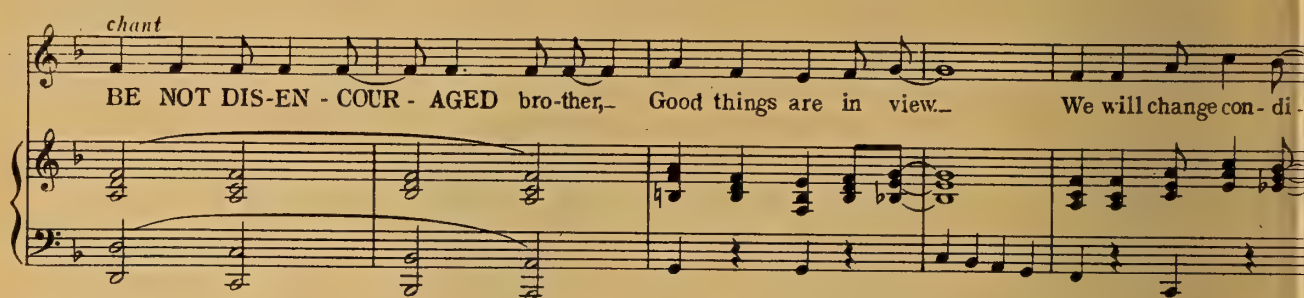
*Spiritual*

*Moderato*

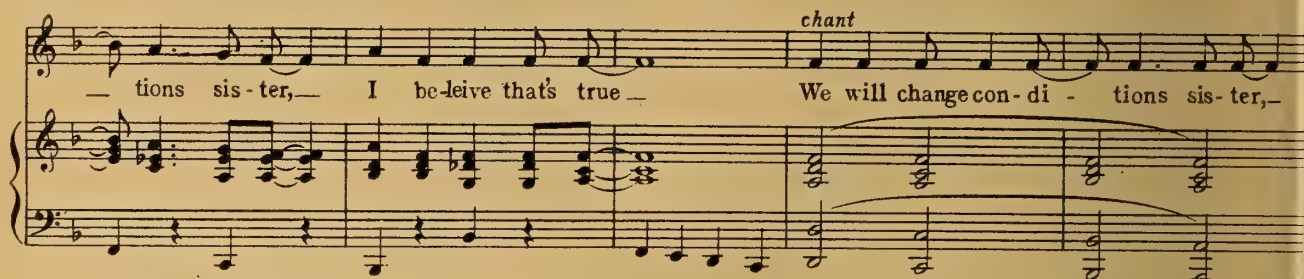
BE NOT DIS-EN - COUR - AGED bro - ther, — My ad - vice to you. —



*chant*  
BE NOT DIS-EN - COUR - AGED bro - ther, — Good things are in view. — We will change con - di -



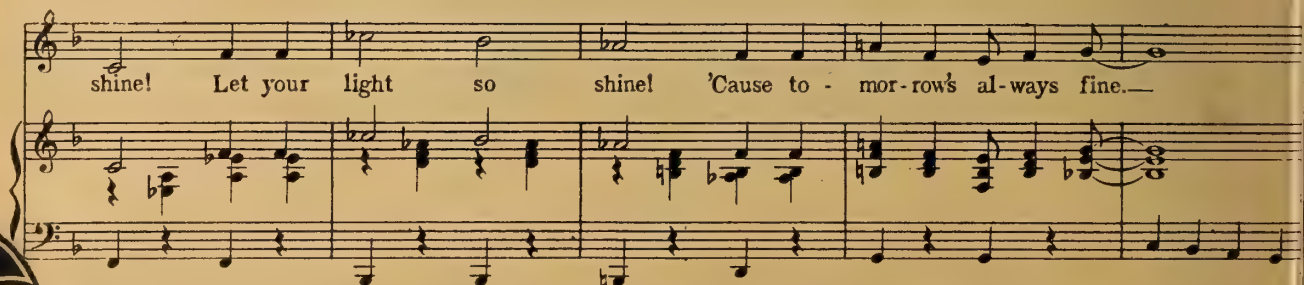
*chant*  
— tions sis - ter, — I be - lieve that's true — We will change con - di - tions sis - ter, —



*clap hands*  
So that they suit you. — Let your light — so shine! Let your light so



shine! Let your light so shine! 'Cause to - mor - row's al - ways fine. —



Copyright 1942 by Charming Music Corporation





Play it and then hear Woody Herman feature this catchy jump tune on his  
 "What's Your War Job?" show heard Wednesdays on the Blue Network



*chant*

Man was made for trou - ble, Yes sir, — Trou - ble makes the man. — Man was made for trou -

*Tag*

— ble, Yes sir, — Do the best you can. — Let your light so shine! Let your

light so shine! Let your light so shine! 'Cause to - mor - row's al - ways fine. —

Sin - ners love the de - vil but he — ain't no - bod - y's friend, —  
 BE NOT DIS - EN - COUR - AGED bro - ther, — My ad - vice to you, —

*chant*

Sin - ners love the de - vil but he — gits 'em in de end. —  
 BE NOT DIS - EN - COUR - AGED bro - ther, — Good things are in view. —

1 2



# The Breakfast Club

*Presenting the stars of radio's early morning variety show that starts your day off with a laugh and a song six times a week, Monday through Friday, over the Blue Network*



*Jack Baker, dark-eyed tenor of the show, cooks for relaxation.*



*Nancy Martin, singer, hails from New Martinsville, West Virginia, and loves pretty shoes.*



*Marion Mann, singer, was born in Columbus, Ohio, has olive skin, brown hair, gray eyes, and is happily married.*

**T**HIS is the program that wakes up America, and the man responsible for its popularity these past nine years is Don McNeill, whose full page portrait you see at the right. The Breakfast Club, sponsored by Cream of Wheat and Swift's Premium Bacon and Hams, is run like a railroad time table—subject to change without notice. With no script to hold him, Don cuts into the music with whatever pops into his mind. He dictates "horse race" music to people who have to rush to catch trains. He philosophizes a bit and reads a poem each day. His cheeriness is simply amazing. But there's a reason for this—Don's home life is a happy one, but oh, how he hates to get up in the morning! It takes two alarm clocks, Mrs. McNeill, his two sons, Tommy and Donny, and "Radio Contract," their dog, to get him out of bed.



DON McNEILL





# Tell me you're mine

*Jackie's whole world crumbled about her. She tried to believe that this terrible thing that had happened to her was only something she'd dreamed in the night*

## THE STORY

I WAS a very small part of the busy, exciting city that was Washington in the months just before Pearl Harbor, but for the first time in my humdrum life I had the intoxicating sensation of really living. For within one day I had met two men—one romantic and famous, the other naive and oddly appealing. And both of them told me they loved me.

Dean Hunter was one — the famous Dean Hunter whose voice and personality are such an important part of radio and movies. Tom Trumble was the other — an ordinary private in Uncle Sam's Army, whose untrained but sincere style of singing had attracted the attention of my boss, Lieutenant Colonel Wilson. It was Col. Wilson's job to produce the weekly broadcast called *Hiya, Soldier* for the entertainment of the boys in training camps all over the country, and as fate would have it, Dean Hunter and Tom Trumble came to Washington to be on the same program.

I was one of Col. Wilson's assistants, which was why I met both Dean and Tom. Dean laid violent siege to my heart almost from the very first, and of course I couldn't help responding, he was so handsome, so sure of himself, so charming. Tom was different — more humble and a little pitiful. I couldn't take him very seriously.

On the broadcast, Tom made a

terrible blunder. The excitement of being on a nationwide program affected him so much that he broke down in the middle of his song, and the broadcast was saved only by Dean's quick action in stepping to the microphone and finishing for him. It was typical of the two men that Tom's honest emotion caused a catastrophe, and Dean's cool poise saved the situation.

But I forgot Tom and his mistake after the broadcast, for Dean whisked me away on a thrilling midnight ride—a ride which ended in our marriage that very night.

It was the kind of adventure every girl dreams of, something straight out of a story book. Reality didn't return until the next day, when we went back to Washington. Dean asked me to keep the marriage a secret for a while, and I agreed. At Col. Wilson's office Tom Trumble was waiting for me, to say good-bye before he caught his train back to camp. There was only an hour left before the train was due to leave, but in that hour he told me he loved me. I wanted to tell him it was hopeless, but he wouldn't let me.

And so he went away, not knowing I was married to Dean. I walked back to the hotel where Dean was staying. There a terrible disappointment waited for me. Dean had gone to New York, leaving only a note saying he'd been suddenly called away, and that he'd miss me and be seeing me soon.

SOMETHING very unexpected has happened."

Partly, I was hurt—partly angry. And fear was there, too. My husband of a day—oh, less than a day—had hurried out of Washington and back to New York. And he had left me with no explanation but the little note which said something unexpected had happened.

Oh, I knew then how great a streak of cruelty Dean Hunter must have. Cruelty—or thoughtlessness. And, as my anger died away, leaving a strange feeling of emptiness







*I opened the door—and there he stood, grinning. I was too amazed to speak. At last I managed, "Why Tom Trumble!"*

behind it, I tried to assure myself that it was thoughtlessness, and nothing more. Nothing more than being in a hurry, than having a great deal on his mind, than—than what? It wouldn't do. There was more to it than that. Perhaps—well, perhaps the "something unexpected" was named Diana Stuart. And then that was something more to worry about, to frighten me—who was Diana Stuart and how much did she really mean to my husband?

I just don't believe it when I hear

women say that they aren't jealous. If you're not a little jealous, you just don't really care, I think. And jealousy was a nasty little devil with a little pitchfork—pricking annoyingly at my mind and hurting my heart. But there wasn't anything I could do about it for the moment. I could only go through the motions of being a busy little Washington secretary, of working very hard today and trying to lose myself in my work.

Of course, Dean's neat, frightening little note had asked me to write

him where he could reach me. Write him? Well, what on earth do you say, I asked myself, to the man who has shared his love with you and then gone away?

And I must somehow keep from crying. If I cried, traces of the tears would show, and give my secret away. And what good does it do to cry, anyway, I kept asking myself fiercely. I put my chin up, tried to shake away the fear which sat so heavily on my shoulders.

First of all, I decided, I needed a friend to (Continued on page 85)







# Tell me you're mine

*Jackie's whole world crumbled about her. She tried to believe that this terrible thing that had happened to her was only something she'd dreamed in the night*

## THE STORY

I WAS a very small part of the busy, exciting city that was Washington in the months just before Pearl Harbor, but for the first time in my humdrum life I had the intoxicating sensation of really living. For within one day I had met two men—one romantic and famous, the other naive and oddly appealing. And both of them told me they loved me.

Dean Hunter was one—the famous Dean Hunter whose voice and personality are such an important part of radio and movies. Tom Trumble was the other—an ordinary private in Uncle Sam's Army, whose untrained but sincere style of singing had attracted the attention of my boss, Lieutenant Colonel Wilson. It was Col. Wilson's job to produce the weekly broadcast called *Hiya, Soldier* for the entertainment of the boys in training camps all over the country, and as fate would have it, Dean Hunter and Tom Trumble came to Washington to be on the same program.

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First of all, I decided, I needed a friend to (Continued on page 85)



# KATE SMITH SPEAKS

*To the women of America: This time it's different! We're in it too! We must keep our lives in order, so that our men can come marching home to a happy, secure future*

**T**HIS time it's different.

Before, when men went off to war there was little the women they left behind them could do but keep the home fires burning, roll bandages at the Red Cross and wait. Wait until their hearts almost cracked with the weight of their fears and their loneliness. Wait until their patience and spirit grew weary and then wait some more.

Today we're in it too. The days aren't long enough for all we have to crowd into them. There's no night we don't go to our bed tired, momentarily, to a point of exhaustion. But, comparatively speaking, this time it's easy. Because, since we don't have time to think, our imagination cannot needlessly torture us. Because we know that every day we live and work at our appointed tasks—whatever they may be—we contribute some small portion to the victory to which our hearts, bodies, and minds are dedicated.

Those of us who live in the country have gardens. When we have picked the tomatoes and the beans and all the other vegetables from our vines and when we have pulled the turnips and the potatoes and the beets out of the earth we must get out our big preserving kettles. The conservation of food is, as always, vital to the war effort. Everything we grow and preserve means that much more food and, by the same token, that much more energy, for our armed forces who still travel on their stomachs. It also means that much more food and energy for those, like ourselves, who fight behind the lines.

Many of us who live near a war industry are essential to the assembly lines where rivets and welding machines and bolts and a hundred other materials and labors, miraculously, merge into ships and planes, jeeps and tanks, anti-aircraft

guns and rifles, and the hundred other things which in the brave, skilled hands of our men will merge, just as miraculously, into victory and peace.

Our hands must make bandages too. And we must bake our share of cookies and crullers for those big jars in the USO clubrooms which empty so quickly. We must dance with the boys stationed in our city or our town, because dancing to a good hot band is one of the things they love most. We must be up early with hot coffee and cigarettes any time the troops come through. We must donate blood when the Red Cross issues a call because the plasma they make from blood has the power to save lives and may, for all we know, save the life we love most of all. We must get letters off to him, wherever he is, regularly. They must be cheerful letters too, filled with all the dear, intimate things he wants to know when he's far away and homesick, even if he doesn't admit this to himself. We must, in other words, contribute to morale. For out of morale, too, victories are won.

The more fortunate among us have children. Their half-formed, strange fears of "air-raids" and "bad men" and defeat and slavery must be allayed tactfully, lightly, constantly. The spirit of home in which their minds are growing and forming must be a good spirit. The food which builds their bodies must be good food to keep them straight and strong. They must have a little more affection from us to make up for the affection of those who are absent. Pediatricians insist, you know, that affection is as important to a child's well-being as sleep and food.

We have our homes. With incomes curtailed in some cases and war bonds or stamps pinching the budget in all cases it takes extra thought

and time to manage bright curtains, a lamp shade for a bedroom, a slip cover for the sofa, replacements for the dishes that crack and chip. There's never any telling when he'll come home on furlough. He must not go off again with any less bright an image of that little bit of American life which belongs to him.

We have ourselves. We must keep informed so our minds won't grow lazy and untutored and dull. We must arrange a few minutes every night with our mirror and tissues and cold cream jars and hair-brush. We must squeeze time out in the morning for tubs and make-up kits. We must have shampoos to keep our hair healthy and bright. We must have manicures. It wouldn't be fair to have him come home and find a dreary woman had replaced the fair image he had, so long and longingly, carried in his heart.

There isn't time for all we have to do. But somehow we make time. And the days flow behind us, one after another. And with every effort we make, with every job we finish we come a little nearer to the happy day when they'll all come marching home and there no longer will be any dimout of lights at night and all over the world the torch of freedom once more will burn brightly.

This time it's different. This time we're in it too. Thank God!

*Kate Smith and Ted Collins broadcast America's favorite daytime program from the living room of her own home. "Kate Smith Speaks" is heard Monday through Friday on CBS at noon. Now that you've read Kate's inspiring message, turn the page for her wartime menu hints.*







# THE PROOF

# of the Pudding



**M**EALS at any hour of the day or night—that's just one of the problems faced by the wartime housewife who must plan interesting and nutritious menus for members of the family whose jobs or training courses play havoc with the regular mealtime schedule. Many homemakers get around this difficulty by dividing a dessert recipe, using the larger portion for the meal at which most of the family is present and making up the remainder in individual portions for the late comers or for those who carry their lunch. One of the best solutions to the problem is a gelatin dessert which may be made hours before it is needed and will be delicious until the last bite is consumed. Another good suggestion is a pudding which may be served either hot or cold. All the recipes this month carry out these ideas, and even though an irregular meal schedule may not be one of your problems, I'm sure your family will enjoy these treats.

Puddings in which milk is an important ingredient have a double value these days. When milk is plentiful they provide an excellent means of adding more of its health-building qualities to the menu, and when it is scarce they are equally valuable in extending the supply.

## Chocolate Bread Pudding

- 1 pt. milk
- 1 sq. chocolate
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 4 tbs. sugar
- 4 tbs. melted butter or margarine
- 1 egg (beaten)
- ¼ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. vanilla

Heat milk. Melt chocolate in ½ cup warm milk and add bread crumbs to remaining milk. When chocolate has melted, combine the two milk mix-

tures and allow to cool. Add other ingredients in order given, turn into baking dish (or custard cups), place in shallow pan containing warm water and bake in moderate oven, about 45 minutes for cups, one hour for large container. Serve hot or cold.

## Rice Nut Pudding

- 1 cup cooked rice
- 2 cups milk
- 1 egg (beaten)
- ¾ cup sugar
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 1 lemon (juice and grated rind)
- ½ cup chopped nut meats

Mix ingredients in order given. Turn into greased baking dish (or custard cups) and set in shallow pan containing warm water. Bake in moderate oven, 25 to 45 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

## Mincemeat Cornstarch Pudding

- 1 qt. milk
- 1 egg
- 5 tbs. cornstarch
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1 tbl. butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 cup mincemeat

Heat 3 cups milk in double boiler. Beat egg, add cornstarch, sugar and salt, then add remaining milk and beat smooth. Pour about half the hot

*A variety of puddings solves for the busy wartime housewife the problem of what to have for dessert. Easy and delicious are these recipes for gelatin whip and gingerale fruit cocktail.*

milk into the milk and egg mixture, mix thoroughly and pour into double boiler containing the rest of the hot milk. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add butter, vanilla and mincemeat and turn into pudding dish or sherbet glasses rinsed in cold water. Chill before serving.

Although the variations and combinations you can achieve with gelatin desserts are almost endless, the basic recipe is the easiest and quickest one I know.

## Basic Gelatin Recipe

- 1 package gelatin (any flavor)
- 2 cups hot water

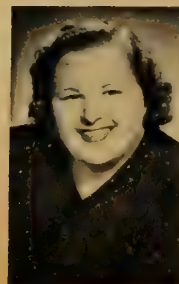
Pour hot water over gelatin, stir until completely dissolved and turn into mold or pan. Let stand in refrigerator until firm before serving.

## Gelatin Whip

Prepare gelatin in usual way and chill until it is thick and syrupy. Place bowl containing gelatin in pan of ice or cold water, and with a rotary egg beater whip until gelatin is as thick and fluffy as whipped cream. Pile into sherbet glasses, allow to chill and serve with a fruit garnish. Any flavor gelatin may be used for whip and suggested garnishes are cherries, grapes, small berries, orange segments and pomegranate seeds.

## Gelatin Fruit Cocktail

Cut molded lime gelatin into cubes, place in serving glasses, add melon balls and fill glasses with chilled gingerale. Serve at once.



**BY**  
**KATE SMITH**  
**RADIO MIRROR'S**  
**FOOD COUNSELOR**

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday show at 8:00 P. M., EWT, both on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.



# INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

## SUNDAY

| PACIFIC WAR TIME |       | CENTRAL WAR TIME          |  | Eastern War Time          |  |
|------------------|-------|---------------------------|--|---------------------------|--|
|                  |       | 8:00                      | CBS: News                              | 8:00                      | CBS: News                              |
|                  |       | 8:00                      | Blue: News                             | 8:00                      | Blue: News                             |
|                  |       | 8:00                      | NBC: News and Organ Recital            | 8:00                      | NBC: News and Organ Recital            |
|                  |       | 8:30                      | Blue: The Woodshedders                 | 8:30                      | Blue: The Woodshedders                 |
| 8:00             | 9:00  | CBS: News of the World    | 9:00                                   | CBS: News of the World    | 9:00                                   |
| 8:00             | 9:00  | Blue: World News          | 9:00                                   | Blue: World News          | 9:00                                   |
| 8:00             | 9:00  | NBC: News from Europe     | 9:00                                   | NBC: News from Europe     | 9:00                                   |
| 8:15             | 9:15  | CBS: E. Power Biggs       | 9:15                                   | CBS: E. Power Biggs       | 9:15                                   |
| 8:15             | 9:15  | Blue: White Rabbit Line   | 9:15                                   | Blue: White Rabbit Line   | 9:15                                   |
| 8:15             | 9:15  | NBC: Deep River Boys      | 9:15                                   | NBC: Deep River Boys      | 9:15                                   |
| 8:30             | 9:30  | NBC: Words and Music      | 9:30                                   | NBC: Words and Music      | 9:30                                   |
| 9:00             | 10:00 | CBS: Church of the Air    | 10:00                                  | CBS: Church of the Air    | 10:00                                  |
| 9:00             | 10:00 | Blue: Fantasy in Melody   | 10:00                                  | Blue: Fantasy in Melody   | 10:00                                  |
| 9:00             | 10:00 | NBC: Radio Pulpit         | 10:00                                  | NBC: Radio Pulpit         | 10:00                                  |
| 9:30             | 10:30 | CBS: Wings Over Jordan    | 10:30                                  | CBS: Wings Over Jordan    | 10:30                                  |
| 9:30             | 10:30 | Blue: Southernaires       | 10:30                                  | Blue: Southernaires       | 10:30                                  |
| 10:00            | 11:00 | CBS: Warren Sweeney, News | 11:00                                  | CBS: Warren Sweeney, News | 11:00                                  |
| 10:00            | 11:00 | Blue: Glen Gray Orch.     | 11:00                                  | Blue: Glen Gray Orch.     | 11:00                                  |
| 8:05             | 10:05 | 11:05                     | CBS: Vera Brodsky, Pianist             | 11:05                     | CBS: Vera Brodsky, Pianist             |
| 8:30             | 10:30 | 11:30                     | MBS: Radio Chapel                      | 11:30                     | MBS: Radio Chapel                      |
| 8:30             | 10:30 | 11:30                     | Blue: Josef Marais                     | 11:30                     | Blue: Josef Marais                     |
| 8:30             | 10:30 | 11:30                     | CBS: Invitation to Learning            | 11:30                     | CBS: Invitation to Learning            |
| 8:45             | 10:45 | 11:45                     | NBC: Olivio Santoro                    | 11:45                     | NBC: Olivio Santoro                    |
| 9:00             | 11:00 | 12:00                     | CBS: Quincy Howe, News                 | 12:00                     | CBS: Quincy Howe, News                 |
| 9:00             | 11:00 | 12:00                     | Blue: News from Europe                 | 12:00                     | Blue: News from Europe                 |
| 9:00             | 11:00 | 12:00                     | NBC: Hospitality Time                  | 12:00                     | NBC: Hospitality Time                  |
| 9:15             | 11:15 | 12:15                     | CBS: Womanpower                        | 12:15                     | CBS: Womanpower                        |
| 9:30             | 11:30 | 12:30                     | CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle         | 12:30                     | CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle         |
| 9:30             | 11:30 | 12:30                     | Blue: Stars from the Blue              | 12:30                     | Blue: Stars from the Blue              |
| 9:30             | 11:30 | 12:30                     | NBC: Emma Otero                        | 12:30                     | NBC: Emma Otero                        |
| 10:00            | 12:00 | 1:00                      | CBS: Church of the Air                 | 1:00                      | CBS: Church of the Air                 |
| 10:00            | 12:00 | 1:00                      | Blue: Horace Heidt Orch.               | 1:00                      | Blue: Horace Heidt Orch.               |
| 10:00            | 12:00 | 1:00                      | NBC: Robert St. John                   | 1:00                      | NBC: Robert St. John                   |
| 10:15            | 12:15 | 1:15                      | NBC: Labor for Victory                 | 1:15                      | NBC: Labor for Victory                 |
| 10:30            | 12:30 | 1:30                      | CBS: Songs America Loves               | 1:30                      | CBS: Songs America Loves               |
| 10:30            | 12:30 | 1:30                      | NBC: Sammy Kaye                        | 1:30                      | NBC: Sammy Kaye                        |
| 10:45            | 12:45 | 1:45                      | CBS: Stoopnagle's Stooparoos           | 1:45                      | CBS: Stoopnagle's Stooparoos           |
| 11:00            | 1:00  | 2:00                      | CBS: Those We Love                     | 2:00                      | CBS: Those We Love                     |
| 11:00            | 1:00  | 2:00                      | Blue: Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.           | 2:00                      | Blue: Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.           |
| 11:00            | 1:00  | 2:00                      | NBC: University of Chicago Round Table | 2:00                      | NBC: University of Chicago Round Table |
| 11:30            | 1:30  | 2:30                      | CBS: World News Today                  | 2:30                      | CBS: World News Today                  |
| 11:30            | 1:30  | 2:30                      | Blue: Yesterday and Today              | 2:30                      | Blue: Yesterday and Today              |
| 11:30            | 1:30  | 2:30                      | NBC: John Charles Thomas               | 2:30                      | NBC: John Charles Thomas               |
| 12:00            | 2:00  | 3:00                      | CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.          | 3:00                      | CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.          |
| 12:00            | 2:00  | 3:00                      | Blue: John Vandercook                  | 3:00                      | Blue: John Vandercook                  |
| 12:00            | 2:00  | 3:00                      | NBC: Music for Neighbors               | 3:00                      | NBC: Music for Neighbors               |
| 12:15            | 2:15  | 3:15                      | Blue: Wake Up America                  | 3:15                      | Blue: Wake Up America                  |
| 12:15            | 2:15  | 3:15                      | NBC: Upton Close                       | 3:15                      | NBC: Upton Close                       |
| 12:30            | 2:30  | 3:30                      | NBC: The Army Hour                     | 3:30                      | NBC: The Army Hour                     |
| 1:00             | 3:00  | 4:00                      | Blue: National Vespers                 | 4:00                      | Blue: National Vespers                 |
| 1:30             | 3:30  | 4:30                      | CBS: Pause that Refreshes              | 4:30                      | CBS: Pause that Refreshes              |
| 1:30             | 3:30  | 4:30                      | Blue: Green Hornet                     | 4:30                      | Blue: Green Hornet                     |
| 1:30             | 3:30  | 4:30                      | NBC: We Believe                        | 4:30                      | NBC: We Believe                        |
| 2:00             | 4:00  | 5:00                      | CBS: The Family Hour                   | 5:00                      | CBS: The Family Hour                   |
| 2:00             | 4:00  | 5:00                      | Blue: Moylan Sisters                   | 5:00                      | Blue: Moylan Sisters                   |
| 2:00             | 4:00  | 5:00                      | NBC: NBC Symphony                      | 5:00                      | NBC: NBC Symphony                      |
| 2:15             | 4:15  | 5:15                      | Blue: Ella Fitzgerald                  | 5:15                      | Blue: Ella Fitzgerald                  |
| 2:15             | 4:15  | 5:15                      | MBS: Upton Close                       | 5:15                      | MBS: Upton Close                       |
| 2:30             | 4:30  | 5:30                      | Blue: Musical Steelmakers              | 5:30                      | Blue: Musical Steelmakers              |
| 2:30             | 4:30  | 5:30                      | MBS: The Shadow                        | 5:30                      | MBS: The Shadow                        |
| 2:45             | 4:45  | 5:45                      | CBS: William L. Shirer                 | 5:45                      | CBS: William L. Shirer                 |
| 3:00             | 5:00  | 6:00                      | CBS: Edward R. Murrow                  | 6:00                      | CBS: Edward R. Murrow                  |
| 3:00             | 5:00  | 6:00                      | Blue: Britain to America               | 6:00                      | Blue: Britain to America               |
| 3:00             | 5:00  | 6:00                      | MBS: First Nighter                     | 6:00                      | MBS: First Nighter                     |
| 3:00             | 5:00  | 6:00                      | NBC: Catholic Hour                     | 6:00                      | NBC: Catholic Hour                     |
| 3:15             | 5:15  | 6:15                      | CBS: Irene Rich                        | 6:15                      | CBS: Irene Rich                        |
| 3:30             | 5:30  | 6:30                      | CBS: Gene Autry                        | 6:30                      | CBS: Gene Autry                        |
| 3:30             | 5:30  | 6:30                      | Blue: Metropolitan Auditions           | 6:30                      | Blue: Metropolitan Auditions           |
| 3:00             | 5:30  | 6:30                      | NBC: The Great Guildersleeve           | 6:30                      | NBC: The Great Guildersleeve           |
| 4:00             | 6:00  | 7:00                      | CBS: Commandos                         | 7:00                      | CBS: Commandos                         |
| 4:00             | 6:00  | 7:00                      | Blue: Voice of Prophecy                | 7:00                      | Blue: Voice of Prophecy                |
| 4:00             | 6:00  | 7:00                      | MBS: Drew Pearson                      | 7:00                      | MBS: Drew Pearson                      |
| 4:00             | 6:00  | 7:00                      | NBC: Jack Benny                        | 7:00                      | NBC: Jack Benny                        |
| 4:15             | 6:15  | 7:15                      | Blue: Edward Tomlinson                 | 7:15                      | Blue: Edward Tomlinson                 |
| 4:30             | 6:30  | 7:30                      | MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain      | 7:30                      | MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain      |
| 4:30             | 6:30  | 7:30                      | CBS: We, the People                    | 7:30                      | CBS: We, the People                    |
| 4:30             | 6:30  | 7:30                      | Blue: Quiz Kids                        | 7:30                      | Blue: Quiz Kids                        |
| 4:30             | 6:30  | 7:30                      | NBC: Fitch Bandwagon                   | 7:30                      | NBC: Fitch Bandwagon                   |
| 5:00             | 7:00  | 8:00                      | CBS: Hello Americans                   | 8:00                      | CBS: Hello Americans                   |
| 5:00             | 7:00  | 8:00                      | Blue: Earl Godwin, News                | 8:00                      | Blue: Earl Godwin, News                |
| 5:00             | 7:00  | 8:00                      | NBC: Charlie McCarthy                  | 8:00                      | NBC: Charlie McCarthy                  |
| 5:00             | 7:30  | 8:30                      | CBS: Crime Doctor                      | 8:30                      | CBS: Crime Doctor                      |
| 5:00             | 7:30  | 8:30                      | Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery            | 8:30                      | Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery            |
| 5:00             | 7:30  | 8:30                      | NBC: ONE MAN'S FAMILY                  | 8:30                      | NBC: ONE MAN'S FAMILY                  |
| 5:45             | 7:45  | 8:45                      | MBS: Gabriel Heatter                   | 8:45                      | MBS: Gabriel Heatter                   |
| 5:55             | 7:55  | 8:55                      | CBS: Eric Sevareid                     | 8:55                      | CBS: Eric Sevareid                     |
| 6:00             | 8:00  | 9:00                      | CBS: Radio Reader's Digest             | 9:00                      | CBS: Radio Reader's Digest             |
| 6:00             | 8:00  | 9:00                      | Blue: Old-Fashioned Revival            | 9:00                      | Blue: Old-Fashioned Revival            |
| 6:00             | 8:00  | 9:00                      | Blue: Walter Winchell                  | 9:00                      | Blue: Walter Winchell                  |
| 6:00             | 8:00  | 9:00                      | NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round          | 9:00                      | NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round          |
| 7:45             | 8:15  | 9:15                      | Blue: The Parker Family                | 9:15                      | Blue: The Parker Family                |
| 6:30             | 8:30  | 9:30                      | CBS: FRED ALLEN                        | 9:30                      | CBS: FRED ALLEN                        |
| 8:15             | 8:30  | 9:30                      | Blue: Jimmie Fidler                    | 9:30                      | Blue: Jimmie Fidler                    |
| 8:30             | 9:30  | 10:30                     | NBC: American Album of Familiar Music  | 10:30                     | NBC: American Album of Familiar Music  |
| 7:00             | 9:00  | 10:00                     | CBS: Take It or Leave It               | 10:00                     | CBS: Take It or Leave It               |
| 7:00             | 9:00  | 10:00                     | Blue: Goodwill Hour                    | 10:00                     | Blue: Goodwill Hour                    |
| 7:00             | 9:00  | 10:00                     | MBS: John E. Hughes                    | 10:00                     | MBS: John E. Hughes                    |
| 7:00             | 9:00  | 10:00                     | NBC: Hour of Charm                     | 10:00                     | NBC: Hour of Charm                     |
| 7:30             | 9:30  | 10:30                     | CBS: Report to the Nation              | 10:30                     | CBS: Report to the Nation              |
| 8:00             | 10:00 | 11:00                     | CBS: News of the World                 | 11:00                     | CBS: News of the World                 |
| 8:00             | 10:00 | 11:00                     | NBC: Dance Orchestra                   | 11:00                     | NBC: Dance Orchestra                   |
| 8:15             | 10:15 | 11:15                     | NBC: Cesar Saerchinger                 | 11:15                     | NBC: Cesar Saerchinger                 |
| 8:30             | 10:30 | 11:30                     | NBC: Unlimited Horizons                | 11:30                     | NBC: Unlimited Horizons                |



## COLORATURA FROM COLORADO . . .

A Metropolitan Opera Star is usually not the sort of person you'd be inclined to slap on the back and treat palsy-walsy. Josephine Antoine is the exception. Around radio, this star of the "Met" and the "Contented Hour" likes to be considered one of the mob. Her friends call her Josie and she's less temperamental than most of the bit players who act on daytime script shows.

One of the hardest things to understand about Josephine is the fact that she's still single. Unmarried girls, who are as beautiful as Josie, with her glowing blonde hair and deep, violet eyes, are somewhat of a rarity these days. Josephine will tell you that she's been too busy to get married and this may be so, because, as a member of the Metropolitan Opera, the Chicago Opera and the San Francisco Opera, she's kept moving around a good bit. Add to this her radio shows and her concert tours and you begin to feel sorry for that future husband, who might have to stay at home and wait for her.

Most of the "high notes," which is what people in show business call girls who sing in Opera, got their training in Europe. But Josephine studied music in Colorado, which is very American. She is a native of Boulder—the place that gave that big dam its name—and she studied at the University of Colorado. That school gave her a degree as Master of Fine Arts in Music, the only degree of that kind the school ever granted.

Josephine hasn't forgotten her home State and, each year, her concert tour itinerary includes at least one city in Colorado. She always stops over in Boulder, where she never has to be coaxed to sing a few songs for her old friends. "It's like a family reunion," she says. "And I'm grateful for all the encouragement these friends in Colorado gave me when I first began to sing."

Josephine has a passion for hats and shoes and men in uniform. Last year, the Illinois Militia gave a ball in her honor, crowned her Queen and presented her with a gold M.P. whistle, which she wears on the lapels of her suits and which she loves to blow suddenly in the corridors of NBC, causing no end of excitement. Her favorite sports are swimming and ice skating. Often, she will come out of a swimming pool, put on winter duds and head for the nearest indoor rink.

In order not to frighten off any prospective suitors, it is only fair to mention that Josie has her quieter moments, too. She likes to sew and read, usually sitting on a hassock and wearing a negligee of her favorite color, which is blue.

## MONDAY

| P. W. T. |  | C. W. T. |       | Eastern War Time |                            |
|----------|--|----------|-------|------------------|----------------------------|
|          |  | 8:00     | 9:00  | CBS:             | News                       |
|          |  | 8:00     | 9:00  | Blue:            | BREAKFAST CLUB             |
|          |  | 8:45     | 9:45  | CBS:             | The Victory Front          |
| 8:30     |  | 10:00    | 10:00 | CBS:             | Valiant Lady               |
|          |  | 10:00    | 10:00 | Blue:            | Isabel Manning Hewson      |
|          |  | 9:00     | 10:00 | NBC:             | Victory Volunteers         |
| 8:45     |  | 9:15     | 10:15 | CBS:             | Kitty Foyle                |
| 9:00     |  | 9:15     | 10:15 | NBC:             | The O'Neills               |
|          |  | 10:30    | 10:30 | CBS:             | Honeymoon Hill             |
| 7:30     |  | 9:30     | 10:30 | Blue:            | The Baby Institute         |
|          |  | 9:30     | 10:30 | NBC:             | Help Mate                  |
| 12:45    |  | 9:45     | 10:45 | CBS:             | Bachelor's Children        |
| 7:45     |  | 9:45     | 10:45 | Blue:            | Gene & Glenn               |
|          |  | 9:45     | 10:45 | NBC:             | Young Dr. Malone           |
| 8:00     |  | 10:00    | 11:00 | Blue:            | Breakfast at Sardi's       |
| 8:00     |  | 10:00    | 11:00 | NBC:             | Road of Life               |
| 8:15     |  | 10:15    | 11:15 | CBS:             | Second Husband             |
| 8:15     |  | 10:15    | 11:15 | NBC:             | Vic and Sade               |
| 8:30     |  | 10:30    | 11:30 | CBS:             | Bright Horizon             |
| 8:30     |  | 10:30    | 11:30 | Blue:            | Hank Lawson's Knights      |
| 8:30     |  | 10:30    | 11:30 | NBC:             | Snow Village               |
| 11:15    |  | 10:45    | 11:45 | CBS:             | Aunt Jenny's Stories       |
|          |  | 10:45    | 11:45 | Blue:            | Little Jack Little         |
|          |  | 10:45    | 11:45 | NBC:             | David Harum                |
| 9:00     |  | 11:00    | 12:00 | CBS:             | KATE SMITH SPEAKS          |
| 9:00     |  | 11:00    | 12:00 | NBC:             | Words and Music            |
| 9:15     |  | 11:15    | 12:15 | CBS:             | Big Sister                 |
| 9:30     |  | 11:30    | 12:30 | CBS:             | Romance of Helen Trent     |
| 9:30     |  | 11:30    | 12:30 | Blue:            | Farm and Home Hour         |
| 9:45     |  | 11:45    | 12:45 | CBS:             | Our Gal Sunday             |
| 10:00    |  | 12:00    | 1:00  | CBS:             | Life Can Be Beautiful      |
| 10:00    |  | 12:00    | 1:00  | Blue:            | Baukhage Talking           |
| 10:15    |  | 12:15    | 1:15  | CBS:             | Ma Perkins                 |
| 10:15    |  | 12:15    | 1:15  | Blue:            | Edward MacHugh             |
| 10:30    |  | 12:30    | 1:30  | CBS:             | Vic and Sade               |
|          |  | 12:45    | 1:45  | CBS:             | The Goldbergs              |
|          |  | 12:45    | 1:45  | NBC:             | Morgan Beatty, News        |
| 11:00    |  | 1:00     | 2:00  | CBS:             | Young Dr. Malone           |
| 11:00    |  | 1:00     | 2:00  | NBC:             | Light of the World         |
| 12:30    |  | 1:15     | 2:15  | CBS:             | Joyce Jordan, M.D.         |
| 11:15    |  | 1:15     | 2:15  | NBC:             | Lonely Women               |
| 11:30    |  | 1:30     | 2:30  | CBS:             | We Love and Learn          |
| 11:30    |  | 1:30     | 2:30  | NBC:             | The Guiding Light          |
| 11:45    |  | 1:45     | 2:45  | CBS:             | Pepper Young's Family      |
| 11:45    |  | 1:45     | 2:45  | Blue:            | Stella Unger               |
| 11:45    |  | 1:45     | 2:45  | NBC:             | Hymns of All Churches      |
|          |  | 2:00     | 3:00  | CBS:             | David Harum                |
| 12:00    |  | 2:00     | 3:00  | Blue:            | Open House                 |
| 12:00    |  | 2:00     | 3:00  | NBC:             | Mary Marlin                |
| 12:15    |  | 2:15     | 3:15  | CBS:             | Sing Along                 |
| 12:15    |  | 2:15     | 3:15  | NBC:             | Ma Perkins                 |
| 12:30    |  | 2:30     | 3:30  | Blue:            | Ted Malone                 |
| 12:30    |  | 2:30     | 3:30  | NBC:             | Pepper Young's Family      |
| 12:30    |  | 2:30     | 3:30  | CBS:             | Wanda Landowski            |
| 12:45    |  | 2:45     | 3:45  | NBC:             | Right to Happiness         |
| 12:45    |  | 2:45     | 3:45  | Blue:            | Men of the Sea             |
| 1:00     |  | 3:00     | 4:00  | Blue:            | Club Matinee               |
| 1:00     |  | 3:00     | 4:00  | NBC:             | Backstage Wife             |
| 1:15     |  | 3:15     | 4:15  | NBC:             | Stella Dallas              |
| 1:15     |  | 3:15     | 4:15  | CBS:             | Green Valley, U. S. A.     |
| 1:30     |  | 3:30     | 4:30  | CBS:             | Children and the War       |
| 1:30     |  | 3:30     | 4:30  | NBC:             | Lorenzo Jones              |
| 1:45     |  | 3:45     | 4:45  | CBS:             | Mountain Music             |
| 1:45     |  | 3:45     | 4:45  | NBC:             | Young Widder Brown         |
| 2:00     |  | 4:00     | 5:00  | CBS:             | Radio Reader               |
| 2:00     |  | 4:00     | 5:00  | Blue:            | Sea Hound                  |
| 2:00     |  | 4:00     | 5:00  | NBC:             | When a Girl Marries        |
| 2:15     |  | 4:15     | 5:15  | CBS:             | Mother and Dad             |
| 2:15     |  | 4:15     | 5:15  | Blue:            | Hop Harrigan               |
| 2:15     |  | 4:15     | 5:15  | NBC:             | Portia Faces Life          |
| 2:30     |  | 4:30     | 5:30  | CBS:             | Are You A Genius?          |
| 5:30     |  | 5:30     | 5:30  | Blue:            | Jack Armstrong             |
| 2:30     |  | 4:30     | 5:30  | NBC:             | Just Plain Bill            |
| 2:30     |  | 4:30     | 5:30  | MBS:             | Superman                   |
| 2:45     |  | 4:45     | 5:45  | NBC:             | Front Page Farrell         |
| 2:45     |  | 4:45     | 5:45  | CBS:             | Ben Bernie                 |
| 5:45     |  | 5:45     | 5:45  | Blue:            | Captain Midnight           |
| 3:00     |  | 5:00     | 6:00  | CBS:             | Quincy Howe, News          |
| 3:10     |  | 5:10     | 6:10  | CBS:             | Eric Sevareid              |
| 3:15     |  | 5:15     | 6:15  | CBS:             | Today at the Duncans       |
| 3:30     |  | 5:30     | 6:30  | CBS:             | Keep Working, Keep Singing |
| 3:45     |  | 5:45     | 6:45  | CBS:             | The World Today            |
|          |  | 6:45     | Blue: | Lowell Thomas    |                            |
| 8:00     |  | 6:00     | 7:00  | CBS:             | Amos 'n' Andy              |
| 4:00     |  | 6:00     | 7:00  | Blue:            | Col. Stoepnagie            |
| 8:00     |  | 6:00     | 7:00  | NBC:             | Fred Waring's Gang         |
| 4:15     |  | 6:15     | 7:15  | CBS:             | Ceiling Unlimited          |
| 7:30     |  | 9:30     | 7:30  | CBS:             | Blondie                    |
|          |  | 6:30     | 7:30  | Blue:            | The Lone Ranger            |
| 4:45     |  | 6:45     | 7:45  | NBC:             | H. V. Kaltenborn           |
| 5:00     |  | 7:00     | 8:00  | CBS:             | Vox Pop                    |
| 8:00     |  | 7:00     | 8:00  | Blue:            | Earl Godwin, News          |
| 8:30     |  | 7:00     | 8:00  | NBC:             | Cavalcade of America       |
| 8:15     |  | 7:15     | 8:15  | Blue:            | Lum and Abner              |
| 8:30     |  | 7:30     | 8:30  | CBS:             | GAY ENTITIES               |
| 5:30     |  | 7:30     | 8:30  | Blue:            | True or False              |
| 5:30     |  | 7:30     | 8:30  | NBC:             | Voice of Firestone         |
| 5:30     |  | 7:30     | 8:30  | MBS:             | Bulldog Drummond           |
| 5:55     |  | 7:55     | 8:55  | CBS:             | Cecil Brown                |
| 6:00     |  | 8:00     | 9:00  | CBS:             | LUX THEATER                |
| 6:00     |  | 8:00     | 9:00  | Blue:            | Counter-Spy                |
| 6:00     |  | 8:00     | 9:00  | MBS:             | Gabriel Heatter            |
| 9:00     |  | 8:00     | 9:00  | NBC:             | The Telephone Hour         |
| 6:30     |  | 8:30     | 9:30  | Blue:            | Spotlight Bands            |
| 6:30     |  | 8:30     | 9:30  | NBC:             | Doctor I. Q.               |
| 6:55     |  | 8:55     | 9:55  | Blue:            | Gracie Fields              |
| 7:00     |  | 9:00     | 10:00 | CBS:             | Screen Guild Plays         |
| 7:00     |  | 9:00     | 10:00 | NBC:             | Raymond Clapper            |
| 7:00     |  | 9:00     | 10:00 | Blue:            | Raymond Gram Swing         |
| 7:00     |  | 9:00     | 10:00 | NBC:             | Contented Program          |
| 8:30     |  | 9:15     | 10:15 | Blue:            | Alias John Freedom         |



# TUESDAY

| P. W. T. | C. W. T. | Eastern War Time                  |
|----------|----------|-----------------------------------|
|          | 8:30     | Blue: Texas Jim                   |
|          | 9:00     | CBS: News                         |
|          | 9:00     | Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB              |
|          | 9:00     | NBC: Everything Goes              |
| 1:30     | 2:30     | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air       |
|          | 8:45     | 9:45 CBS: The Victory Front       |
| 8:30     | 9:00     | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady           |
|          | 9:00     | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson |
|          | 9:00     | 10:00 NBC: Victory Volunteers     |
| 8:45     | 9:15     | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle            |
|          | 9:15     | 10:15 Blue: News                  |
| 9:00     | 9:15     | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills           |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill         |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 Blue: Baby Institute        |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate              |
| 12:45    | 9:45     | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children    |
|          | 9:45     | 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn          |
|          | 9:45     | 10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone       |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor        |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's  |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life           |
| 8:15     | 10:15    | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband         |
|          | 8:15     | 10:15 NBC: Vic and Sade           |
| 8:30     | 10:30    | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon         |
| 8:30     | 10:30    | 11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights |
| 8:30     | 10:30    | 11:30 NBC: Snow Village           |
| 11:15    | 10:45    | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories   |
| 8:45     | 10:45    | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little    |
|          | 10:45    | 11:45 NBC: David Harum            |
| 9:00     | 11:00    | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks      |
| 9:15     | 11:15    | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister             |
| 9:30     | 11:30    | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30     | 11:30    | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour    |
|          | 9:45     | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday         |
| 10:00    | 12:00    | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful   |
| 10:00    | 12:00    | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking       |
| 10:00    | 12:00    | 1:00 NBC: Air Breaks              |
| 10:15    | 12:15    | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins              |
| 10:15    | 12:15    | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh         |
| 10:30    | 12:30    | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade            |
|          | 12:45    | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs           |
| 10:45    | 12:45    | 1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News     |
| 11:00    | 1:00     | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone        |
| 11:00    | 1:00     | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World      |
| 12:30    | 1:15     | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.      |
| 11:15    | 1:15     | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women            |
| 11:30    | 1:30     | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn       |
| 11:30    | 1:30     | 2:30 Blue: Victory Hour           |
| 11:30    | 1:30     | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light       |
| 11:45    | 1:45     | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family   |
| 11:45    | 1:45     | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches   |
|          | 2:00     | 3:00 CBS: David Harum             |
|          | 2:00     | 3:00 Blue: Three R's              |
|          | 2:00     | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin             |
| 12:15    | 2:15     | 3:15 CBS: Sing Along—Landt Trio   |
| 12:15    | 2:15     | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins              |
| 12:30    | 2:30     | 3:30 CBS: Keyboard Concerts       |
| 12:30    | 2:30     | 3:30 Blue: Ted Malone             |
| 12:30    | 2:30     | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family   |
| 12:45    | 2:45     | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness      |
| 1:00     | 3:00     | 4:00 CBS: News                    |
| 1:00     | 3:00     | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee           |
| 1:00     | 3:00     | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife          |
| 1:15     | 3:15     | 4:15 CBS: Listen Neighbor         |
| 1:15     | 3:15     | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas           |
| 1:30     | 3:30     | 4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones           |
| 1:30     | 3:30     | 4:30 Blue: Living Art             |
| 1:45     | 3:45     | 4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record     |
| 1:45     | 3:45     | 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown      |
| 2:00     | 4:00     | 5:00 CBS: Radio Reader            |
| 2:00     | 4:00     | 5:00 Blue: Sea Hound              |
| 2:00     | 4:00     | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries     |
| 2:15     | 4:15     | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad          |
| 2:15     | 4:15     | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan           |
| 2:15     | 4:15     | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life       |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius?       |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong         |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 MBS: Superman                |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill         |
| 2:45     | 4:45     | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie              |
| 2:45     | 4:45     | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight       |
| 2:45     | 4:45     | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell      |
| 7:45     | 5:00     | 6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt            |
| 3:15     | 5:15     | 6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill           |
| 3:30     | 5:30     | 6:30 CBS: Bill Stern              |
| 3:30     | 5:30     | 6:30 Blue: Mary Small, Songs      |
| 3:45     | 5:45     | 6:45 CBS: The World Today         |
|          | 6:00     | 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy           |
| 4:00     | 6:00     | 7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle        |
| 4:00     | 6:00     | 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang      |
| 4:05     | 6:05     | 7:05 Blue: Stars From The Blue    |
| 8:15     | 6:15     | 7:15 CBS: Harry James             |
| 4:15     | 6:15     | 7:15 NBC: European News           |
| 4:30     | 6:30     | 7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour    |
| 4:45     | 6:45     | 7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn        |
| 8:30     | 7:00     | 8:00 CBS: Lights Out              |
| 8:00     | 7:00     | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News      |
| 8:30     | 7:00     | 8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms             |
| 8:15     | 7:15     | 8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner          |
| 9:00     | 7:30     | 8:30 CBS: Al Jolson               |
| 9:00     | 7:30     | 8:30 Blue: Duffy's                |
| 9:30     | 7:30     | 8:30 NBC: Horace Heidt            |
| 5:55     | 7:55     | 8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown             |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 CBS: Burns and Allen         |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter         |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 Blue: Famous Jury Trials     |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 NBC: Battle of the Sexes     |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 CBS: Suspense                |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands        |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 MBS: Murder Clinic           |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly  |
| 6:55     | 8:55     | 9:55 Blue: Gracie Fields          |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes         |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing    |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 NBC: Bob Hope               |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 CBS: American in Russia     |
| 7:30     | 9:30     | 10:30 NBC: Red Skelton            |
| 7:30     | 9:30     | 10:30 Blue: Talks                 |
| 7:45     | 9:45     | 10:45 CBS: Bobby Tucker's Voice   |



## SINGING WAS TOO TOUGH . . .

Del Sharbutt owns that friendly, deep voice you hear introducing "Amos 'n' Andy." It is almost disloyal to poke fun at a voice that has made him about the highest paid announcer on the air, but Del says, "I talk like I'm standing under a rain barrel, but people seem to like that sort of sound, so put me down as lucky."

Besides a sense of humor, Del has a beautiful wife, two fine kids, a battered set of golf clubs, a bungalow on California's Toluca Lake, some fruit trees and a Hammond organ, which he shipped all the way from his New York apartment. How he acquired all these things is the story you want to know.

It begins in a place called Cleburne, Texas, where he was born just 31 years ago. His father was a minister and Del's first job was that of janitor in his father's church—at \$4 a week. He was happy as a janitor, but his father wanted him to study Law, so he attended Texas Christian University. There, he earned his way through school by playing and singing with a dance band. Later, he joined the staff of station WBAP, in Fort Worth.

Del was a one man radio station, singing, acting and announcing at \$25 per week. After several years of working stations all over the Southwest, he ended up at \$19 a week. Not satisfied with this progress in reverse, he went to Chicago and, after starving for two weeks, took a job singing in a Presbyterian Church. There he met a man who steered him into his first break as an announcer on Chicago's station, WJJD.

Del stuck at that for a year and a half, then came to New York. He arrived without a single contact and, three days later, beat out 50 competitors for an important job at CBS. Three years later, he began to free lance his talents to such top notch programs as Ray Noble, Bob Hope, Song Shop, Hobby Lobby, Myrt and Marge, Ask it Basket, Lanny Ross and now, Amos 'n' Andy.

Del's wife is Meri-Bell, once famous as a radio singer, who retired after they were married. They were introduced by her accompanist, Hal Huffer, and Del invited them both up to his apartment, where they listened to hot records (Del's favorite pastime) and Meri-Bell sang for him. They didn't see each other again for a year, because Meri-Bell went on a vaudeville tour. When she returned, she called Del to say, "Hello," and he invited her to dinner. They had dinner together every night for two months straight. Then, she went on tour again. Her first stop was Plymouth, Massachusetts. Del saw pictures in the papers of snow drifts eight feet high in Plymouth, so he called her and said, "Honey, why don't you stop freezing to death and come back here and marry me?" She did. Now there is a Meri-Dell, aged four, and Richard, who is two and a half.

# WEDNESDAY

| P. W. T. | C. W. T. | Eastern War Time                     |
|----------|----------|--------------------------------------|
|          | 8:30     | Blue: Texas Time                     |
|          | 9:00     | CBS: News                            |
|          | 9:00     | Blue: Breakfast Club                 |
|          | 9:00     | NBC: Everything Goes                 |
| 1:30     | 2:30     | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air          |
|          | 8:45     | 9:45 CBS: The Victory Front          |
| 8:30     | 9:00     | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady              |
|          | 9:00     | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson    |
|          | 9:00     | 10:00 NBC: Victory Volunteers        |
| 8:45     | 9:15     | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle               |
|          | 9:15     | 10:15 Blue: News                     |
| 9:00     | 9:15     | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills              |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill            |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 Blue: Baby Institute           |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate                 |
| 12:45    | 9:45     | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children       |
|          | 9:45     | 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn             |
|          | 9:45     | 10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone          |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 CBS: Musical Appetizer         |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's     |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life              |
| 8:15     | 10:15    | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband            |
|          | 8:15     | 10:15 NBC: Vic and Sade              |
| 8:30     | 10:30    | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon            |
| 8:30     | 10:30    | 11:30 NBC: Snow Village              |
| 11:15    | 10:45    | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories      |
| 8:45     | 10:45    | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little       |
|          | 10:45    | 11:45 NBC: David Harum               |
| 9:00     | 11:00    | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks         |
| 9:00     | 11:00    | 12:00 NBC: Words and Music           |
| 9:15     | 11:15    | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister                |
| 9:30     | 11:30    | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent    |
| 9:30     | 11:30    | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour       |
|          | 9:45     | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday            |
| 10:00    | 12:00    | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful      |
| 10:00    | 12:00    | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking          |
| 10:15    | 12:15    | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins                 |
| 10:15    | 12:15    | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh            |
| 10:30    | 12:30    | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade               |
|          | 12:45    | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs              |
| 10:45    | 12:45    | 1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News        |
| 11:00    | 1:00     | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone           |
| 11:00    | 1:00     | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World         |
| 12:30    | 1:15     | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.         |
| 11:15    | 1:15     | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women               |
| 11:30    | 1:30     | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn          |
| 11:30    | 1:30     | 2:30 Blue: James McDonald            |
| 11:30    | 1:30     | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light          |
| 11:45    | 1:45     | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family      |
| 11:45    | 1:45     | 2:45 Blue: Stella Unger              |
| 11:45    | 1:45     | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches      |
|          | 2:00     | 3:00 CBS: David Harum                |
|          | 2:00     | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin                |
| 12:00    | 2:00     | 3:00 CBS: Sing Along—Landt Trio      |
| 12:15    | 2:15     | 3:15 CBS: Ma Perkins                 |
| 12:15    | 2:15     | 3:15 NBC: Songs of the Centuries     |
| 12:30    | 2:30     | 3:30 CBS: Ted Malone                 |
| 12:30    | 2:30     | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family      |
| 12:45    | 2:45     | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness         |
| 12:45    | 2:45     | 3:45 Blue: Men of the Sea            |
| 1:00     | 3:00     | 4:00 CBS: News                       |
| 1:00     | 3:00     | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee              |
| 1:00     | 3:00     | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife             |
| 1:15     | 3:15     | 4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas              |
| 1:15     | 3:15     | 4:15 NBC: Green Valley, U. S. A.     |
| 1:30     | 3:30     | 4:30 CBS: Country Journal            |
| 1:30     | 3:30     | 4:30 Blue: Lorenzo Jones             |
| 1:45     | 3:45     | 4:45 CBS: Mountain Music             |
| 1:45     | 3:45     | 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown         |
| 2:00     | 4:00     | 5:00 CBS: Radio Reader               |
| 2:00     | 4:00     | 5:00 Blue: Sea Hound                 |
| 2:00     | 4:00     | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries        |
| 2:15     | 4:15     | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad             |
| 2:15     | 4:15     | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan              |
| 2:15     | 4:15     | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life          |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius?          |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong            |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 MBS: Superman                   |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill            |
| 2:45     | 4:45     | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie                 |
| 2:45     | 4:45     | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight          |
| 2:45     | 4:45     | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell         |
| 7:45     | 5:00     | 6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe, News          |
| 3:15     | 5:10     | 6:10 CBS: Eric Sevareid              |
| 3:30     | 5:15     | 6:15 CBS: Today at the Duncans       |
| 3:30     | 5:30     | 6:30 CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing |
| 3:45     | 5:45     | 6:45 CBS: The World Today            |
|          | 6:00     | 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy              |
| 4:00     | 6:00     | 7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle           |
| 4:00     | 6:00     | 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang         |
| 8:15     | 6:15     | 7:15 CBS: Harry James                |
| 4:15     | 6:15     | 7:15 NBC: European News              |
| 4:30     | 6:30     | 7:30 CBS: Easy Aces                  |
| 4:45     | 6:45     | 7:45 CBS: The Lone Ranger            |
| 4:45     | 6:45     | 7:45 Blue: Mr. Keen                  |
| 4:45     | 6:45     | 7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn           |
| 5:00     | 7:00     | 8:00 CBS: Nelson Eddy                |
| 8:00     | 7:00     | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News         |
| 9:15     | 7:00     | 8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney                 |
|          | 7:00     | 8:00 NBC: Mr. and Mrs. North         |
| 8:15     | 7:15     | 8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner             |
| 8:30     | 7:30     | 8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian              |
| 8:30     | 7:30     | 8:30 Blue: Manhattan at Midnight     |
| 5:55     | 7:55     | 8:55 CBS: Tommy Dorsey               |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 CBS: Cecil Brown                |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 MBS: Bob Burns                  |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 Blue: Gabriel Heatter           |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 NBC: Basin Street Music         |
| 6:15     | 8:15     | 9:15 MBS: Eddie Cantor               |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 CBS: Jack Pearl                 |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 Blue: Mayor of Our Town         |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 NBC: Spotlight Bands            |
| 6:55     | 8:55     | 9:55 Blue: Mr. District Attorney     |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 CBS: Gracie Fields             |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 Blue: Great Moments in Music   |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 NBC: John B. Hughes            |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 CBS: Kay Kyser                 |
| 7:30     | 9:30     | 10:30 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing       |
| 7:30     | 9:30     | 10:30 CBS: Man Behind the Gun        |



**SUSAN TUCKER HUNTINGTON**  
of New Canaan and New York

Her engagement to Aviation Cadet Warren Albert Stevens was announced September 9th. *Her Ring* (at right) is set with an emerald, Susan's birthstone, shining either side of the exquisite diamond.



Warren has gone South to train as an Army flyer, and Susan is hard at work at the Delehanty Institute taking the course in "Assembly and Inspection" so she'll be ready to step right into a vital job on an airplane production line.

"Drills, bolts, screws and nuts have a way of leaving grimy smudges on my face," says Susan, "so I'm being *extra* fussy about getting my skin *extra* clean. Pond's Cold Cream suits me just fine. It helps slick off every tiny little speck of machine dirt and grease—and afterwards my face feels soft as a glamour girl's."

Use Pond's yourself—and see *why* Susan says it's "grand." You'll see, too, why war-busy society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan praise it—why it is used by more women and girls than any other face cream. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.



**LEARNING TO DO A JOB THE U. S. NEEDS**—At her bench at the Delehanty Institute, Susan drills precisely accurate holes in metal castings—a process she'll use often when she starts her war job. "Warren would be surprised if he could see how mechanically exact I'm getting to be," she says.

**Susan Huntington,  
Air Cadet Stevens  
Married in Alabama**

Just as this page about Susan's and Warren's engagement was going to press—they were married! Like so many girls engaged to army men these days, Susan's wedding plans were changed almost overnight.

*She's Engaged!*

**She's Lovely! She uses POND'S!**

**"SHALL I SEND HIM YOUR LOVE, TOO?"**

Susan asks Jupiter—sympathetic wire-haired terrier. After a grimy day in the school shop, it's wonderful to feel frilly and feminine again. Susan, in her sweet pink negligee, is bewitching with her big dark eyes, and flower-*lovely* Pond's complexion.



**COPY SUSAN'S SOFT-SMOOTH COMPLEXION CARE—**

Use Pond's Cold Cream as she does—*every night* and for daytime clean-ups.

First, Susan smooths Pond's all over her face and throat. She pats gently, with brisk little pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well.

Next, Susan "rinses" with *more* soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream and tissues it all off again. "My face feels *grand*," she says.

*It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!*



# THURSDAY

| P. W. T. | C. W. T. | Eastern War Time                  |
|----------|----------|-----------------------------------|
|          | 8:30     | Blue: Texas Jim                   |
|          | 9:00     | CBS: News                         |
|          | 9:00     | Blue: Breakfast Club              |
|          | 9:00     | NBC: Everything Goes              |
| 1:30     | 2:30     | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air       |
|          | 8:45     | 9:45 CBS: The Victory Front       |
| 8:30     | 9:00     | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady           |
|          | 9:00     | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson |
|          | 9:00     | 10:00 NBC: Victory Volunteers     |
| 8:45     | 9:15     | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle            |
|          | 9:15     | 10:15 Blue: News                  |
| 9:00     | 9:15     | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills           |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill         |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 Blue: Baby Institute        |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate              |
| 12:45    | 9:45     | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children    |
|          | 9:45     | 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn          |
|          | 9:45     | 10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone       |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor        |
|          | 10:00    | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's  |
|          | 10:00    | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life           |
| 8:15     | 10:15    | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband         |
|          | 10:15    | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade           |
| 8:30     | 10:30    | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon         |
|          | 10:30    | 11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights |
| 8:30     | 10:30    | 11:30 NBC: Snow Village           |
| 11:15    | 10:45    | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories   |
|          | 10:45    | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little    |
| 8:45     | 10:45    | 11:45 NBC: David Harum            |
| 9:00     | 11:00    | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks      |
|          | 11:00    | 12:00 NBC: Words and Music        |
| 9:15     | 11:15    | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister             |
|          | 11:30    | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
|          | 11:30    | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour    |
| 9:45     | 11:45    | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday         |
| 10:00    | 12:00    | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful   |
|          | 12:00    | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking       |
| 10:00    | 12:00    | 1:00 NBC: Air Breaks              |
| 10:15    | 12:15    | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins              |
|          | 12:15    | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh         |
| 10:30    | 12:30    | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade            |
|          | 12:45    | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs           |
| 10:45    | 12:45    | 1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News     |
| 11:00    | 1:00     | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone        |
|          | 1:00     | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World      |
| 12:30    | 1:15     | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.      |
|          | 1:15     | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women            |
| 11:30    | 1:30     | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn       |
|          | 1:30     | 2:30 Blue: James McDonald         |
| 11:30    | 1:30     | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light       |
| 11:45    | 1:45     | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family   |
|          | 1:45     | 2:45 Blue: Stella Unger           |
| 11:45    | 1:45     | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches   |
| 12:00    | 2:00     | 3:00 CBS: David Harum             |
|          | 2:00     | 3:00 Blue: Three R's              |
| 12:00    | 2:00     | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin             |
| 12:15    | 2:15     | 3:15 CBS: Sing Along              |
|          | 2:15     | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins              |
| 12:30    | 2:30     | 3:30 CBS: Indianapolis Symphony   |
|          | 2:30     | 3:30 Blue: Ted Malone             |
| 12:30    | 2:30     | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family   |
| 12:45    | 2:45     | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness      |
| 1:00     | 3:00     | 4:00 CBS: News                    |
|          | 3:00     | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee           |
| 1:00     | 3:00     | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife          |
| 1:15     | 3:15     | 4:15 CBS: Listen Neighbor         |
|          | 3:15     | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas           |
| 1:30     | 3:30     | 4:30 CBS: Highways to Health      |
|          | 3:30     | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones           |
| 1:45     | 3:45     | 4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record     |
|          | 3:45     | 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown      |
| 2:00     | 4:00     | 5:00 CBS: Radio Reader            |
|          | 4:00     | 5:00 Blue: Sea Hound              |
| 2:00     | 4:00     | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries     |
| 2:15     | 4:15     | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad          |
|          | 4:15     | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan           |
| 2:15     | 4:15     | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life       |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius?       |
|          | 4:30     | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong         |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 MBS: Superman                |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill         |
| 2:45     | 4:45     | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie              |
|          | 4:45     | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight       |
| 2:45     | 4:45     | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell      |
| 7:45     | 5:00     | 6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt            |
|          | 5:15     | 6:15 CBS: Don't You Believe It    |
| 3:30     | 5:30     | 6:30 CBS: Leon Henderson          |
|          | 5:30     | 6:30 NBC: Bill Stern              |
| 3:45     | 5:45     | 6:45 CBS: The World Today         |
|          | 5:45     | 6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas          |
| 8:00     | 6:00     | 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy           |
|          | 6:00     | 7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle        |
| 8:00     | 6:00     | 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang      |
| 4:05     | 6:05     | 7:05 Blue: The Army-Navy Game     |
| 8:15     | 6:15     | 7:15 CBS: Harry James             |
|          | 6:15     | 7:15 NBC: European News           |
| 4:30     | 6:30     | 7:30 CBS: Easy Aces               |
|          | 6:30     | 7:30 NBC: To Be Announced         |
| 4:45     | 6:45     | 7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen                |
| 5:00     | 7:00     | 8:00 CBS: Reflections             |
|          | 7:00     | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News      |
| 8:30     | 7:00     | 8:00 NBC: Coffee Time             |
| 8:15     | 7:15     | 8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner          |
| 8:30     | 7:30     | 8:30 CBS: Death Valley Days       |
|          | 7:30     | 8:30 Blue: America's Town Meeting |
| 5:30     | 7:30     | 8:30 NBC: ALDRICH FAMILY          |
| 5:55     | 7:55     | 8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown             |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 CBS: Major Bowes             |
|          | 8:00     | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter         |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 NBC: KRAFT MUSIC HALL        |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 CBS: Stage Door Canteen      |
|          | 8:30     | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands        |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 NBC: Rudy Vallee             |
| 6:55     | 8:55     | 9:55 Blue: Gracie Fields          |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 CBS: The First Line         |
|          | 9:00     | 10:00 MBS: Raymond Clapper        |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing    |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 NBC: Abbott and Costello    |
| 7:30     | 9:30     | 10:30 NBC: March of Time          |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 CBS: Talks                  |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News       |



## STRICTLY FOR LAUGHS...

When you walk into a radio studio and see a crowd of actors laughing, then look for Ann Thomas. She's usually telling a story about herself and how life mistreats her. She wrinkles her freckled nose, tousles her red hair, squints her jade eyes and, in a voice that sounds as if she had just swallowed ground glass, she tells her woes.

Before you ever heard Ann Thomas as "Miss Thomas" on the "Easy Aces," or as "Casey, the secretary" on "Abie's Irish Rose," or on any of her other numerous radio shows, she had appeared in some thirty-five plays on Broadway. All of the plays were flops, but the critics raved about Ann.

That didn't please her. "You can't eat good notices," she says. "So I decided to get a little of that money they hand out in radio." She didn't know anything about how to get into radio, so she went up to NBC and walked around the halls, looking for places they might be holding auditions. This didn't work, so she began wandering around in advertising agencies.

At one agency, Ann cornered a man hurrying out of an office and said, "Hey, you! Where are they holding auditions for the 'Perfect Crime' dramas? I," she informed him, "am the criminal type." The man happened to be Max Marcin, the director of the show, and he happened to be on his way to audition actresses for a part. He hired Ann on the spot and called off the auditions.

Ann was born in Newport, Rhode Island, but the family moved to the Bronx when she was very young. Her mother wanted her to become a dancer and enrolled her in the Metropolitan Ballet School, and the famous Professional Children's School. "I wore out my toes for nine years taking ballet lessons," Ann sighs, "and I never earned a nickel dancing."

She did get a part in a David Belasco play, when she was seven. At that time, just across the river in New Jersey, the motion picture industry was getting under way. Ann followed a troupe of Bronx Boy Scouts, who were Jersey bound on a camping trip, and ended up before the cameras. She worked in early Milton Sills films and one of her actress playmates was Madge Evans.

Right after Max Marcin hired her, Goodman Ace saw her in a Broadway show. He sent for her to play a bit, fell in love with her whiskey voice and whacky manner and she's been on the show ever since, playing herself, Miss Thomas. She started out playing a bit in the "Joe and Mabel" show and ended up with the lead. That often happens.

Ann is crazy about radio. When she landed her first job in a "strip" show, which is slang for a daytime radio serial, she rushed home to her mother and yelled, "Hey, Mom! I'm in a strip!" Her mother thought she had joined a burlesque show and was quite shocked.

# FRIDAY

| P. W. T. | C. W. T. | Eastern War Time                     |
|----------|----------|--------------------------------------|
|          | 8:30     | Blue: Texas Jim                      |
|          | 9:00     | CBS: News                            |
|          | 9:00     | Blue: Breakfast Club                 |
|          | 9:00     | NBC: Everything Goes                 |
| 1:30     | 2:30     | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air          |
|          | 8:15     | 9:15 NBC: Isabel Manning Hewson      |
|          | 8:45     | 9:45 CBS: The Victory Front          |
| 8:30     | 9:00     | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady              |
|          | 9:00     | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson    |
|          | 9:00     | 10:00 NBC: Victory Volunteers        |
| 8:45     | 9:15     | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle               |
|          | 9:15     | 10:15 Blue: News                     |
| 9:00     | 9:15     | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills              |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill            |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 Blue: Baby Institute           |
|          | 9:30     | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate                 |
| 12:45    | 9:45     | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children       |
|          | 9:45     | 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn             |
|          | 9:45     | 10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone          |
| 8:00     | 10:00    | 11:00 CBS: Sophisticators            |
|          | 10:00    | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's     |
|          | 10:00    | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life              |
| 8:15     | 10:15    | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband            |
|          | 10:15    | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade              |
| 8:30     | 10:30    | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon            |
|          | 10:30    | 11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights    |
| 8:30     | 10:30    | 11:30 NBC: Snow Village              |
| 8:45     | 10:45    | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories      |
|          | 10:45    | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little       |
| 8:45     | 10:45    | 11:45 NBC: David Harum               |
| 9:00     | 11:00    | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks         |
|          | 11:00    | 12:00 NBC: Words and Music           |
| 9:15     | 11:15    | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister                |
|          | 11:30    | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent    |
|          | 11:30    | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour       |
| 9:45     | 11:45    | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday            |
| 10:00    | 12:00    | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful      |
|          | 12:00    | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking          |
| 10:15    | 12:15    | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins                 |
|          | 12:15    | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh            |
| 10:30    | 12:30    | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade               |
|          | 12:45    | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs              |
| 10:45    | 12:45    | 1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News        |
| 11:00    | 1:00     | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone           |
|          | 1:00     | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World         |
| 12:30    | 1:15     | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.         |
|          | 1:15     | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women               |
| 11:30    | 1:30     | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn          |
|          | 1:30     | 2:30 Blue: James McDonald            |
| 11:30    | 1:30     | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light          |
| 11:45    | 1:45     | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family      |
|          | 1:45     | 2:45 Blue: Stella Unger              |
| 11:45    | 1:45     | 2:45 NBC: Betty Crocker              |
| 12:00    | 2:00     | 3:00 CBS: David Harum                |
|          | 2:00     | 3:00 Blue: Three R's                 |
| 12:00    | 2:00     | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin                |
| 12:15    | 2:15     | 3:15 CBS: Sing Along                 |
|          | 2:15     | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins                 |
| 12:30    | 2:30     | 3:30 CBS: Eastman School Symphony    |
|          | 2:30     | 3:30 Blue: Ted Malone                |
| 12:30    | 2:30     | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family      |
| 12:45    | 2:45     | 3:45 Blue: Men of the Sea            |
| 12:45    | 2:45     | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness         |
| 1:00     | 3:00     | 4:00 CBS: News                       |
|          | 3:00     | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee              |
| 1:00     | 3:00     | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife             |
| 1:15     | 3:15     | 4:15 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.     |
|          | 3:15     | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas              |
| 1:30     | 3:30     | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones              |
| 1:30     | 3:30     | 4:30 CBS: Exploring Space            |
| 1:45     | 3:45     | 4:45 CBS: Mountain Music             |
|          | 3:45     | 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown         |
| 2:00     | 4:00     | 5:00 CBS: Radio Reader               |
|          | 4:00     | 5:00 Blue: Sea Hound                 |
| 2:00     | 4:00     | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries        |
| 2:15     | 4:15     | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad             |
|          | 4:15     | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan              |
| 2:15     | 4:15     | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life          |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 CBS: Landt Trio and Curley      |
|          | 4:30     | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong            |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 MBS: Superman                   |
| 2:30     | 4:30     | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill            |
| 2:45     | 4:45     | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie                 |
|          | 4:45     | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight          |
| 2:45     | 4:45     | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell         |
| 3:00     | 5:00     | 6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe, News          |
|          | 5:10     | 6:10 CBS: Eric Sevareid              |
| 3:15     | 5:15     | 6:15 CBS: Today at the Duncans       |
|          | 5:30     | 6:30 CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing |
| 3:45     | 5:45     | 6:45 CBS: The World Today            |
|          | 5:45     | 6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas             |
| 8:00     | 6:00     | 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy              |
|          | 6:00     | 7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle           |
| 8:00     | 6:00     | 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang         |
| 8:15     | 6:15     | 7:15 CBS: Our Secret Weapon          |
|          | 6:15     | 7:15 NBC: European News              |
| 4:30     | 6:30     | 7:30 CBS: Easy Aces                  |
|          | 6:30     | 7:30 Blue: The Lone Ranger           |
| 7:30     | 6:30     | 7:30 NBC: Tommy Riggs, Betty Lou     |
| 4:45     | 6:45     | 7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen                   |
|          | 6:45     | 7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn           |
| 9:00     | 7:00     | 8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH                 |
|          | 7:00     | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News         |
| 9:15     | 7:00     | 8:00 MBS: Cat Tinney                 |
|          | 7:00     | 8:00 NBC: Cities Service Concert     |
| 8:15     | 7:15     | 8:15 Blue: Dinah Shore               |
| 5:30     | 7:30     | 8:30 Blue: Those Good Old Days       |
|          | 7:30     | 8:30 NBC: INFORMATION PLEASE         |
| 5:55     | 7:55     | 8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown                |
| 8:30     | 8:00     | 9:00 CBS: Philip Morris Playhouse    |
|          | 8:00     | 9:00 Blue: Gang Busters              |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter            |
| 6:00     | 8:00     | 9:00 NBC: Waltz Time                 |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 CBS: That Brewster Boy          |
|          | 8:30     | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands           |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 MBS: Double or Nothing          |
| 6:30     | 8:30     | 9:30 NBC: Plantation Party           |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 CBS: Camel Caravan             |
|          | 9:00     | 10:00 Blue: Meet Your Navy           |
| 7:00     | 9:00     | 10:00 NBC: People Are Funny          |
| 7:30     | 9:30     | 10:30 Blue: John Gunther, News       |





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NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK





Continued from page 27

| PACIFIC WAR TIME | CENTRAL WAR TIME | EASTERN WAR TIME                |
|------------------|------------------|---------------------------------|
| 8:00             | 8:00             | CBS: News of the World          |
| 8:00             | 8:00             | Blue: News                      |
| 8:00             | 8:00             | NBC: News                       |
| 8:15             | 8:15             | CBS: Music of Today             |
| 8:30             | 8:30             | CBS: Missus Goes A-shopping     |
| 8:30             | 8:30             | NBC: Dick Leibert               |
| 8:30             | 8:30             | Blue: Texas Jim                 |
| 8:45             | 8:45             | CBS: Adelaide Hawley            |
| 8:45             | 8:45             | Blue: News                      |
| 8:45             | 8:45             | NBC: News                       |
| 9:00             | 9:00             | CBS: Press News                 |
| 9:00             | 9:00             | Blue: Breakfast Club            |
| 9:00             | 9:00             | NBC: Everything Goes            |
| 9:15             | 9:15             | CBS: Caucasian Melodies         |
| 9:30             | 9:30             | CBS: Garden Gate                |
| 9:00             | 10:00            | CBS: Youth on Parade            |
| 9:00             | 10:00            | Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson     |
| 9:00             | 10:00            | NBC: Orchestra                  |
| 9:30             | 10:30            | CBS: Hillbilly Champions        |
| 9:30             | 10:30            | Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights     |
| 9:30             | 10:30            | NBC: Nellie Revell              |
| 9:45             | 10:45            | NBC: String Serenade            |
| 10:00            | 11:00            | CBS: Warren Sweeney, News       |
| 10:00            | 11:00            | Blue: Servicemen's Hop          |
| 10:00            | 11:00            | NBC: The Creightons Are Coming  |
| 10:15            | 11:15            | CBS: God's Country              |
| 10:30            | 11:30            | CBS: Let's Pretend              |
| 10:30            | 11:30            | Blue: Little Blue Playhouse     |
| 10:30            | 11:30            | NBC: U. S. Coast Guard Band     |
| 11:00            | 12:00            | CBS: Theater of Today           |
| 11:00            | 12:00            | Blue: Music by Black            |
| 11:00            | 12:00            | NBC: News                       |
| 9:15             | 11:15            | NBC: Consumer Time              |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | CBS: Stars Over Hollywood       |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | Blue: Farm Bureau               |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | NBC: Whatcha Know, Joe          |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | CBS: Country Journal            |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | Blue: Vincent Lopez             |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | NBC: Pan-American Holiday       |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | CBS: Adventures in Science      |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | Blue: Washington Luncheon       |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | NBC: Matinee in Rhythm          |
| 10:45            | 12:45            | CBS: David Cheskin's Orchestra  |
| 10:45            | 12:45            | Blue: People's War              |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | CBS: News                       |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | Blue: Metropolitan Opera        |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | NBC: Frank Black's Matinee      |
| 11:05            | 1:05             | CBS: Of Men and Books           |
| 11:30            | 1:30             | CBS: Spirit of '43              |
| 1:45             | 1:45             | NBC: To be Announced            |
| 12:00            | 2:00             | CBS: F. O. B. Detroit           |
| 12:00            | 2:00             | NBC: Golden Melodies            |
| 12:30            | 2:30             | CBS: Hello from Hawaii          |
| 12:30            | 2:30             | NBC: News                       |
| 12:45            | 2:45             | NBC: Charles Dant's Orchestra   |
| 1:00             | 3:00             | CBS: Matinees at Meadowbrook    |
| 1:00             | 3:00             | NBC: Matinee in Rhythm          |
| 1:30             | 3:30             | CBS: Report from Washington     |
| 1:30             | 3:30             | NBC: Music of America           |
| 1:45             | 3:45             | CBS: Report from London         |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | CBS: Cleveland Symphony         |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | Blue: Joe Rines Orchestra       |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | NBC: Charles Dant Orchestra     |
| 2:30             | 4:30             | CBS: Three Suns Trio            |
| 2:45             | 4:45             | NBC: News, Upton Close          |
| 7:45             | 5:00             | CBS: Frazier Hunt               |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | Blue: Dinner Music              |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | NBC: Gallicchio Orch.           |
| 3:15             | 5:15             | CBS: Calling Pan-America        |
| 3:30             | 5:30             | Blue: Message of Israel         |
| 3:30             | 5:30             | NBC: Religion in the News       |
| 3:45             | 5:45             | CBS: The World Today            |
| 3:45             | 5:45             | NBC: Paul Lavallo Orch.         |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | CBS: People's Platform          |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | Blue: Over Here                 |
| 8:00             | 6:30             | CBS: Thanks to the Yanks        |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | Blue: The Green Hornet          |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | NBC: Ellery Queen               |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | CBS: Crumit and Sanderson       |
| 8:00             | 7:00             | Blue: Roy Porter, News          |
| 8:30             | 7:00             | NBC: Abie's Irish Rose          |
| 5:15             | 7:15             | Blue: Boston Symphony Orchestra |
| 8:30             | 7:30             | CBS: Hobby Lobby                |
| 5:30             | 7:30             | Blue: Over Here                 |
| 8:00             | 7:30             | NBC: Truth or Consequences      |
| 5:55             | 7:55             | CBS: Eric Sevareid              |
| 9:00             | 8:00             | CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE            |
| 6:00             | 8:00             | Blue: National Barn Dance       |
| 6:00             | 8:00             | NBC: Edward Tomlinson           |
| 6:15             | 8:15             | Blue: Can You Top This          |
| 6:30             | 8:30             | NBC: Spotlight Band             |
| 6:45             | 8:45             | CBS: Saturday Night Serenade    |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | Blue: Danny Thomas              |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | NBC: Bill Stern Sports Newsreel |
| 7:15             | 9:15             | CBS: Soldiers With Wings        |
| 7:15             | 9:15             | NBC: Dick Powell                |
| 7:30             | 9:30             | Blue: John Gunther, News        |
| 7:30             | 9:30             | NBC: Ted Steele Variety         |
| 7:45             | 9:45             | CBS: Quoten Farrell             |
| 8:00             | 10:00            | CBS: Ned Calmer, News           |

race to be in time to lead a grand march with the girl he loved.

He reached the prom at eleven thirty and, Marian beside him, led the grand march which had been postponed for him.

"Did you think I never was coming?" he asked Marian.

Her answer was a confident smile as she slipped her arm into his.

MARIAN went to a girls' school that autumn, about thirty miles away. Vaughn, ambitious for the concert stage, played on with the band and began to study voice. When Marian came home week-ends they had less to say to each other. They no longer were going with the same people, doing the same things. Besides, Marian had gathered ideas about the way a man should dress and the way a man should act which Vaughn didn't share.

At times the more furiously they quarrelled the more tempestuously they flung themselves into each others' arms afterwards. Sometimes it was the other way. Slowly things changed.

Marian waited until a week before her school prom before she asked Vaughn to go with her. She thought this might be the time to break away from him completely, make a supreme effort to belong to herself once more and be free. It didn't help any that he had accepted an invitation from another girl when she finally invited him. It didn't help any that she and this girl weren't friends. All evening she and Vaughn didn't have a dance or a word together. Nevertheless each was conscious of the other every instant.

The next morning he called her. "How did you feel last night?" he wanted to know.

"Lost," she said, "and frightened." "You know what's happening, of course," he said. "We're losing each other. I don't want that to happen myself. If you don't either—well, we'd better do something about it."

She didn't answer. "The band's booked at Cleveland for a while," he said. "I'm waiting at the train now."

"I'll get to Cleveland for the week-end somehow," she promised.

She went to Cleveland almost every week-end while he was there.

Now she had put her snobbery behind her. Now whatever Vaughn did was right. When Vaughn finished playing Saturday nights they went to a little Cleveland cafe that stayed open until three or four o'clock in the morning. There, in a little booth, they lost themselves in each others' eyes and vowed their love.

Then Vaughn went on tour with the band. For nine months they didn't see each other. Occasionally he would scribble a note on the back of a menu card. He hated letter writing. But irrespective of how long she waited for word from him or how unsatisfactory it was when it came she never doubted his love or feared he would fall in love with someone else. She knew there never had been any other girl in his life. Up to that time she was right. It was different when he played at Seiler's Ten Acres, outside of Boston.

Marian arrived at the Cape one August evening. A friend told her:

"By the way, Marian, there's a rich girl here in town who's pretty keen

about your trumpet player."

Marian laughed. "Girls always make fools of themselves over Vaughn," she said.

Vaughn saw Marian instantly she came in, and waved. However, he didn't hand his stick over to one of his men and come quick and smiling to her, as he once would have done.

When, at last, he came over to her she knew something was wrong. He said he was glad to see her. But he didn't look or sound very glad. He laughed, abstractedly. He arranged a foursome when the band quit but all the time they were together his manner froze unsaid all the dear things she wanted to say to him.

Marian knew Vaughn feared the uncertainty of a musician's life. More than once when he had held her close and kissed her and wished he never had to let her go, he had said it wouldn't be fair for him to marry her, that he had no stability to his life, that he never knew where he was going to be or what he was going to have. And it was always useless for her to protest. He simply told her she didn't know what insecurity meant.

She didn't see Vaughn for several months after that.

Two days before Christmas, however, she reached the small apartment she shared in the city with a friend to find Vaughn waiting—grinning, arms outstretched.

"You should be done up in red cellophane and silver tinsel," she told him, suddenly warm and excited. "You're a wonderful Christmas present."

He was the old Vaughn and he brought the old feeling back with a rush, but she was wary now.

"Vaughn," she said, "what about that other girl—please, darling . . ."

"You know about her . . ." he said.

"I never loved her, Marian. I tried to—but I couldn't with you in the world."

She flung herself into his arms with a little cry. "I know how it is!" she told him. "Because you had her I tried to love someone else too. But that's something you can't make yourself do—when your heart remembers."

They had ten glorious days. Then he left for Miami, Florida.

She was content enough until one January evening when her brother and his girl came to visit at her flat. The things their eyes said to each other accentuated her loneliness.

"Why don't you call Vaughn long distance?" her brother suggested.

Marian needed little urging. She put through the call.

"Nothing's wrong," she assured Vaughn when she finally got him. "I—I just was lonely."

"It's horrible to be lonely," he said. "I know. I'm lonely all the time. For you, darling! Suppose you grab the next train and come down here and we get married."

"Oh, Vaughn," she said, "darling!"

It was April, two days after the hotel in Miami closed, that Vaughn stood at the altar of the big church and Marian's eyes smiled at him through her veil.

They've lived happily forever after, recently with a very little girl named Candy, short for Candace. And during the past year or two they have known a richer, fuller security than Vaughn dreamed possible for a guy who blew a trumpet in a band.



# Can you date these fashions?

Fill in the date of each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.



Only daring women bobbed their hair. People cranked cars by hand... sang "Over There". Women in suffrage parades. It was 1918 and army hospitals in France, desperately short of cotton for surgical dressings, welcomed a new American invention, Cellucotton\* Absorbent. Nurses started using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.



Stockings were black or white. Flappers wore open galoshes. Valentino played "The Sheik". People boasted about their radios... crystal sets with earphones. And women were talking about the new idea in personal hygiene—disposable Kotex\* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. Women by the millions welcomed this new product, advertised in 1921 at 65¢ per dozen.



Waistlines and hemlines nearly got together. Red nail polish was daring. "The Desert Song". Slave bracelets. The year was 1926 when women by the millions silently paid a clerk as they picked up a "ready wrapped" package of Kotex. The pad was now made narrower; gauze was softened to increase comfort. New rounded ends replaced the original square corners.



Platinum Blondes and miniature golf were the rage. Skirts dripped uneven hemlines... began to cling more closely. Could sanitary napkins be made invisible under the close-fitting skirts of 1930? Again Kotex pioneered... perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they are not stubby—do not cause telltale lines.



Debutantes danced the Big Apple. "Gone With the Wind" a best seller. An American woman married the ex-King of England. And a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women was enthusiastic about Kotex improvements in 1937. A double-duty safety center which prevents roping and twisting... increases protection by hours. And fluffy Wondersoft edges for a new high in softness!



Service rules today. Clothes of milk, shoes of glass, yet Cellucotton Absorbent is still preferred by leading hospitals. Still in Kotex, too, choice of more women than all other brands put together. For Kotex is made for service—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents! Today's best-buy—22¢.



# You Must Believe

Continued from page 40

at the customers! Then home again in the evening to a sketchy supper, and fall into bed, tired and lonely, with nothing about tomorrow to make you want to wake up. It wasn't quite living, and the only times I really came alive were when Jerry's letters arrived, or once in a while, in a sane moment, when I'd remember that all over the country there were girls just like me, alone and lonely and trying to make the best of it.

Even so, everything would probably have been all right if I'd been a better salesgirl. It just simply didn't seem to be in me to persuade people to buy things they didn't want, or more of something they wanted than they had intended to buy in the first place. We got a salary, but it wasn't a very big one, and above that we were given commissions on sales above a stated amount each week. Some of the girls did pretty well, but I couldn't manage to make more than a bare living.

One evening, struggling with the household accounts, I realized with a swift rush of apprehension that there was a pile of bills on the desk, a tax instalment notice topping it, a note from the plumber I'd called in, saying that some pipe in the basement would have to be replaced, and a little form politely reminding me that the days of grace on my insurance premium were almost up. Added together, they would take every cent of my salary and all but the last hundred dollars in our bank account.

I thought frantically of looking for some other kind of job—some work that paid better. But I realized how foolish that was. What else could I do that would command even as much money as I was making now? I wasn't trained for anything—anything but singing.

**T**HAT night I lay awake for hours trying mentally to make ends meet which were too far apart ever to come together. I'd have to make more money, somehow, that was certain. I couldn't tell Jerry that I was failing at the job he'd left for me to do. It was important that I keep our home for us, for that wonderful time in the future when we could be together again. And I mustn't run crying with my troubles to him, either. What had he said about a wife a man could have faith in? Well, this was a part of that, too. He should be able to have faith in my ability to get along. He should be free of any worry about me. And I'd make it that way, I

vowed into the dark shadows of the big old bedroom.

If only Jerry didn't feel the way he did about night clubs! I wished over and over that I could make him see that there was no more harm in working in one than there was in working in a department store. It's all in the attitude of one's mind, I told myself, but I'd never been able to make him see it that way. If only I could make him realize how much easier it was for me to be doing something I could do, knew how to do—something which paid well and at which I felt secure.

Somehow, during the night, it was as if my mind had been made up for me, for I woke with the resolution to do something about it and do it today. In a way, it wasn't so much making up my mind as giving in, really. There just wasn't anything else I could do. Not that it was going to be easy...

That afternoon I said I had a headache and left the store early. I hadn't seen Sam Waller since the night before Jerry and I had been married—the night of the argument. I wasn't quite sure how to approach him now, how he'd feel toward me, and I walked around the block twice before I could get up my courage to go into the Crossroads Cafe.

**B**UT the moment Sam Waller's eyes lighted on me I knew it was all right. "Eileen!" he cried, and caught my elbow to swing me around. "Let me look at you!" He was smiling, and his eyes were bright with pleasure. "How are you, anyway?"

"I'm fine, Sam. I—I wanted to see you."

"Good," he said. "Come along into the office." He turned and led the way, and then he stopped short to throw one questioning word over his shoulder. "Trouble?"

I nodded. "Sort of, Sam."

He went on, opening the office door, sitting down at the old desk in the corner, waving me into the chair beside it. "Nothing wrong with your looks, anyway, Eileen—still as beautiful as ever. Well, you've come to the old trouble shooter. Let's hear about it."

"Sam," I began, and then I stopped, finding it hard, in the face of what had happened, to put my request into words.

His brown eyes grew serious. "Burns said you were married to him, Eileen, when he came to pick up your things. He wasn't lying?"

I laughed. This at least was one

thing I could laugh at. "No, of course not, Sam—Jerry wasn't lying. We're married. No, it isn't that at all."

"And happy?" he asked.

I nodded emphatically. "And happy—very, very happy." The memory of that happiness swept over me, leaving me a little breathless.

"Then what's wrong? Don't be afraid to tell me."

It was hard to begin, but when I'd got the first words out the rest came with a rush. "Sam, I—Sam, he's in the Army, and I need a job." Then I told him all about it—the house, the bills, the perfume counter, everything.

**W**HEN I was through he was grinning, but his eyes held the old, kindly warmth. "You don't think you'd have to beg me for a job, did you? Bless you, honey—when do you want to start?"

The relief at having it settled at last left me weak. "Sam, you're wonderful!" was all I could manage.

He shook his head, and his eyes twinkled merrily. "No—just practical. You're darned good for business, you know. And besides, somebody has to keep an eye on you. Nope, not wonderful—call it selfish, eh?"

It was almost like the time I'd got my first job with Sam, going back to the Crossroads Cafe. I was as nervous and excited as if I were going to sing in public for the first time. And it felt so good to be singing again! There was the beat of the rhythm behind me, there was my voice, filling the place. There was the applause, as warming as wine.

I decided at once that I wouldn't tell Jerry until he got home. It would be better that way—better to sit close beside him, to tell him all of the troubles and then to add the solution to them. That way, he wouldn't have a moment's worry while he was in camp, not a moment to wonder if I were the kind of wife in whom a soldier can have faith. For I was sure that once I could talk to him I could make him see. It was a different matter now. Before, he had been able to take me away from the night club, to take care of me. Now the night club was once again a refuge. Surely, surely, he'd prefer to have me working there, happy, pleased with my work, able to earn enough to keep our heads above water, to preserve the things with which we wanted to furnish our future, than to have me struggling and failing in Perry's Department Store. It was only right, it was only logical, I told myself.

For the first time since Jerry had gone I began to come alive, to feel like a normal human being once again. Oh, I still missed him terribly, of course, but not in the same dull nagging way. And I was happy while I was working, at least, which I certainly never had been behind that perfume counter. Soon time stopped dragging at me and began to slip through my fingers once more. The weeks hurried by, and I had long ago stopped worrying about how Jerry would take my working at the Crossroads Cafe again. I was sure, now, that when he saw how happy I was, how I'd been able to tide us over our difficulties, he would understand that I had done the right thing.

And then Jerry wrote that he would

Continued on page 61



## Say Hello To-

**RAYMOND PAIGE**—maestro of the CBS Stage Door Canteen program on Thursday nights. He's probably the happiest bandleader you've ever known, since every bandleader dreams of directing a versatile, flexible orchestra, capable of playing any kind of music—and Ray is almost the only one who has realized his dream. Ray began his career in Wausau, Wisconsin, with a fiddle he bought from a peddler for three and a half dollars. Later, he played the violin in movie theater orchestras in Los Angeles, and became a director on the day the regular director didn't show up. It was the turning point in his career, and started him on the way to becoming a big-time radio conductor. He's a bit chubby, forty-two years old, and very happily married.





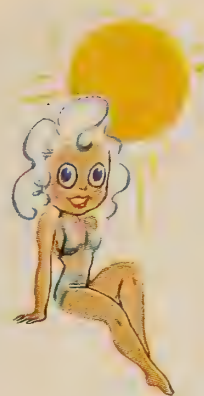
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BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY—Producers of Fine Foods  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Continued from page 58

soon have a ten-day furlough. With the letter from him tucked into my purse like a talisman against loneliness, I walked happily along the streets that day, planning all the things we would do to fill those precious ten days full of bursting with happiness. It was raining, but my own personal sun was shining, and my winged feet were so far off the ground that they didn't even notice the slush. On a crowded corner, someone brushed against me and knocked the purse from under my arm, bringing me swiftly down to earth. Everything in it scattered through the rain-wet snow. In a moment two or three people were helping to collect my dripping change purse and compact and comb, and that bundle of Jerry's letters I always carried with me.

As soon as I got to the dressing room at the Crossroads I dumped all the things from my bag onto the table. I wanted to clean up the mess, to check and see that all my belongings had been returned to me. And then I found it.

**A DIRTY**, wet envelope—a heavy one. And it wasn't mine. I'd never seen it before. Hastily I opened it—and out tumbled more money than I'd ever seen at one time before in my life.

There were twenty dollar bills—crisp, crackly new ones. Five hundred dollars. I simply sat and stared at the heap.

Of course, it must have been lying on the street, I decided at last, when those people helped me to pick up my things. Probably someone had thought it was mine and handed it to me along with the bundle of Jerry's letters. I put out a tentative hand to touch the bills, to smooth them out, and my mind played with the idea of how nice it would be to have that much money all at once. But of course someone would advertise for it, and then I'd return it. People just didn't leave five hundred dollars lying around in the streets without making any effort to recover it.

I reached over and picked up one of the Crossroads Cafe envelopes lying on my dressing table and slipped the bills into it, crumpling up the slush-wet one they had come in. And later that night when I went home, I slipped the envelope full of money under some of Jerry's shirts for safe-keeping until the owner should turn up.

Next morning, while I looked carefully through the newspapers, I had all sorts of fantastic ideas. I simply couldn't get my mind out of my head. Suppose it wasn't claimed? How long should I wait before depositing it in the bank under my own name? Was it my duty to turn it over to the police even if a claimant never showed up? Suppose it was stolen money and the loser couldn't risk advertising for it?

There was nothing about the money in the papers that day, nor the next, nor the next. Then we began rehearsals for a new floor show at the club, and Jerry wrote that his furlough would be very soon, and those two things kept me so busy working and thinking that I almost forgot about having the money at all.

And then that day came—that day which I remember best of all the days of my life, so sharply are all the details of it, all the misery and fear and

heartbreak, etched on my mind.

It was early afternoon and I was sitting at the desk, making an idle pretense of writing letters, but actually gazing off into space, dreaming of the day—any day now—when Jerry would come home, putting the polish of perfection on the plans I had made for that fortnight ahead of us.

The bell rang and I went to answer it, opening the door just a crack, for the wind was howling. And then I flung the door wide, and I heard my own voice making an ecstatic little sound with no words to it. For he stood, grinning broadly, on the doorstep.

"Oh, Jerry," I cried, flinging myself into his arms. And "Jerry, Jerry, Jerry," I repeated, as if the repetition of his name would make this wonderful dream real. "Darling, why didn't you let me know?"

He pushed me inside, kicked the door behind him with a foot, for his arms were full. "Don't you like surprises, honey?"

"Oh, I love surprises," I told him. "I love them when they're as nice as this one!"

Jerry whirled me about the hall and kissed me and our laughter rang foolishly and sweetly, for love had come home to the old house. Presently he sat down in his mother's old rocker, which still stood near the fireplace, and pulled me down into his lap, kissing me hungrily. "Gosh, honey dear, it's so good, so good to be back home with you. I can tell you—" and then he stopped, and the warmth in him fell away a little. He sat up straight.

"What's the matter, Eileen?" he asked.

"Matter? Nothing's the matter—nothing has been so right as it is right now for ages. Why?"

"Why? You're home. You're not working."

**WELL**, it had to come, and in a way I was glad it had come now, so that I could get it over with, so that the shadow of having to tell Jerry about working at the Crossroads Cafe wouldn't hang over me to darken the brightness of the days ahead.

I got up from his lap and sat on the little footstool at his feet, my elbows crossed on his knees, my face looking up into his. "I—I'm not working at the store now, Jerry," I said. "I

haven't been for quite a while." I caught his hands and held them tight, willing him to understand. And then I told him all about the bills and not being able to make ends meet, and worrying so terribly.

Pain fought with anger in his eyes. "Did you have to do it that way?" he asked, defeat in his voice. "Did you have to go back to that place?" He pulled his hands away from mine and buried his face in them. "You don't know how I hate that, Eileen—making a—show of yourself, for half-drunken men to look at. You know it yourself—you've seen them sitting there, their eyes eating you up. You know what ideas they get about a girl in your position."

I found courage to be firm. "I had to, Jerry," I repeated. "It was the only thing I knew to do."

He dropped his hands again, caught and held my eyes. "And Waller—he was glad to get you back, wasn't he?"

**O H, Jerry!** I cried. "Yes, of course Sam was glad to have me back. He's been fine—kind to me. And that's all. That's all he's ever been."

"Then why didn't you tell me before?" His voice was harsh. "Why didn't you write and tell me what you were doing, if you weren't ashamed of it?"

I put my hands up to his shoulders, holding him tightly so that he had to look at me. "Jerry, you have to listen to me, darling. I love you. You've got to believe that. Perhaps I should have written you, but I was afraid that you'd misunderstand—just as you are doing now. And that way I wouldn't have been there to talk to you, as I'm here with you now, to make you see how wrong you are. You've got to think of my side of it, too, Jerry. You don't know how awful it is to have to do something you hate, and then not get paid enough for it anyway, and see everything going to ruin that you've built your dreams on."

"It's not just for me, Jerry. It's for you, too—so you'll have something to come home to after a while—this house you love, and me—"

Jerry raised his head, met my eyes and held them for long minutes. Slowly the pain, the doubt faded from his face, while I prayed that everything would be all right, that he would believe in me again.

"Darling," I told him, "darling, if



There's fun on Mutual's "Affairs of Tom, Dick and Harry," heard in the late afternoons. They're, left to right, Bud Vandover (Tom), Gordon Vandover (Harry), Edna O'Dell and Marlin Hurt (Dick).



you only knew how very much I love you, how terribly I've missed you, how much—"

And then he spoke, at last. "Maybe," he said slowly, "I'm a fool. But it's awful being so far away from you and not knowing what you're doing. And then coming home and finding—"

"I know," I said. "I know, Jerry—coming home and finding that I've been lying to you. But Jerry, I did it because I was sure it would be worse to know when you were away from me, than to wait until you came home so that I could make you understand that you still can trust me."

He caught me into his arms and kissed me, and the troubled look faded from his face, and his love was left free of doubt.

Jerry and I had dinner in front of the fireplace, and pretended that this was the old days again, and Jerry didn't have to go away any more.

**W**HEN it was time for me to leave, Jerry held me for a moment and kissed me. "Do you have to go out there tonight, dear?"

I nodded. "I don't want to—but it's my job, Jerry."

"Then I'll go with you," he whispered. "We can't afford a single moment apart."

Jerry went upstairs while I hurried back to the kitchen to put away the butter and milk. When I returned to the living room, Jerry had come down and was standing at the foot of the staircase.

"We ought to celebrate my homecoming tonight, don't you think?"

I looked at him quickly. If I hadn't known better I would have thought that he was drunk. His voice had a funny, high, false gaiety, and the smile he wore was twisted a little at one corner.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked, too surprised for anything but sharpness.

He raised his eyebrows and flung out one hand in an expansive gesture. "Matter? Nothing's the matter. What's wrong with a little celebration to welcome the soldier home from the wars? That's what they used to do in olden days, you know—have a big celebration. So let's call up some friends to join us and kill the fatted champagne at the Crossroads tonight. What do you say?"

I simply stared at him, for there was nothing to say. What on earth had happened to him? Had he changed his mind again about my working at the Crossroads?

I tried to laugh it off. "Oh, I don't think we're champagne people, are we, Jerry?"

"We can be. We'll have a party—just leave it to me."

He turned to the telephone in the hall and began to call people. His voice was too bright as he repeated his little speech over and over—"We're going to have a party to celebrate my coming home to my wife. Join us at the Crossroads, will you?"

I couldn't make sense of it, then or in the long, unaccustomed silence as we drove to the club. Jerry suddenly glib and sardonic was as out of character as if he'd suddenly committed some sort of crime.

When we got there he shook hands and slapped backs and laughed a laughter that wasn't his, and gave a fine imitation of a man who's very jolly and witty and happy. It was all on the surface. None of it—the smiles, the laughter, the amusement—touched his eyes. They were still and grave and unsmiling.

There was nothing that I could do then, for I was due to sing in a few minutes and I had to change clothes. When I'd finished my numbers and came back to the table the party was in full swing. There was food—the best that the club had to offer—and, true to Jerry's prediction, there was champagne—magnums of champagne in coolers. There were more people, too, and tables had been pushed together to accommodate the party. Wine was flowing and tongues were loose, and Jerry—Jerry was acting as only a man can to whom this sort of thing is completely foreign.

**I** FELT as if I'd been dropped down into the middle of a nightmare. He drew out a chair with a flourish, and made a great ceremony of seating me beside him. He kissed my hand with exaggerated pleasure, and complimented my singing extravagantly. He laughed, and his laughter was like a cry of pain.

It must have been terror that I felt—the kind of gripping, sweeping terror that nightmares bring, the kind of fear that makes you want to run and never stop running.

"Jerry, Jerry," I whispered to him, "tell me what's the matter. What made you do this? Who's going to pay for all of this, Jerry?"

"Pay?" He shrugged. "Why, we can afford it, you know. We have plenty of money. You were right to go back to Sam Waller and the rest of your generous friends, Eileen—money's mighty important, after all. It must feel good to have some tucked away against emergencies, doesn't it?"

"What are you talking about?" I asked him.

He smiled that new, twisting smile of his and reached into his breast pocket. "You forgot this," he said. "You left it in my drawer." He showed me the envelope. And it was only then that I remembered the five hundred dollars I had hidden away among Jerry's shirts.

"Jerry!" I cried. "That's not our money. I found it on the street. I've been waiting for someone to claim it."

His eyebrows lifted. "Seems to me, Eileen, that you would have had time by now to tell me a better story than that. But forget it—let's have fun. That's what money like this is for—to have fun with!"

"Please darling," I whispered, putting my hand on his arm. "You've got to believe me. You can't use that money like this—"

There was steel in his voice now, replacing the silkiness. "Why not?"

I sat very still, feeling removed from the noise and the people and the confusion, and as if he were far away, I heard Jerry's voice calling for his check, saw him peel bills from the stack in the envelope and throw them on the little tray, saw the waiter pick it up and walk away.

It was only a moment later that Sam Waller was standing beside us. "Eileen," he said, quietly. "What is this, anyway?" He held out the sheaf of bills to me.

Jerry's belligerent voice broke in. "What's the matter, Waller? Isn't your own money good enough?"

Sam ignored him. "Eileen," he said again, "because it's you, and he's your husband, we just won't say anything more about this." He threw the money on the table. "But you'd better not try to pass it anywhere else."

Jerry got to his feet. "Why not?"

"They're counterfeit," Sam said succinctly, and turned away.

Jerry stood still a moment, and then sat down very suddenly. A wave of wonderful relief swept over me, and I looked at those counterfeit bills as if they were old friends. Now he would know. Now he'd realize that my story about finding the money was true. Obviously, if Sam had given me money, it wouldn't be counterfeit money.

**J**ERRY looked up after a moment and his eyes turned to me. "I—I think I'll go home now."

He was gone, his long strides carrying him swiftly out of the club.

Without waiting to get my coat from the dressing room, I ran after him. Outside I caught up with him half way across the parking lot, and slipped my arm through his.

"Jerry, it's all right," I said. "Really, it's all right. I don't mind—what you thought. It's my fault, anyway. You couldn't help it, darling. You can't be blamed for thinking what you did."

"I should have trusted you," he said, dully. "I should have trusted you. I shouldn't have broken my faith in you, nor hurt your faith in my understanding."

I pulled him about to face me. "It mustn't ever be like this again, Jerry," I told him. "You've got to believe in me, and I've got to believe in you. That's the only way we can live when we must live apart."

Gently he touched my cheek, my hair, with his fingers, and then he caught me to him, burying his face against my hair. "Always, always," he whispered, "I'll always believe."



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*Gloria Massey* in "FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN"

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# I'll Always Hear Your Voice

Continued from page 31

anything up there—except the State Hospitals, of course."

There was a sudden silence around us. I felt my throat constrict. "Why, he's—there are some new war industries, you know—I mean, like the flying fields here and—" I was fumbling badly and she knew it.

The flyer beside me spoke suddenly. "Phil's certainly doing well. When I was up there last week, he looked like a million dollars. Want to dance, Connie?"

Speechless, I let him lead me out on the floor. Cora stared after us. She was suspicious but she was also silenced. I wanted to laugh. I wanted to cry. And when I spoke at last it was with a mixture of both. "I bet you've never been to Haskell in your life."

He grinned down at me. "I flew over it once."

"But why did you say that?" I said curiously.

"I didn't like the way she was pushing you around. I don't know why she was doing it, but I just didn't like to see it happen to you."

**I LAUGHED.** I couldn't help it. "Well, all I can say is, it was certainly quick thinking and I do thank you from the bottom of my heart. You even called me by name, like you were an old friend of the family."

"It would be nice if I were." I saw for the first time that his eyes were black to match his hair, and very bright; that his mouth was good-humored, and he had the most determined chin I'd ever seen. "By the way, who is Phil?" he went on. "Your brother?"

"No. My husband."

"Oh."

"That's why I'm so grateful to you. You did more than you realized. It was—"

And then, in a quiet corner we found, I told him the whole story. To this day I don't know exactly why. But it was a relief to talk to somebody—somebody I didn't know, whom I'd never see again, and who would understand.

He understood even better than I thought. "It's a bad break," he said soberly. "For you, for him, for everybody. I knew a boy like that once. It was as if he had a disease and he had to—go away, too."

"Did it cure him?" I asked eagerly.

"He—well, I haven't seen him in a long time. Look, I'd like to see you home. Somehow I don't feel much like any more party after this."

That, too, was exactly, instinctively, right. After a talk like that I couldn't have gone on dancing and laughing.

As we walked along the dark, tree-lined streets he told me about himself. His name was Douglas Mann, and he came from a small town in Massachusetts. He loved flying above anything in the world, he told me, and he was due to get his wings soon. But after the war, he wanted to own a farm. He told me about the place he'd picked out and the apples he'd raise, and he told me about all the things he liked to do.

When we reached my porch, I turned and held out my hand. "It's been grand knowing you," I said simply. "And I want to say thank you again—not only for what you did, but for letting me talk."

"Don't say that. And don't say

good-by, either. Can't I come see you Saturday when I get leave?"

Of course. I'd love to see you. That would have been right and natural to say. I said, "I—I guess not. I mean, parties are all right but I just wouldn't feel right about—well, having dates, with Phil up there. You do know what I mean, don't you?"

He didn't answer for a minute. "You mean it's just to be ships-that-pass-in-the-night?"

"Something like that."

"Well," he said, "if that's the way you feel." He paused. Then he said stiffly, "There's an old friend of my father's in town I promised to look up, so I'll be coming in again. Maybe I'll see you around some time. Good night."

**AS** he turned and walked away, I felt lonelier than ever in my life.

Why had I said "No" so definitely? I liked Douglas better than anybody I'd met in a long time. The Humphries would like him, too. What would have been the harm in having him to supper or bridge?

So it was with a funny mixture of feelings that I faced Douglas Mann in Dr. Patton's living-room the next Saturday. The doctor had called me earlier in the day. "Come on over to dinner and meet the son of an old friend I went to medical school with," he said. And when I saw Douglas standing there, my heart began to thump with relief and embarrassment.

Douglas laughed and shook hands. "It's fate!" he said, like a line out of an old melodrama. And that put me at ease. Dr. Patton got out some of his home-made elderberry wine to celebrate, and the three of us had a fine time.

That night when Douglas took me home, he said, "There's no use in your saying 'No' this time, Connie. You see how I keep turning up, whether you like it or not."

"I reckon there's no help for it then," I sighed mockingly. "I reckon I'll just have to ask you to come to supper the next time you're free."

And so our friendship started. It was an odd friendship in many ways. We were always with other people—the Humphries, who liked Douglas on sight, or other flyers from the field and their dates. And yet we were curiously alone. It was as if all the many things we had to say to each other, and all the many other things we didn't have to say but silently shared—like understanding each other's thoughts, or private little jokes—put us on an island where nobody

else ever came. I found myself happier than I'd been in a long time.

I tried to put that happiness in my daily letters to Phil. I told him how much I wanted him to meet Douglas and the other boys, and how we were all just waiting for the day when he would be home again. I tried to make him feel that the one important thing was his getting well, and once he was cured our lives would go on as if he'd never been sick. And I meant it, every word.

Finally the day came for my first visit to Phil. It was a Sunday, and Douglas offered to drive me up in Dr. Patton's old car.

I knew, much as I wanted to see Phil, the visit would be an ordeal. Having Douglas with me on the long drive, with his sympathy and wordless understanding, gave me strength. What would Phil be like?

I was trembling as I climbed the steps of the grim, forbidding building. I turned around once and looked toward the car where Douglas was waiting. He leaned out and smiled and gave me a thumbs-up sign, and that heartened me as nothing else could.

First the director reviewed Phil's case with me, and then he had him brought in. Phil stood in the doorway a moment, looking at me, before he came in. His face looked firm and ruddy, and his eyes were clear. Outdoor work, with the other patients, and no drinking had done that. But when he came into the office, I saw his expression was sullen, and he kissed me stiffly and without warmth. The doctor suggested that Phil take me for a stroll in the hospital yard so we could talk undisturbed.

**ONCE** we were out of earshot of everyone, Phil stopped and grabbed my arm.

"Who's that fellow you drove up here with?" he demanded. As I stared at him, startled, his voice rushed on. "I saw him. I was standing by the window, watching for you, waiting for you. I saw you get out and turn around and smile at him..."

"Why, honey, it's only Douglas Mann—you know, the friend of Dr. Patton's I wrote you about. The flyer. He just offered to drive me up—he—he wants to meet you when you get out—"

"I'll bet he does! I'll bet he feels mighty good sitting out there in his uniform, waiting for my wife while I'm stuck in prison up here!"

I tried to reason with him, to plead

Continued on page 66

## APRIL RADIO MIRROR

On Sale Friday, March 5th

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort, the April and subsequent issues of RADIO MIRROR will appear on the newsstands slightly later than heretofore. RADIO MIRROR for April will go on sale Friday, March 5th. On that date step up to your newsstand and say "A copy of RADIO MIRROR, please" and your newsdealer will gladly give it to you.





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CREAMY LATHER  
WELL INTO YOUR  
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RINSE WITH WARM  
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NOW TOUCH YOUR  
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TO GIVE PRECIOUS  
SKIN THIS  
GENTLE CARE!

**9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**



with that sneering bitterness. Suddenly Phil turned and faced me and there were tears in his eyes. "I'm sorry, Connie," he said more quietly. "I don't know what got into me. But being shut up in this place, thinking about you—it gets me almost crazy sometimes. You've got to get me out of here!" His voice rose again. "I can't stand it any more. It's like a concentration camp!"

"I know it's hard, Phil," I said steadily. "You'll be out soon, the doctor said. I know it isn't pleasant but—"

"You don't know anything about it. Look!" He pointed to a building that had bars over the windows. Out in front two or three patients lolled on the grass. But these were different from the others. These were men and boys who looked at us with the vacant eyes and witless faces of the incurable insane. I stared at them, and shuddered. Had these men once been like Phil? Had they once been normal, too, but found life too much for them? Was this the inevitable end of those who could not be cured? Phil's voice recalled me to him.

"... I have to see those people every day. It's awful, Connie. Get me out of here! I've given up drinking—you know that. You go talk to the doctor and tell him I'm cured!"

I pulled myself together as well as I could and somehow found the strength to get him quieter. I told him he'd be home soon, and then this would seem like a bad dream. When my visiting hour was up, he felt a little better. But his last words were "You've got to get me out!" And when he kissed me good-by, it was like a stranger kissing me.

I was trembling when I walked down the steps. Douglas took one look at my face and helped me in the car, lit us each a cigarette, and drove down the long driveway and out through the gates without a word. When we got to the highway leading to Hornsby, he looked at me for the first time. "Would you like to stop and get a cup of coffee?" he said.

SOMEHOW, something in those simple words tore the last of my control to shreds. Suddenly my face was buried in my hands, and sobs shook me from head to foot. With an exclamation, Douglas pulled over into a side road and stopped the car. Then his arms went around me and he was holding me close, murmuring words of comfort as one would to a child.

"Don't, Connie. Don't, darling."

Gradually the paroxysm passed, and I lay exhausted against his shoulder. I wiped my eyes and looked up, trying to smile. "I haven't cried like that since I was a little girl," I said.

I looked up in his face and found his eyes on mine, with something in them that had always been veiled before. "Oh, God," he murmured, and it was half a prayer. And then our arms were straining against each other and we were kissing with all the fierce and desperate longing of a man and woman caught in something that will not be denied.

It might have been seconds later, or hours, that that flame-like intensity lasted. Then we sank back and looked at each other mutely. There was no need for words. There was no need to say, "I love you, I've always loved you, and I always will." With our sharing of thought, we knew.

It was Douglas who spoke first.

"What are we going to do?"

"Phil," I said brokenly. "I can't tell Phil—it would finish him. If he lost me, there'd never be any hope for him again—ever."

DOUGLAS' eyes darkened. "You can't spend the rest of your life propping up a man too weak to prop himself up. You can't sacrifice yourself forever. What about us, darling?"

"He's my husband, and he's sick. This is the crucial time in his life—the one time he can be cured if he's to be cured at all. Dr. Patton said so. If I left him now, if I told him I loved you—oh, darling, don't you see?"

"I see that you don't love him and you do love me. It isn't fair—"

I spoke then out of an anguish deeper than any I'd ever known. "That's my fault, Douglas. I should never have married him. Maybe some girls are wise when they're eighteen—wise enough to wait. I wasn't. I'd never had a home, and I longed for

## APRIL RADIO MIRROR

On Sale Friday, March 5th



To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort, the April and subsequent issues of RADIO MIRROR will appear on the newsstands slightly later than heretofore. RADIO MIRROR for April will go on sale Friday, March 5th. On that date step up to your newsstand and say "A copy of RADIO MIRROR, please" and your newsdealer will gladly give it to you.

one—even then. He loved me, he was romantic to me, and I thought—I loved him. I can't do Phil irreparable harm now just because I've found out I made a mistake."

He didn't answer for a long time. "I'll be getting my wings pretty soon now. And then we'll be shoving off—for somewhere. I don't ask you to do anything now, Connie, but if I could know when I left that you'd be waiting for me, that one day you'd be my wife—"

"Don't!" I cried, out of heartbreak. "I can't. Don't you see I can't?"

Slowly, almost silently, we drove home. There didn't seem to be anything more to say. When we stopped in front of the house, lowering clouds were rolling up out of the east, and I felt they were rolling over my heart, too, shutting out the sun forever.

"You'll let me see you again, won't you?" Douglas said finally. "I promise I won't talk about it. I won't—do anything you'd rather not." He went on, desperately, "I know how you feel. I feel that way, too. But

I've got to see you once more, Connie! The night I get my wings—"

That had been a sort of milestone for us. The night after he got his wings, the most important thing in his life. We'd planned a little celebration. "Yes," I said weakly. "When you get your wings..."

We were true to that implicit promise. We didn't see each other. Douglas didn't even call me. But I could feel him near as I went about the everyday tasks that made up the pattern of my life.

Everything we'd ever done together, every word we'd ever said, was like a separate little token I could take out and pore over, and then put back in the safekeeping of memory. His face was before me even when I wrote to Phil, and I struggled as I would have to struggle in the future, to keep him in the part of my life that belonged to me alone, that would never touch Phil.

Only Dr. Patton seemed to sense that anything was wrong. One day he looked at me oddly and said, "Life's not very easy for anybody, Connie. But there's two things that will always help you meet it, even though it doesn't seem like it at the time. They're honor and courage."

I needed those words the night Douglas came. I needed everything I had, when I saw him standing on the porch in his uniform, the new wings proudly worn on his breast, and unutterable longing in his eyes.

We sat in the swing, with the summer night fragrant around us. We didn't talk about anything special. We only tried to pretend, for so pitifully brief a time, that this wasn't the end.

At last Douglas said quietly, "You haven't changed, Connie?"

I nodded. "I can't ever change, darling."

"Remember how the first night we met you said we'd have to be ships that pass—and how we laughed about it afterwards because we weren't? I've been thinking about that poem. You know—'Ships that pass in the night and, passing, speak to one another. Only a voice and a call, then darkness again and the silence.' I've been thinking that's the way it is with us. Only I want you to know that in my silence, I'll always hear your voice, and I'll always see your face and your blonde hair, and your eyes. Wherever I go, sweetheart, and whatever I do—my silence will always have you in it. All my life."

TEARS choked my throat. I was thinking of the deeper, unending silence that he might face when those wings took him far away from me, the one that isn't ever broken. I took his hand.

"And you'll always be in mine," I said steadily. "We'll be together."

We kissed good-by then, and I went quickly into the house.

The very next day Phil came home. He just walked in unexpectedly. We'd known the release would be soon, but not even the patients themselves know until the day it happens. The shock of surprise made it easier for me; it was natural that the three of us at home would be a little incoherent and unnatural at first. He looked healthy and he was glad to get home, but there was a kind of defiance about him as if he were daring anybody to mention why he had been away. None of us did. We told him bits of news, and talked about



a job. Once he said, looking straight at me:

"How's that Douglas Mann you were telling me about?"

"Oh, he got his wings yesterday," Mom said. "I reckon he'll be leaving soon. Such a fine boy, Phil—I wish you could have met him."

"I wish so too," Phil said.

I answered his look unwaveringly. "You'd have liked him, Phil."

It was hard, the hardest thing I ever did, to be natural the next few days. As long as I'd made my decision I was determined to be a good wife to Phil, and go on as if nothing had ever happened, but I'd thought I'd have a little longer to adjust myself. I had to be on guard every minute, and I avoided being alone with him as much as possible.

But how long would it be, I wondered, before I could give of myself fully and completely? How long before each time he kissed me would stop seeming like a betrayal? Because I had to put Douglas out of my life in thought as well as deed. *Honor and courage*, Dr. Patton had said.

And then those questions were answered for me, brutally and briefly.

I'D driven Mom downtown for her afternoon at the Red Cross, and then done some errands and come home to wait till time to pick her up. Phil was supposed to be out job-hunting. I opened the front door, set my packages down in the hall, and then stopped short in the living room door.

Phil was slouched in a chair, and his face wore that strange, uncontrolled expression I'd come to know and fear. On the table beside him was a half emptied bottle of whiskey.

"Phil!" I cried in horror. "What are you doing?"

For answer, he shoved an envelope at me. It was addressed to me, and it had come special delivery. Along the top was a jagged edge where it had been torn open. Phil's eyes seemed to devour my face as I pulled out the single sheet of paper. The writing on it was very short.

My darling: We've had our "six hour notice" and I expect we'll be shoving off very soon now. Before I go, I've got one thing to tell you. No matter what happens to me, no matter what can happen to me, our love is the biggest thing in my life—bigger than myself, even bigger than you. It's brought pain but it's brought beauty, too—more than I knew there could be. Remember that, and that I'll love you forever.

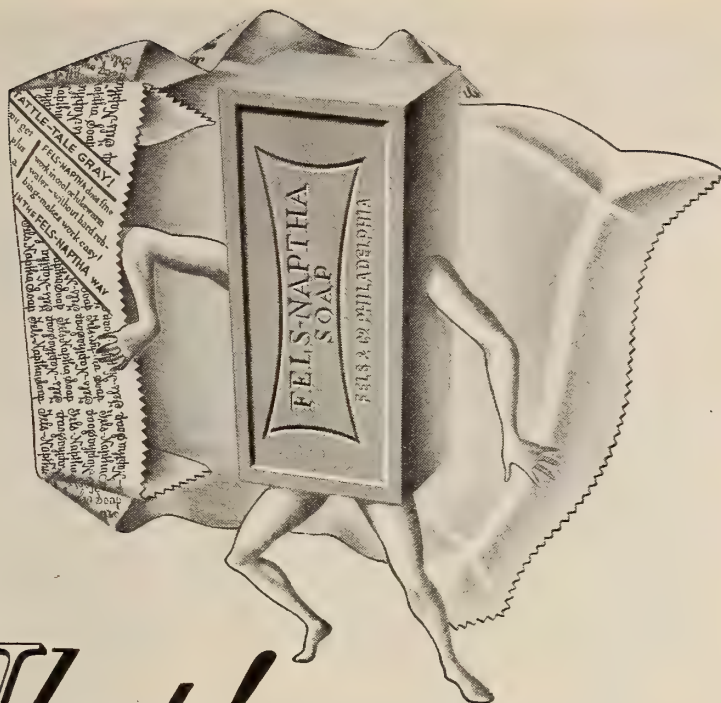
Douglas

I crumpled it to me. "You opened this! You opened this when it was addressed to me! You—"

Phil was on his feet. "Why not?" he shouted. "If that's the only way to find out my wife's been playing around on the side while I was up there in that hellhole . . . When I think of the nights I spent thinking of you, wanting you, believing in you, while all the time you were letting this guy make love to you. That's why you've been so cold since I got back . . ." The torrent of words poured out, vile, drunken words.

I grabbed at his arm. "You've got to believe me! It isn't like you think—this letter proves that! Phil, listen to me!"

"I'm sick of listening to you. I'll let your darling Douglas do a little



# What!

## NO DISHES?

You have just bought a piano, a living-room rug, a fine watch, or some similar, substantial adjunct to your home or your scheme of living. What extra inducement was "thrown in" to influence your choice?

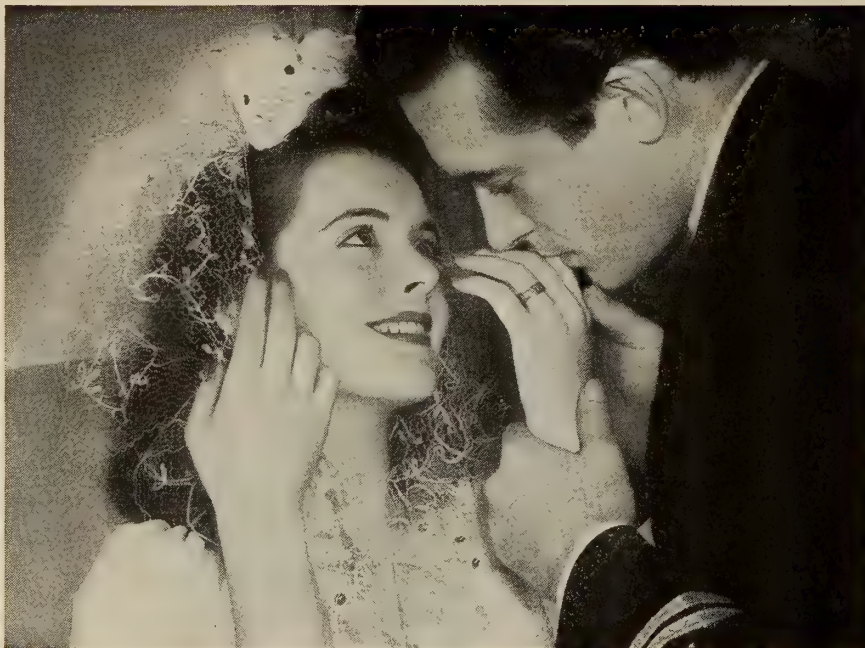
The answer, of course, is—*nothing*. In fact, you'd be suspicious if something extra had been offered! You are satisfied the article itself is worth the price you paid.

**Most Fels-Naptha Users** feel the same way about laundry soap. They know that a bar or box of Fels-Naptha Soap is worth every penny of the purchase price—in *extra washing energy*. They don't want any other extras "thrown in."

As one woman aptly puts it, "the soap that's cheapest at the counter isn't always cheapest when the washing's done."







## WARTIME BRIDES have Hands adorably Soft

NO IDLE HANDS today—but a girl's hands can still be serenely smooth, soft for love and romance.

Disappointing roughness, uncomfortable chapping—you easily help prevent by regular use of Jergens Lotion. Close to professional hand

care. Jergens includes 2 ingredients, so important for helping to smooth and soften the skin that many doctors depend on them. 10¢ to \$1.00 a bottle. Notice how quick to use; Jergens Lotion leaves no troublesome sticky feeling.



**1. Nearly 250,000 girls in airplane factories today!** And these girls care for their hands with Jergens Lotion, almost 3 to 1. Jergens helps prevent uncomfortable, unfeminine harsh hands.



**2. Home duties must not suffer.** But hands can still be smooth, cared-for. Jergens is a protective lotion, if used regularly; furnishes your hand skin with beautifying, softening moisture . . .



**3. A service that's badly needed by most hard-working hands.** Water, cold weather tend to

lessen nature's provision for skin-softness. Jergens smooths on quickly; never feels sticky.

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talking—while he's able. And then I'll—I'll—"

He started weaving toward the door. I threw myself in front of him. "You can't go out there! Phil!"

With one vicious push he sent me reeling back, out of his way. I stumbled across the room and brought up against the wall, hard. I could hear the car starting up in front of the house. I ran to the front door. He was already pulling away from the curb. Futilely I rushed out into the street after it—and watched it speed away.

Frantically I ran back into the house and called Dr. Patton. He was the only one who could help me stop him. And I had to stop him! It was nearly half an hour before I could reach the doctor, and I spent it pacing the room, trying to still the throbbing of my heart as it beat time to the aching throb of my head.

The doctor's face tightened when he heard my story. "Come on," he said. "Maybe it's not too late yet . . ."

The next was like a nightmare, of movement and figures and voices, and even yet I seem to remember only flashes of it. The wild ride to the airfield . . . the police car at the entrance. Questions. Then an authoritative voice saying, "He's in the post infirmary . . . we had to operate in a hurry."

**THEN** we were in an office and another voice was explaining. "He was drunk. He came in the entrance there and began shouting that he had to see Lieutenant Mann. The guard tried to stop him and quiet him down a bit, but he got away. He ran over to Hangar Three."

The words went on, careful, precise, but sympathetic, too. They made me see it happening. Phil, out of control, behaving like a madman. "Hangar Three . . . secret training planes there and nobody is allowed in. Nobody. The sentry stopped him. He began to argue, yelling that nobody was going to stop him from seeing the Lieutenant. He seemed to get even more excited, and finally he made a grab for the sentry's gun. In the scuffle it went off . . . I'm afraid he's very badly hurt . . . Sorrier than we can say that this had to happen . . ."

Other words. Other questions. And then Dr. Patton saying, "Lieutenant Mann—is he here?"

"No. He got orders at noon today."

The final irony.

Through all the confusion and shock, I kept thinking, "You're to blame for this. If you hadn't kept on seeing Douglas, if you hadn't told him you loved him, he'd have never written that letter. Phil would never have known. He was getting well, and then that letter came. You failed him at the crisis of his life."

And then the one thing that is clear—the narrow bed, and Phil's white face, whiter than the pillow, looking up at me. I dropped down beside him. They didn't have to tell me there wasn't any hope.

"I guess—I got drunk once too often," he whispered weakly. "I didn't know what I was doing—it wasn't the sentry's fault, he was only doing his job—"

I held his hand against my cheek. "It was my fault, Phil. My fault."

"No!" His fingers clutched mine and all his waning strength went into making me believe. "It wasn't him—Douglas—made me do it. It was like



a disease, Connie—wanting to drink. I could feel it coming on. I could feel it coming on—then. If it hadn't been this, it would've been something else. I wouldn't ever've been cured, Connie. You've got to believe that."

And then he smiled, the bright, boyish smile he'd had when I first knew him. "I'm sorry I said those things to you—I didn't mean 'em. It was the whiskey talking. I know—you're okay, honey . . ."

I stayed with him until he died.

**Y**ESTERDAY I wrote a letter. I sent it to the Transient Officers' address on the West Coast that had been on Douglas' note to me—a temporary address where it will be forwarded across the many miles to the base where he is piloting a bomber. It was a long letter, after many weeks of silence. And at the end of it, I wrote:

. . . and so, my darling, I want you to know as I do now, that we were not to blame. Dr. Patton says Phil was right, there at the end. He wouldn't ever have been cured—and the doctor held out hope only because there is one chance in a thousand in cases like that, and he wanted Phil to have the benefit of that one. But the one chance didn't work.

But I know, too, that I was to blame for marrying him. I should have waited. Then all this would never have happened. I've faced that these last weeks, and suffered for it—making myself be silent when everything in me longed to write to you, to hear from you, to know that you are all right. But I made myself wait until I knew it was right for me to write you like this. The Humphries know I'm writing, and they think I should. They understand, too.

It will be like you wanted: I'll be waiting for you and knowing that some day, when you come back, I will be your wife.

God bless you and keep you safe . . .

Always,  
Connie



## ...AND THE GIRL'S FACE is Satin-Smooth for Kisses



### GOOD MORNING TREATMENT FOR DRY SKIN

Apply a light film of Jergens Face Cream; leave on as you do your chores. Your skin looks clean, fresh. Before making up, cleanse with this new cream; splash with cold water; blot gently dry.

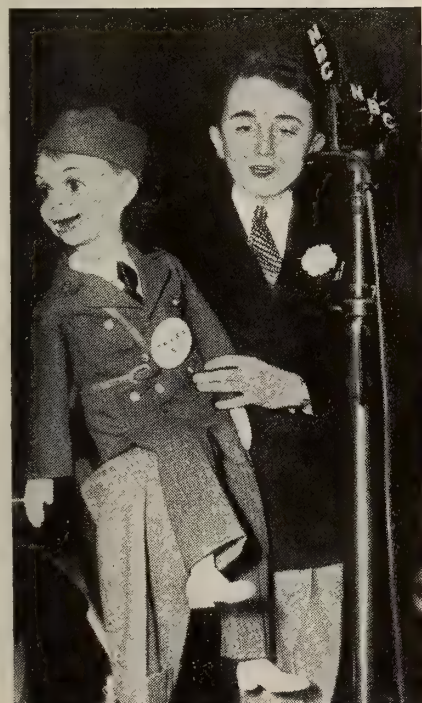
Sensational "One-Cream" Beauty Treatment soon helps smooth away sad Dry-Skin Lines

You, too, can easily have skin like satin—so smooth, clear and fine.

One new cream is all you need. Jergens Face Cream! This single cream is almost like 4 creams. It

- (1) cleanses like a charm;
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Thank Jergens skin scientists for Jergens Face Cream; they make Jergens Lotion, too. Use Jergens Face Cream every day. It's the new "One-Cream" Beauty Treatment.



This young ventriloquist is Seth Spalding of the Horn and Hardart show heard Sunday mornings on NBC.



ALL-PURPOSE CREAM . . . FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

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FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★





**THAT WAS ME**, all right! Especially, when it came to taking a laxative. I used to punish myself with the worst-tasting medicine. And how that stuff would weaken and upset me! Aside from its awful taste, it was just *too strong!*

**THEN I ADDED INSULT** to injury! I went to the other extreme and started taking what turned out to be a "namby-pamby" laxative. I thought it would be easier on me, but it failed to give me relief. It was just *too mild!*



**FINALLY, ONE OF THE GIRLS** at the plant put me wise to Ex-Lax! Now, *there's* a laxative for you! It's such a cinch to take . . . tastes just like swell chocolate. And it does its job so well — without knocking you out! Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild — it's *just right!*

Ex-Lax is effective — but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset the children; won't make them feel bad afterwards. No wonder it's called:

## THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

*As a precaution, use only as directed.*

**IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE —**

It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold not to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

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10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores

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Please send me Free Booklet and Picture Sample. I would like to play:

Instrument . . . . . Have you Instru. . . . .  
Name . . . . .  
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## If I Dared

Continued from page 19

was read after his death, we found that he had left a small bequest to Matilda, a larger one to me in trust, and our big old house and some other odds and ends of real estate he owed to Tom. And he had made Tom my sole guardian.

Numbed by grief as I was, I hardly understood what the last provision meant. Certainly, if I had, I wouldn't have thought of questioning it. I loved Tom, though we'd never been very close emotionally, and now he seemed naturally to be the person I should look to for the advice and guidance my nature needed.

But Tom was never fashioned for responsibility. He simply had no conception of it. His idea of being my guardian was to take me to the movies now and then, when he thought of it, to look at my school report cards when I showed them to him, to buy an occasional dress or coat whose color and style were invariably too extreme for my pale bloneness which, Father used to say, was like winter sunshine.

**ME** a guardian!" Tom laughed. "It's a good thing Jess is the kind of kid she is. I'm more likely to get myself into a jam than she is!"

Yes, that was true. I would never get into a jam—not in the sense Tom meant.

That didn't mean I couldn't be unhappy.

Tom's birthday—his twenty-second—fell almost a year after Father's death, so it was all right for him to give a party in celebration—even if, from the very first, it wasn't the kind of affair Matilda approved of.

To Matilda—and to me—parties meant preparation. They meant crepe paper and cakes and ice cream and sandwiches. They meant sweeping and dusting and window-cleaning. They meant games. But to Tom—

"I'm going to have a few people in tonight," he announced that Saturday morning after he'd opened his presents at the breakfast table. "Sort of a birthday party."

Matilda's gaunt head reared back like that of an old fire-horse scenting smoke. "Tonight, Tom?" she demanded. "And it's a fine time to be tellin' me, with the spring cleanin' not done and too late to bake a cake and—"

Tom laughed and held up his hand to stop the tirade. "Calm down, sweetheart. You don't have to do a thing, unless you want to make a few sandwiches. I'll take care of all the arrangements. Nobody's coming but some of the fellows and girls from the office, and they're easily satisfied."

Matilda disapproved of such casual arrangements, but there was nothing for her to do but take out her bad temper by cleaning furiously all day long.

The prospect of a party excited me. I was half-afraid, half-eager. I wanted to meet Tom's friends, most of whom I had never seen; I wanted them to like me. Here was a break in the long road of loneliness I had traveled since Father's death.

If I had only known what a change that party would bring to my life!

It didn't start until nine o'clock or so. They began coming in then—Tom's friends, bringing with them

laughter and talk and loud voices and an excitement I couldn't understand. There were young men I dimly remembered having seen, once or twice, when they came to the house before Father's death to meet Tom. But I had never seen any of the girls before. It didn't occur to me then that they were all a little over-dressed, a little over-made-up, that their voices were too shrill and their laughter too loud. To my young timidity they seemed marvels of style.

The party seemed to show a great tendency to center in the kitchen, where Tom had arranged bottles of liquor and soda-water on the table. I had planned to make myself useful bringing people sandwiches and drinks, but there wasn't any need for my services. People drifted in and out of the big, high-ceilinged rooms, helping themselves to what they wanted and then congregating in little groups. The phonograph was going, and a few couples were dancing in the living room, where the rug had been rolled up and the chairs pushed back against the walls.

Matilda had retired to her own room, after the first half-hour, showing her disgust with such a haphazard party in every line of her face.

I felt a little out of things, but still I was having a good time. There was something infectious in the gaiety and high spirits of everyone there. I didn't take any of the liquor, of course, but its very presence may have intoxicated me. Tom's flushed face seemed handsome and merry, the other boys were laughing cavaliers, the girls were lovely things, so graceful, so beautiful . . . It was a wonderful party!

A long passage runs from our front door straight through the middle of the house to the kitchen in back. The stairs are on one side of this hall, the living room and dining room on the other, and always it is rather dark. I was coming along it—more to be moving, to give myself the illusion of busy-ness, than because I was on an errand—when someone stepped out of the dining room into my path.

**I** KNEW then—I know now—only that it was a man. In the dimness I could not see his features. It was easier for him; I was the only girl there in a white sprigged organdie, the only one whose hair fell down over her shoulders without curls or the sophistication of a "page-boy."

"Hello," I heard him say. I caught the pungent, acid-sweet odor of whiskey before he was holding me close, his lips sealing my mouth.

What happened to me then was like an earthquake. It was a turmoil of disgust and revulsion and anger. I had never felt such stormy emotion in my life; it gave me strength to push away this unknown man, so much bigger and stronger than I. He fell back against the wall. I heard his breath leave his body in a short, sharp sigh, and I turned and ran to the foot of the stairs and up them, pell-mell, not even hesitating to glance down at him.

In my own room there was sanctuary. I snapped the key in the lock and leaned against the door. I felt dirty, as if I could never wipe away the sensation of his lips on mine, the



feel of his body against mine. I listened fearfully, but I heard nothing except the sounds of laughter and music, muted beyond the heavy wood of the door. Then the tears came and I couldn't stop them. I threw myself across my bed and sobbed until I was exhausted. I must have slept, because the next thing I remember was raising my head and listening—to utter silence.

The party must be over, I thought dully, and in the darkness I got up and began to undress. I took the crumpled white organdie off and hung it up carefully, finding the hanger by the sense of touch alone. I don't know exactly why I didn't turn on the light—perhaps because I was already a little ashamed of myself and didn't want to bring reality that much closer by banishing the dark.

It had been foolish, I argued against my instinct, to be so frightened. The boy, whoever he was, hadn't meant any harm. I was growing up; I was old enough now to attend my brother's party. So I shouldn't have acted like a silly schoolgirl.

I GLANCED at the luminous dial of my little bedside clock and was amazed to see that the hands pointed to a few minutes past two. In slippers and bathrobe I went out into the hall, intending to go to the bathroom. But there was a light burning downstairs, and for a moment I leaned over the banister, listening. At first I heard nothing. Everyone must have left, I thought, and turned to go on down the hall.

Then, in the same instant I noticed that Tom's door stood slightly ajar, I heard it—first Tom's voice in a deep mumble, then a girl's laugh, low, husky, intimate. And after that, a throbbing silence again in the room where there was no light.

I felt the hot blood turn underneath the skin of my whole body, in embarrassment and in shame. Like a thief, I stole back into my own room, to lie wide-eyed and listening—listening so much against my will—for the rest of the night, even after I heard Tom's car start up outside and knew he had taken the girl away.

Even Father's death had not been as terrible as this. Death was something I could understand and accept, and it was something that need not be hidden. This was furtive and ugly. Tom must never know that I knew, and yet I didn't see how I could ever face him again without having him read my knowledge in my eyes.

Oh, I'd heard of such things. There were girls in school who had told me, who had even hinted that they knew from experience. But nothing I'd heard, not even about marriage, had lessened my adolescent repugnance. And this was Tom, Tom whom I'd always thought of as fine and clean. Tom, my own brother.

Worse, I realized suddenly that this was not the first time. Now I understood something that had been a puzzle to me three years before, when Father and Tom had been mysteriously worried, spending hours together in Father's room with the door shut. Somehow I'd known even then that it was something to do with a girl—Angie Miller, who lived in the poor part of town and had suddenly left school and gone away, so that you no longer saw her with first one boy and then the other. I knew now with a strange kind of certainty that

DOES YOUR DEODORANT SAFELY STOP UNDER-ARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR? MINE DOES.

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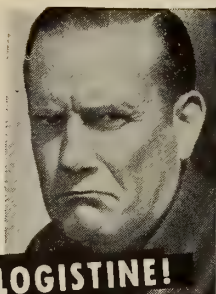
# ARRID

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At the first sign of a chest cold—bronchial irritation—or sore throat due to a cold—act promptly! Apply **ANTIPHLOGISTINE** comfortably hot.

The Moist Heat of **ANTIPHLOGISTINE** goes right to work on those disturbing cold symptoms. Eases that cough—soothes those sore, "achy" muscles—loosens up that tightness of the chest.

**ANTIPHLOGISTINE'S** valuable Moist Heat brings real comfort—feels good, too.

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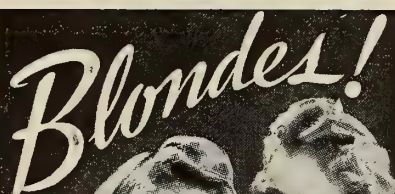
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This new special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Called Blondex, it takes but 11 minutes for a glorious shampoo that you can do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe, fine for children's hair. Costs little to use. Sold at 10c, drug and department stores.

Tom had been at least part of that sordid scandal.

If this was what people meant when they talked about "love," then love was something I would never want. Never would I let any man touch me.

The years passed. I was sixteen—seventeen—eighteen—nineteen: a serious, pale-faced nineteen, interested only in helping Matilda around the house and in reading books which I got from the public library. As the years went by, Tom and I had drawn farther and farther apart. It was impossible for him not to sense the change in my attitude toward him, although he could not understand it—I would have died rather than explain!

ONCE he exploded, "Jess, you're getting to be a regular Puritan! Anybody'd think it was a crime to go out and have a little fun."

"You can have fun at home," I said. "It isn't easy, with you around," he asserted. "Whenever I bring any of my friends here you act as if they were lepers or something."

That may have been true, of course, and I didn't answer.

Tom tried to recover his temper. "The trouble with you, Jess," he said with heavy reasonableness, "is you don't get around enough yourself. It isn't good for you to stay here in the house so much—you're getting to be a smug, self-satisfied little prig!" "I'm all right," I said, and left the room.

He'd called me smug and self-satisfied, but nothing could have been farther from the truth. I was bitterly unhappy. I was lonely and afraid, and Tom, the one person after Father whom I loved, had failed me—or so I thought.

It never occurred to me that I had failed myself. It never occurred to me that I had met an emotional shock and had weakly allowed it to overcome me, instead of rising above it.

And then I met Griff Adams.

He came to the house one evening when Tom was out.

When he smiled he revealed very white, slightly irregular teeth, and the skin under his gray eyes crinkled up into such deep, accustomed lines that you knew he smiled a great deal. "Isn't this where Tom Williams lives?" he asked, and when I nodded—"Is he home?"

"No, he's out," I answered.

"Oh. That's too bad. I was just going past and I thought—" He hesitated, looking at me expectantly, almost pleadingly, I thought. "I don't suppose you expect him back soon?"

"Why, I—" Ordinarily, such was my dislike of all Tom's friends, I would have said I had no idea when he'd return; but I felt oddly unwilling to lie to this young man whose face was so honest in the dim light from the hall. "I think he only went to the movies. He ought to be back any minute. Won't you come in and wait?"

"Thanks," he said with such alacrity that it was plain he'd been hoping for the invitation. "I'd like to."

I held the door open and he entered, looking around him with frank curiosity. "I suppose I didn't have any business barging over here like this," he said, "but Tom said to drop in any time and I took him at his word. You see, I haven't been in town long and I don't know anybody much and a fellow gets lonesome... Gee, this is a nice house! It's pretty old, isn't it?"

His instant acceptance of me as a friend and even more, his obvious certainty that I would accept him—was disarming. I could only smile and say, "My father was born in it."

"That right? You're Tom's sister, I guess?" I nodded. "You and he certainly don't look much alike. He's so dark and you're so blonde. Like—" he paused, laughing a little. "Like winter sunshine," he said.

I felt a pulse beat once, swiftly, in my throat. "Like winter sunshine"—my father's phrase. How odd that it should occur to him!

"Won't you give me your hat and coat?" I said a little unsteadily.

Following me into the living room, after I'd hung up his coat in the hall closet, he said, "You don't know how good it feels to get inside a real home again. I've been on the move ever since I got out of school, and that's four years now." He moved with athletic grace; he was medium-tall, with shoulders that were just broad enough to fit his height, and he wasn't, I saw in the light of the living room, so much handsome as friendly and nice looking, with blue eyes, sandy red hair, and a wide mouth above a determined chin.

"You've only been in town a little while?" I asked, to make conversation.

"Just a month day before yesterday. I'm a reporter, on the *Express*. That's how I got to know your brother—they sent me to his office to get a story on the new Professional Building that's going up, and Tom was the one that talked to me."

It wasn't necessary, after all, to worry about making conversation with him. He seemed to take it for granted that I'd want to know all about him, and with easy naturalness told me that his name was Griffin Adams, that he'd been born on a farm but hated farms, had gone to a small university and studied journalism, had worked on papers in Buffalo, Cincinnati, and a couple of smaller cities.

"I never found any place I liked as well as this, though," he confided. "It's just the right size, not so big it swallows you up nor so small everybody knows your business, and there's lots of country around for hunting and fishing. I think I'd like to stay here."

His eyes, as he spoke, met mine, and for a reason I couldn't quite un-

## Overheard

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derstand they added a message to the simple words which made me look down at my hands in embarrassment.

But an hour had passed, as if by magic, when Tom returned. I didn't know he was there until I glanced up, laughing over some story Griff had told about his newspaper experiences, and saw him standing in the doorway, grinning.

"How did you do it, Griff?" he asked after they had shaken hands.

"Do what?"

"Several things," Tom said, still grinning. "First, get Jess to let you into the house at all—second, make her laugh so much. She's a regular man-hater, you know."

"Tom!" I exclaimed. "Don't!"

Griff said with a lightness for which I was deeply grateful, "She shouldn't be—she won't find any man that will hate her in return."

NOW that Tom was back, it was all spoiled. I remembered again that Griff Adams was a man and I was a woman, and with the remembrance I could no longer be natural. As soon as I could I said good night and started out of the room. But Griff stepped quickly after me.

"Won't you take pity on a newcomer and go to a movie—or somewhere—with me?" he asked.

"Why, I don't—" I began hesitantly, intending to make some excuse, I hardly knew what. But behind Griff I caught sight of Tom, listening with amusement, and my pride stiffened. I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of hearing me refuse Griff's invitation.

"I'd like to very much," I said firmly.

"Swell! How about tomorrow night?"

"All right," I said, a little taken aback because I hadn't expected him to be so definite, or to set a date so soon. "Good night."

He stood at the foot of the stairs, watching me as I went up them.

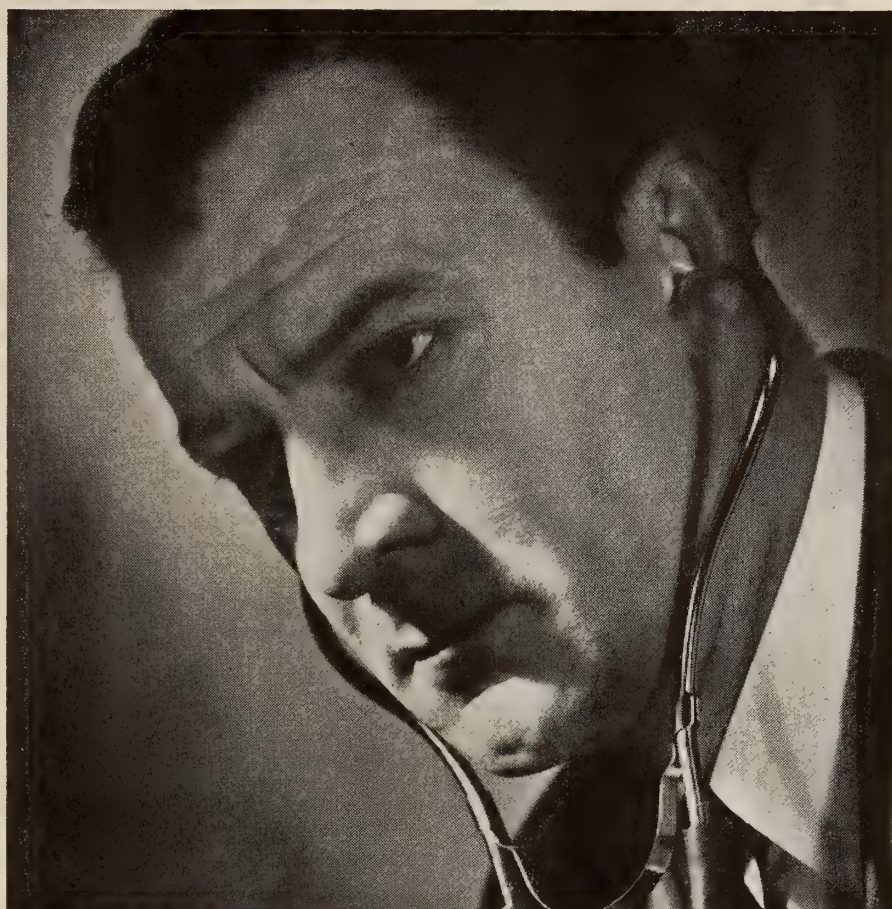
Alternately, during the next twenty hours, I looked forward to my date with Griff and wished I hadn't made it at all. But it was idiotic, I kept reminding myself, to do either. What was a trip to a movie with a young man? Nothing—no more than if I had been going with another girl. There had been nothing but respect and friendship in his attitude toward me that first evening of our meeting. Why should there be anything else when I saw him again?

He came to the house for me about seven, we rode in a bus to the theater, talking as it seemed possible to talk only to him—easily and naturally, about anything that came to mind—and sat companionably through a not very good picture. Afterwards he took me to an ice cream parlor, and then home. It was all very pleasant, very ordinary, very unexciting.

"I have a friend," I thought happily that night as I went to sleep. It was like coming out of bitter cold into a warm, fire-lighted room.

That room stayed warm and comfortable and safe throughout the next few weeks, while I saw Griff at intervals of two or three days. I found myself losing all my old shyness, expressing opinions, saying things that made us both laugh. It was wonderful—a companionship I hadn't known since Father died.

I wondered, at first, why Tom didn't tease me about Griff. It would have been just like him. Then I decided



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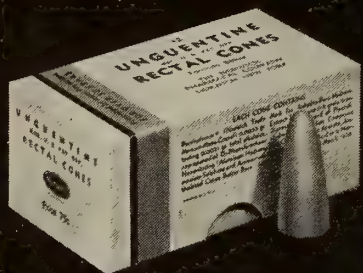
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that he was showing unaccustomed tact. The truth, Matilda and I discovered one night at supper, was simply that he'd had something else on his mind.

Blushing like a schoolboy, he announced abruptly, "I've got some news, folks. I'm going to get married."

"Married!" Matilda and I exclaimed together—Matilda in delight, I in something between shock and amazement. "Who in the world to?" Matilda added.

"Frances Connor," Tom said, trying to look as if he didn't know this would be a bombshell.

To Matilda the name meant nothing, but if anything could have surprised me more than the fact that Tom was going to get married, it was his fiancée's name. Frances had been two years ahead of me in high school. She was one of those people who have everything—a lovely, warm beauty, the gift of making people like her at sight, brains that had made her an honor student and valedictorian of her class, parents who were leaders of the town. To me, she had always seemed perfect.

"Well, aren't you going to congratulate me?" Tom asked. "You don't seem to be exactly overcome with joy, Jess."

I MUSTERED a smile and a show of enthusiasm, but what Tom had said was true. I wasn't pleased. I wasn't glad that Frances Connor was going to be Tom's wife.

This isn't pleasant to tell, and I tell it only because I must be absolutely honest with myself. I am ashamed now as I could never have been ashamed then.

But I did not believe that Tom was good enough for Frances. He was coming to her soiled, second-hand. He would demand of her things that, because I would have found them repugnant, I was sure would repel Frances too. He might not even be faithful to her.

Once he had told part of his news, Tom was bursting to tell it all. Matilda listened eagerly while he recounted how he'd met Frances at a friend's house two months before, how, after having known each other only casually while Frances was in high school, they found that they liked each other a lot. Frances had been away most of the time, going to college, but, Tom said, it hadn't changed her a bit.

"She's a swell girl," he said excitedly. "You'll think so, too, when you meet her."

"When will that be?" Matilda asked,

and Tom said he'd thought of bringing her over to dinner the next night.

I stood up; Griff was coming for me that night, and this gave me an excuse to leave the table. But I could find no excuse for my abstraction later, when I was with Griff. I might have told him of Tom's engagement, but the words stuck in my throat so I couldn't speak them.

Griff seemed to understand my mood, and I was glad he was at my side—a friend who asked nothing, neither conversation nor explanation.

"Feel much like a movie tonight?" he asked.

"Not particularly."

"Me either. Let's just walk."

On we went, to where the houses clustered around a park and a lake. There were benches along the path by the lake, and we sat down to rest for a while. It was blessedly peaceful.

Then I felt Griff's arm being laid along the back of the bench, across my shoulders. I stiffened, but I was too paralyzed to speak or move. He leaned closer. His lips were against my cheek.

"You're so lovely, Jess, so . . . untouchable," I heard him murmur.

I WAS afraid—and yet, mingled with the fear, was a kind of exultation. My heart was throbbing against my ribs, and I felt stifled, unable to breathe. I tried to move away, but my muscles wouldn't obey my will, because something stronger than my will was at work.

As if hypnotized, I let him turn my head until I faced him. I was looking into his eyes, drowning in them.

When our lips met the world dissolved in light.

I was pushing him away, beating against him with my hands clenched into fists—fighting all the more fiercely because for an instant I had responded to him.

He could not know that my fury was directed against myself more than against him. His face went white as he heard me crying:

"I hate you! I thought you were different—I thought you were my friend—but you're just the same as everyone else. Just the same as Tom! There's only one thing you want, only one thing that interests you—"

"Jess!" he cried in horror. "You don't know what you're saying!"

"I know! I know better than I ever did before." I began to cry, and with tears running down my cheeks I stood up, fending him off with one hand. "Let me go home—please. Alone. I don't want you with me."

I began to run, but he came



## Say Hello To-

RUTH McDEVITT—who is Granny Hewitt on the Joyce Jordan, M.D., serial—and is personally very much like her radio character except for a few less years and a little less spice. Ruth was born in Coldwater, Michigan, and her father and mother were musicians who encouraged her early desire to act. In school, dramatics and elocution were the only studies in which she excelled, but she found time to tuck in glee club rehearsals, piano lessons, and basketball practice. She graduated from Wooster University in Ohio, and then studied dramatics at the Toledo Dramatic Academy—and then gave up all her plans for a career to become a happily married wife. It was after the death of her husband that she seriously put all this training to use.



after me.

"I'm sorry, Jess—but I don't understand—I thought—"

I didn't even think how much I was hurting him. It didn't matter that he was bewildered. The only thing that mattered was my own shame. For a moment, there, I had wanted him to kiss me. I had wanted to feel his hands on my body.

I was no better than one of Tom's girls. No better than Tom.

"Please go away," I begged. "I can get home alone. Please go away."

At that he stopped and let me go on.

There was little sleep for me that night. When I did drop off it was into a troubled doze in which I was plagued by dreadful feelings of guilt—guilt because I had wanted Griff to kiss me, because I was a prey to desires I hated, because Tom was marrying Frances Connor and he wasn't good enough for her. In that nightmare, the relationship between Tom and Frances grew inextricably mixed with my own emotions. Subconsciously, I realized the truth that I would not let myself admit when I was awake—that I had repressed all my normal feelings until they had been warped into morbidity and unhealthy jealousy.

In the morning I was hot and feverish and dull. I dragged myself around the house, trying not to let Matilda's excited preparations for the festive dinner that night get on my nerves.

I would never see Griff Adams again. I couldn't trust myself with him. I wasn't mistress of my own body.

That was my resolve. But even that first day I was tempted to break it. I wanted so terribly to call Griff and say I was sorry for everything that had happened the night before! If there had been even the slightest chance that we could return to our old casual relationship, I would have given in to the temptation—but I knew that we couldn't, ever.

I tried to keep my thoughts on meeting Frances Connor. That would be a distraction, I told myself—not realizing that the sight of Tom's and Frances' happiness would make my own misery harder to bear.

**THEY** were madly in love. You only had to see them together to know it. Tom brought Frances into the house as if she were some precious treasure, and she watched him with eyes which made no secret of their adoration.

"Of course I remember you, Jess," she said when Tom introduced us. "And I'm so glad we're going to be sisters."

"Jess can use a sister," Tom put in. "I'm afraid she's had a pretty thin time of it around here with nobody to talk to except a no-good brother."

"That'll all be changed now," Frances smiled. "At least until Jess takes it into her head to get married."

"I'm never going to get married!" I said before I thought, and Tom raised his eyebrows.

"Don't tell me you and Griff have had a fight?" he asked teasingly.

Frances, with quick perception, said, "If they have, it's none of our business, is it, Jess?"

I was tongue-tied, as usual, during dinner, but Frances and Tom had so much to say to each other and to Matilda, who was serving us, that it didn't seem to make much difference. But in spite of her preoccupation with Tom, Frances never lost an oppor-

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tunity to draw me into the conversation, asking my opinion or addressing herself to me instead of my brother.

Oh, I thought, she was so much the person I wished I could be! She was so kind, and at the same time so strong and sure! Before the evening was over I was prepared to be her slave. There was nothing I wouldn't have done to make her happy—for of all the people I had ever known, she most deserved happiness.

Slowly, the knowledge grew in me of what I must do.

Frances must be told about Tom. It was a terrible thing to do to my brother. It almost certainly meant the wreck of all his plans for happiness. But his happiness was no longer as important to me as Frances', and I could at least play fair. I wouldn't talk about him to Frances behind his back. Whatever I said, I would say in front of him.

That opportunity came even sooner than I had expected. It was almost as if the fates were determined to give me no excuse for remaining silent. For after dinner, as the three of us settled down in the living room, Tom slipped his arm around Frances' waist and laughed:

"How about it, Jess?—Don't you think Fran's too good for me?"

There was a second's pause, while I looked at the happiness in their faces. Then I said:

"Yes."

Neither of them understood me at first. They went on smiling, sure that this was my way of joking.

I hurried on: "I've got to tell you, Frances—it's the only fair thing to do. It won't be pleasant—but better now than after you're married—"

Tom had stopped smiling. His face was very pale, but as he spoke the color came flooding back into it until it was a deep red. "What the devil are you talking about, Jess?" he demanded. "If this is a joke, it's a damned poor one—"

"Wait, Tom," Frances said with an authority surprising in someone so gentle and pretty. "Let Jess say what she wants to say."

"You know what I'm talking about, Tom," I said. "All the girls you've had—Angie Miller—and the one you brought to this house—and all the others since then. Francis has to know about them too, before she ties herself to you for the rest of her life." At the fury in his face, I shrank back against my chair. He had risen, and I thought he was going to strike me.

"Are you crazy?" he said thickly. "My own sister—saying things like that—God, I can't believe it!"

"It's true—you know it's true!" I almost screamed. "You can't deny it, no matter how much you want to." "Who's denying—" Tom began—when Frances' soft voice cut him short.

"Tom," she said. "Please—don't say anything more. Just go away and leave Jess with me."

**I WILL not!** She's crazy—there's no telling what she'll do or say!"

"Tom—please," she said, just as softly as before. "It will be all right if you do. I promise."

Tensely, he hesitated—then turned and left the room.

I buried my face in my hands, sobs that I couldn't control shaking me like blows. I wasn't conscious of anything except that I had been afraid



and now I was safe, until I felt Frances' arms around me and heard her saying gently:

"Jess, you mustn't cry. You and I must talk."

Gradually, under her soothing influence, my hysteria ebbed away. "I'm sorry," I said. "But I—I didn't want to say anything—I just had to—and when Tom got so furious—"

"Yes, but Tom's gone now and you must tell me why you said what you did."

"Because it's true!" I insisted. "And because if you married Tom without knowing and found out later you'd hate him . . . your whole life would be ruined."

"You thought it would make that much difference?" she asked in a kind of reproachful wonderment. "But you were wrong. You see, I knew already . . . Oh, I didn't know any details," she went on when I only stared at her in amazement. "But, knowing Tom, I couldn't help knowing that he'd—been around. Anyone as full of life as he couldn't have helped tasting every experience that offered itself. But that was all before he knew me. It has nothing to do with the Tom I love."

"You—you don't care?" I gasped. "Not in the least. Why should I? It was natural—and I don't want a saint for a husband. I want a flesh-and-blood man. So let's not think any more about it."

"Tom—" I whispered. "He's so angry—he'll hate me."

"I don't think so—not when I've talked to him and he understands. I'll tell him what I know is true—that you've been terribly unhappy."

No one had ever talked to me this way before, and suddenly it was as if a key had been turned in my heart, unlocking a door that freed all my hidden thoughts. I heard myself telling her things I had thought I could never tell a living soul—about Tom's birthday party, about my loneliness, even about Griff Adams.

When I had finished, Frances said only, "I'm so sorry, Jess. But you mustn't blame Tom. It's never possible for one human being to know how unhappy another one is. And you know most of your unhappiness you brought on yourself, by not being strong enough to accept reality."

**Y**OU thought love—physical love—was degrading. It isn't, if it's real. Instead, it is the most beautiful thing in the world. Perhaps you're in love now, with Griff Adams. I don't know—and probably you don't either. One sure thing is that you never will if you don't give him a chance to make love to you."

"After last night," I said miserably, "he won't ever want to see me again."

Frances chuckled. "He's probably thinking the same thing about you. Why don't you call him up and see?"

"Oh, I couldn't—" I began. Then I saw Frances' quizzical, reproving look. I stood up. "I—I will," I said.

Frances left me alone in the living room with the telephone, while she went to find Tom and talk to him, but it was long minutes before I could get up courage to lift the receiver. Suppose he was furious, as he had every right to be? Suppose he wasn't even furious, but only amused and a little contemptuous? Suppose he

wasn't home, and I had to go through the agony of nerving myself to call him again. Suppose . . . ?

Then the ringing stopped and I heard his voice. And he wasn't angry or contemptuous. As soon as he knew it was I, the words tumbled out in the helter-skelter way that was so much a part of Griff Adams.

"I've been sitting here wondering if I had the nerve to call you. I thought probably you'd never want to talk to me again, but honestly, you didn't understand—I didn't mean—I didn't mean what you thought I did. I—say, won't you let me come over to see you?"

I laughed, a little shakily. "If you don't," I said, "I'm coming over to see you."

"I'll be there in two minutes flat," he promised.

It really wasn't much more than that, either, before I heard his ring at the door. I hurried to let him in, before Tom or Frances could get there ahead of me. It was strange to be meeting him there, taking his hat and coat, going through all the motions of ordinary life—while all the time I was trying to think what I might say.

But that was my first lesson in love—that words are not needed in some of life's greatest moments. For when we went into the living room Griff turned to me and smiled—so quietly, so tenderly that somehow I knew he would never want an explanation. He held out his arms, and as if it were the most natural thing in the world, I walked into them.

It was as Frances had said. Love is beautiful, when it is real.

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BOB PINS

## I Love You Too Much

*Continued from page 23*

stay on board your ship the whole way," I asked him, "or did you have to make a change or two?" It didn't sound so grim, put that way.

"We got it," he said soberly. "But one of the escort vessels picked us up pretty quick."

I tried to say something to cover the way my heart was beating at the picture his brief words had painted. But before I could answer he went on, speaking rapidly. "I guess that's what made me know I had to talk to you."

Now it was coming. He stopped under the dimmed-out street light and stood looking deeply into my face. "Maybe that sounds funny, maybe you didn't have the feeling I had, that we had to be straight with each other—"

**I** WOULD have spoken. I would have cried out, "Yes, Kit, yes! Oh, I did!" But he did not let me. He raised his hand and went on in this new, quick way. "We'd better skip that angle," he said. "I mean—well, I want us to be friends. All of us, because I've got a hunch that she's the kind of kid that needs friends—"

"She?" I drew a deep, tremulous breath and clenched my fists in my coat pockets, getting braced for what I began to know was coming.

"Yes. She's here now. My wife—" I didn't speak; I couldn't; and perhaps he understood that, because he hurried on. "It still seems funny, saying 'my wife,' sort of unreal. I mean, it all happened so fast, just before I sailed. The war, I guess, makes you do the things you want to do in a hurry, while there's still time. We hadn't known each other very long, but we—" He drew a deep breath as if he had to check himself before he told too much. But still, he'd told me all I needed to know. I could understand; I could see what had happened as clearly as if I'd been there. Young hands, reaching for happiness before it was snatched out of reach forever—unthinking, overeager perhaps, desperate. A few quick words: "Why not? . . . Why not now—today? Tomorrow may be too late."

"Anyway," he said in a different tone, "she's here now, got here a week ago to wait for me. She doesn't know a soul around here and she's young and—" He hesitated. "Well, you'll see when you meet her. Everything's mighty different here for her, and I thought maybe you'd sort of take her under your wing—"

He stopped with such a pleading, doubtful look in his eyes that I forgot a little of my misery. Whatever the facts were behind his halting, incoherent words, I felt somehow that he needed me, he was asking my help. "Of course, Kit," I said unsteadily. "Naturally I'll do anything I can for her."

I don't remember what we talked about, or if we talked, the rest of the way to the big hotel where they were staying. I was thinking fast, getting myself set to face Kit's wife, changing everything around in my mind—some things which did not change easily and hurt unbearably. I told myself that nothing had really happened, after all, between Kit and me. We had not even kissed. I tried to be glad of that. I tried to stifle the

traitorous longing that kept rushing up in me. If only I had something to remember! But no, that would not have been Kit. Whatever he had felt, he had been honorable. Maybe he hadn't felt anything but friendship. I must try to hope he had not. If I cared about him, I must think now only of helping to make his marriage happy. It was then I made the resolution that was so hard to keep.

Kit phoned their room but there was a message for him to meet her in the bar. Standing in the entrance I glanced quickly about the dimly lighted room. The only girl sitting alone was on a stool at the bar itself. So I had a good view of her from all sides before Kit led me between the tables.

She was a pretty girl, very pretty, with shining blonde curls piled elaborately on her head and dropping in a long bob down her back. Even without the eyeshadow and mascara that she wore, her brown eyes would have looked startlingly large and dark in her little pointed face. I forced my lips into a welcoming smile, scolding myself for the jealousy which had made me resist the idea that this could be Kit's wife. Why not? She was the kind that attracts every man. She was cute and desirable, and if her dress seemed too bright and glittering a print and cut too low, that was because I was looking for things to criticize. She was like a bright-plumed tropical bird and it wasn't her fault that I felt like a New England wren in my well-cut dull good wool dress.

I wrenched myself out of these miserable thoughts. I tried to smile at Kit's wife as he said, "Lacey, this is Barbara Nickerson."

**S**HE slipped off the stool and stood looking at me suspiciously, and then she suddenly smiled and seized both my hands. "Now, aren't you the sweetest thing!" she cried out. "Promisin' to trouble yourself about poor little me! But goodness knows I need it if anyone ever did. I thought I was lonesome down home after Kit left, but I declare I didn't know what being lonesome was till I got up here." She dropped my hands and grabbed his arm, clinging and looking with wide loving eyes into his face. "I just had to follow him up north and be right here when he got in!"

I bit my lip, trying to keep from turning away from the sight. She was so possessive, and she had a right to be!

Kit seemed embarrassed, too, and led us to a table. "Barbara will probably be able to help you find a place to live," he said as soon as we had ordered.

I was glad to have something practical to think about. "Why, yes, I think the next apartment to me is vacant. It's in a remodeled old house up on the Hill—"

But Lacey was looking from me to Kit in round-eyed surprise. "Why, that's mighty sweet of you," she said, "but why couldn't I just stay right on here in this hotel?"

Kit said gently, "A place like this is all right for a short stay, Lacey, but to live here regularly would cost a lot—"

She looked reproachful. "Why, Kit, after all that money you brought back



from your trip!"

I looked at him quickly, my heart stopping. "All that money." Didn't his own wife know what it meant if he brought good pay home from a voyage? Surely she must realize that every extra dollar meant peril that could not be paid for with money, risks taken that were not part of his job, voluntary acts of heroism and sacrifice. I could see Kit on an icy wave-swept deck, stepping quietly to take the place of a fallen naval gunner, giving quick efficient orders for an officer who was wounded—these were the things those extra dollars meant.

Kit was explaining patiently, "You remember, I told you how we'd be needing this money after the war—"

I wished I were miles from here. I didn't want to hear him say that word "we."

"People will be crazy to travel again, then." He turned to me, his eyes alight. "You see it, don't you? My idea was that I could run the sort of garage that could service the mid-get planes that mass production will make it possible for everybody to have—"

I had never heard him talk that way, and for a moment I felt only the thrill of his dream. "That's right," I said eagerly. "All the boys in the air service will be coming home and not wanting to give up flying—"

"That may be years from now," Lacey said and I saw that her red lips were puffed out in a pout. "And it looks like that waiter's going to wait till then to serve us, too—" She giggled suddenly at her joke like a child whose moods of storm and sunshine followed each other without leaving a trace. But I had a hard time smiling. She wasn't right for Kit! I couldn't argue the thought away. She shouldn't have been his wife!

**B**UT I had myself in hand by the time they came to see me the next afternoon, Sunday.

Kit looked around at my place with a pleased smile. "Say, this is nice," he said, examining a framed sampler that hung between my windows. "It's like a real home. Isn't it nice, Lacey?"

"The one next door is just the same," I said quickly. His words were upsetting my control.

"Is this all there is to it?" Lacey asked.

I opened the door to my shining red and white kitchenette. "And there's a bath, of course."

"You wouldn't need a big place, Lacey," Kit told her. "Being alone so much of the time—"

"I guess not." She shrugged and then suddenly smiled, hugging his arm. "It's just that I can't get used to things being crowded up together this way."

I saw how she felt—like a child, lost and strange in this northern city, knowing she must be alone here through the long, long weeks with no company but her worry and her fear.

"You can have fun fixing up your place." I told her about the street of second-hand shops nearby where she could pick up good things at bargains, sometimes real antiques, to supplement the routine furniture already in the apartment.

Her lips pouted in distaste. "I don't like old stuff," she said. Then, with one of her sudden changes of mood, she flashed her bright smile up at Kit. "But it doesn't matter—I can get along



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all right. I won't—I mean we won't be here long, only until the war's over." She finished the sentence rather lamely, and I was left with the feeling that she'd started to say something else, then changed her mind just in time.

Later, after Kit had gone, I guessed what she had meant to say at first: "I won't be in the apartment much, anyway."

For she wasn't. The night after Kit shipped out again, I knocked at her door, intending to ask her out to dinner with me. There was no answer, and it was only by chance I caught her in the next night. Whatever I'd planned, when I told Kit I'd "take her under my wing," it was evident that Lacey had different ideas. As soon as she caught sight of the Priscilla Tea Shop, where I usually ate, she hung back. "Nothing but old women!" she said in horror. "Let's go where there's some life, at least."

BY the time we had found a place that suited her there was not much time for me to eat before I was due at the canteen. I hurried through my meal, but she took her time. "I thought," I said a little timidly, "you might like to come with me to the canteen."

She raised her arched eyebrows even higher. "Wash dishes and wait on tables for nothing?" she said, laughing. "No, thanks."

"But it isn't all washing dishes and waiting on tables," I urged. "We dance with the men, and talk to them, too. And I thought if you were lonely, it would be a chance to have some fun."

Her eyes narrowed, ever so slightly. "Well," she said musingly, "I suppose I could give it a try—All right. I don't mind."

Yet I knew, by the time the evening at the canteen was over, I had made a mistake. Lacey worked gamely at the chores she was given to do—and she was rather more efficient at them than I'd expected—but her manner with the men was wrong. All the hostesses were expected to be friendly, of course, for we were there to offer the men a cordial, lively kind of companionship. But the way Lacey treated them was different: too personal, too provocative. Her popularity was the kind that would make the men excitable and quarrelsome.

Or was I being over-critical? Did I want to find faults in Lacey Ericson? I didn't know. Or, rather, I knew too well.

Others noticed her too, though, and after a week the gentle, sweet woman in charge of the hostesses asked me to speak to Lacey about her attitude.

It was no fun for me, but I tried to be diplomatic.

"The idea is that these men have been through so much at sea that they're all keyed up when they get ashore," I explained carefully. "We're supposed to ease them through it, help them relax. And you—" I smiled at her—"You're not exactly a relaxing influence."

She looked at me. "You wouldn't be a teentysy bit jealous, now, would you?" she asked sweetly. "You wouldn't maybe go a little green-eyed when you see the fellows piled up six deep around me instead of Barbara?"

I felt the blood hot under my skin. Yes, it was true I was jealous of her, and the knowledge was bitter to me. But not about these men! With an effort of will I controlled myself.

"Lacey," I said gently, "the idea is not to compete for the men's attention. It's just the opposite, to try to see that we have enough girls to go around. Don't you see?"

"I see, all right," she said angrily. "I see they're trying to run the place like an old ladies' home." Then she shrugged sullenly, indifferently. "But I don't care. I only started going there because you wanted me to, in the first place."

She never went back.

It was only by an effort, after that, that I saw her at all. I was busy four nights a week and all day long except Sundays. In the mornings she was still asleep when I left the apartment. At night, nearly always, her apartment was dark and empty when I came home to go wearily to bed. Where she went, how she spent her time, I didn't know.

But was I doing what I had promised Kit? Wasn't I slacking on the responsibility I had taken so thoughtlessly? "If you'd only help her," he'd said. "She's young and—"

So significantly, he hadn't completed that sentence. His loyalty had kept him from saying that she was thoughtless, spoiled, too fond of the easy admiration of men. On the other hand, I reminded myself sternly, he might not have said any such thing. Again, I might be letting the bitter, cankerous jealousy within me have too free a rein.

NEEDING companionship, someone to talk to, I turned back to Paul, as I had always turned to him before. I went with him to a party given by one of his fellow officers-in-training. It was good to be with him again, I found—good to see his familiar, friendly face, good even to know what he would say before he said it. I



## Say Hello To—

ROBERT ALLEN—no relation to the Bob Allen who leads an orchestra, but a radio actor you're likely to hear on almost any dramatic show, daytime or night. Tall, brown and handsome, Bob was born thirty-three years ago in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and entered the theater professionally after graduating from Dartmouth. In films, he's appeared opposite Grace Moore, Jean Arthur, Loretta Young and Ann Sheridan, and was also starred as Bob "Tex" Allen in a long series of western pictures having to do with horses and cowboys and bad men. He really likes to ride horseback, too—and also likes to collect old phonograph records. He's married and the proud father of one child, and recently was the leading man in a Broadway play, "I Killed the Count."



wished, I really did wish, that I could love him. It would have been so easy, knowing I could never have Kit, to accept second-best Paul—so easy, and so complete a betrayal of Paul, who deserved better.

All evening, we both carefully avoided mentioning the canteen, my work there, or anything at all which would have reminded us of our last meeting when I had admitted I had fallen in love with someone else.

One thing that evening with Paul did for me—it stiffened my resolution to keep seeing Lacey whether she wanted me to or not. I went back to stopping in at her apartment, whether she was there or not—and sometimes, about half the time, she was. I went to the movies with her, once or twice even taking nights off from the canteen to do so. I made myself ignore the fact that often she was listless and bored, showing plainly that she considered another girl dull company.

"I'm not going home yet," she said one evening when we came out of the theater. Her little, pretty face looked into mine defiantly. "I'd go nuts in that place all by myself one more night."

"All right," I heard myself saying brightly. "Where shall we go?"

"We?" She stared at me suspiciously.

"Why not? Say where and I'll call a boy friend of mine to meet us." It wasn't, perhaps, entirely fair to Paul—yet I knew he would be pleased.

"No kidding?" She smiled with the sudden childlike delight that was so disarming. "We can make it a four-some?"

"We certainly can." But my heart sank. It was clear that she had already made a date. And she mentioned the Golden Gate Cafe with matter-of-fact familiarity.

Paul, when I telephoned and told him where we'd meet him, was stunned. I could almost hear his shock over the wire before he said, "The Golden Gate! You don't mean you want to go there!"

"Why?" I said. "Is it so terrible?"

"It certainly is," he said in cold disapproval.

If I had ever seen the Golden Gate, I might have realized that his tone was justified. As it was, I was a little nettled. "Well, that's where we're going," I said, "whether you want to come along or not."

"All right," he said curtly after a baffled pause. "I'll meet you there."

He was as good as his word, waiting on the sidewalk in front of the cafe when our cab drew up. And of course he was well-bred enough—you could always trust Paul for that—to keep his face inscrutable when I introduced Lacey.

The Golden Gate was a long room with a crowded bar running down the full length of one side. The rest of it, except for a tiny spotlighted alcove on the opposite wall, was packed with tables so close together that every time I moved my back touched the back of the man at the table behind me. People passing along the narrow aisles could not have avoided brushing against us if they had been cold sober, which none of them were. The atmosphere was dense with smoke and the fumes of beer and whiskey made me feel a little ill.

"We're early," Lacey said. "My date's not due for a while yet." She eyed Paul while he gave our order to a large waitress in soiled pink. It was easy to see she didn't quite know

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what to make of him. She liked his dark good looks, but his disapproving air worried and repelled her. A few sips of the drink the waitress brought and slammed down on the sticky table top, however, loosened her tongue.

"Barbara didn't tell me she had a soldier for a boy friend," she announced. "I thought sure it'd be a sailor, she spends so much time down at that canteen place."

Paul smiled. "Maybe it is," he said. "Barby doesn't tell me everything, either."

It wasn't very funny, but Lacey giggled; and when she laughed she looked so young and pleased and pretty that I couldn't help being touched. She was just like a child, with a child's taste for taking her fun with plenty of noise and excitement. What harm was there in that?

IT was rather sweet of her, in a way, to be so uncritical in her enjoyment. When a middle-aged singer in garish make-up and little else squeezed herself between the orchestra and the patrons and groaned a deafening torch song into a microphone, Lacey hummed almost reverently with her, and she watched the rest of the cheap, vulgar entertainment with shining eyes. Between numbers she stared with wide-eyed expectancy around her, waving and screaming greetings above the din. I tried not to look apprehensive at every man who lurched down the aisle, afraid that this at last might turn out to be Lacey's date.

He arrived around midnight—a big red-faced man whom Lacey introduced defiantly as Bill McGeehan. He nodded briefly at Paul and me and sat down close to Lacey, saying something I couldn't hear but which made her crinkle up her nose and laugh delightedly.

"Look," Paul said to me, "I've got a stiff calculus quiz due tomorrow morning. How about us leaving—I don't think we're wanted much anyhow."

"Don't," I told him urgently. I grasped his hand, tight. "Don't go, Paul."

He looked down at me, surprised and pleased, and his hand answered mine. "Well, if that's the way you feel...!" he said.

I felt guilty, and wanted to explain. But I knew if I did he'd insist upon leaving, and I couldn't leave Lacey now. She had had a good many drinks and they were beginning to show. She was leaning almost on Bill McGeehan's shoulder, looking up into his face with a frank invitation that he could hardly be expected to resist. I thought of Kit, and nearly choked with disgust and revulsion.

"Miss me, honey?" Bill shouted at her over the noise around us. "Think I was going to stand you up for once?"

She shook her head, her eyes languorous, not even caring now about my hearing what they said.

And I wouldn't. I would not try to listen for things that would incriminate her. I smiled brightly at Paul and asked him about his mother. He answered eagerly, giving me all the news of his family and of people we both knew. But I couldn't keep my mind on what he was saying. I wanted so terribly to look over at Lacey and Bill McGeehan. But when at last I did, they were gone.

"Where are they?" I interrupted Paul, sharply.

"To dance, I suppose," he said, "or what passes for dancing on that floor." His hand took mine again. I peered out at the crowded dancers and shook my head. "They're not there, Paul."

"Well, suppose they're not?" he asked with sudden impatience. "Personally, I hope we've lost them."

"Lacey's such a kid," I told him. "And in a place like this anything might happen to her."

"Nothing she wouldn't want to happen," Paul said with uncharacteristic frankness.

"Paul, don't!"

"Why not?" His brows lifted in amazement. "Is she sacred? What is she to you?"

I could have told him that in some strange way she was sacred. She was Kit's wife. I said, "I—I've got to find her, Paul."

I got up and he followed, unwillingly, up and down the crowded bar. I left him finally to search the Ladies' Room. Maybe Lacey was sick. But she was not there. She was not anywhere in the Golden Gate.

"It's late, Barby," Paul told me impatiently. "Let's go."

There was nothing else to do. At home I knocked at Lacey's door without much hope. "Oh, Paul—" I turned to him desperately. "What shall I do?"

"Go to bed and get some sleep."

"But—"

PAUL compressed his lips. He was totally without sympathy. "If you'd tell me *why* you care so much what happens to a girl who's obviously able to take care of herself—"

"It's because she's married," I said. I wished wildly that he would understand the rest—yet, somehow, I was also afraid he would. "She'll wreck her marriage this way."

But he stared uncomprehendingly. "No doubt. Still, it couldn't have been much of a marriage to begin with. Why should it make any difference to you?"

"It does, though."

I think that then, although Paul was never very sensitive, he did guess the truth. A shadow of anger crossed his eyes. He was not going to be kind—I could see that. Perhaps, I've thought since, that moment was his chance to change what I felt for him from friendship into love. I would have been so passionately grateful, just then, for sympathy, for help! And I was looking for a miracle that would help me to love him instead of Kit. But Paul could never have understood that.

"I give up," he said gruffly. "Call me when you're sane, if that time ever comes." And I watched his broad, straight back retreating down the stairs.

I had never felt so alone—and yet I had company enough. I had a kind of exultation that now Lacey had been proved, beyond any shadow of doubt, unworthy of Kit. I had the knowledge that I could tell him, and watch while he cast Lacey aside. And I had my shame that I could even think of such things. Oh, yes, I had all the companionship I needed through the hours until dawn while I waited, straining my ears for the sound of Lacey's return to the apartment next door.

Just as the first gray light was creeping in at the windows, I heard her come up the stairs—unsteadily, waveringly; heard the click of the



key in the latch, and the slam of the door behind her.

I got up then. There was no use trying to sleep any more this night. I could only struggle with the problem that was squarely before me. What should I do?

Lacey was in my power. Kit would believe me, no matter what she said. I could put a stop to this marriage that should never have taken place in the beginning. I could return to Kit his self-respect, his freedom . . . But he didn't know he'd lost the first, and perhaps he didn't want the second. And yet I couldn't tell him—I knew that. I loved him too much to hurt him, even for his own good.

At eight o'clock I was knocking at her door. At first there was no answer, but I kept on. Presently I heard the clack of her slipper heels and the door opened. Lacey was standing there staring at me resentfully.

But what a different Lacey! Her hair, usually so elaborately dressed, was a tangle of pins and combs. In the morning light, with lipstick and rouge left mostly on her pillow, she looked pale and sallow. Smudges of mascara and blue-green eyeshadow gave her a grotesque look heightened by the background of the untidy room, the tumbled studio couch.

She said, "Now you've got me all waked up you might as well come in." She disappeared into the bathroom and came back swallowing a couple of aspirin tablets. Then she smiled with her sudden infectious gaiety, that could almost make me forget the night before. "Boy, have I got a head," she said, easing herself onto the couch warily. "Pardon me if I seem to go back to bed, but it looks like little Lacey took one too many last night . . . And speaking of last night," she added too carelessly, "what became of you and the boy friend? We looked around and all of a sudden you were gone."

I didn't want to fence. "You know that isn't true, Lacey," I said. "You were the ones that were suddenly gone. We looked all over for you. I finally came home when we couldn't find you. And I heard you come in about dawn."

"Don't you get a little tired of spying on me?" she demanded furiously. "Lacey, no!" I was genuinely hurt. "Lacey, honestly, all I thought was that I could help keep you from being too lonely."

She smiled scornfully, reached for a crumpled pack of cigarettes, drew one out and jabbed a match viciously against its folder. "Lonely! What else could I be around here? I'm used to being among folks that know how to live, have a good time! But I don't suppose you can understand that!"

"Yes, I can," I said, looking at her miserable little face. She was like a sick, cross child. "Lacey, I can understand what it must be like for you, coming up here where it's all so different—"

"I'd go crazy if I didn't find a few friends for myself!"

That was a mistake, and she knew it when I said, "A few?" Then McGeehan wasn't the only one! She glanced away from me, leaned over with a groan to snub out her cigarette.

"All right," she said sulkily after a moment. "Now you know. You've got a swell chance to make me look like poison to Kit. That's what you wanted, isn't it?"

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**When your complexion  
signals SOS —**



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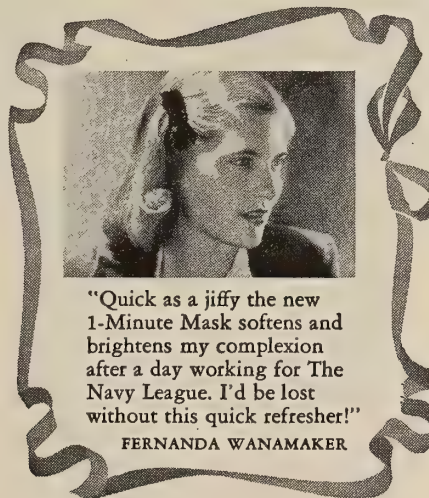
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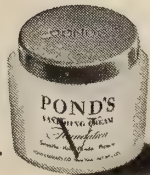


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"No," I said slowly. And I hoped it was true!

She eyed me. "But you're going to use it, now you've got it. You're going to tell Kit, aren't you?"

"I—I don't know—" I faltered.

She seized me by my shoulders. "Barbara, I swear there wasn't any harm in what I did last night. I couldn't bear it for Kit to think there was. You know it would be a mighty sad thing for him to have to go away on his next trip thinking things like that about his wife. I'll do anything you want, if you won't tell. Anything!"

"I don't want you to do anything," I said, "except what you wouldn't mind Kit knowing about."

"I promise, Barbara!"

She didn't keep her promise, but I knew by then that I couldn't tell Kit. If I had wanted him myself, it would have been easy and right to tell; but because I loved him it would be all wrong.

ONCE that was decided, I felt a strange relief. I could not be happy, I could never be happy without Kit, but I felt a sort of peace that is hard to describe. At the office I worked like an automaton, able again to type out my long complicated forms without a mistake. The men's careless talk at the canteen no longer bothered me. I could hear them talk about "pea shooters" and know they meant machine guns, yet not shiver with fear for Kit. Somewhere a voice inside me was calmly reassuring: "What's going to happen will happen, and there's nothing you can do about it."

That serenity was shattered, though, when Kit returned and I had to watch him with Lacey—watch the amused affection in his eyes at her cute, child-like high spirits. She was a different girl when he was there, all gaiety and sweetness. Perhaps she really does love him, I thought dully.

Then, shatteringly, would come the realization that I could still take him away from her. I could change that expression in his eyes to one of hatred when he looked at her.

When I was alone—at night, knowing that they were together next door—I clenched my hands and pressed them against my mouth to stifle the words that were clamoring to be uttered. But each time I saw them I arranged a smile on my face and was silent. I might lose my love, my happiness, my whole life—but I would keep one thing: the right to look into my own eyes in the mirror without flinching away in self-disgust.

Until the night Kit came, unexpectedly, in to the canteen. It was still early, and the place was only a quarter full. He came straight over to my counter and said unceremoniously, "Can you come home with me?"

I looked at the strange cold look of his face with wonder and I said, "Of course."

"I'd like to have you with me when I see Lacey. There's something—" He broke off.

I went to get permission and joined him on the street. We walked silently to the apartment house.

When he opened the door, Lacey whirled from the mirror where she had been rouging her lips. "Kit, you're so late! I thought you'd be home an hour ago and—" she began petulantly, and stopped when she saw me.

Kit paid no attention. He looked at her without emotion. "Lacey, tell me the truth," he said quietly. "Lacey, what's the truth of what I've been hearing about you?"

Lacey's stare went from him to me, and her face lost all its color so that the rouge stood out starkly on her lips. "I might have known you'd cross me up!" she said tightly, shrilly. "Promising you wouldn't—"

"Lacey, stop!" I put my hands on her shoulder. "I haven't told him!"

But anger had flooded her brain with fury and she was no longer able to hear or think. "All right!" she cried out wildly. "Now he's got your story he might as well have the rest." She whirled on Kit. "Do you think I'd ever have married you if I'd known what I was getting? A guy that couldn't be pried loose from his cash without a crow-bar!" She drew up her small body and fairly spat her words at him. "You listen here, Kit Ericson! If you ever thought I was planning to sit by the fire and watch your little business grow an inch a year till we were old, I'm telling you right now that you were mighty wrong!"

Kit said, "Yes. I was wrong." That was all. But something about the very quietness of the way he said it made Lacey hear him, see him, suddenly. She looked bewildered as if she listened to the echoes of her own voice saying the things that she had said, and she was afraid.

Kit went on. "Barbara didn't tell me anything. A fellow at the union hall told me. I wouldn't believe him—but I believed him enough to want Barbara here with me when I asked you about it. I guess—that was a good idea."

Some of Lacey's defiance came back. She laughed. "Yes, I guess it was. What you didn't know before, you know now." She shrugged. "Oh, well. I can't say I'm too sorry. It was bound to happen, sooner or later."

"Good bye, Lacey," Kit said.

GOOD BYE, Kit. It was fun while it lasted, wasn't it?"

Kit didn't answer that pitiful attempt at gallantry. He turned toward the door, and I followed him. I'll always remember my last sight of Lacey—a flamboyant figure in a scarlet jersey, slender and graceful, extravagant against the drab background—of a furnished apartment in a New England town.

Kit and I went into my apartment and I made some coffee. We didn't talk; we were both too exhausted with the tension we had been through. But we were at peace. I think he felt as I did, that the future was straight and clear ahead of us, with no happiness very near, but shining far off in the future. We could hope, we could get through the present with its waiting and danger and hard work, and while we did our job we could plan and build and dream. It was as settled and sure in the very air around us as if we had talked about it.

As settled, in fact, as it is today. For as I write, word has just come that Lacey's divorce has been made final. Kit doesn't know—he's at sea, and it will be weeks, perhaps, before he is back. But he will come back, safely. Of that I am sure, just as I am sure that these days of war will at last bring triumph to men of good will, everywhere.



## Tell Me You're Mine

Continued from page 47

whom I could talk, someone to help me clarify my mind. Someone really, I suppose, although I didn't admit it in so many words, to pat me on the back and tell me that all my fears were foolish. And so I went back to the boarding house. Good old Gracie was there, God bless her, and she knew, the minute she looked at my face, that something had happened. But she was smart enough to keep quiet about it, to let me get around to telling her in my own way.

We went out and had some chile together at our favorite little cafe, where even at nine in the evening it's difficult to get a table. And after I'd eaten, hardly tasting the hot food, I told her everything, swearing her to secrecy about my marriage because of my promise to Dean.

To her, that marriage seemed about the most glamorous thing that had ever happened to anyone—you remember how impressed she'd been with Dean when first I introduced them!—and she at once began to find a thousand excuses for Dean's sudden departure. I gave her the little note to read, and she interpreted it so generously that I began to catch her mood, too, began to feel that maybe everything was going to turn out all right after all.

THEN I told her, too, about Tom's confession before he had left on the train. She made a deprecating gesture with her hand, and said, "Oh, Jackie—how can you mention him in the same breath with Dean?"

Somehow, that stung. I resented her words about Tom. I felt—well, sort of *motherly* about Tom Trumble. And anyway, troubled as I was about everything, one fact was clear—Dean Hunter was perfectly able to take care of himself, but Tom Trumble was the kind who needed someone to stand up for him.

I stood up. "Let's go, Gracie," I said, and suddenly I was in a panic to get away, for I felt the backwash of that strong tide of emotion which had carried me on its crest for a while. I felt tears rising stinging, unexpressibly, to my eyes. I stumbled out, leaving Gracie to pay the bill. In a moment, she caught up to me, slipped her arm through mine, guiding me. I tried to stop crying, but it was beyond my control now. I even tried to make myself laugh by picturing how ridiculous I must look, walking along the street crying, just as a child, unashamed of tears, does. But I couldn't help it; the past hours bore down on me and I was tormented by a sense of disaster and the fear that I had taken false, irretrievably false, steps.

Gracie put her arms about me, and her voice was amazingly gentle. "I'm a fiend, Jackie. Was it what I said about Tom? Who am I to decide how you feel about whom and when? Maybe this Tom Trumble is your boy—and Dean Hunter just your suppressed desire—or, rather, not so very suppressed, but—"

"Oh, Gracie," I cried, half sobbing, half laughing at her tangled up way of trying to make things clear. "Let's get home in a hurry. I guess I'm just tired."

I was afraid, when I went to bed, that I wouldn't be able to sleep, that the night would be a thousand years

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long, as lonely, fear-ridden nights always are. But I fell asleep almost at once. I must have been completely exhausted, physically, mentally and emotionally.

Next day was better, easier to get through, for I awoke with the strange, sort of suspended-in-air feeling that the whole thing was only something I'd dreamed. I sat down, before I went to work, to try to write a note to Dean, but I had to tear up three before I finally got down on paper one that made sense, one that didn't make me seem like a silly fool.

Oh, I don't mean that I didn't care. There was a funny, hurt spot, like a sharp stone pressing into my breast. But sleep had somehow put a protective covering around it—the hurt was dull now, not swift pain. And the image of Dean had been strangely dulled, too. The sight of him, the sound of him, the touch of his hands was a memory and not a reality as I moved about in my dream-like state that morning. Strangely, I could remember Tom Trumble better. I could see his face sharply, recall his funny, half-awkward puppy-dog lovable-ness. I could remember what he had said to me before he left, and how he had gone, finally, with hope still in his heart.

**T**HE office was buzzing when I got there. Anyone who's ever been in the radio business knows what a variable, uncertain, but fascinating profession it can be. Of course, I'd only been on the fringe, watching the stars, listening to the conferences, taking down the letters of negotiation and agreement, putting in my little two cents' worth at rehearsals, but even so, I always felt that radio was my job, that I was, in a small but still important way, a part of it.

That morning, the buzzing in the office concerned that now-famous program of *Hiya Soldier*. Word had got around that the show at which the soldier "broke up" in a sentimental song and the popular Dean Hunter pulled the continuity together, was their best performance to date—that the show had really hit a new stride. And I felt—well, sort of possessive about the whole thing. I don't know how to explain it, but the office gossip, the talk that something new and important was brewing, in a way made up for the hurt Dean had caused me yesterday, for the loneliness, the sense of being at loose ends, which I felt.

I was in Colonel Wilson's office that morning when one of the toughest radio men in Washington came in, to say, "We've got mail and calls and wires on that show that'd make your head swim. They loved it. It made people believe that it was the real goods. A soldier begins to cry while singing a song about his home. Then their favorite singer steps up and finishes the song for him while the audience chimes in. It's a winner! Boy, I've seen 'em try for an effect like that in rehearsal, but it never quite comes off. Believe me, it only goes over when it's the real thing."

I suppose it was feminine vanity that came to my rescue to help me through that day. The idea that my husband and a boy who said he loved me were the center of a lot of talk like that gave me a warm little glow of pleasure, thawed away some of the ache.

That afternoon came the telegram from Dean. It was short, and it was

unsatisfactory—saying only that we'd see each other very soon—but it was something. It suggested no plan, gave me nothing to dream about, but it helped. So I was feeling a lot better when Colonel Wilson sent for me, just about closing time.

And when I heard the Colonel's plan, my heart began to beat almost unpleasantly fast. He wanted a repeat show. Since everyone was in agreement—public and officials and critics alike—that it had been such a hit, why not bring the two men back on the program?

I turned my face away, for I knew what that repeat performance would mean to me must show there. My heart raced, imagining it. That first program had had my destiny wrapped up in it. And now there was to be another one, one which would surely untangle, inevitably, dramatically, the twisted threads that fate had spun for me in the first one.

The Colonel was waiting for me to say something, and finally I managed, "Do you think the Army will let Trumble come east again?"

He shook his head. "That's the least of my worries. The real question is—can we get Dean Hunter to make another trip?"

Could we? "Oh—I—I think so," I said, quickly.

The Colonel smiled, and his eyes were twinkling.

"Oh, we could, could we?" he chuckled. "What is this strange power you have over big radio stars?"

I turned away from him, looking out the window at the scurrying traffic below, wondering myself—not *what* power, but *if* I really had it. Suppose I just sent for Dean, I mused. Just sent for him, without a reason, but urged him to come to me. Would he come? A husband would. Well, Dean was my husband—oh, but he wasn't *like* a husband!

The Colonel's voice brought me back with a start. "You don't have to answer, young lady. I know how things are."

I swung around to face him. "You mean you—?" I began.

**H**E smiled and put up his hand to stop me. "Now calm down, missy. I don't know any details. All I know is that I had a phone call from Dean Hunter before he went back to New York, and—"

"He phoned you?"

"Yes—he was trying to reach you and thought I might know where you were. When I told him that I didn't, he said he had to go back to New York, and he added, 'Take extra special care of her, will you, Bill?'"

I felt as if I had walked into a bracing wind from a hot, stuffy room. Dean had tried to find me. Dean had told the Colonel to keep his eye on me. "He said that?"

Colonel Wilson nodded. "Does that surprise you?" His eyes were twinkling again, pleasure crinkling the corners of his mouth.

"No." Then I laughed a little, a laugh that sounded high and relieved. "No."

"So listen to this, young lady. 'We've decided on a repeat show, as I told you. And I've decided that you're just the person to go up to New York and arrange for a return appearance of Dean Hunter on *Hiya Soldier*!'"

"Me?" It was going to be all right. I could see Dean—

"Yes, you."

"When?"



"Bright and early tomorrow morning. Is that all right with you?"

Was it all right with me? Oh, nothing could have been righter. Everything was working out to banish my fears, to put my topsy-turvy world back on its feet. I don't know to this day whether Dean and Colonel Wilson had talked it over on the phone, arranged this as a surprise for me. But I knew that things seemed to be straightening out, that the sharp stone in my breast had gone away. I was going to see my husband. Husband—somehow, it was a funny word to think of in connection with Dean. I said it over and over to myself as I walked home—trying to reconcile it with my curious relationship with Dean Hunter. But it didn't matter. All that mattered was tomorrow...

WHEN Dean met me at Pennsylvania Station his arms were filled with the most beautiful roses you ever saw. "I wanted the mayor to come to meet you," he laughed, "but he had to go to a fire."

I laughed, too—and I could really laugh, now. "You look wonderful, Dean. I—I'm so glad to see you!"

He tucked his arm through mine and began to steer me out of the station. He did look well—but somehow he seemed a little more nervous than usual.

"I couldn't be gladder to see anybody," he was saying, and then we were on our way, laughing and joking as we headed for a taxi.

For the next few days I was once again in seventh heaven. Dean, no matter what you might think of him, is a most companionable, amiable and amusing person to be with. It was one round of enjoyment from morning till night. And I must admit I was carried away by the excitement. Of course, I soon gave him Colonel Wilson's message about the repeat show and he agreed at once to be there. As for myself—and what was to become of the two of us—I found it impossible to spoil the wonderful, thrilling hours by raising practical considerations. I remembered my father's warning: never belong to a man until you're sure he belongs to you. But it was too late to think of that. I responded to Dean's love-making because I found him attractive and because he was my husband, but when I let myself think of it I knew that I was living on the edge of a precipice and that there was no assurance of what the next day would bring.

Then came the night of Margaret Shelley's party.

At last, I met Diana Stuart. Margaret Shelley is probably one of the greatest hostesses in the world; when she gives a party everybody, even the hostess, has a good time. She had become a great success writing dramatic radio scripts, Dean explained, partially because she dashed them off so blithely, and partially because she understood people so well that they had a great naturalness about them. Margaretta—that was everybody's nickname for her—had a very wealthy husband (in the steel business, as I remember it) and they lived in a beautiful home out on the North Shore of Long Island.

All those days of careless rapture, of extravagance and unconcern about tomorrow seem pretty faint now that we're in the thick of war, but remember how blind so many of us were in



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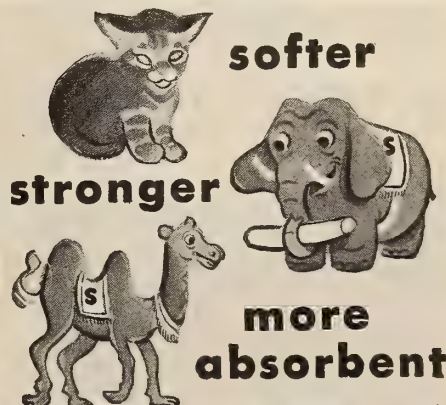
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those weeks and months before Pearl Harbor. The fact is, it's difficult to remember and believe how gay and unconcerned the people were that night.

Margaret Shelley had a great knack of gathering together all the most amusing and attractive people in the radio industry. Her home was one of those big frame houses set on a little hill with sloping lawns, with one huge maple tree and shrubs and hedges that gave you the feeling there was no form or plan to the landscaping but that there wasn't a corner of the estate that wasn't picturesque.

The house, by the time we got there that fall evening, was simply jammed with guests. Margaret knew everybody, and nobody who was invited to one of her parties ever failed to show up. Margaret was witty and warm—a warmth I felt the moment Dean introduced us.

"This is my favorite person, Margaretta," he said and she took my hand warmly and said, "I'm really glad to know you."

THERE was glamour in the place and everybody felt it. There was tension, too, and I soon found out why. It centered around Dean Hunter—and me.

A lot of us were crammed into the little room beside the huge dining room. Here Margaretta was accustomed to hold court behind the tiny bar and mix each guest's favorite drink. There were more of us in this cubicle than in all the other rooms of the huge house put together. But it was very gay and the air was filled with pleasant banter. Then Margaretta said in her forthright way, "Oh, Dean, I must tell you. Diana is coming."

I saw that his face went suddenly pale, but he said, "Margaretta, you demon. You know she shouldn't—"

"Now I know just what you're going to say, Dean," she told him, "but don't be silly enough to think that I'd invite her. Not me. She just wrote me a note which said—well, here it is right here—so listen: 'Dear Margaretta. Of course you can't invite me to your soiree since Dean will have to bring his little visiting firewoman. But I wouldn't miss it for the world, darling, so I'll be there with bells on. Love, Diana.' Think of it—a thing like that happening right in these four walls! How does it feel, child," she went on, smiling at me warmly, "to be in the middle of a drama? Just you, and Dean, and this fantastic demon of a woman..."

Then Margaretta Shelley was suddenly starting a new sentence, directed at the tall, striking blonde who had come into the room, and whom I instantly recognized as the girl I'd seen in the lobby of the Washington hotel that fateful morning-after.

Margaretta was saying, "Why, Diana. Fancy meeting you here. Don't you really think you should knock before entering a private apartment?"

Diana Stuart's voice was calm, dangerously so. "Now, Margaretta, don't you start being clever. I came here to look at the little Washington heartbreaker and I intend to..." She faced me squarely but went on talking to the crowd. "Well," she said, "she's not half bad, is she, in a certain repulsive sort of way?"

There was a gasp, like a hiss from an engine, in that little room. People began to turn away and Margaretta

was busy with mixing a drink. Dean was incredibly pale, glaring with unrelenting fury at this woman. It was easy to see that she had had too many drinks and that she was determined to cause trouble. Some sixth sense told me that this was one time in my life when I had to call on all my self control to keep from showing the white fury that burned inside of me. I said very quietly to Margaret Shelley, "Perhaps I should have a drink, please. I'd like to try to catch up."

Margaretta laughed out loud, and Dean gasped. Diana Stuart turned on her heel and unluckily for her staggered a little as she went into the other room. Then Margaretta said with emphasis, "We'll drink to you, Washington heartbreaker. You're all right, God love you," and the crowd's nervousness dissolved in laughter as they all joined in the drink.

Supper passed uneventfully—Margaretta managed to keep Diana and me conveniently apart. It was a superb buffet, spread across the long dining room table with every manner of meat, fish, and hors d'oeuvre. All of us ate eagerly, because it was so excellently planned and prepared, and because the wine we were served was a rare experience even in those days.

After dinner, Margaretta found a chance to take me aside and tell me what apparently had been on her mind all evening.

"Tell me something," she said when we were sitting alone in a little window cove in her bedroom, "hasn't Dean ever told you about this Diana Stuart?"

"He gave me a letter to mail to her once. A good-by letter."

"Isn't that just like Dean! Well, I thought he wouldn't tell you directly. So I will. They have been very close for almost six years."

"I see."

"She's married to somebody else."

"I see."

"She never has wanted to get a divorce because her husband takes very good care of her and she was never sure that Dean would."

"I see."

"Stop saying I see."

"I'm sorry," I turned away from her

## One-Minute Prayer

God of love and kindness, forgive our humanity for all its cruelty and hardness. Sustain those who labor to alleviate pain. Strengthen the hearts of those who give food to the starving millions. Grant Thy Spirit in full measure to all those who speak words of comfort and hope to the bereaved. Strengthen the faith of those who pray and labor toward the day of peace and good will. In Jesus' Name.

Submitted by:

The Rev. Dr. D. B. Titus, Minister of the First Christian Church in Woodland, California

Broadcast over Mutual



because my voice had trembled as I said that.

"You're really sweet," she said. "I like you."

"I like you," I told her honestly.

"I want to tell you something," she said then.

"Please do."

"You've got to be strong with Dean.

You know that, don't you?"

"I know it now. Thanks."

"Don't thank me. Do something."

"What'll I do?"

"Well, you might just marry him, for instance."

"That's an idea," I said darkly,

"I'll think about it."

Then we went out into the hall and ran smack into Diana Stuart.

"I've been telling this child," Margaretta said, "that she ought to marry Dean."

"Please," I said, "let's go downstairs."

"Wait," Diana said, glaring down at me. "Didn't she tell you that she's already married to Dean Hunter?"

"No," said Margaretta giving me a curious look, "she did not. Well, good for you, child."

"It's a great secret," Diana Stuart went on. "Only a few people know it—a very exclusive few."

I PLAYED into her hands, inadvertently. It was her moment, and she knew it.

"A—a few people?" I echoed.

"Yes," Diana Stuart said, with mocking emphasis. "Besides myself—his draft board!"

"What does that crack mean?"

Margaretta asked in an odd whisper.

"It means," Diana Stuart replied, "that Dean Hunter couldn't marry me because—well, you know why not—so he had to find himself a wife—any wife—and find one fast. He found one all right, didn't he, Washington heartbreaker?"

"Yes," I said. And there wasn't anything more to say. I turned away.

Margaretta hesitated. Finally she hurried down the steps beside me, her hand on my arm, throwing back over her shoulder, "I'll have a few choice things to say to you later, Diana."

At the foot of the stairs I turned to her, seeing her through glazed eyes. "Dean found a wife," I repeated, dully, and then—"Oh, Margaretta—find me someone to take me to the station?"

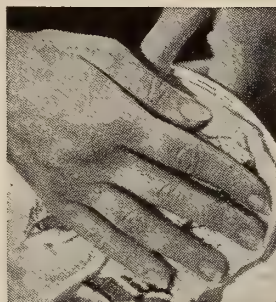
She nodded. "If you're sure you want to go. You're sure you don't want to ask Dean—?"

I shook my head. My whole world had crumbled about me. All I wanted to do was to get away, away from everything and everyone.

I knew, by the time I got back to the hotel, that I must return to Washington right away. I couldn't talk now, couldn't argue. It just isn't in me to say why did you do this, why didn't you do that, when I've been hurt. I still had to find out just why Dean Hunter had left me the day after our wedding. I still had to decide whether he had asked me to marry him that mad night just because he thought, in those pre-Pearl Harbor days, that a married man was in less danger of being drafted. That was a terrible thing to be asked to believe of your husband. And I wouldn't have believed it, except that Dean had behaved so strangely. So, even though I knew that Diana Stuart had what she thought was ample reason to lie to me, something told me that there was truth in what she had revealed in

# HANDS CHAPPED?

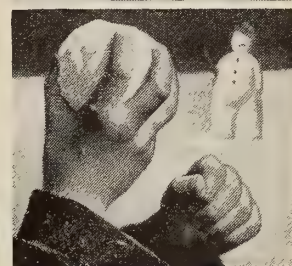
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her moment of anger.

But it would all have to wait. It would have to wait until I could think clearly, until I could plan, until I could stiffen myself to meet the blow if my terrible suspicions were confirmed. It would all have to wait. Dean would be coming to Washington. By then, my mind would be clearer. I would know what to say, what to do.

I threw things into my bag any which way, realizing that my only hope was to get away and get away quickly, and I took the next train for Washington.

**W**HEN I got home next morning, I needed a chance to get myself settled and calmed down a bit. What I did was to fall, still dressed, across the bed, and take a long nap.

I woke up in the middle of the afternoon and went down to see what the ice box had to offer, trying to manage a laugh at myself for being hungry in the midst of all my troubles. And still I was putting off thinking about Dean.

Upstairs again I began listlessly to comb my hair, to fix my face. There wasn't any reason to fix up, but I had to be doing something, anything, to keep from thinking. I just didn't dare let myself think of Diana Stuart and what she had said, quite yet.

The downstairs bell rang, and I pulled myself together to face Gracie. But in a moment there was a knock on my door. Not Gracie after all, then—she never knocked.

I opened the door—and there he stood, grinning broadly, with a huge florist's box under his arm, out of which the long stems of roses protruded. He looked down at me, waiting for me to speak, but I was too amazed to say anything for a long moment.

At last I managed, "Why, Tom Trumble!"

His grin broadened. "That's right!" "Why look at you," I cried. "How did you get to Washington? You look wonderful—that's the handsomest uniform I ever saw. And you've brought me flowers—oh, it's so good to see you, Tom!"

It's in unexpected moments like that when you really find out how you feel about a person—how glad you are to be with him, how much he means to you. Tom Trumble was like a tonic to me, feeling as I did, and I made no effort to hide my pleasure at seeing him. For the next few minutes we chattered to each other like a couple of lonely magpies.

The officials at his camp hadn't wanted him to come all the way back to New York. They pointed out that

they were getting ready for a war, and didn't have time to think of radio programs. But Tom had leave coming to him, and when he asked permission to come to Washington on his own time, it was granted—and here he was. And since the return engagement on Hiya Soldier was still several days off he was full of all kinds of plans about what he was going to do meanwhile.

He sat beside me on the cot which was my bed and parlor sofa all in one, and so intent was he on his plans that he didn't even notice how closely I was watching him. He looked like a different man—as if he'd grown up a little even in the short time since last I'd seen him. He was—well, he was suddenly a man, speaking like a man, quietly but intently.

**H**E was saying, "The real reason I had to come to Washington, Jackie, is this: in the next years I'll be in this war—don't let anyone tell you different, because we've got to fight those Nazi murderers sooner or later, and I don't think the Japs feel as friendly toward us as they're pretending. While I have the chance I want to settle something that's mighty important to me, darling. I want to get married. I came to Washington for that—to hear you say that we can be married!"

Then I had to tell him.

"I can't," I said, and the voice I managed was a hoarse little whisper.

But that wasn't answer enough. He moved closer to me, and there was pain and pleading in his eyes. Passionately he cried, "You're going to love me one of these days. I know it, Jackie! You've got to!"

"I—" What could I tell him, but the truth? "Tom, you don't understand. I can't. I'm married."

A moment hung between us tangible and heavy.

"You're—you're what?"

"I married Dean Hunter that night—that night you were so worried about me."

"I knew it," he said, flatly. "I guess I knew it was something like that." He jumped up from the cot and went to the window, standing there, his back like a wall against me, against the hurt I represented. Then he turned and said, again, "I guess I knew it all along, really. Not the exact facts, of course, but the general idea. It doesn't change anything, Jackie. You're mine, and I won't be happy till you tell me so!"

"But Tom—there's Dean—and—"

"Yes. That makes it a little more difficult. But if I know you, that isn't right for you, and it'll have

to be remedied. Somehow, I'm going to make it happen. You're going to be my wife!"

**I** DIDN'T know when, but somehow, sometime since Tom had come into the room, I had lost the heavy, oppressive weight of my fears. I looked at this tall, lean, strong young man, so positive, so possessive. That pleased me. He pleased me, there was no doubt of that. And there was more than pleasure in what I felt for him—woman-fashion, touched by his adoration and understanding, I had to imagine myself in his arms, how hard, how tightly, he would hold me. Would I ever be there? Would his face ever be close to mine, his breath warm on my cheek? I had never even kissed him. The chances of our belonging to each other were pitifully remote. But suddenly I felt a terrible yearning for him.

Then the phone rang. It was Dean.

He had arrived in Washington and was at "our hotel" as he called it. Could I come right over?

It was too soon. All the plans I had made for thinking things over—all my resolves to be calm, to straighten out everything in my mind! No, I couldn't see him now—not yet. I put him off, told him that I'd see him next day.

When I turned away from the phone, Tom was there beside me. "Jackie—we've got to do something. I love you. Can't you say something—anything—to give me some hope?"

And suddenly I found that I could. I found that I could give him hope because the same hope was rising in me, like a strong tide, sweeping away all my fears ahead of it. There had to be a way. It was as if I were seeing him for the first time, really.

"Tom, Tom," I whispered. "How did this ever happen? Oh, I'm so terribly mixed up!"

"I know it," he said. "That's why we've got to go over there right now."

"Over there?" I gasped. "Over where?"

"To wherever Dean Hunter is. You've got to talk to him—now."

"Oh, but I can't," I told him.

"Don't you see," he said quietly, "there's no hope for us until you settle things between you. And there's got to be hope for us, Jackie. You know that, don't you?"

I raised my eyes to his for reassurance. "Yes—"

Then, at last, the strength of his young arms was about me, crushing me until I couldn't breathe, didn't want to breathe, didn't want to ever be anywhere else but with him. His eager young body was close to me, his mouth near to my ear as he whispered hoarsely, "Jackie, will you do as I say?"

My heart was filled with joy, but my mind was leaden with fear that this new and wonderful dream would never come true, that the promise this strange young man held for me would never be fulfilled. But in answer to his question I said, softly, "Yes, Tommy—tell me what to do and I'll do it."

And then he told me what I must do!

What is Tom's plan for Jackie? Will he be able to break the tie between her and Dean Hunter? Be sure to read the dramatic conclusion of "Tell Me You're Mine" in the April issue of *Radio Mirror*, on all newsstands March 5.



## My Life to Live

Continued from page 26

I must tell Bill right away about the new job that I was to have—tell him and have it talked out and over with, and the air cleared for perfect happiness for the rest of his shore leave.

Tucking my arm through his, I drew him into the living room. "I've got something I want to talk about," I told him, "and I want to talk about it right away."

He smiled that funny, endearing, nose-crinkling smile of his.

"Anything you have to say, lady, it will be a pleasure to hear. But I'd better not look at you, or I'll forget to listen."

I shook my head. "This is serious, Bill. It's about—" and suddenly there didn't seem to be words to begin—"about the future."

"The future? I thought we'd hashed the future out until we practically had an hour-by-hour schedule for it, funnyface. When this show is over, I'm going back to medical school. You'll be a full-fledged nurse by then. And when I've finished, you'll help me in my practice, and we'll live happily ever after. Right?"

And then I realized, for the first time, how dreadfully this was going to complicate our plans for the future—realized it when I knew that this time I couldn't echo that question with a firm, "Right!" And the silence where that reassuring, affirmative little word should have been, grew and hung between us.

Bill's tone had lost its banter. "Judy—honey, is something wrong?" Wrong? No—I was still sure that

it was the *rightest* thing that had ever happened to me. Why should I hesitate to tell him? Why should I feel suddenly a little ashamed?

I attempted to smile, as I blurted it out. "Bill, I've got some news. Wonderful news, for me. But—well, maybe it'll be a shock to you. I—I'm not going to be a nurse."

He stared at me without speaking for an instant. "What did you say?" he asked, finally, and his voice was level, neither calm nor angry, neither warm nor cold, so its very dullness frightened me. "You're not going to be a nurse?"

**I** SHOOK my head, and I sat up a little straighter. This was my happiness, the best thing that had happened to me since Bill told me he loved me. I wasn't going to spoil it for myself by apologizing, by being afraid. "Yes, Bill. I've had the most marvelous offer—or, rather, Don Winters managed to get it for me. I'm going to sing with Bob Halsey's band. The audition's tomorrow, and Don says it's really all set. And that's just a start, of course—it won't be long before—" My words tumbled on, putting off the time when Bill must answer me.

"So Don Winters has talked you out of being a nurse?"

I didn't like that. Don Winters was my friend. He'd helped me. I wouldn't have his name spoken in the tone Bill had used. "Don didn't talk me out of anything," I told him, stiffly. "It was my voice that counted

—I can sing. You've never seemed to take that into account, any of you. I can sing—and I'm going to sing!" And then the anger which had risen swiftly in me was washed away by the defeated look in Bill's eyes. "Bill—I thought you'd be pleased. I thought that anything which would make me really happy would please you."

He didn't understand—Bill, on whose understanding I had so counted! He didn't understand that my singing was to be my life work, just as his medicine was his. He had chosen his life—I had a right to choose mine, instead of having it chosen for me. I knew I had to decide right now—decide whether I would live my own life, in my own way, or the life he wanted me to live.

"I am serious about it, Bill. I'm going ahead with it—nothing can stop me."

His lips tightened and his eyes grew hard. "It isn't that you want to sing," he said angrily. "It's—it's the glamour and excitement. That's all it is, Judy."

It was as if we were building a wall between us—a wall we could never break down again. Our marriage, our love, couldn't work out through this barrier. Now, in the moment when I needed him most, Bill hadn't understood!

"I don't want you singing in an orchestra," he went on grimly. "I don't like it. I—"

My words cut sharply across his. "I—I—is that all you can say? What about me? Don't you con-

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sider for one moment how I may feel about it? Well, let me tell you this, Bill, it's my life. You can't live it for me."

His voice quieted a little, then. "Judy, don't you see how much it means to us? Everything I've built in my mind, destroyed! Don't you see that you'll be running around the country with some fly-by-night band, your whole life wrapped up in—"

But I broke in once more. "It's my career, Bill," I told him. "Won't you try to understand that?"

"This isn't the time to think of yourself, Judy," he said then. "It's a time to think of serving others. The way your Aunt Myra has done all these years."

"Maybe, Bill. But this is my chance, and I'm going to take it."

The anger that blazed out then must have been seething, in check, in him all evening. I don't remember what words formed the angry phrases we threw between us. I don't want to remember them. But I know that he got to his feet, that he cried, at last, "Then we'd better call it off!" And that he went out, and closed the door behind him.

I COULD hear his footsteps retreating through the darkness. Tears came suddenly, scalding my eyes, and I hid my face in my hands.

Aunt Myra came in soon afterwards.

She looked at me with a smile in her gray eyes, and then the smile clouded. "What's the matter, Judy dear? Where's Bill?" And then, "You've been crying. Has something happened?"

I turned a little away from her, looking down into the flickering flames of the fireplace. "Something did happen, Aunt Myra. We—we quarrelled. I—I didn't think we could ever say things like that—I didn't know—"

Aunt Myra threw off her cape, sat down in her favorite chair. "Tell me about it, Judy." She held out her slim, capable hands to me.

Then I couldn't hide the truth from her. Sobs choked my throat once more and I flung myself down on the floor beside her, grateful for the shelter of her arms about my shoulders.

"Aunt Judy, I'm so miserable, so terribly miserable!" I poured out the whole story then, in a rush of words. About the wonderful singing job I had ahead of me, of how much it would mean to me. And about Bill, and what he had said, and how he hadn't understood. And as I told it, I had forgotten her own feelings, how much it would mean to her, too.

Aunt Myra listened without interrupting, but she was sitting stiffly in her chair when I had finished, and her face was very still and disciplined. "Yes," she said, finally, "I understand, Judy. I know how you feel."

She hid the disappointment, the hurt, well. "I'm so sorry about Bill," she went on, after a moment, "Those things—sometimes happen. We can't have everything we want from life—we get some things and we lose others."

For a long time she was silent then. When at last she spoke it was almost as if she were talking to herself. "I'd counted on your being a nurse, you know. I saw you—my Judy—taking my place. But it doesn't matter, if this other thing is what you really want—you wouldn't be a good nurse, dear, if you don't want to be one."

"I did want to be a nurse, Aunt Myra," I told her. "Only now it

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seems that I can't pass up this opportunity—I—well, it seems almost like a crime to have a voice and not to use it—"

"Of course. If it's what's in your heart, Judy, it must be right."

It was good to have it over. To tell her all the things Don had told me about my voice, about my future.

She smiled down at me, a slow, tender smile, that was sad, too. "He said all that? I hope, I hope with all my heart, dearest, that it turns out the way you want it." She got to her feet and held out her hand to me. "If you've an audition tomorrow, Judy, you'll need sleep. And I've got plenty of work ahead of me—"

I kissed her and ran upstairs.

The audition was one of the most exciting moments I have ever known. It was held in the old opera house, long empty, and all of Bob Halsey's band was there—there to hear me. Don Winters came along, too, to present me to Bob Halsey in person.

Don was as proud of me as if I'd been something he'd created with his own hands. "Voice like a bird, Bob," he said. "As for looks—well, you can see for yourself. She's got everything you need."

**STANDING** in the aisle of the musty auditorium, Bob Halsey smiled. "Run up on the stage, Miss Crane. Let's have a look and a listen right away."

I was paralyzed with fear for just a moment. The man at the upright piano was improvising idly. Then he looked up and grinned a cheery, encouraging, comradely sort of smile, and my fear melted away. He swung into the introduction of the song I considered particularly mine—and Bill's—"It's Heaven With You."

Once I'd sung that song for Bill, and he had listened and smiled and then—then I was in his arms, and he was telling me, for the first time, that he loved me. So how could I be afraid? I sang that song, not for Bob Halsey, but for Bill—with all my heart in it. I forgot everything except singing. And I was good. I knew I was good.

As I finished, there was a burst of applause from the men scattered through the auditorium. Then they came up and crowded around me. And why did I have to think: if only Bill could see me, if only he could share this . . . ?

Why did I have to think about Bill at all? What difference could he make any more? I had told him that I had my own life to live, that he couldn't live it for me. Well, I was living my own life. I was on my own. I was hearing praise from men who knew what they were talking about when it came to music and singing. And that praise was like a song itself in my ears.

"That was wonderful!" . . . "You're headed for the top, all right!" . . . How thrilling it sounded! And then Don, saying casually, "I suppose you'll want her to start right off, Bob?"

The band leader shook his head. "Not for about a month. We're taking a layoff—the boys need a rest. They're getting stale. But we'll be somewhere nearby, and I'll send Miss Crane a wire so she can join us—"

I'd made good. I was part of the band. Judy Crane was on her way!

So it was strange that, when I reached home, I had to manufacture enthusiasm as I gave Aunt Myra details of the musty theater, the men listening, the applause when I was

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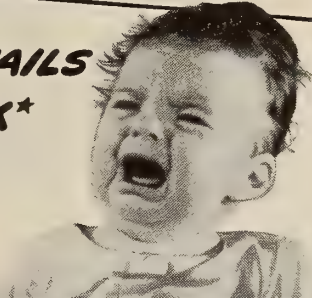
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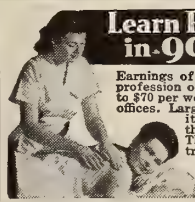


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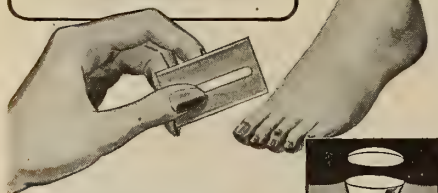
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finished. Somehow, it had all gone a little bit flat. Oh, I was happy, excited, of course—but it wasn't quite the way it should have been. I shouldn't have been able to think of anything else—but I could. I could think of Bill.

I could see that Aunt Myra was forcing herself to smile, to share my enthusiasm. "It sounds thrilling, Judy." And then, after a moment, "I know what that wonderful sense of accomplishment is like—it's like the thrill I had the first time I knew I'd helped to save a human life."

That month while I waited for the wire from Bob Halsey was a lonely one. Bill, of course, was with his patrol boat, and even if he came to port I wouldn't hear from him. That was over and done with. Aunt Myra was busy, working out plans for the new nursing class at the hospital—the class I was supposed to join.

Most of the time during that long month I was alone. It seemed almost as if I were living in my own universe, a world without any connection with the one in which I had lived until a short time ago. Even the several times Don Winters took me out, dancing or to the movies, it wasn't really fun. Don was pleasant and amusing—but I wanted Bill. I knew that. I knew that he meant more to me than anyone else in the world.

THE wire arrived on a Monday morning. I was to join the orchestra in Norwick, a hundred miles away, the next afternoon. That sent me into a great rush of last-minute planning and shopping and I was so excited I forgot how lonely I had been.

Aunt Myra was very kind. She said she'd go down to the station with me when I left in the morning. All that evening she helped me pack, gave me bits of advice, trying to seem happy about it, trying not to throw cold water on my happiness. But I knew that she wasn't glad at all, and for that I was terribly, terribly sorry.

I hardly slept at all that night. Somehow, everything had stopped being a dream, had become a reality. The future wasn't the future any more—the future would be the present, tomorrow, and I would be launched on the glorious road to adventure, to a new life. I pictured the gowns I would wear—the kind I'd looked at in shop windows but never owned—and I imagined circles of admiring faces, heard waves of applause breaking around me. I thought of saving up little things about the new life to tell Bill, to share with him, just as I'd done all my life—and then I remembered that all that was over, and the taste of tomorrow became bittersweet.

I was downstairs in the living room the next morning when I heard the phone ring and Aunt Myra answer it.

First her crisp, "Hello?" and then, after a moment, a quick, sharp intake of breath that made me stop still to listen. And then, "Yes—all right. Be there as soon as I can. Oh... oh, I'm sorry to hear that! Do everything you can—yes, I'll hurry."

I heard the metallic click of the receiver, and her swift steps on the stairs. It wasn't like her to be disturbed or shocked, and I knew that something had happened. I hurried after her, up to her room where she was slipping studs into a fresh uniform.

Her flying fingers paused, and she looked me levelly in the eye. "Coast

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guard boat sunk," she said. "They've brought in survivors. I must hurry."

Her tone was quiet. It took an instant for the meaning to come through to me. A coast guard boat sunk. But Bill was on one of—Bill!

Then I knew what terror was—stark, incredible, icy. I looked at her, my lips moving to form the question without voice behind them.

She nodded. "Yes, Judy. Bill."

"Bill!" My voice, when it finally came, was a hoarse, shaken whisper. "Is he—do they—"

"They don't know. He—he isn't conscious yet."

I could feel the little muscles around my mouth begin to twitch and jerk. My hands were wet and cold, and automatically I smoothed them down my thighs. He wasn't conscious yet. That might mean—anything!

I HADN'T ever thought that anything could happen to Bill. It wasn't that I'd tried not to think of it—it just simply had never occurred to me. To other people, yes—but not to Bill. Bill was strong and sure of himself. He was so alive . . . so warm . . . it couldn't happen.

But it had happened. I could see him, lying white and broken in an antiseptic-smelling, impersonal hospital room. Suddenly I wanted more than anything in the world to give him my hand to hold.

And he didn't want to see me. He never wanted to see me again. I was part of his past. The dead past, the past he must want to forget.

Aunt Myra slipped past me in the doorway and started downstairs. "Good luck to you," she called back over her shoulder. "I—I can't see you off, Judy, dear. Is there anything—?"

Swiftly I turned, ran down the stairs. The telegram from Bob Halsey was on the hall table. In a short time, less than an hour, my train would be leaving. I stood still for a second, staring at that yellow slip of paper which was my future.

And suddenly I knew that there was no future for me, no world at all worth living in if—if anything happened to Bill. I knew I couldn't go.

Aunt Myra flung her cape over her shoulders, crossed the little hall to kiss me. "Goodbye, dear. I—"

"Wait," I cried. "Wait, Aunt Myra—I'm going with you!"

Pleasure and pain battled in her eyes. "But your job? You—"

"I don't care about that," I told her. "Oh, I know Bill doesn't want to see me—doesn't care if he never sees me again. But it doesn't matter. I can't leave—I can't go away—not with him lying there, not until I know—"

Aunt Myra had snatched my coat out of the closet. There was no time to waste words. "Come on, then," she said, briefly.

We didn't talk in the taxi. Aunt Myra's face was anxious. She had a job to do—injuries to care for, suffering to alleviate. She wanted to be there, to do her part. When we reached the hospital she hurried to her office, leaving me to wait in the visitor's room for whatever news she might be able to send me.

I tried to be calm, to hold my nerves in check. Outside the room, nurses were hurrying about their tasks. Young women in starched white, efficient, certain. The words of the oath they took, the oath I had heard so many classes take at graduation, marched through my mind. "I solemnly pledge myself before God and

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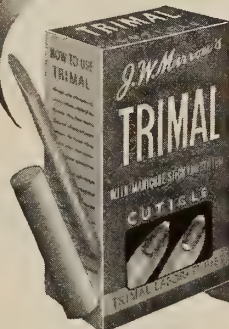
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● This article may be vital to you because: If you don't pay the full amount due, you may have to pay an extra sum later, as interest. If you pay more than the exact amount due, you may cause the Government the trouble of returning the extra sum in addition to your own inconvenience of having made an unnecessarily large payment.

■ On behalf of the millions of persons who in 1943 will, for the first time, be called upon to fill out income tax forms and pay income taxes TRUE STORY is publishing a tremendously helpful feature.

The editors have arranged with a thoroughly qualified tax expert to contribute a special article in which the mysteries and problems that confront the first time income tax payer are thoroughly and clearly explained away. It appears complete in the March issue now on sale.

■ It answers every predictable question that may present itself. It tells you which items may and may not be deducted. It tells you what to watch out for in filling out your report. It tells you how to compute your tax and fill in your form. It is written in simple, easily understood language free from technical terms.

In supplying this timely information TRUE STORY feels that it is being of service both to its readers and to our Government by avoiding in advance the troublesome and confusing errors that otherwise may occur.

■ If you or any member of your family are among the great army of Americans who, on March 15, 1943, will face the problems of income tax procedure you will find "Income Tax Advice for the Wage Earner" of inestimable value.

TRUE STORY for March is now on sale. Step up to your newsstand and say, "A copy of TRUE STORY please" and your newsdealer will gladly give it to you and your income tax problem will be simplified for you.

OUT  
NOW

## True Story

10¢

IN CANADA 15c





## DOES GAS KEEP YOU AWAKE NIGHTS?

**GAS** often seems to be at its worst during the night. Frequently, it seems to work up into chest and throat when one lies down, which makes one feel smothered and breathless in bed. Some people try to sleep sitting in a chair. Others keep rising out of bed to get their breath easier. Try KONJOLA, the medicine which acts in 3 ways to help ease gas misery. Sluggish digestion often promotes the accumulation of gas in one's intestinal tract. Bowel constipation may help to hold the gas inside to torment one with awful bloating. So KONJOLA not only contains Nature's herbs to help bring up gas from stomach, but also contains pepsin to aid digestion, and mildly helps to open constipated bowels and release gas.

Many users write their thanks and gratitude for the satisfactory results it produces. So when you feel bloated "clear through"—when stomach expands, intestines swell and bowels "balloon" way out, due to gas accumulating from slow digestion and sluggish bowel action, try this medicine and see what relief it can give. Be sure you get the genuine KONJOLA Medicine—read the directions on the package and take exactly as directed thereon. KONJOLA is sold by every druggist in America on a strict guarantee of money back if not completely satisfied.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift painful, nerve-rasping pressure—keep you foot-happy! Separate Medications supplied for quickly removing corns. Cost but a trifle.



**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in—"

In service and helping others. In trying to make people well. And I was no part of this, no part of healing and helping. My hands were useless and idle in my lap while inside, in one of those rooms, was the man I loved, the man I loved in spite of all that had happened, the man I would love until the end of my life. He was injured, and I couldn't help him. He was hurt, and I had no knowledge to ease his pain.

I knew how to sing songs. I would be famous. I'd have my name in lights. And it would be the name of a girl who had made a travesty of life, who had brought only heartbreak to those she loved.

The cold, inanimate loneliness of the room was dreadful. It wasn't just this room—it was the loneliness I had known ever since I had cut myself off from the people who mattered to me. From Bill, who had loved me. From Aunt Myra, who had trusted me to follow in her steps. I had tossed them and their love aside—for a taste of adventure, for a try at a new kind of world, for fame when I already had love, for tinsel when I already had diamonds.

**WHAT** seemed like an eternity later I heard footsteps, looked up to see Aunt Myra standing in the door. There was weariness on her face, but there was a smile in her gray eyes.

"Is he—? Is he—?" My mind wouldn't let me speak the rest of the forlorn little question.

"He—he's going to have a hard pull, but he'll be all right, Judy."

So great was the wave of relief that flooded over me that it almost made me sick. Light headed, I got somehow to my feet, my mind singing over and over again, he's going to be all right, he's not going to die, he's going to be all right, he's not going—

I sat down suddenly, weak with the relief that the knowledge of his safety had brought me. Bill would be all right. That much I could count on, and that counted most of all. Whatever else happened, I would have that. But there was nothing else to happen. There was no reason to stay longer.

I looked up at Aunt Myra. She was watching me closely, and I turned my eyes down after a moment. "Aunt Myra," I said, slowly, and my voice was very small, "I've been such a fool!"

She smiled a little, then. "Yes, Judy—I think you have. But no one goes through life without being foolish—"

I hardly heard her. I had to say the rest, to say the rest and get away. I began to button my coat. "It's too late to fix now. There's no reason to wait any longer. I can catch the next train, I guess—"

"If you still want to catch it."

I shook my head. "Why not? What is there left to do?"

"I thought—well, perhaps you'd like to see Bill."

I looked up at her quickly. "He wouldn't want to see me. We—we called it off, for good. There's no use trying—"

"He wants to see you, Judy," she said. "He's conscious—and he's calling your name."

I hardly dared believe her. Bill wanted to see me. Oh, Bill!

"You see," she went on, "I told him you were here, so you'd better go up."

I walked unsteadily toward the door. "I want to see him so badly. But I want to tell you something first, Aunt Myra. I want to make you understand. I know now. I threw away the important things for something shabby. For fame—whatever that word means. Is it—is it too late, now? I mean, if I wanted to be a nurse—?"

Sudden brightness was in her eyes. "It's never too late, Judy. Besides, I didn't take your name off the list."

"You mean—you knew what I'd do?"

She shook her head. "No, Judy—I just hoped. Maybe the same way your Bill hoped something would bring you back to him."

We walked up the hall together toward the room where he was waiting, calling for me. Once more I could see the future, hold tomorrow in the hollow of my hand—a newer, brighter tomorrow than a song would ever bring me.

Aunt Myra opened the door. I stood for a moment, fighting back tears. Bill's face was white against the white pillow, but somehow a bandage, set at a rakish angle over one eye, gave me courage to find a smile. And on his lips there was the ghost of his old grin, that wonderful grin of his.

"Judy." A little word, whispered into the silence, breaking the strangeness, bridging the distance, wiping out the memory of loneliness and bitterness and anger. "My Judy."

There would be so much to tell him. There would be so many things to say. But all that would have to wait. I couldn't talk now. Now, all I could do was to stumble forward, to sink to my knees by his bed, to lay my cheek against his hand.

## What You Buy With WAR BONDS

Fifty-three cents a day (in continental United States) for food for an enlisted man is not much. But multiply that fifty-three cents by millions of men and hundreds of days, and you have a staggering sum in feeding our nation's fighting forces.



Your purchases of War Bonds, even War Stamps, will help feed the boys and men who are fighting to preserve your freedom here at home. Buy War Bonds every payday. Invest at least ten percent of your income in these government securities through a Payroll Savings plan.

U. S. Treasury Department



# Charm-Kurl

## PERMANENT WAVE

COMPLETE HOME KIT *Only* **59¢**



**JUNE LANG**

Glamorous movie star, praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

### SO EASY EVEN A CHILD CAN DO IT

Charm-Kurl is easy and safe to use; no experience required; contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia; requires no machines or dryers, heat or electricity. Desirable for both women and children.

### USERS *Praise* IT

Here are excerpts from just a few of the many letters of praise received from Charm-Kurl users:

**GIVES NATURAL WAVE**  
"I've been a user of Charm-Kurl for some time. I like it very much. It gives me a nice, natural wave," Mrs. B. Maina, Ill.

**LASTED 9 MONTHS**  
"I have used Charm-Kurl before and it is really wonderful. My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a ten dollar permanent," Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio.

**MAKES HAIR LOOK NATURAL CURLY**  
"I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft," Carolyn Fleet, Penn.

**CHARM-KURL IS WONDERFUL**  
"I am sending for my Charm-Kurl kit. I have already bought one and I think Charm-Kurl is wonderful," Miss Betty Johnson, Ohio.

#### PERMANENT FAR ABOVE EXPECTATIONS

"The permanent which I gave my little girl was far above expectations and her hair which is soft and fine was not harmed in the least but looked like a natural wave," Mrs. W. E. Williams, Maryland.

**THRILLED WITH CHARM-KURL**  
"I have tried the Charm-Kurl and was greatly thrilled with its results," Phyllis Schwensen, Neb.

**DELIGHTED WITH RESULTS**  
"I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl permanent. It is soft and fluffy and it was the most 'painless' permanent I ever had," Mrs. W. J. Stites, Utah.

**PRETTIEST PERMANENT I EVER HAD**  
"I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I've ever had regardless of the cost," Miss Betty Moulthrop, Washington.



**FAY MCKENZIE**

starring in "Remember Pearl Harbor," a Republic Production, is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave, pictured above.

### EACH KIT CONTAINS 40 CURLERS SHAMPOO & WAVE SET also included

There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo and wave set are included in each Charm-Kurl Kit. With Charm-Kurl it is easy to give yourself a thrilling machineless permanent wave in the privacy of your own home that should last as long as any professional permanent wave. You do not have to have any experience in waving hair. Just follow the simple instructions.

### MAKE THIS NO-RISK TEST

Prove to yourself as thousands of others have done, without risking one penny that you, too, can give yourself a thrilling permanent at home the Charm-Kurl way. Just follow the simple, easy directions and after your permanent wave is in, let your mirror and your friends be the judge. If you do not honestly feel that your Charm-Kurl permanent is the equal of any permanent you may have paid up to \$5.00 for, you get your money back.

### FREE <sup>Up to</sup> \$1.00 WORTH OF WAVE SET

In addition to the wave set included with the kit, you will receive with each kit an extra supply, sufficient for 16 oz. of the finest quality wave set that would ordinarily cost up to \$1.00 . . . enough for up to 12 to 16 hair sets.

### SEND NO MONEY

Just fill in coupon below. Don't send a penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be rushed to you. On arrival deposit 59c plus postage (or \$1.00 plus postage for two kits) with your postman with the understanding that if you are not thrilled and delighted with results, your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. We pay postage if remittance is enclosed with order. You have nothing to risk and a beautiful permanent to gain so take advantage of this special offer. Send today!

Charm-Kurl Co., Dept. 348, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

#### MAIL THIS NO-RISK TEST COUPON TODAY

Charm-Kurl Co. Dept. 348, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

You may send me a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit complete with 40 Curlers, Shampoo and Waveset. On arrival I will deposit 59c plus postage with my postman, with the understanding that if for any reason I am not satisfied, you guarantee to refund the purchase price immediately. I am to receive FREE with each kit an extra supply of material, sufficient for 16 oz. of wave set.

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**YOU MAY BE NEEDED NOW**  
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# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

APRIL  
15¢



Y  
KE

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT — Real Life Color Pictures of Your



# Will he whisper Praises about your Skin?

## go on the **CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**

*Mrs. Roger Van Schoyck*

CINCINNATI, OHIO

"I've been getting the most thrilling compliments about my complexion," says this happy bride. "It certainly was a lucky day for me when I started the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. In just a little while I could see such an improvement! It's amazing how mild Camay is and I just love Camay's fragrance."



**Tonight... go on the  
CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**



**Mildness counts!** Work Camay's rich lather over your face—especially over nose, base of nostrils and chin. Feel—*how mild it is!* Wonderfully gentle on sensitive skin! Rinse with warm water. If skin is oily, splash cold for thirty seconds.



**Day-by-day shows results!** Be brisk with your morning Camay cleansing—and see the fresh glow of your skin! Follow this beauty routine twice each day. It's day-by-day regularity that gives you the full benefits of Camay's greater mildness.

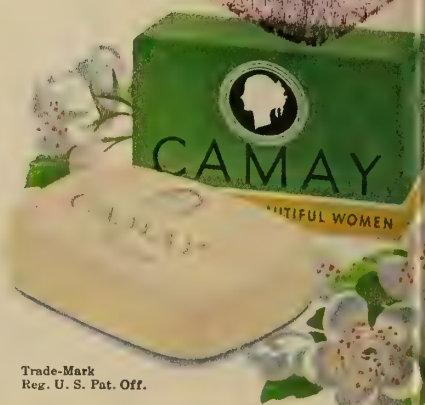
**A little time, a little care...**

**This beauty care is based on skin specialists' advice—praised by lovely brides!**

**H**OW THRILLING to see new admiration in the eyes of those around you—and to hear pretty compliments on your complexion! This may happen to you—far sooner than you think—if only you'll follow the advice of so many happy brides; change tonight to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

For skin specialists say many women are not giving their skin proper cleansing—while many others are using a soap not mild enough.

That's why we urge you to go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Take advantage of its greater mildness.—Camay is mildest of dozens of beauty soaps tested. Be faithful—see what thrilling new loveliness can be yours!





# Washing your hair?

**LISTERINE**  
to guard against  
infectious type of  
**DANDRUFF**



**H**ERE'S a tip from the lips of thousands of women who have been helped by the Listerine treatment:

As a part of every shampoo, either preceding or following it, as you prefer, use full strength Listerine Antiseptic, followed by vigorous and persistent massage.

The minute Listerine Antiseptic reaches scalp and hair it kills literally millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus," recognized by many outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Your hair and scalp will feel wonderfully clean and fresh and threatening germ-invaders will be combated in large numbers.

## *If Dandruff Develops*

If the infectious type of dandruff has really made headway on your scalp repeat the Listerine treatment at least once a day. Twice a day is better. You

will be amazed to find how quickly the distressing flakes and scales and the annoying itch begin to disappear.

Remember that 76% of the sufferers in a clinical test showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff at the end of four weeks of the Listerine Antiseptic treatment.

And what a contrast the Listerine method is to most of those suggested for troublesome scalp conditions! Fast-drying instead of sticky—clean-smelling instead of offensive—a delight instead of a chore. And remember, germ-killing the minute you use it!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY,  
St. Louis, Mo.

**THE BEST  
SAFEGUARD  
I KNOW**



## *The TREATMENT*

**WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic. **MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a gargle.



# LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

**MEMO:** A little loving care is what your teeth need, and this delightful new dentifrice gives it. LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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ON THE COVER—Judy Blake, Dramatic Actress

Color Portrait by Ben de Brocke

Miss Blake's coat and sweater courtesy of Martha West, N. Y.

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*Irresistible* AS YOU WANT HIM TO REMEMBER YOU



THAT IRRESISTIBLE SOMETHING IS

## Irresistible

P E R F U M E

The glamour that dreams are made of captured in this unforgettable perfume. Wear it like a smile... to lift the heart and stir the imagination. Spicy, flirtatious, Irresistible Perfume is as stimulating as a cocktail... as lasting as it is lovely! Specially packaged for Easter.

10c at all 5 and 10c stores



USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer... s-m-o-t-h-e-r... 10c





# Overheard

## BLOWS COLD, BLOWS HOT

WHEN a room is very cold, it may be quickly warmed, once the steam starts, by directing an electric fan against the radiator.—Miss Imogene Herstein's prize-winning hint, heard on Alma Kitchell's Meet Your Neighbor program—the Blue Network.

## WASHINGTON SALUTES HOLLYWOOD

In the movie, "Talk of the Town," Ronald Colman made a closing speech (it was a court scene) which for posterity's sake will be preserved in the Congressional Record under the date of August 31, 1942. I shall not quote in full but in part something of that speech which I believe should be engraved on the tablet of your heart. . . .

"Think of this country, and the law that makes it what it is. And think of a world crying for this law. Then maybe you'll understand why you ought to guard it, and why the law has got to be the personal concern of every citizen . . . to uphold it for your neighbor . . . as well as for yourself . . .!"—Stella Unger, Hollywood News Girl, over NBC.

## LAST WORD IN FASHIONS

The new Paris fashion, under German rule, is a heavy wool dress, padded inside with special material, used not only to hide the thinness of French women, who, because of the lack of proper nutrition, are half-starved, but to make up for the lack of coal for heating the home. This new fashion model is called "Central Heating," because the Germans expect you to wear your warmth all the time and to expect none from other sources.

There used to be a time when Paris with its gay hats and its original style touches fairly shouted "American women! Please copy!" Now, we're saying: "No, thank you! We'll take our plain, practical American clothes, designed for use and service and beauty—and our fashion shows—real fashion shows, not propaganda with its ghastly design of deceiving the world into believing that Paris is once again the spot where 'the heart is young and gay.'"—Kate Smith Speaks, CBS.

## IT'S IN THE BAG

A paper bag comes in handy, if you want to flour chicken. Just put a little flour in the bag. Put the pieces of chicken in, and shake them around a little. Very quick and not nearly so messy as the piece-by-piece method.—Nancy Booth Craig's, The Woman of Tomorrow, over NBC.

# "If I waited for a dinner date—I'd starve!"



**Joan:** The only dates in my life are those on the calendar. . . but the fellows stand in line to take *you* out! What's missing in my bag of tricks?

**Alice:** You *should* have plenty of come-hither, Joan darling. You have looks and personality, but one thing dims your lucky star—and you don't even know what it is!



**Alice:** That's the way underarm odor fools you, Joan—you can offend and *never know it!* Even with a daily bath, you can't be *sure*—that's why I use Mum!



(Later) Alice is right—and I'm through taking chances! From now on—it's a bath to remove past perspiration, and Mum to prevent risk of future underarm odor.



Play safe with daintiness—every day, after every bath, use Mum! You'll like Mum for—

**Speed**—Takes only 30 seconds to smooth on Mum! Can be used even *after* you're dressed.

**Safety**—Gentle Mum won't irritate underarms, even after shaving. Mum won't injure fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

**Sureness**—Mum guards charm all during your business day or evening date. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, so safe that thousands of women use it this important way, too.



# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers





**LOUISE:** Tell me, Mary, do you know anything about those thingumajigs that many women use now instead of sanitary pads?

**MARY:** I certainly do. I use Tampax myself and if you don't I'll give you credit for less intelligence than I thought you had.

**LOUISE:** Well, of all things, Mary! You surprise me! I had regarded you as conservative about new ideas.

**MARY:** Right you are Louise, but this new form of sanitary protection, Tampax, is a real boon to us women and I'd be stupid not to use it.

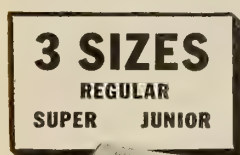
**LOUISE:** Tell me, Mary, is it true Tampax doesn't show, that you are not conscious of wearing it and that it eliminates other nuisances that go with the wearing of external sanitary pads?

**MARY:** It is all true, emphatically. It really seems too good to be true, but I now realize life can be worthwhile even at "those times" of the month!

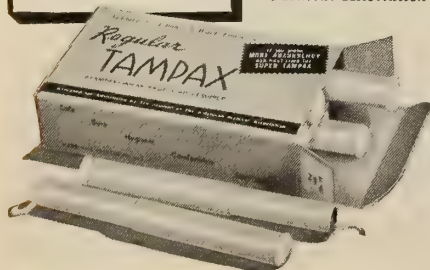
**LOUISE:** What started you on Tampax, Mary?

**MARY:** I have a friend, Jeannette, a registered nurse whose word carries great weight with me. She said she uses Tampax and so do many other nurses . . . She emphasized what a lot it means to women from both the psychological and the physical standpoints . . . and now most of the girls in my office swear by Tampax!

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn internally and is now used by millions of women. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into one-time-use applicator. No pins, no belts, no odor. Easy disposal. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40's is a real bargain. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Have Jack Benny and Fred Allen buried the hatchet? Don't be misled—this smiling act was specially put on for the Marines.



## What's New from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

THE last time we saw Lou Costello and Bud Abbott was a few days before the boys left for Hollywood to make their first picture. Lou and Bud were worried, as eight out of ten comedians who get movie contracts do not make the grade. Costello said to Abbott, "Well, Bud, if we flop we can always go back to burlesque." For once, Abbott agreed. Not long ago, Bud and Lou returned to New York to put on several shows in the Radio City studios. We reminded the boys of their fear of failure in Hollywood and asked for an explanation of their great success. "Well," Costello finally said, "when we read in the paper about Mayor LaGuardia closing down all the burlesque houses, we knew we had to make good."

"Yeah," Abbott said, "we had nothing to come back to."

Eddie Cantor is always gagging about going to perform at Army Camps to find husbands for his daughters. But, if Eddie's daughter Marilyn is any criterion, the daughters do all right on their own. Marilyn recently went up to WNEW, a New York radio station, and landed a job as a staff announcer. One of her co-workers there is Paula Stone, daughter of the famous actor, Fred Stone.

**PUBLICITY STUNT:** Gary Moore, star of Everything Goes, was up at NBC having pictures taken of himself in his wife's four new Easter hats. Mrs. Moore designed the hats and the gag is that Gary was her model.

Two miles on a bike, 60 miles on a commuting train and a mile hike are required before actress Joan Blaine can do her broadcast each day. Joan lives on a Connecticut farm 62 miles out of New York. She bicycles from her farm to the station, takes her train to Grand Central, then walks to the CBS studios. Her figure, it might be added, is very trim.

Norman Corwin recently wrote a ten-minute drama for the Mutual Carnival Show. The instructions in the script concerning the opening musical passage read as follows: "Maestoso passage, portentous and commanding but not uncomfortably so; not a fanfare in the accepted radio sense; to be miked for extra dimensional effect." Conductor Morton Gould, reading the remarks, made a very brief comment. "I hope," Gould said, "that he's kiddin'."

Those of you who miss Sam Hearn, who used to play Schlepperman on Jack Benny's show, will be interested to know that Sam is now in the Benny company again, touring the Army camps. Benny won't talk about it, but it has been estimated that his free shows to the camps cost him \$5,000 a week.

Did you know that 60 College professors have selected NBC's Inter-American University of The Air as required listening for their classes? The Air University has been teaching History and Music and is now starting on Literature. It's a grand way to brush up on things we all ought to know.



Many of you may have been startled recently while listening to Warren Sweeney, CBS newscaster. A copy boy, very new at CBS, who did not know Warren was on the air, burst into the studio and yelled, "Hey, Sweeney, call Washington right away!" The message went coast to coast.

\* \* \*

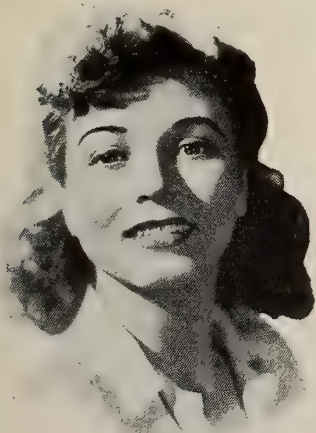
NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Each Saturday night in the studios of WSM at Nashville, Tennessee, Beasley Smith and his Orchestra send out over NBC Coast-to-Coast a half-hour of music labeled "Mr. Smith Goes to Town." The accompanying picture explains why Mr. Smith chooses to go to town. Jeri Sullavan's her name and she came to WSM by way of Art Jarett's band playing the Black Hawk in Chicago.

Jeri Sullavan was born in Washington. She has light red hair, blue eyes, is about 5' 4½" tall, and weighs approximately 110 pounds. As a child she was trained to become a professional dancer, but her dancing career was cut short when she discovered that she could also sing. During her high school days, she had singing parts in school plays, and also joined the Glee Club.

When Jeri was eighteen, she went to California where she lived for about three years, singing with various bands, including Bernie Cummins in San Francisco. When Cummins and his band left the Coast, Jeri accompanied them to Chicago for a four-month engagement. While in Chicago, she also sang for several months with Orrin Tucker and his band, replacing Bonnie Baker who was taking time out for an appendectomy.

She later joined Pinky Tomlin and went to San Antonio, Texas, and then on to New York. Jeri and Bonnie Baker became very good friends, and when Bonnie left Orrin Tucker to go out on her own, Jeri traveled with her as secretary and companion, eventually returning to Chicago.

In addition to lending her vocal embellishments and red-haired charm to the Mr. Smith Goes To Town program, Jeri is heard by WSM listeners in quarter-hour programs known as Songs by Sullavan. Jeri admits that



The reason "Mr. Smith Goes to Town" over WSM at Nashville, is because of lovely Jeri Sullavan.

**I give you 4 Aids to Beauty in Just One Cream!**

**My one 4-Purpose Face Cream ends need for other face creams**

**W**OMEN who use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream don't need any other cream for the care of their skin. For just think! Every time you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream: (1) it thoroughly, but gently, *cleans* your skin; (2) it *softens* your skin and relieves dryness; (3) it helps nature *refine* the pores; (4) it leaves a perfect base for powder.

**Helps these 6 skin troubles**

Is your skin too dry? Do you have little lines due to dryness? Are the mouths of your pores distended by dirt? Do you

have unsightly blackheads? Is your skin a little oily? Is it rough and flaky?

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream quickly helps all these troubles—brings glowing new freshness to your skin!

**Send for your generous tube**

Mail coupon for a generous tube of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! Try it and see how much smoother and fresher your skin looks after just a few applications.

*Lady Esther*

**4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM**



LADY ESTHER, 7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (84)

Please send me, by return mail, a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 7 new shades of face powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

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(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)





**"Walking,  
working *more*...  
a girl must  
*suffer* less!"**

MORE girls and women today use Midol. Walking, working more, they have turned to it for comfort—freedom to keep active when they always gave in to menstruation's functional pain and depression.

Try it. See for yourself, if you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, how needlessly you may be suffering. Midol does more than relieve that familiar "dreaded days headache". It buoys you up from blues—and through the effective action of an *exclusive* ingredient, speedily eases spasmodic pain peculiar to the period.

Ask for Midol at any drugstore. Try it confidently; Midol contains no opiates. The small package contains more than enough Midol for a convincing trial—the large package lasts for months.

**MIDOL**



**RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN**

she gets as much kick out of emceeing her own show as in the singing.

\* \* \*

The "Duffy's" show on the Blue, starring Ed Gardner, has more spectators during rehearsal than any program in radio. At four o'clock every Tuesday, half of the NBC press department slips out to watch the rehearsal and are joined by stenographers, page boys and guides. One of the NBC executives wanted to put a stop to it, but Ed went to bat for his rehearsal audience. Mr. Gardner likes company and the spontaneous applause.

\* \* \*

Back in 1918 they were known as Marian Driscoll and Jim Jordan. Jim was to be inducted into the army in five days and so he proposed to Marian. The future looked mighty uncertain, but Miss Driscoll accepted. They were married in the St. John's Church in Peoria, Illinois, and Jim went off to war. Today, twenty-four years later, they have a son, Jim Jr., in the Air Force. You know them as Fibber McGee and Molly, and to the thousands of cadets and enlisted men in the Armed Forces they are "Pop" and "Mom." Their advice to youngsters thinking of marriage today is, "Get married and fight to make it a better world."

\* \* \*

Madeleine Carroll is a very busy girl these days, what with her efforts on behalf of Merchant Seamen. But, every afternoon, between 5 and 5:15, she relaxes and reads. She reads aloud, over the air, to thousands of listeners and is now finishing up "Lost Horizon." Madeleine has no contract on her reading show and says she will continue reading just as long as the audience likes it.

\* \* \*

Fred Allen's long standing complaint is that every time he goes to a movie on Broadway it is so crowded that he has a terrible time getting in. The other day at rehearsal, Portland was telling us about her "movie trouble." She was very angry because the price changed just two minutes before she got to the box office. "It isn't the principle of the

thing," Portland smiled, "it's the money. Why should you pay more to see a movie in the afternoon than you do in the morning?"

"Did you go to the movie, Portland?" Fred asked.

"Of course not!" Portland replied.

"Good girl!" Fred cracked. "I'll take you tonight."

\* \* \*

**RADIO AND THE ARMED FORCES:** Each month we bring you news of radio people who have recently joined the fighting forces. Nineteen-year-old Jimmy Donnelly has left the cast of the O'Neill's show to join the Navy. . . . When Charlie Barnet's first trumpeter, Irving Berger, left for the Army, Charlie called Lyman Vunk, formerly with Bob Crosby, and asked him to take Irving's place. Vunk rushed East, but when he arrived a letter was waiting for him from his draft board classifying him in 1-A. . . . Wonderful Smith of the Red Skelton show has now been promoted to a corporal. . . . Hal Hopper is now in the Army. Now, instead of being billed as the *Music Maids and Hal*, the Kraft Music Hall singers are known as the *Music Maids and Phil*. Phil is Phil Hanna. . . . Dick Jurgens, popular orchestra leader, has also just joined up. . . . CBS Blondie technician, Mel Noe, has been commissioned a lieutenant in the Navy.

\* \* \*

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—How anyone as absent-minded as Charlie Friar ever became anything but a college professor is probably due to the existence of a maiden aunt who despised "drumming" on the piano, and a Baptist Deacon father who tried to keep his son away from dances.

Charlie, who now is accompanist for The Rangers Quartet on WBT, Charlotte, reacted pretty much as could be expected. He "forgot" to come home from school until he had had his music lesson. He "forgot" that he mustn't play until Auntie had finished her nap. Finally, after a couple of years of this state of conditioned amnesia, Charlie made a fine compromise with his own desires



Lt. Frances Rich, recently appointed Navy "V" mail supervisor, smiles over congratulations while her mother, Irene Rich, of CBS's *Dear John* series, proudly holds the phone.





He doesn't smoke that pipe, but Charlie Friar knows how to play the piano for The Rangers on WBT.

and his Dad's aversion to dancing. He played for Sunday School and Church on Sundays, for prayer meeting on Wednesday nights, and for every available nearby dance on Saturday nights.

He is a most personable lad to know, pleasant, long-legged, lanky and unassuming to look at. When he's finished playing, he always grins apologetically, a trifle abashed at the applause he receives, and still isn't expecting. But as for the performance itself—music sweet or music hot—Charlie is always master of the situation, and his melodies invariably reach deep into the hearts of his audience and bring out unconditioned appreciation—as is expressed in the scores of fan letters he receives daily from his listeners.

Charlie's a native of Knoxville, Tennessee, in his early 20's, has blue eyes, brown hair, and is well over six feet tall. He made his first radio contact in his home town of Knoxville, at Radio Station WNOX, in 1936, as accompanist for a choral group. The following year, he held a similar position with WMC, Memphis, and after six months there, moved on to KWFT, Wichita Falls, Texas, and then to North Carolina. He came to WBT, Charlotte, from a radio station in Raleigh, N. C., to be the accompanist for The Rangers Quartet. At present, he accompanies not only the Western lads, but is pianist for other choral groups and radio shows, and is in demand for civic and social affairs.

The fact that Charlie usually carries around an unlighted cigarette, or a dangling unlighted crooked pipe, may be that he's simply forgotten to light it. But when he finally gets to the piano, he remembers perfectly the songs folks want to hear—and the way they want them played.

The bright looking young lad on page 9 who is eating a hamburger's Alastair Kyle, 11-year-old British boy who plays in Aunt Jenny's

# “I was a ‘single’ wife”

HOW A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN OVERCAME THE “ONE NEGLECT” THAT OFTEN WRECKS ROMANCE



I. Ours was the Perfect Marriage . . . at first. But slowly, gradually, a strangeness grew up between us. I couldn't believe Jim's love had cooled so fast!



2. One day, Miss R., a nurse from my home town, found me crying and wormed the whole thing out of me. “Don't be offended, darling,” she began, shyly, “I've seen this happen before. Many wives have lost their husbands' love through their neglect of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*).”



3. Then she told what she'd heard a doctor advise. Lysol disinfectant. “You see,” she went on, “Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions. Lysol cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. No wonder this famous germicide is the mainstay of thousands of women for feminine hygiene.”



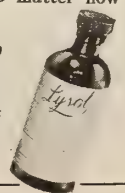
4. Ever since, I've used Lysol. It's so economical, so easy to use, gives me such a wonderful feeling of personal daintiness. And—here's the *most* wonderful thing—Jim and I are once again happy as doves.

## Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



Copr., 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet R. M. - 443. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.





## “IDEAL” FOR WAR-TIME CANNING!

Can successfully in BALL IDEAL fruit jars—the jars that save metal for war! This jar, preferred for years by many experienced home-canners, has a “no-stretch” spring steel wire clamp. The glass top lasts as long as the jar. Extremely easy to seal or open.

**New BALL Glass Top Seal Jar:** Another reliable jar using less metal and rubber. Glass lid, rubber and metal screw band form a perfect seal at top edge of jar. Band should be removed after 12 hours and re-used.

Buy Glass Top Seal closures for Mason jars you have on hand. Easy to use—no puncturing to open.

**BALL BROTHERS CO.**  
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**Ball**

ALL-GLASS JARS



**FREE!** The BALL BLUE BOOK—complete instructions and 300 tested canning recipes. Fill in coupon on printed leaflet from a carton of BALL Jars, mail it to us for your free copy. If you do not have the printed leaflet, send 10c with your name and address.



**YOU WON'T BE HUNGRY IF YOU CAN!**

## LEARN MUSIC in Your Own Home This EASY Way

YES, you can actually learn to play your favorite instrument right in your own home this amazing short-cut way! No expensive teacher—no tiresome scales and exercises—no confusing theories. You learn at home, in your spare time, at a cost of only a few cents a day. Every step is as clear as A B C—and before you know it, you are playing real tunes by note. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.



U. S. School of Music, 3064 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.  
Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name Instrument)

Instrument..... Have you Instr. ?.....

Name ..... (Please Print) .....

Address .....

Stories over CBS. Alastair really loves hot dogs and hamburgers, ice cream and politics. We actually overheard him explaining the English Beveridge plan to several actors and actresses in a CBS studio. Alastair's father is Captain Allen Kyle, who is making munitions in the midlands of England. Alastair has two older half-brothers in the Army and Navy in England.

\* \* \*

When Benny Rubin left Encino, California, to come to New York to start his radio program, he left his job to Spencer Tracy. Benny was Senior Air Raid Warden of Encino, a movie colony near Hollywood. Under Benny's command were George Brent, Don Ameche, Micky Rooney, and Lum 'n' Abner.

\* \* \*

Radio is having a very hard time getting movie people to guest star on shows. Reason is the \$25,000 ceiling. Movie stars used to pick up extra change working radio, but the salary limitation has stopped all that. That's why you are hearing so many big radio stars “guesting” for each other. Benny works for Allen, Fibber and Molly “do time” on the Gildersleeve show and Phil Baker does “guest shots” for Jack Benny. Why don't the Hollywood stars do the guest appearances and turn the money that they get over to War Relief agencies?

\* \* \*

BOSTON—Jack Stanley, one of New England's favorite radio personalities, is now heard nationally on the program World News To-Day. He is fast coming to the fore as one of the leading news analysts. It is because of his success in the northeastern states and his recognized popularity that his listening audience has been expanded to a much larger section of the country. His broadcasts originate at WNAC, Boston, key station of the Yankee Network.

Stanley is well fitted for his role of news analyst. He knows his field, especially the international scene, and is well equipped to handle the difficult assignment of interpreting the great events of the day. He is not one to engage in startling forecasts or hazardous predictions, but interprets the news as he sees it through the eyes of the on-the-scene reporters around the world.

Jack has been identified with some of the major programs on the air in New England since 1938 when he joined the Yankee Network. He was the Voice of New England in that successful daily program which gave the news with a New England twist to the millions of listeners in that area, and for the past four years he has also done the Press Roundup. Recently he has been the master of ceremonies on the important Boston Traveller program, The Traveller Speaks.

He was born in London of an American father and an English mother. Being a descendant of Governor Bradford, Stanley, when he came to this country, naturally settled in New England. Jack was educated at Malvern College, Worcestershire, England, and attended the Sorbonne in Paris. He lived two years in Paris and two in Cologne, Germany. Stanley's experience on the Continent well fits him for his role as news analyst.



Jack Stanley is one of New England's favorite newscasters. He's heard on WNAC's World News Today.

Jack is a family man with two boys as his pride. He is a good singer, plays the cello and has one consuming hobby, playing tennis.

\* \* \*

**SUCCESS STORY:** A girl named Cora B. Smith came to New York against her father's wishes. She wanted to be an actress and got a few small parts, but, after a year, was down to her last cent. Her only possession was a stamp collection, which she took to a collector to sell. While they were haggling over the price, a man stepped up and asked her if she was an actress. Cora said she was. The man was the director of the CBS Joyce Jordan, M.D. show and Cora now plays the part of Gale Moore and, of course, still has her stamp collection. The director was Hy Brown, a stamp collector.

\* \* \*

It was A. L. Alexander who first started the Good Will Court, which John J. Anthony now conducts. Alexander now has another very popular program on Mutual called The Mediation Board. During this show, Alexander listens to complaints from both sides of the family. A woman came to him recently and asked him to find her husband, who had left her. Alexander did and asked the husband if he were willing to go on the air with his wife and iron out their difficulties. “Sure,” the husband said, “maybe we can make up.” Alexander then returned to the wife and told her what her spouse had said. “Why, I wouldn't go on a program with him,” the woman said. “I just wanted you to scare him.”

\* \* \*

Recently, Dinah Shore won two nationwide awards as best popular female vocalist. Now, we learn, Xavier Cugat has just compiled a list of the ten best amateur rumba dancers in America and Dinah's name is included. When Warner Bros., who have just signed her to make a picture, learned about this they wrote in a scene in which she dances. Name of the picture is “Thank Your Lucky Stars.”



Radio reception in the Aleutian Islands, where our boys are battling the Japs, is very poor. Our soldiers, sailors and flyers receive only garbled remnants of their favorite programs. Now this situation is being remedied through the use of transcriptions. In a letter recently received by Kate Smith, a soldier writes. "Dear Kate: Your first batch of records arrived today. They were wonderful! Please send us more." Kate is now taking time out to fill the soldier's requests.

\* \* \*

**DEADLINE FLASHES:** Al Jolson will go to Africa to entertain the troops just as soon as he finishes his current CBS series. Last year, if you remember, Al performed for the boys in Alaska, Ireland and Trinidad. . . . Three CBS stars, Jessica Dragonette, Phil Baker and Dorothy Lowell of Our Gal Sunday, all had appendectomies recently. . . . Major Bowes is making it tough for the publicity people by insisting that he, personally, okays everything they write about him. . . . "Pepper Young" recently passed its 1,800th show, nearing seven years on the networks. . . . Diane Courtney, Blue singing star, was just named Queen of the Prom by N. Y. U. Juniors. . . . That new John Gunther-John Vandercook show looks like a sure-fire hit. . . . Woody Herman just started work on the new Sonja Henie picture, "Quota Girl". . . . Singin' Sam, back on the air for Mutual, just celebrated his 54th birthday. Singin' Sam's real name is Harry Frankel. . . . Lotte Lehman's new CBS show is bringing in scads of fan mail from the serious music lovers. . . . Rudy Vallee, who speaks French, has just broadcast a stirring message to the people of occupied France. . . . Leon Janney's place on the Parker Family show has been taken by Mickey O'Day. Janney is now studying Russian and hopes to enter the diplomatic service soon. . . . We're glad to see Penny Singleton back on her old job as "Blondie." Penny's new baby is named Roberta, after her husband, Capt. Robert Sparks of the Marine Corps. . . . Helen Sioussat, Director of Talks at CBS, has just written a delightful book called "Mikes Don't Bite." . . .



**Eleven-year-old Alastair Kyle, who plays in the CBS Aunt Jenny's Stories, likes politics and hamburgers.**



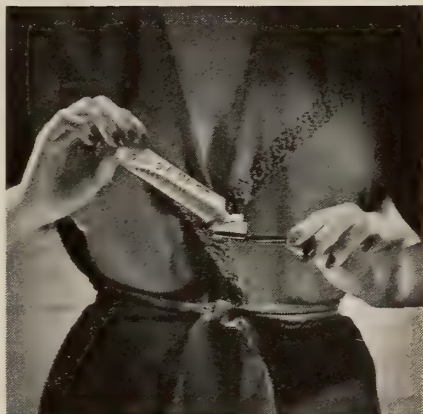
**Men in the armed services** are buying more Pepsodent than any other brand. It takes over one-fourth of all we can make just to supply them. But they come first—and rightly so—even if the rest of us have to use Pepsodent more sparingly for a while.



**The biggest number of civilian users** in history want Pepsodent, too. But wartime restrictions limit production—so there's a temporary shortage. If you can't get Pepsodent right away—don't blame your druggist. Try again in a few days.

**Keep your smile bright . . . but**

# DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT



**1. MEASURE** out only as much Pepsodent Paste as you need—about  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch is enough. Squeeze end or roll tube from bottom. Save Pepsodent from washing down the drain by moistening brush before applying paste.



**2. POUR** Pepsodent Powder into the palm of your hand. Do not sprinkle it on the brush. Enough powder to cover a 5c piece is plenty. Then dab (—don't rub) moistened brush in powder to pick it up.



**3. KEEP** your tooth brushes serviceable by hanging them up to dry after use. Wilted, soggy tooth brushes are inefficient, waste dentifrice. Use a good tooth brush, take good care of it.



**4. DENTAL** science knows no more effective, safe ingredients than those in Pepsodent. They are so safe, so effective, in fact, that only a little Pepsodent is needed to make your smile far brighter.



# From your skin out—

Lovely Geraldine Kay, heard on Doctors at War over NBC, gives you eight steps for true make-up beauty.



Skin tonic first



Then foundation



Eyeshadow sparingly



Blend rouge in



Pat your powder on



Follow the curve of natural brows.



Mascara upper lashes



Lip-stick carefully

**Y**OU make-up, of course! But the chances are your make-up is a routine job—a quick to-do with a mascara brush, a flip of an eyebrow pencil, a smear of lipstick, two pats of rouge, and three dabs of powder.

It's easy enough to use cosmetics so they create beauty for you. But you must remember certain basic rules.

A well-groomed woman makes up—from the skin out—at least twice every day. No amount of retouching removes the dark cast which rouge over rouge gives the skin, masks the shadows which caked powder produces, or hides those little smudges where lipstick went over the line.

If the lines in your face go up, not down, you'll look younger and you'll look pleasanter.

It is your mouth, eyebrows, and eyes that give you expression and are most noticeable. Stress the best of these features.

Heavy make-up is tabu. It makes you look coarse.

If your nose is longer than you wish it was use a darker powder base on the end of it. Be sure, however, to blend this in with the powder base you use on the rest of your face so there isn't any line of demarcation.

A double chin also is less pronounced when it is covered with a darker powder base, well blended into your lighter powder base.

A darker powder base also camouflages a wide jaw, when used on the outer edge. Here, too, it should be blended carefully.

All right, remembering all of the above basic rules which apply in your case, proceed with your make-up:

## By Roberta Ormiston

1. *Skin tonic or an astringent* . . . Pat it on. Stimulate circulation.
2. *Foundation cream or powder base* . . . Apply lightly and evenly.
3. *Eyeshadow* . . . If you have eyelids that are wrinkled it isn't for you.
4. *Rouge* . . . Rub rouge into your skin. Otherwise it will come off when you use powder. If your skin inclines to be dry, paste rouge will do a better job for you, merging with your skin more satisfactorily. Put rouge where your natural color would be. If you aren't certain where this would be jump up and down or run about until color floods into your face. And mark the area well.
5. *Powder* . . . Pat your powder on. Be generous with it. Then remove all surplus powder, taking special care none remains around your hair-line, with a powder brush.
6. *Eye-brow pencil* . . . Eyebrows should follow the curve of nose and frontal bone. Widen the distance between eyebrows if your eyes are close together.

7. *Mascara* . . . Mascara on the ends of your lashes will make your eye openings appear larger.
8. *Lipstick* . . . Your lips should be dry when you use lipstick. Apply it carefully but generously. Blot your lips dry against cleansing tissue or a blotter. Put a dot of color at the corners of your mouth and wipe it off with a deft upward motion to make your lips seem to curve upward. Don't waste time putting on a careless make-up as a matter of habit. Take a little more time and put on a make-up that will be what it should be, a means to greater beauty.

**RADIO MIRROR** ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**





*"Her proud head topped with shining hair  
Gives her charm beyond compare"*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous  
... and yet so easy to manage!\***



So EXQUISITELY FEMININE, yet so practical, too . . . this up-swept way of handling shoulder-length hair! Glamorous enough for evening wear, yet suitable for active war-work days, because it's easy to keep trim and neat! Hair shampooed with Special Drene.

**For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!**

No matter how you wear your hair, if you want it to be alluring to men, see that it's always shining, lustrous . . . sparkling with glamorous highlights! Don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob you of this thrilling beauty advantage!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neat-

ness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soapings!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!



\*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene. Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Soap film dulls lustre -  
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as soaps and soap shampoos always do.

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!



**Special Drene  
with  
Hair Conditioner**





*Phil Spitalny is the leader of the unique all-girl orchestra of the Hour of Charm, heard Sunday nights on NBC.*

# Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN



*Maxine is the contralto soloist with the group.*

**A** SECRET Radio Mirror has kept for more than a year—Sammy Kaye's marriage—has now been revealed by the swing and sway bandsman. Sammy's wife is an attractive brunette and widow from Cleveland, Ohio.

Jan Garber, one of the pioneers in sweet music, is reported spending \$20,000 to convert his band into a swing group. Jan has added seven more men, retained only one man, Charlie Ford, from the original aggregation. His new vocalist will be Ray Eberle, who formerly sang with Glenn Miller and Gene Krupa.

Reports reach us that Chief Petty Officer Artie Shaw is at Pearl Harbor with his all-service dance band.

Jimmy Brown, one of the airwaves' familiar voices, has left Blue Barron for Guy Lombardo.

Benny Goodman has been appointed an adjutant to the U. S. State Department to assist in solidifying Pan-American relations.

Gracie Barrie, holding hubby Dick Stabile's baton while he serves in the Coast Guard, is set for a sixteen-week run in Chicago's Blackhawk.

Woody Herman has arrived in Hollywood for work on the new Sonja Henie film. His female trumpeter, Billie Rogers, has turned down several offers to form her own band.

Jack Miller celebrated his thirteenth year as Kate Smith's musical director.

There's a difference of opinion in the various dance band popularity polls. Harry James ran off with the New York World Telegram one, while Duke Ellington (swing) and Tommy Dorsey (sweet) won the Downbeat magazine vote.

Another annual event is Metronome

magazine's annual All-Star Band, voted by its readers. The 1942 aggregation lines up this way: Toots Mondello, lead alto, Benny Carter, hot alto, Benny Goodman, clarinet, Charlie Barnet and Tex Beneke, hot tenors, Harry James, lead trumpet, Ziggy Elman and Roy Eldridge, hot trumpets, Tommy Dorsey, lead trombone, J. C. Higginbotham, hot trombone, Count Basie, piano, Alvino Rey, guitar, Bob Haggart, bass, Gene Krupa, drums, Frank Sinatra and Helen Forrest, vocalists.

## LADIES OF THE BANDSTAND

**T**HERE is a huge, ornately carved desk in Phil Spitalny's New York hotel suite that many a desperate, draft-distraught band leader would give his bank roll to pry open. For locked inside it is a card-crammed file containing the names of five thousand hopeful and talented girl musicians.

Today when other bandsmen see Uncle Sam tap their top instrumentalists and substitutes present acute problems, stocky, smart Phil Spitalny holds the most enviable position in the music field.

"All the girls have stock in the band," he explains. "They have shares in proportion to their position in the organization. Any girl who leaves for another job forfeits her holdings. Girls who retire are given cash settlements providing they do not work for another orchestra for one year."

Phil gave the girls the stock and last month each received a ten per cent pay increase with the stipulation that this bonus be put into war bonds.

1942 saw the close of the orchestra's most successful season since its inception eight years ago. Their NBC, General Electric-sponsored Sunday night series was renewed again, they made their first movie, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and they rolled up record breaking attendances in theaters and concert halls.

The band is busier than ever because Spitalny insists on doing most of his broadcasts and extra dates before sailors and soldiers in training.

Born in Odessa, Russia, Phil came here when he was fifteen, a proud but penniless graduate of the Imperial Music Conservatory. But before he attained success in music here, Phil struggled at all sorts of menial jobs.

Phil got the idea for an all girl orchestra when he heard a Carnegie Hall concert played by a young girl violinist.

The task of organizing the dream orchestra Phil had in mind was gargantuan. (Continued on page 50)



*Vivien's is the lovely soprano voice you hear.*



*Evelyn's magic violin—a feature of the show.*



*Entirely NEW Idea in Make-up*



## JERGENS "TWIN MAKE-UP"

*two lovely make-up aids—in ONE box  
to give you that young dewy-fresh look*

IN A JIFFY, you've the loveliest make-up ever!

First, sponge on Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake that beauty experts are crazy about. Little skin flaws seem to disappear. Your face looks smoother!

Then, smooth on Jergens Face Powder in the heavenly new shade styled for your type of skin. How young you look! And you needn't repowder for ages longer.

This new Twin Make-up brings you your just-right shade of make-up cake *right in the same box* with your shade of face powder.

Only \$1.00 for this whole exciting new Twin Make-up! Look naturally-lovelier in an instant! Ask for Jergens Twin Make-up today! (Jergens Face Powder, alone, comes also in regular boxes at 25¢ and 10¢.) Made by the makers of your favorite Jergens Lotion.

*\$2.00 Value for \$1.00*

Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake  
with matching Face Powder



• Boxed together, for the first time—  
Both for \$1.00—less than many girls pay  
for a make-up cake alone! Choose the pow-  
der shade that lights up your type of skin;  
your twin harmonizing shade in make-up  
cake is right in the same box. (5 sets of  
shades—one specially styled for you!) Get  
Jergens "Twin Make-up" today!



*Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .*



Keep your nails pretty, for him. Make Dura-Gloss your ally in this, as so many thousands of smart girls are doing. Dura-Gloss radiates sparkling good spirits. Protects your nails and keeps them nice. Doing your nails is a big help when you're feeling tired, "all worn out." Each nail looks so brilliant and colorful, you feel proud and confident. Dura-Gloss contains a special ingredient, Chrystallyne, that makes it stay on exceptionally long — at all cosmetic counters, 10¢.



10¢ PLUS TAX

Copy, 1943, Lorr Laboratories • Paterson, N. J.  
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

**DURA-GLOSS** *nail polish*

Cuticle Lotion  
Polish Remover  
Dura-Coat



*They called her Miss Prim  
—how could they know that  
it was not love she feared  
but the hurt that can come  
when love is stolen away?*

**T**HEY called me "Miss Prim" in the office. They used to say that I was old-fashioned; they told me I ought to go in for gay, glamorous clothes and start wearing more makeup, and do my hair in a different way.

I knew what those other girls thought—little Connie Marshall, old-maid-to-be, without time or inclination for love and romance. Of course, they didn't know—and they never would know. And neither would Victor McAllister.

He was behind his desk now, Victor McAllister, looking across at me with that grave smile of his, and saying, "I'm sorry you have to work late again tonight." I thought then that if he'd said, "Connie, I love you madly," I couldn't have been any more enchanted. It was enough—at least, I thought then that it was—just to listen to him speak, to know that he was speaking to me.

The smile twisted wryly. "Miss Damon is out sick, and I've a raft of letters. Do you mind?"

The lamplight from his desk struck obliquely across his face, touched those probing gray eyes of his. I sat erect in my chair, staring primly—well, they called me Miss Prim, didn't they?—down at my notebook, pencil poised. "It's quite all right, Mr. McAllister," I answered with just the proper business smile, "I don't mind in the least." That answer was hardly precise. Mind? But I couldn't tell him that staying after hours to work for him was a kind of out-of-bounds heaven. You can't tell a man you're wickedly glad his secretary is ill because it (Continued on page 74)



*Promise  
for tomorrow*

Fictionized by Will Oursler  
from an original radio script  
heard over the Mutual Network.



# I was to blame

**F**OUR wool blankets, ten pounds of sugar, half-a-dozen cans of coffee and as many packages of tea, an assortment of canned fruit and vegetables—these were the small things upon which our marriage was wrecked.

Jim stood in front of the closet, looking in at the neatly arranged shelves. After that first black spasm of anger, his face had become heavily expressionless.

I tried to laugh. After all, it wasn't really important! "Don't make such a fuss, Jim," I said. "These are just a few things I—"

"Oh, I suppose they don't matter," he agreed wearily. "If they were all! . . . But a man hates to face the fact that his wife's a selfish, thoughtless—"

"Jim!" The anger I had been trying to smother flared up uncontrollably. "I won't have you talking that way to me!"

"Won't you?" His dark eyes met mine somberly. "It's the truth, but maybe you're right. I'm too tired to tell you the truth."

He turned and went downstairs, his heels coming down sharply on each tread with a horrible sound of finality.

I shut the closet door, and it was as if I were shutting a door on a part of my life. Jim and I had quarreled before now, but this was more than a quarrel. It was a climax to something that had been brewing for months, perhaps for years, and after it, nothing would ever be the same again.

There is a picture of Jim and me, taken in 1932, on our wedding day, that I've always kept, although a long time ago I stopped having it out where people could see it. We look so fresh and—untouched—in it; it reminds me too sharply of what the years have done to us. It shows Jim with shoulders pulled back very straight, looking directly into the camera out of the wide-apart, deeply set blue eyes that gave charm to a face that might have been too stern otherwise—and that has been too stern, often, since.

And it shows me so proud, so happy, so blonde and pink-and-white and pretty . . .

We were very young when we married. I was barely eighteen and Jim was twenty. It wasn't a particularly good year to be married because the word "depression" was on everyone's lips and in every newspaper. But Jim had a good job, neither of us had any other responsibilities, and we were terribly in love.

For a few months we had the kind of life we'd expected—living in one half of a two-family house which we rented furnished, eating at restaurants when I didn't feel like cooking dinner, going to dances on Saturday nights, spending nearly all the money Jim earned.

**I**T was my kind of life, I guess, more than it was Jim's. Even then he liked to read and think about what he read. If I had been more content to spend my evenings quietly at home he would have been perfectly satisfied, but he was happy to take me places because I enjoyed it so. I used to tease him by calling him "Old Sober-sided," but he wasn't, really. Not in those days.

He became sober enough later, after the shoe factory where he worked as a machinist shut down. He was sober when we'd used up our few savings and had to go to live with his parents and then mine, and when Dickie, our little boy, was born in the free ward of a hospital.

Somehow, we got through those bad years, but they changed us so we weren't any longer the Jim and Anne Porter who posed for that wedding-day picture. Trouble is supposed to bring a man and a woman together, but it separated Jim and me.

I didn't consciously blame Jim for being unable to support Dickie and me—I'm sure I didn't—but I must have blamed him in my heart. I went on loving him, in a way, but without that outpouring of oneself which makes love beautiful.

We didn't think alike. When,

after five years of wondering where the next meal would come from (for our parents were almost as badly off as we), things began to get better, I wanted to build a bulwark of security. I wanted to save money and at the same time to surround myself with all the things I'd had to do without. Jim wanted this, too, of course, but not as much as I did. Mostly, he wanted security for other people as much as he did for himself. That's why, he told me, he spent so much time in union activities at the factory where he finally got a steady job, and why he read so many dull-looking books.

I used to laugh, a little irritably. "Stop thinking you can remake the world, Jim," I'd say. "There's nothing you can do about it."

"Maybe there will be, someday," he'd answer with that heavy seriousness which often made me long to slap him—particularly when I wanted him to take me to a movie or somewhere, and he wouldn't because there was a union meeting.

We hadn't wanted Dickie—things were too bad, then—but after he came I idolized him, worshipping every satiny-soft inch of his body, transferring to him all the affection I had once given Jim. And yet—I'm afraid I must admit that during the bad years it was Jim who saw that no matter what we had to go without there was always money for the food and medical care and expensive, nasty-smelling oil Dickie needed to keep him strong.

**E**VEN with Dickie, somehow, life cheated me. As he grew older, I lost touch with him as surely as I had lost touch with his father. He was sturdy and independent, and very much a boy, and he hated maternal fussing. Well, it was natural, and I understood, but I missed the baby he had been, and often, watching Jim and him together, I thought bitterly that he preferred his father to me.

Still, I was contented, in a stagnant sort of way. I had all the material things I wanted. A year be-





*There was that one  
moment of stolen won-  
der in the magic of the  
firelight—then in the  
face of her son she saw  
the shame that was hers*

fore Pearl Harbor we moved into our own house, one we were buying on the FHA plan. It was a darling little house, not very different from any other on the block, it's true, but new and convenient and well-built. It had five rooms downstairs, a big basement, and an attic which Jim fixed up for an extra bedroom that first summer when his cousin Jimmy came to stay with us for a few weeks. It's ironic that I was the one who insisted on preparing that extra room!

The war changed our life, as it

changed everyone's. There was little danger that Jim would be drafted. Besides having a family to support, he was needed at the factory, which had been converted to make small parts for engines. But he might almost just as well have been drafted for all I saw of him, because he worked long hours, often seven days a week—and of course he made a great deal more money than we had ever had before.

It wasn't desire for money, though, that drove him—it was a conviction that there was no time



to be lost, that every possible engine had to be pushed out of the factory, overseas, to the boys whose lives depended on their equipment. He and some of the other men in the union got together and persuaded the management to let them form a committee to work out time-saving devices in getting out the work.

But most of all, these days showed me how far apart Jim and I had grown in our hopes, our wishes.

**I** WANTED to help win the war, but I didn't see why the Porter family should do more than its share. I didn't see, for instance, why Jim should subscribe fifteen percent of his salary for War Bonds while everyone else was subscribing only ten, or even less. I didn't see why Jim should give up some of his precious free time to be an auxiliary fireman—he was doing enough, and more than enough, at the factory. I didn't see why he refused to buy Dickie a bicycle for his tenth birthday, as he'd always promised, ever since Dickie had been old enough to want one. And the car—

We really had an argument about the car. When gasoline rationing began, Jim, as a defense worker, was entitled to extra rations. He wouldn't apply for them. Instead, he began walking half a mile to the bus line, and he rather sternly told me I wasn't to drive for anything but heavy shopping.

"And I suppose Dickie can walk to school?" I demanded. Until now, Jim had been taking Dickie with him in the mornings and dropping him off at school.

"He can," Jim said flatly, and then grinned at Dickie where he sat next

to him at the supper table. "We talked it all over this morning and Dickie's perfectly willing—aren't you, old man?"

"Sure," Dickie agreed. "I'd like to. Anyhow, I always walk home. Now I'll walk both ways."

"It's perfectly ridiculous," I said. "Why, we won't even use up our A ration. And as far as I can see, other people are still driving."

"That's no reason we should."

"But Jim—" I always came back to this one argument—"why should we do more than our share?"

"Everybody's going to have to do more than their share," Jim told me, "if we expect to win this war."

There were enough of these clashes to teach me to keep my opinions to myself. But I never changed the opinions, and sometimes I did things I knew would have angered Jim if he'd known—things like throwing away empty tin cans instead of preparing them for salvage, simply because they seemed too small to bother about. Or like buying a few extra supplies and putting them in the closet in the attic room.

It was another of Jim's ideas for helping the war effort that brought about the discovery of the closet's contents.

He came home, that night, and announced that he was going to rent the attic room to one of the workmen at the factory.

"Oh, no!" I protested as soon as he mentioned the plan. "Bring a stranger into this house—to live with us?"

"He isn't a stranger. His name is Kane Garnett. He's a good worker and a nice fellow, and he'll take his meals out," Jim said with rather more reasonableness than he usually showed when we disagreed. "You'll hardly know he's around. Right now he's sleeping on a cot in a room with three other men. It's all he can get, the town's so overcrowded, and with the work he does he deserves something better."

"I know," I protested, "but—oh, Jim, I'd hate having someone else in the house. And—well, the room isn't very nice, and it hasn't any water or heat—"

"I told him it wouldn't be very fancy, but he said he didn't care," Jim interrupted, and somehow I knew with an irritation which made me go cold all over, that it had been all settled before Jim told me about it, that he'd already offered the room without even consulting me.

Jim stood up. "Think I'll go up now and see if there's anything we'll really have to get," he said.

For a moment I didn't remember the things in the closet. Then I was



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"I'll clean it up and buy anything we need," I said quickly, anxious to get him back downstairs.

"All right," he said, and almost as if he weren't thinking of what he was doing, opened the closet door...

"What's all this?" he asked sharply.

"Nothing—just some—" I stammered.

He looked at me with disgust in his eyes. It was then, cutting short my explanations, that he called me selfish and thoughtless.

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Blame" was suggested by a  
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Later, when I followed him downstairs, he was already in bed, with his face turned to the wall. After I had undressed and switched off the light, he spoke.

"I'll bring Garnett home with me tomorrow night," he said, not defiantly, but simply stating a fact.

As I got into the other twin bed I said to myself that I hated him.

NOW that I tell all this, I am ashamed that we could have let our quarrel solidify into such complete bitterness. It was so petty, and so tragic! Yet I feel ashamed for Jim as much as for myself. I was at fault, with my insistence upon my own personal comfort, yes; but so was Jim. One word of—no, not apology, I didn't want even that—but of simple tenderness, would not only have brought this particular quarrel to

an end, but would have helped wipe out the irritation which led up to it.

But Jim didn't give me that word, and the next night he brought Kane Garnett home with him, and then it was too late.

I heard their voices outside the back door, and I deliberately busied myself at the stove when they entered. I was determined to be unfriendly, and I waited until they'd come well into the room and stopped there before I turned around.

"Anne, this is Kane Garnett," Jim said.

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I said what I had planned to say, but already I was beginning to wish I didn't have to say it: "I'm sorry, but I didn't have time to fix up your room today. I'll give you some sheets and a pillowcase—"

He waved my apology aside—and somehow it *had* sounded like an apology.

"That's all right. I can fix it up myself. And anyway, I won't need the room until tomorrow morning. I guess Jim told you I'm on the night shift—eight to four."

There was an uneasy pause before Jim said with a forced laugh, "Guess I forgot."

"Oh— Well, it doesn't matter." He picked up the cheap suitcase he'd brought with him. Impulsively, I said.

"Won't you have some supper with us?"

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But still my anger at Jim didn't lessen. He had no right to bring a stranger into our home without consulting me first—and above all no right to continue treating me like a criminal because I'd done something of which he didn't happen to approve.

When he came back after showing Kane the room, Dickie's excited chatter and questions formed a welcome screen behind which we could hide our (Continued on page 69)







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*We both knew that tonight would be different—Jim would not be here.*



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# *If love were all—*

**I**T WASN'T much of a night for romance—but somehow that didn't seem to make any difference to Gene and me.

We'd gone to the movies, the second show, and it was after eleven when we got out. Briarton goes to bed early, especially on a rainy spring night, and we were almost the only two people on the street, after we'd turned to the right off Briar Avenue and started up toward my house. The wind swept straight down from the northwest, right across the Canadian plains and then across Lake Michigan and then into our faces, with practically nothing to interrupt it, so that we had to lean forward and fight for every step.

We were laughing when we got to my house and ran into the shelter of the old wooden front porch. In a few months that porch would be enclosed with screens and shaded with vines, and we'd use it as a friendly refuge from the summer heat instead of the wet wind, but now it was still bare and a little forbidding. Rain whipped in under the eaves, and a twig lashed one of the posts, so that although we could catch our breaths we still had the feeling that at any moment the storm would invade it and batter us once more. We stood very close to each other.

"Fine country!" Gene grumbled with mock severity. "The end of April and it feels like winter."

"I like it," I said. And I did. I liked the way the blood was thrumming through my body, I liked the tingling wetness on my cheeks, the damp feel of curls springing from under the brim of my little blue felt hat.

Gene grimaced. "You wouldn't if you had to crawl around under cars all day in that 1890 version of a greasing pit old Searles is so pleased with." And this time there wasn't anything mocking in his voice. There never was when he spoke of his job at Searles' filling station.

"It won't be so bad pretty soon," I said hurriedly, sorry that the subject had come up. On this wild, exciting night I didn't want to

talk about jobs and bosses and greasing pits. And Gene, with that sensitive feeling for other people's moods which was so much a part of him, grinned.

"Sure," he said lightly. "Pretty soon I'll be complaining about the heat instead, won't I?"

Then, for a minute, there was silence except for the tattoo of the rain and the uneven song of the wind. For no reason at all—no reason except that the earth turns and rain falls and plants grow and life exists—something happened to us in that minute.

We were looking at each other in the uncertain, wavering light from the corner arc lamp. And I thought I knew every line of Gene's face, but suddenly he was different. He wasn't the straight-haired, merry little boy who had moved into the brick house down the block when I was five, he wasn't the skinny playmate who had taught me to kick a football and to dive into the muddy swimming hole at the edge of town, he wasn't the rather grubby-handed high school boy who had pulled me through algebra, general science and physics and had in turn been pulled by me through English composition, history, and Spanish. He wasn't even all those other Genes grown to be twenty years and a few months old. He was a face with faintly smiling lips and eyes that didn't smile at all. He was a body that had muscles to move and tense. He was a whole mysterious male life, about whom I knew nothing at all even though about someone named Gene Gorman I knew everything.

"Arda," he said softly. "You're—"

Whatever he had started to say, he didn't finish. Of course he had seen the same change in me that I had seen in him, and directly, simply, he answered it. He bent his head, and took me in his arms. We had kissed before, though never recently, and never like this. His lips were urgent, sweetly demanding, and under their pressure my own softened and parted. I felt as if I were falling, then as if I were being lifted up, up to the

top of the world. I closed my eyes against the dizziness of it. And all the time I was holding him as closely as he held me; his coat was rough under the palms of my hands.

It was that bit of reality, that everyday sensation, which broke the spell. I turned my head away and moved out of the circle of his arms. Embarrassment seized both of us—a delightful embarrassment, at least on my part, but nonetheless enough to make me say huskily:

"Good night, Gene. I've got to go in now."

"No! Not yet . . ."

"Yes—I must. Good night."

"Well," he said unwillingly, "good night, Arda."

My hand, groping behind me,

## *A Stars Over Hollywood Story*



*She was tasting first love with all its rapture, reckless of the bitter cup of wisdom that must be tasted later. Here begins the story of Arda and Gene and his brother, Tim, who loved them both, and broke the heart of one*

touched the knob of the door and turned it.

"See you tomorrow night?" he asked quickly.

"Yes—of course."

"Good night, then."

I slipped inside and, peering through the glass pane of the door, saw him hesitate, then square his shoulders, turn, and go down the walk to the street. I watched him out of sight, for the first

time glorying in the way his long legs spurned the pavement and in the stubborn resistance of his body to the wind, and after I couldn't see him any longer I stayed there, in our front hall, not even bothering to switch on the light. I could hold this new wonder so much safer and closer in the darkness.

That it should be Gene! This was the amazing and beautiful

thing about it. I had always thought that when I fell in love it would be with someone new, a stranger, a man from out of town perhaps or someone I met on a trip. That was the way things happened in books and movies, but I really hadn't ever liked the idea much. It was so much more—more—well, more comfortable and *nicer*, to be in love with someone I knew so well, particularly when that night's unexpected moment of revelation had shown me that he could be strange and mysterious too.

It never once entered my head that this might not be love. Other boys had kissed me, after school dances or other dates. They seemed to expect it and want it, and I'd never liked to have them think I was prissy or priggish; but the kisses had never meant anything at all to me. I simply hadn't been interested.

So it was obvious, it didn't even need any thinking about, that if other kisses had meant nothing to me, and this one did—why, then, of course I was in love for the first time in my life.

*We spent all that long summer together, planning our lives, dreaming our dreams.*









# If love were all-

IT WASN'T much of a night for romance—but somehow that didn't seem to make any difference to Gene and me.

We'd gone to the movies, the second show, and it was after eleven when we got out. Briarton goes to bed early, especially on a rainy spring night, and we were almost the only two people on the street, after we'd turned to the right off Briar Avenue and started up toward my house. The wind swept straight down from the northwest, right across the Canadian plains and then across Lake Michigan and then into our faces, with practically nothing to interrupt it, so that we had to lean forward and fight for every step.

We were laughing when we got to my house and ran into the shelter of the old wooden front porch. In a few months that porch would be enclosed with screens and shaded with vines, and we'd use it as a friendly refuge from the summer heat instead of the wet wind, but now it was still bare and a little forbidding. Rain whipped in under the eaves, and a twig lashed one of the posts, so that although we could catch our breaths we still had the feeling that at any moment the storm would invade it and batter us once more. We stood very close to each other.

"Fine country!" Gene grumbled with mock severity. "The end of April and it feels like winter."

"I like it," I said. And I did. I liked the way the blood was thrumming through my body, I liked the tingling wetness on my cheeks, the damp feel of curls springing from under the brim of my little blue felt hat.

Gene grimaced. "You wouldn't if you had to crawl around under cars all day in that 1890 version of a greasing pit old Searles is so pleased with." And this time there wasn't anything mocking in his voice. There never was when he spoke of his job at Searles' filling station.

"It won't be so bad pretty soon," I said hurriedly, sorry that the subject had come up. On this wild, exciting night I didn't want to

talk about jobs and bosses and greasing pits. And Gene, with that sensitive feeling for other people's moods which was so much a part of him, grinned.

"Sure," he said lightly. "Pretty soon I'll be complaining about the heat instead, won't I?"

Then, for a minute, there was silence except for the tattoo of the rain and the uneven song of the wind. For no reason at all—no reason except that the earth turns and rain falls and plants grow and life exists—something happened to us in that minute.

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We spent all that long summer together, planning our lives, dreaming our dreams.



A Stars Over Hollywood Story

Adapted by Norton Russell from the radio drama, "Happy Haven," by Walter Hartelt based on "The Stars Over Hollywood"





*Gene, who let another man propose for him to—*

And, I thought, suddenly grave, for the last.

Then, still in the darkness of the hall, I giggled. Wouldn't my father and mother be surprised? And Tim, Gene's older brother? . . .

**M**Y parents probably would not like it too much, but Tim would. Tim liked anything that Gene wanted, anything that would make Gene happy. Big, solid, serious Tim, slow of speech and slow of movement—why, he'd be almost the same as my brother now!

Unawares, my thoughts had led me into a region where I didn't want to go—not just yet. I wouldn't let myself think of marriage, of its intimacy, its permanence, its essential practicalness. Blushing, I raced up the stairs, but I couldn't race away from remembrance of Gene's arms, his lips, the hard muscular strength of his body.

That raw spring night was the beginning of a wonderful, disturbing summer . . . the summer of 1939, whose like none of us will ever, perhaps, see again. Certainly I never shall. I was in the midst of first love, tasting all its raptures and uncertainty, pulled one way one minute and another the next, divinely happy and abjectly miserable by turns. I was nineteen and today I am twenty-three, and it sometimes seems that ten years have passed instead of barely four.

I am no different than almost any girl you could meet in a small middle-western town. I'm five feet three inches tall, and I weigh about the right amount to go with that height. I probably wouldn't ever win any beauty contests, but on the other hand I'd never think of trying to win one, so that doesn't matter. My best features are my eyes, which are large, long-lashed, and dark blue, and my nose, which is small and a little tilted at the end. My mouth turns down just a bit at the corners so that I look sulky, but I'm not. I don't like my hair, but then, what girl ever did? It's brown, and very fine and thick, and the only way I can make it look nice is to spend hours fixing it because it doesn't have

were a lot of families like mine. I loved Dad and Mother, but I wasn't really very close to them. They always seemed so much older than I that I couldn't believe they'd ever understand my young problems, and the result was that I never asked them for advice, or paid much attention to it when it was offered. I worked things out for myself, and as it happened, most of my decisions were the right ones.

All except my decision on the most important question of all . . .

Decisions didn't have to be made that summer. Life was too full and wonderful for anything so prosaic. Every night there was the thrill of waiting for the telephone to ring, of hearing Gene's voice saying:

"What's doing?"

"Oh—nothing much." (As if there could be, when Gene wasn't with me!)

"Think maybe I better come around?"

Very seriously, as if I had devoted a lot of thought to the matter—"Well yes, maybe it *would* be a good idea."

In a few minutes he'd come bounding up the front steps, dark brown hair still damp and curly from the shower, and I'd be ready to meet him and to go out—it didn't matter where. Sometimes Gene's fearful and wonderful old car would be running and we'd ride in it; other times—quite often, in fact—it would be torn to bits in the shed back of his house and we'd walk. Gene had (Continued on page 64)



*Arda, whom he loved but feared to marry until—*

much of a natural curl.

Dad works in the Briarton National Bank; when I was little he was a teller there, but by the time I was nineteen he had been made assistant cashier. He's a quiet, gray-haired darling, with just three loves in his life—Mother, me and his job, just as Mother loves only him, me and *her* job, which is taking care of our house. I haven't any brothers or sisters—I did have a brother, born before I was, but he died when he was a year old, and I didn't even know of his existence until I was grown up.

I wouldn't be surprised if there



*Tim, his brother, offered them future security.*



# Remember!

*From the heroine of one of radio's great human dramas comes a challenge of vital interest to every woman—one that you'll find yourself thinking about long after you've finished reading*

*By Helen Trent*

**T**HE other day I was very busy. Since gasoline rationing began, here in Hollywood, we've got into the habit of saving up all our errands for one big excursion downtown, and on this particular day I had a list of things to do that covered two whole pieces of notepaper—none of them important to anyone but me.

But here's what happened. With my head full of personal matters, I went through the whole morning and part of the afternoon—before the chance sight of a newspaper brought me back to reality, and I remembered that my country was at war.

I was shocked—really ashamed of myself. How could I have forgotten? But then it occurred to me that there must be many other people who do the same thing, and the thought made me feel worse instead of better.

Certainly it is pleasant to forget the war. I am sure I was happier during my period of forgetfulness than I was after it had ended. No one likes to live with the knowledge that thousands of brave American boys and girls are many miles from home, suffering danger and—what may often be worse in some ways—discomfort and loneliness and boredom. It's only natural to want to forget. But I'm very much afraid that it isn't safe.

Suppose a homicidal maniac—a real killer—was known to be at large in your town, or your neighborhood. Could you go about your business—shopping in the afternoons, going to the movies at night, letting the children play unwatched in the front yard, just as if there were no danger? Of course you couldn't—not for one sec-

ond and would fear leave your mind. Your knowledge of the danger would remain with you every waking and sleeping moment, and you would forget every other consideration of your life until you and your neighbors had found a way to capture the madman and make him harmless.

The situation of our country today is not so very different from the one I've just imagined for you. Not really. The only difference is one of size. Instead of a neighborhood in danger, the whole world is. Instead of one madman, we are threatened by millions of them.

It's hard for us to realize this because here the whole scene is one of peace. Oh, we have our bombers flying overhead, and we can't buy as many things as we used to, and there are lots of men in uniform on our streets. The radio and the newspapers tell us about the war, and from many, many homes men have gone away to fight. But still—Death has never dropped from our skies, and none of us has looked upon a mass of wreckage that once was home. Those are the things that really tell one that a war exists.

So we find it easy to forget, on the whole, just as I forgot the other morning. We remember things like taking our ration books with us when we market, but we forget the dreadful nearness of the danger that made those ration books necessary. And "Remember Pearl Harbor" is our slogan, but frequently we don't observe it.

Just because we have been allowed to keep our beautiful America unharmed—just (Continued on page 62)



IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

# The Romance of Helen Trent

*Enter the lives of the people you've learned to love  
in this fascinating story of happiness and heartbreak*







GIL WHITNEY is a prominent Los Angeles lawyer who is now a confidential Government agent. Long ago he fell in love with Helen Trent, but she always refused to marry him, fearing she did not love him enough, until at last he became engaged to Martha Carvell. News of Helen's recent illness, however, seems to have made him realize that she has a place in his heart no other woman can fill.

(Played by Marvin Mueller)

HELEN TRENT is a glamorous Hollywood designer of gowns, who works for Para-Film Studios. Now that it is perhaps too late, she understands that her true happiness lies with Gil. A short time ago she was forced to enter a hospital. Last summer, in trying to save a truck loaded with vital war supplies, she received a head injury which bothered her until finally an operation was needed.

(Played by Virginia Clark)





MARTHA CARVELL, left, is Gil Whitney's young and attractive assistant in the confidential work he is doing for the Government. Martha met Gil just after he had made up his mind that Helen would never marry him, and it was an easy matter for her to catch him on the rebound. He proposed to her and was immediately accepted. However, his affections really belong to Helen, and at the moment it looks as if Martha will eventually have to give up her ambition to be his wife, though she almost certainly will not willingly release him from their engagement. (Played by Lois Zarley)

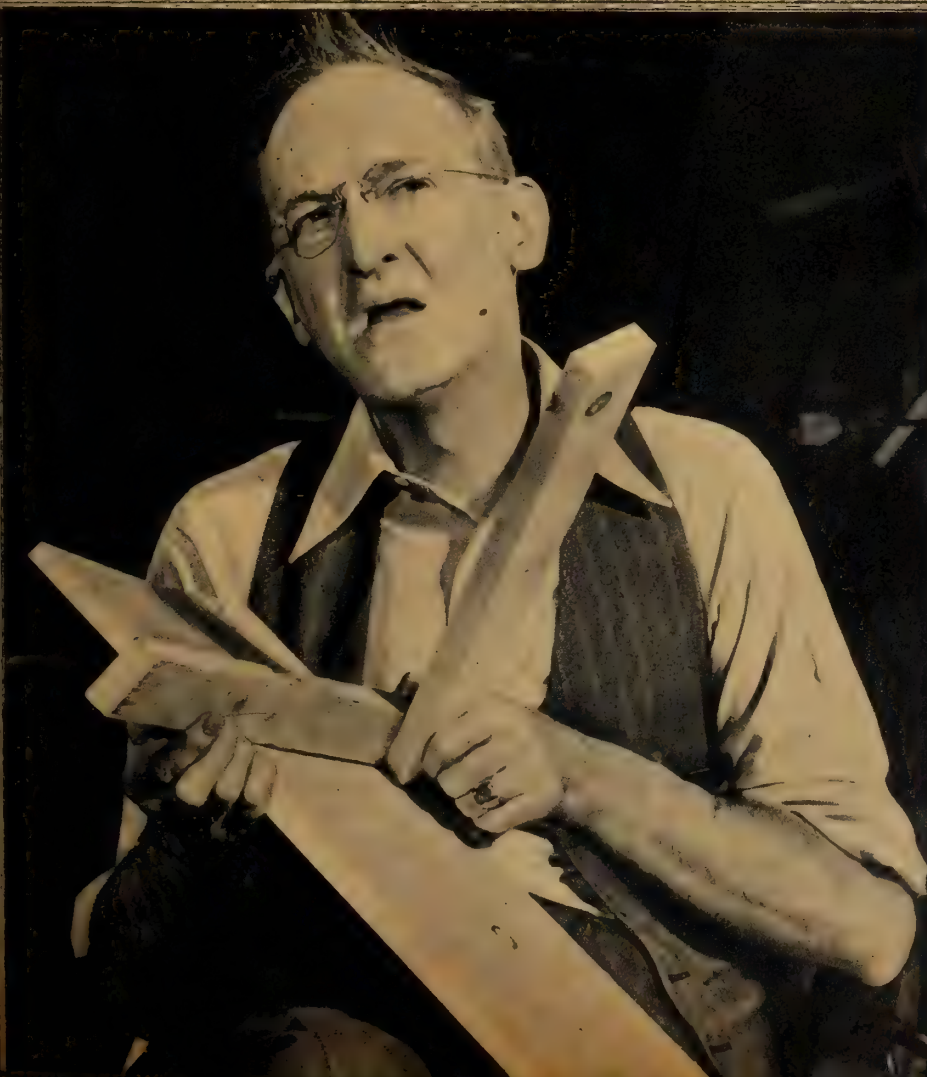


GINGER LEROY, right, gum-chewing and wise-cracking secretary to Helen at the Para-Film Studios, is very much impressed with the motion picture stars and other famous people who come into Helen's office. She is a good-hearted girl and a hard worker, and she has Helen's interests in mind always, defending her against intruders. The big question in her mind, as it is in the minds of the others, is: will Gil give up Martha for Helen again?

(Played by Bernice Martin)



AGATHA ANTHONY, an elderly and crippled woman who is Helen's best friend, shares her apartment. She is a lovable sort of person who refuses to let herself be embittered, although she can walk only with the aid of canes. She advises Helen and soothes her when things go wrong at the office or in her personal life. Agatha's chief interest at present is Hiram Weatherbee, the man who lives next door and is about her own age. Together, they work in her flower garden. (Played by Bess McCammon)



HIRAM WEATHERBEE has always said that life would be complete if he had a woman's companionship. He is about 65, a retired business man, former owner of fruit orchards. He and Agatha have become interested in each other through Agatha's garden, and Helen and some of the others often tease them about it. Probably if they were thirty years younger they would marry. As it is, they have founded a warm and lasting companionship which fills the lonely days. (Played by Klock Ryder)





# All the

*They shared a wonderful love—but marriage takes more than that. Marriage takes courage and faith to weather the storms which only go to make love sweeter afterwards*

**I**T was small and smoky and crowded, the waiting room in the railroad station of that little Montana town. It was filled with men in rough clothing—service men, miners, bronzed and denim-slacked men from the surrounding cattle country—but to me, Lisa Aldren, it was as vast and deserted as the empty space through which the train had brought me. The only person who mattered wasn't there. Eric had not come to meet me.

Eric and I had been married such a little while—two months—and for more than half of that time we had been separated, ever since he had been called into the service. And we had known each other for so short a time before our marriage, just a brief, deliriously happy two weeks, that we were still—well, still *new* to each other, that each meeting carried the breathtaking thrill

that our first sight of each other had given us.

Waiting there in the station, I thought at first that I had skimmed the small sea of faces too quickly, that I had been half-blind with excitement at the thought of seeing Eric again. But by now my train had been gone on its westward way a good hour; during that hour I had vainly searched the face of every man in khaki in hope that one would have Eric's brilliant blue eyes, Eric's lean, strong features.

There was nothing to do but wait. I closed my eyes for a moment against the smoke and the strangeness, and when I opened them again I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror of the penny scale against the station wall. I saw myself, very small against the stiff, high back of the bench, my face white and strained from the tiring journey, my

hair escaping from beneath my hat in loose auburn curls, my eyes black and enormous with apprehension.

This wouldn't do. When Eric came—and of course he was coming—he mustn't see me looking like this. But he wouldn't! When Eric came, there would be nothing more to fear. When Eric came, there would be an end to fears, and everything would be right again. When Eric was with me, everything was always right. So I tried deliberately to shake off my growing panic, set my mind instead to thinking of how wonderful it would be to be reunited with Eric, to wondering what living in this little town was going to be like.

All I knew was that we had reservations at the town's one hotel for the weekend. Eric had not been hopeful about our finding a pleasant permanent place to live. Indeed, he had been doubtful about my leaving our comfortable little apartment in Allensport.

"I'd feel much easier about you," he had said, "if I knew you were there in a neighborhood you know and where you're known, than if you were trying to get along in make-shift quarters here near camp. Besides, I may be sent out of the country in a short time, and then what would you do, honey?"

If he hadn't said that about being sent out of the country, I suppose I would have stayed in Allensport. I had known, of course, that he probably would be sent away, but it was one of those things that doesn't seem real until it's put into words. After that, the thought of being separated from Eric while there was a chance for me to be with him before he was shipped off—oh, perhaps for *years*—was too much to bear.

I knew then that I had to follow him as far as I could, to be with him every moment that I could. I had written him that I was coming to join him, and his answering wire was all the encouragement I needed. It was a brief wire, and perhaps it wouldn't have made much sense to some people, but it told me more than volumes how badly he wanted me with him, although he had been so careful not to say so in his al-



# World to Me



*He was carrying me out of the doctor's office, and down to the waiting taxi.*

most too-cheerful letters. The wire said simply, "Bless you, beloved. Eight-thirty Friday night."

You see, Eric and I were really all the world to each other. We were both orphans, a circumstance which had drawn us together from the first. Aunt May, who had raised me, was good and kind, but not very affectionate. Neither Eric nor I had anyone else whom we cared about, or who cared about us, and because of that we loved and needed each other more.

I think sometimes that in spite of the shortness of our time together, I depended upon Eric and he depended upon me more than any other two people in the world, and that, although our dependence gave us a rich and delicious sense of intimacy, it was perhaps not altogether the best thing in the world for either of us.

While I heartened myself with remembering Eric, and with anticipating our meeting, there was the roar of a train on the track outside. The already busy station was suddenly convulsed with activity, and then, a few minutes after the train pulled out, the waiting room was as deserted as it had been crowded before. In the emptiness and silence my apprehension mounted again to panic. It was ten o'clock. Eric was an hour and a half late. This was no ordinary delay. Surely something terrible must have happened.

A girl came in through the gate at the tracks and flopped down on the bench beside me. She had a lot of blonde hair and a lot of make-up, and although the spring night was chilly, her fur jacket looked as out of place as her high heels in that rough building.

She took a cigarette from her purse, tapped it, lighted it. "Gee, I'm glad that's over," she said. "I hate seeing people off, don't you?"

"Your husband?" I asked sympathetically, a little comforted at having found someone else who knew what parting was.

She shook her head. "Boy friend," she said briefly. "A nice guy, but I sure don't see why I had to come along to put him on the train. You waiting for someone?"

I nodded, holding my eyes wide to keep tears of weariness from falling. "My husband."

"Is he at Fort Martin?"

"Yes."

She laughed, a short, mirthless laugh which flattened her full red lips against her teeth. "You'll wait a long time, then. There's been a

flood over about twenty miles from here and every man at the post had his leave cancelled for the emergency."

I looked out at the black and empty night. "A flood!"

She laughed again. "This is Montana. We got rivers, and they overflow in the spring. Have you got a



place to stay?"

Again I nodded. "Eric—my husband made reservations at the Central Hotel."

She whistled. "For cripe's sake, what you sittin' here for? He'd expect you to go over there, wouldn't he? He's probably left word for you there!"

Of course! I stared blankly at the girl, wondering why I hadn't thought of it before. As I rose, she jumped up. "Look," she offered, "I'll walk you over. Besides, you want to pick up that reservation before it's gone. This town's booming."

IT was a scant two blocks to the hotel. The town itself was even smaller than Eric's letters had described it, a tiny circle of light set down in the midst of great, dark, empty country. I began to realize that it might be indeed difficult to find living quarters in that tiny place, and I asked the girl—she had introduced herself as Stella Jorgens—if there were any other towns or cities nearby. "A little one," Stella answered, "about twenty miles east. It's about half this size. On the other side there's Butte, seventy-five miles away."

An exclamation of dismay escaped me. I knew that Eric went to Butte every Saturday night to do his radio show. Eric had been an announcer in Allensport before he went into the Army, and ever since he had arrived at Camp Martin, he had given part of his Saturday nights to running a war bond show over a Butte station. The show wasn't much, just some phonograph records and Eric talking. Its object was to get people to 'phone in pledges to buy war bonds, and what made it different from other shows of the same sort, what gave it greater pulling power, was that Eric was a soldier and not one of the station's regular announcers.

I explained to Stella about the

show, and her eyes widened incredulously. "Whew! He's patriotic enough for two men, giving away his free time like that. But it'll ruin your week-ends, won't it?"

"Why should it?" I asked.

Her look was pitying. "He'll have to start for Butte as soon as he's off duty in order to be there at eight and if the show isn't over until nine, he won't be back here until midnight. I know that bus. It crawls."

"I'll go with him," I insisted with a stoutness which I did not feel. I was beginning to be more than a little afraid of this desolate place to which I had come, afraid of what our life here would be like.

At the Central Hotel, the same sort of rough crowd which had been at the station stood three deep at the desk, and the clerk barely glanced my way. "Sorry," he said, "but your reservation was given away an hour ago. Too bad you couldn't get here sooner."

"But you must have another room," I faltered.

"No rooms at all. Sorry."

Eric had left a message for me, however. "Darling," it read, "you've probably heard about the flood by now. Make yourself comfortable and I'll see you tomorrow night after the show. I love you."

Make myself comfortable! My eyes smarted. Even Eric's love couldn't reach out from wherever the flood was to find me a place to stay that night. Stella laid a hand on my arm. "Don't get panicky," she said. "I got a hunch I can get you in over where I stay. The landlady's been saving a room for a girl who's supposed to come in tomorrow, but I don't think she's going to show up. Better come with me—you won't find anything else in town."

I hesitated. In spite of her friendliness, I wasn't quite sure that I liked Stella, and I knew that Eric wouldn't like her at all. But she was kind, and my brief glimpse of this little town had convinced me that I had better accept her assistance for at least the night.

The boarding house in which she lived was even worse than I had feared. It was a huge old place, probably built by some pioneer who had expected the town to become a flourishing city and who had looked forward to being its first citizen. The room I was given had evidently been intended for unwanted guests—it was tiny, drafty, on the third floor, with the nearest bath on the floor below. The cot it contained was narrow and hard, and try as we would, Stella and Mrs. Nelson, the landlady, and I could not open the one small window.

It was an unpleasant place in which to wait—and I had to wait so long. You see, Eric did not come to me until after midnight the next day, Saturday.

I don't really remember exactly how I did stand that seemingly interminable interval. I know that I slept mercifully late Saturday morning, exhausted from the trip, and that I walked around town in the afternoon, seeing what little there was to see and verifying the disheartening fact that there was absolutely no room to be had other than the ugly and uncomfortable one Stella had found for me.

I stopped at the hotel to leave a message letting Eric know where I was and found out that the hotel accepted no permanent guests because of the volume of transient trade. Around four I went back to the boarding house, so thoroughly disgusted that I was glad even of Stella's company. She invited me down to her room, which was slightly larger and brighter than mine, and presently Louise, another girl who lived in the house, dropped in. The girls tried to be kind to me, probably sensing how I felt, but their conversation consisted entirely of talk of their boy friends and their dates, and I found myself trying to manufacture an excuse to leave when Mrs. Nelson rescued me by calling upstairs to announce that supper was ready.

It was too heavy a meal to be called a supper—boiled potatoes, meat soggy with gravy, creamed vegetables. The food, the walking I had done, and the long, dull afternoon combined to make me sleepy, and when Stella and Louise went upstairs to get ready for their evening's dates, I went up with them. Listlessly I went through the motions of getting ready for bed. I had a hasty bath, for other people wanted the bathroom on Saturday nights, and then I mounted the last flight of steps to that cheerless little cubicle on the top floor and dropped wearily into bed.

My rest was troubled at first. The muscles of my legs twitched from my long tramp around town in search of rooms, and remembering that led into a kind of half-thought, half-dream that I was alone on a vast, dark plain, lost, searching for Eric and being unable to find him, and wandering in ever wider and more aimless circles. That dream frightened me so that I cried a little out of sheer loneliness, and at last I slept soundly.

Later, much later, I awoke to utter darkness, and to a curious feeling of complete rightness and peace. The room was no longer stuffy





but sweet and fresh, and through the open window I had a glimpse of stars in a clear, chrome-blue sky. And someone was leaning over me, touching me ever so gently. I knew, while still half asleep, that it was Eric. His fingers were tangled in my hair, and as I turned my head on the pillow and kissed his hand to let him know that I was awake, I heard his voice choke in saying my name. "Lisa. Lisa, darling."

I nestled my cheek in his palm, not wanting to disturb by even that small movement the sensation of joy so intense that it was almost more pain than pleasure. He bent down to me, and his lips brushed my cheek, my eyelids, the corners of my mouth.

"I—oh, Eric, I was so afraid you wouldn't come!"

He laughed at that, a deep, rich, amused laugh. "You know I'll always come to you. But, poor sweet, you must have had a dismal time of it. Come here, let me look at you by starlight." He swung me up and around to sit beside him at the foot of the bed, where the lovely silvery light from the sky fell on our faces. I can't tell you even now, when I have time to find words to describe it, exactly how we felt at that moment. Perhaps there are no words to tell of a meeting between two who love so deeply.

"Lisa." He drew a finger down my cheek to the hollow of my throat, and then with his mouth followed the path his finger had traced. I bent to kiss the top of his head.

"Dear God," I prayed. "He did want me with him. I'm glad I came. Glad!"

WE had Sunday together, one perfect day, and happy as I was at the time, I was even more grateful for it afterward, because it was really the last unmarred happiness we knew for a long while. Eric would not hear of my going down to breakfast, and he persuaded Mrs. Nelson to set a tray which he carried up to me, triumphant over not having spilled so much as a drop of the coffee. He had brought the Sunday papers home with him the night before, and we sat side by side on the narrow bed with a small sea of newsprint around us, laughing uproariously over the comics, less because they were funny than because it was so wonderful to be together again. Later we walked around town, and that trip which had seemed so dismal the day before was suddenly full of fascinating little adventures now that Eric was there to share them with me. In the evening we watched the sun



*"Dear God," I prayed,  
he did want me with  
him. I'm glad I came!"*

go down over the hills which rimmed the plain, and we talked as lovers talk.

I awoke the next morning with the sure, contented feeling that all was well with my world. Eric was not there—he had to be back at camp by 5:45 when reveille sounded—but he had left assurance behind me. Drowsily I remembered his whisper as he bent to kiss me good-bye. "Until Wednesday night, darling—I'll come back Wednesday night." And, as I turned my head, in sleepy contentment, I saw that he had, bless him, scribbled a touching, foolish "I love you" in shaving soap on the bureau mirror as a parting reminder.

Wednesday. I counted the days over, slowly, as if they were tangible things, pages I could turn with my hand. Monday and Tuesday—those would be blank, dull pages. And then Wednesday—that would be glorious again, wonderful in anticipation all day, more wonderful still when Eric could come. Already I had begun to see the pattern that my life would take here. There would be dull, dreadful times, and I would have to learn to drug myself with the remembrance of happiness and the anticipation of happiness in order to live them

through. And I could exist through Monday and Tuesday, waiting for Wednesday.

But I did not see Eric on Wednesday. Instead, he called to tell me that his schedule had been changed. There was a new commanding officer at the camp, a disciplinarian who believed that the men had been permitted too much freedom. Instead of being free every weekend and every third night, he would have for himself one weekend out of four, and every fourteenth night. He would still be allowed time for his radio show, but he would have to return to the camp immediately after the program. I took his news cheerfully enough—there was nothing else I could do over the 'phone on the hall landing, with Mrs. Nelson's other boarders listening, and besides, I did not realize how completely his change of orders would affect (Continued on page 52)



PRESENTING

# *Carolyn and Richard*

Two young people who have become your friends in *The Right to Happiness*, heard daily over NBC, sponsored by Ivory Soap







NBC Photos

CAROLYN KRAMER some time ago divorced Bill Walker and married Dwight Kramer, but the shadow of her first marriage destroyed the beauty of the second. Convicted of the murder of Walker, Carolyn went to prison, where her baby was born. Later pardoned as a result of new evidence, Carolyn found that Dwight had died as a soldier, and that she faced a new fight—to prove that she was a fit mother for her son, that she had a right to happiness.

(Played by Claudia Morgan)

RICHARD CAMPBELL, a brilliant young doctor who has recently become a captain in the Army Medical Corps, was the one person who had faith in Carolyn throughout the harrowing legal battle she fought to retain possession of her little boy. Since then, the two have become the dearest of friends. Separated by Richard's army service, they are still close together in sympathy and understanding as Carolyn faces a brighter future.

(Played by Les Damon)



# Tell me you're mine

*Jackie had to find a way out of all the misery  
and heartbreak her marriage to Dean had brought  
her—because now she knew what love really meant*

## THE STORY

IT was love—no, infatuation is the word—at first sight, the moment I laid eyes on Dean Hunter. Dean was rich, he was famous, and there was something about him that drew me irresistibly to him. But something drew me toward Tom Trumble, too—Tom, with his endearing puppy-dog awkwardness, his shy way of letting me know that he had fallen in love with me.

I met Dean Hunter and Tom Trumble on the same day, for both of them had come to Washington to appear on the Hiya Soldier program, and I was secretary-assistant to Colonel Wilson, who was the producer of that radio show.

Great stars of stage, screen and radio appeared on Hiya Soldier, but sometimes there were ordinary, everyday people, too. Dean was one of the great stars—Tom was a soldier, with a sweet, true voice. I don't want to make excuses for myself, but I think any girl who had led a dull existence for as many years as I had would be bewildered—and proud—when she suddenly found two men vying for her affections. That's the way I felt, anyhow. And when one of those men was Dean Hunter—well, can you blame me for saying yes when he asked me to marry him?

The happiness of my marriage lasted one short night, and then Dean went away, leaving me puzzled and frightened. I followed him to New York, and once again things were wonderful—until I met Diana Stuart. She was the girl Dean Hunter really loved, I was told, but she was married. That didn't keep her from telling me bitterly that Dean Hunter had married me in order to escape the draft!

Disillusioned, I fled back to Washington—and there was Tom Trumble, recalled for another appearance on Hiya Soldier, waiting for me. And I knew then what real love was—I knew that what I felt for Dean was nothing but a sham. I was in Tom's arms when Dean called me. He had come back to town, and he demanded that I come to his hotel at once. I didn't want to go, and I turned to Tom for guidance.

"Will you do what I tell you to?" he asked me, and, sure at last where my heart lay, I told him that I would.

WHEN Tom Trumble finished telling me what I must do about Dean Hunter I knew he was right. It wasn't easy for Tom to tell me and it wasn't easy for me to contemplate the idea.

Tom put it this way: "Look, Jackie," he said, his honest eyes

searching mine. "If this were any other time in the world except the end of 1941 I'd say, 'Take it easy, everything will turn out all right; just let's wait around and see what happens.' But that's not the way things are these days, darling. Don't you see—we don't know where I'm going to be day after tomorrow—and if anything is ever going to happen to you and me"—his hand touched mine—"then we can't just sit around and—well, you get the idea."

"Yes," I said with resignation, "I get the idea."

"Then you'll do it!"

I shrank from the ordeal of facing my husband. "You want me to have a showdown with Dean. That's it, isn't it, Tommy?"

"Yes," he said with a long intake of breath which was a sigh of relief, "that's just it."

It was then I decided I must tell Tom the thing that would be terribly painful to my pride to say but which I must tell him if I hoped to have any sort of un-



*Looking contemptuously over his shoulder, Tom slammed the door. I was safe from Dean for the moment—safe with Tom*

derstanding between us. "You know," I said quietly, "that Dean Hunter only married me to escape the draft."

Tom stared at me in wonderment. "Who told you such a thing?" he said.

"Oh, the girl he used to go with—or perhaps still does—Diana Stuart. It was just a convenience, Tom—that's what it was—and I went for it, hook, line and sinker."

"Well, maybe—but he couldn't have looked at you and known you without wanting you for his wife, no matter how convenient it was."

I laughed at his quaint way of putting this rather involved compliment. But my voice was close to tears and Tom seemed to sense the pain that was deep inside me.

His arms went around me with great tenderness and he held me close to him. Looking down into my eyes he said, "You've been through so much, Jackie, but just the same I'm taking you over to see Dean Hunter right now."

"What good will it do?" I said hopelessly.

Suddenly Tom Trumble held me so close to him, crushed me against him with an intensity I never expected from him, pressed his lips against mine so rapturously that I couldn't breathe under the impact of his desire. The room had no

boundaries, then, and there was nothing in my world except a vibration between us that made my head swim and caused me to wonder if my will would be strong enough to oppose his will. Then, as the waves of longing seemed about to overwhelm us we pulled apart from each other and Tom said huskily,









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"I want to know I have the right to do that. Come on, Jackie. Get your coat!"

I did as he asked and we hurried out of the tiny room, into Washington street.

ACCORDING to the rules—I was a married woman—I suppose I should never have allowed Tom Trumble to touch me. I don't want to make excuses for myself and I'm not going to pretend that I thought this all out carefully before I let Tom kiss me on that day which was so important to my future happiness. No, I acted on impulse then, I'll admit that. The visit to New York, the uncertain days spent with Dean when I had so little reassurance about our future, and the evening at Margaretta Shelley's party when the horrible suspicion of Dean Hunter's motives in marrying me had been firmly planted in my mind—all those events had had a profound effect on my state of mind. I wasn't in love with Dean Hunter after all that. How could I still feel the wifely loyalty toward him I would have given to my dying day to a man who earned it?

When Tom and I reached Dean's hotel, Tom held me for a moment and said softly, "I'll be with you, Jackie—don't forget that." Then he was gone and I was left to face the ordeal that lay ahead.

Dean Hunter welcomed me eagerly. He had a bright, almost frightened look in his eyes when I came into the suite. He had been drinking, I knew, but liquor usually had little effect on him. He spoke in a clear voice and he was completely self-possessed. But he said nothing. He just looked at me with an inscrutable gaze that shattered my own self-possession. All the fine phrases I'd planned escaped me. Presently his sorrowful look had completely disarmed and disconcerted me.

All I could manage to do was chatter trivialities while I kept thinking: "Yes, I can understand why I fell for this man the way I did. Heaven knows he is attractive. He's clever. And famous. Why

should I blame myself? What if he did have a motive in marrying me? Nobody can question that there was something between us—perhaps just a physical bond—but something definitely. Even now with Tom's caresses still warm in my memory I can't put out of my mind what this man meant to me not so very long ago nor what excitement just

## THE MOYLAN SISTERS

"Peggy Joan, you sing the downstairs notes and I'll sing the upstairs ones, shall we?" In that manner was radio's youngest harmony team, the Moylan sisters, launched. Veterans now of five years on the air, eight-year-old Peggy Joan and ten-year-old Marianne are favorites with Blue Network listeners. It was a stroke of fate that revealed the talented youngsters as a pair of natural harmonists. It happened one quiet Sunday evening—Mrs. Moylan was sewing, Mr. Moylan was reading, and the two girls were playing with their dolls. A quartet on the radio caught the attention of the children, and it was then that Marianne asked Peggy Joan to try the "downstairs notes". What followed made their parents catch their breath. Without a bit of coaching the youngsters broke into perfect harmony. Just a short time before, Mrs. Moylan had been persuaded to seek an audition for Marianne, and a few days later the audition came through. It was Marianne herself who sold the audition judges on accepting the two as a team. "Peggy Joan sings, too," she insisted, "even if she is only three!" To prove it, the two began "Beautiful Dreamer," Marianne shifting deftly from soprano to tenor when the melody went too high, and her lisping sister doing equally well alternating between alto and soprano. That was five years ago, and the two little girls have been stars ever since. But fame hasn't changed the children a bit, and their parents are determined that it shall not. They are raised in wholesome surroundings like any other children and taught that singing is just a routine matter, part of a growing child's daily activities. They attend a school near to their home with other neighborhood youngsters, getting slightly better than average marks in their studies. Their favorite pastime is designing, sewing and crocheting new dresses for two pretty Princess dolls, gifts from radio fans. Constant companion of the girls is Rascal—a wire-haired terrier who is frequently mentioned in their broadcasts. Mr. Moylan works out all of their arrangements, and rehearsals are of half an hour's duration each day. Marianne is learning to play the piano, while her sister seems to prefer the violin. Both girls have brown hair, and large, inquisitive brown eyes, and they say their favorite foods are spinach and milk. In addition to their radio work, the children are also recording stars. An album of childhood favorites, many times requested by listeners, has just recently been released. The picture on the opposite page shows Peggy Joan and Marianne as they look when singing together on their Sunday afternoon broadcasts.



a look from him could kindle in me then. I'm sitting here, talking my fool head off and he just stands there disconcerting me with that look—what is it in his face that affects me so that I can't say what I came to say?—what is he trying to do—hypnotize me? Or does he think he can get to me through pity? And am I clever

enough to play this game so I can win—so that Tom Trumble and I can have some hope of happiness?"

Yes, I racked my brain for the right words that would settle everything once and for all.

Dean said at last: "You ran away from me. Why?"

I plunged into the icy waters. "Because of something Diana Stuart told me."

"She told you I'd married you to escape the draft. That's true, isn't it?" His directness was shocking.

"That isn't just the way she put it," I said, "but that was the general idea."

He took a deep draught of his drink. I heard the ice tinkle against the glass. "Of course you believed her," he said, looking straight into my eyes.

He had me on the defensive. I couldn't lie. I couldn't pretend that I'd ever believed—or on the other hand disbelieved—what Diana Stuart had said. How could I tell him in one sentence the constant throbbing uncertainty I'd experienced, the shifting from momentary belief to momentary reassurance, the torturing inability to decide what was really true?

I said, "I didn't know what to believe."

"That's what I thought," he said. "I knew you didn't trust me."

"You mean that it isn't true—that's what you want me to believe?"

"You can believe what you like," he said evenly. "It happens that I love you and so it doesn't matter how many people succeed in poisoning your mind about me—I won't change—I can't change. Because love doesn't change, not when it's like mine for you."

His voice was taut with emotion. If he was acting he was a mighty fine actor. But I pulled myself together. I mustn't let pity—or anything—stand in my

way now. At last I said: "I'm afraid we made a mistake, Dean. I'll grant that I've been carried away by you but I guess I'm just an old-fashioned girl. I've thought too much about what marriage *should* be to be satisfied with what ours has been. No, there's nothing left between us."

He did something disarmingly sweet. He (Continued on page 58)



*Peggy Joan and Marianne*





# STICK TO YOUR KNITTIN', KITTEN

*Here's a catchy and tuneful new Song Hit Guild number, featured by Mary Small on her CBS program, and written by Mary's husband, Vic Mizzy, now in the Navy*

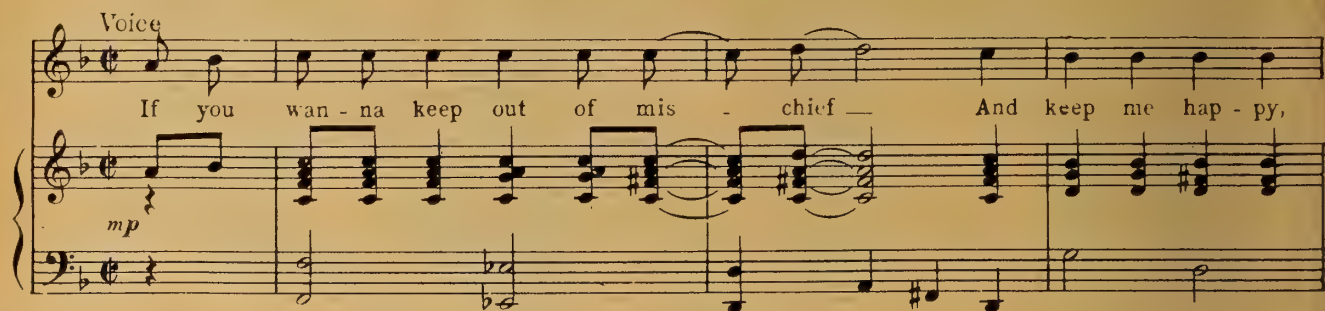
Lyric by  
WANDA FAULKNERE

Music by  
VIC MIZZY

Voice

If you wan - na keep out of mis - chief — And keep me hap - py,

*mp*



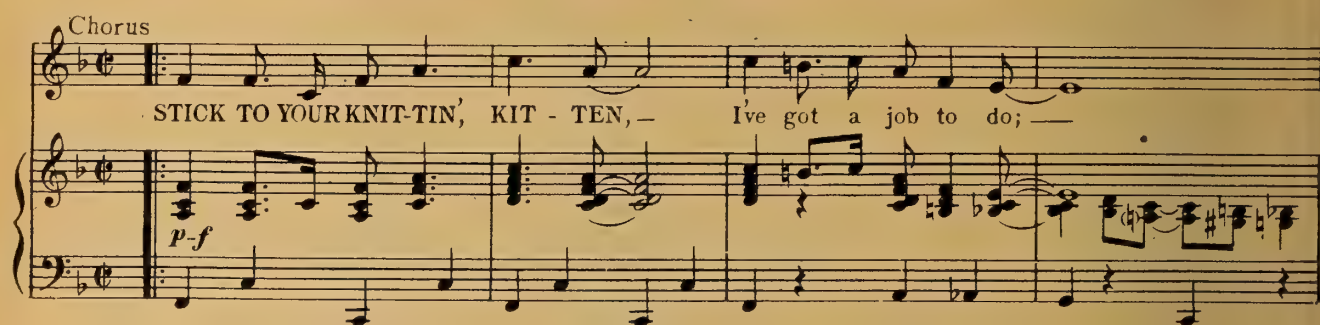
too; The so - lu - tion is too, too sim - ple; — Here's all you have to do: —



Chorus

STICK TO YOUR KNIT-TIN', KIT - TEN, — I've got a job to do; —

*p-f*



STICK TO YOUR KNIT-TIN', KIT - TEN — Till I come back to you. —





I need a mit-ten, kit - ten, — Mine's kind-a wear-ing thru; — I want a mit-ten,  
kit - ten, — From no one else but you. — Re - mem-ber what you prom-ised me —  
in - your let - ter; — I can hard - ly wait to see — my new  
sweat-er, — So, STICK TO YOUR KNIT-TIN', KIT-TEN, — Till all my work is thru', —  
STICK TO YOUR KNIT-TIN', KIT-TEN — Till I come back to you. — you. —



# NO MORE TO FEAR

*Locked in Alma's heart was a secret of the past  
—and then one day the past came back to threaten  
the shining promise that the future seemed to hold*

I STOOD by the window, I remember, looking out at the little New England town in the evening snow and feeling happier than ever in my life. I felt as if I'd climbed to the crest of a hill, and now the past lay in the shadows behind me and the future, bright and clear, beckoned ahead. Those friendly lights out there meant home, the only place I'd ever really belonged. Those mellowed stone buildings over to the right were Winston College where I'd found the job that had brought security and peace. Not much money—but enough.

And then, I enumerated happily, and then there was Julian, my young brother. In the last four years he'd changed from the wild, headstrong youngster who had brought me only worry and fear, into a fine, high-spirited boy of sixteen who made me proud. True, I'd promised he could join the Navy when he was seventeen. He was all I had, and it wrenched my heart to have him go; but other boys were going, and that he wanted to so desperately filled me with a sense of humility and pride.

And there was Andy. Most certainly there was Andy.

Andrew Pendleton was head of the English department at the College. Thirtyish, an ex-football player, he had a heart as big as the world and a face that made you like him on sight. If it hadn't been for a bad shoulder Andy himself would have been marching off to war. As it was, he was coming to see me tonight—again. "Something special to tell you," he'd said this afternoon in the hall. And I felt like an excited schoolgirl with a heavy crush, instead of a woman of twenty-five with a past to forget.

For the first time, I could forget it. The past was way back in the past, where it belonged, and my years of flight and hiding over. All the ugliness was gone, and my

little world was good. "Alma Clinton," I said aloud, "you're the luckiest girl on earth."

The doorbell buzzed—Andy's special ring. I gave one look around the tiny living-room. Firelight glowed on the chintz curtains I'd made, and hid the shabbiness of the old easy chairs. Julian was out at a 4-H meeting, and for once I was glad he wasn't home.

My heart thudded as I opened the door to Andy, as it always did. He grinned that grin of his that made him younger than any of his students and said, "Let's get the good news over with right away, so we'll have plenty of time to celebrate. You've been promoted."

I laughed. In the treasurer's office of a small college, you might get your salary raised but you didn't get promoted. There was nowhere to be promoted to. "Dean Fuller's job?" I said.

"To my office. My secretary's leaving. I've had my eye on you for some time, wasting all that secretarial sweetness on the desert air of the business office, and I asked the Dean about it today. He said okay. So you start tomorrow—with a nice fat raise. How about it, Alma?"

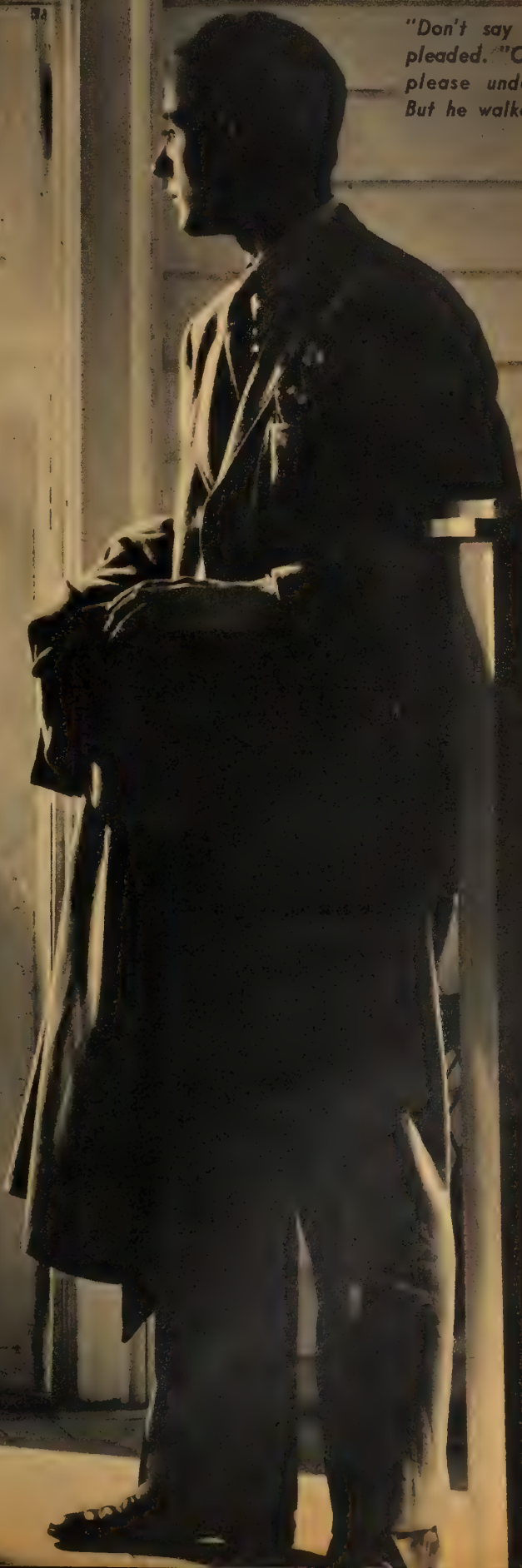
It was as if my small cup of happy contentment were suddenly overflowing. Not only was it a vastly more interesting job, not only would the extra money help a lot—but it meant I would be with Andy every day. I could talk to him and look at him and—to my embarrassment, my eyes filled with tears. "It—it's wonderful! I don't know how to thank you, to—"

"Here, here, none of that. Wait till you see what a Simon Legree I am with secretaries. Besides, I ought to be thanking you."

But I wasn't to be stopped. "It's not only this—it's all you've done. The way you took Julian in hand and made a man of him. The way you've made him look



*"Don't say that," I  
pleaded. "Oh, Andy,  
please understand!"  
But he walked away.*





up to you and want to be like you. All the other things."

"Alma, don't." He looked really uncomfortable. "As for Julian, I like the kid. He just needed a word here and there to set him right. And as for gratitude, it's on my part. I'm grateful to old Drake for getting you here in the first place. I'm grateful to you for just being around where I can see you . . ."

THE words trailed off. They said more than had ever been said before, brought me closer to the verge of something, infinitely precious, infinitely sweet.

Maybe something of that showed in my face. Because Andy made a sort of inarticulate sound and then gathered me to him. I felt the rough tweed lapel of his jacket against my cheek, smelled the clean, masculine freshness of him, and even before his lips met mine, I thought, "I'll have to tell him. He's got to know." And then, "But not yet. Not now."

That kiss was more than I had ever imagined it could be. In it, unspoken, was the knowledge I belonged to him, that now my life was starting for the first time. If only—

And then the doorbell buzzed again.

Andy muttered under his breath. I pulled away from him and went to answer it, trying to still the radiance that must be glowing on my face.

I opened the door—and the radiance was stilled of itself, as if there had never been any. For there was the past I thought was over, caught up with me again. Standing there on the threshold was Jed Clinton.

I clutched the doorknob to steady myself and stared at him. He gave his old easy smile. "Surprised to see me, baby?" Then as I couldn't answer, "Aren't you going to ask me in, after all this time?"

Automatically I stepped back. Jed looked at Andy. "This is Jed Clinton," I heard myself saying. "Andrew Pendleton."

Andy came forward, hand outstretched. "Clinton?" he said pleasantly. "A relative of Alma's?"

Jed laughed. "Sort of. A—cousin, shall we say." He glanced around the room. "Cozy little place you've got here, Alma. You seem to be doing all right."

"Yes." I felt like a ghost of myself with a numbed brain and nerveless hands.

Andy broke the rather awkward pause. "Well, I'll be running along. I imagine you two have a lot to talk over—surprise visit and all that. See you tomorrow, Alma. Glad to have seen you, Mr. Clinton."

He was covering it up nicely, but I sensed his puzzled bewilderment. Nobody could have missed that atmosphere of sudden strain, and Andy was more perceptive than most. I tried to smile at him but my face felt wooden. And then he was gone.

Jed dropped comfortably onto the couch. He hadn't changed a bit. Nearing forty now, he was still smooth, assured and terribly convincing. He lit a cigarette, his eyes regarding me with amusement over his cupped hands.

"Sorry," he said, "to interrupt a love scene."

"It wasn't a love scene! And you've got no right to come here, to—to track me down!"

"No?" He raised his eyebrows. "Maybe you didn't notice your boy friend was wearing a smear of lipstick on his chin." Then he laughed. "It's a good thing I'm a broad-minded guy, Alma. After all, you are my wife."

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"The answer to the first is easy. I've known where you were for some time. As to why I came—well, I'm a little short of cash at the moment. I thought that under the circumstances—" he paused significantly—"you could tide me over."



*He opened it the only way you can open a penny bank. He smashed it, and a shower of coins and crumpled dollar bills spilled out on the mantel*



"But I haven't any money! Just enough to get along on—"

"Now, Alma," he said reproachfully. His voice never left that easy conversational tone. "I know the set-up around here. A hick town, a jerkwater college, and everybody pious as a Sunday School picnic. How'd you like these good, proper folks to know you'd been married all this time—and passing yourself off as a widow? I'll bet the Dean would be so shocked at the scandal, he'd kick you right out on your pretty little ear. Also—" his eyes watched me shrewdly—"I'll bet your boyfriend doesn't know. I noticed you didn't correct that 'cousin' crack."

I was silent. It was all true. This was nothing short of blackmail but I knew Jed Clinton well enough to know he'd carry out his threats. My hard won peace and security would go and—worse

Helen Irwin Dowdey's "No More to Fear" was suggested by an original radio drama written by Cameron Hawley for the Armstrong Theater of the Air, heard Saturdays, 12 noon, on CBS.

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"And then," Jed went on, "there's Julian."

My heart did stop beating then. My brother Julian! I couldn't . . .

"If I give you all I've got, will you go away? Will you promise to go away now and never come back?"

"How much is it?"

I crossed over to the mantel. With unsteady hands I lifted down the Mexican pottery piggy-bank that had stood there so proudly. I turned it over in my hands, thinking of the quarters and dimes it contained. "About—seventy dollars. Julian and I were—saving it for a war bond."

Jed laughed. "You always were a sucker, Alma. War bonds! Well—it's chickenfeed, but it'll have to do. Open it up."

I looked down at the pig's idiotic smirk. I thought of that pathetic little treasure trove—Julian's savings from his paper route, my cheap lunches, both of us giving up movies. All those small sacrifices that meant so much more than the money . . .

"Come on, come on," Jed said impatiently, and sent me out to the kitchen for a heavy screwdriver. And then he opened it the

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"The hotel clerk'll think I'm nuts when I pay my bill tomorrow. Still—better than nothing." He put the last one in his pocket and looked across the table at me. "You seem mighty anxious to get rid of me."

"That's right, Jed," I said evenly. "That's all I want."

"What a greeting for a husband after four—or is it five—years! Not a kind word, not a little kiss, not anything. You know, you're a damned attractive woman, Alma. Prettier even than you used to be. Maybe I made a mistake, letting you run out on me like that. Maybe—"

"Get out!" I said in a low voice. "Get out!"

He put on his hat and overcoat, and gave me his easy smile. "Well—be seeing you."

Not if I can help it, I thought as I closed and locked the door. Not ever again. As soon as the school term was over I would do what I should have done long ago, leave the state for a while and get a divorce.

I sank down wearily on the couch. You can't ever really bury the past. You think it's gone—but always you carry some part of it with you, some part that can reach out and hurt you when you least expect it.

I'd met Jed Clinton when I was eighteen. Julian and I had been left alone and penniless by the death of our parents within a week of each other, a year before. I was working as a stenographer in a real estate office, struggling to support us. Struggling, too, to keep Julian from being taken from me and put in a children's home somewhere.

Julian was eleven—not innately bad, but an unstable, hot-tempered child who needed a firmer hand than I could wield. He was always in trouble at school, fighting with other boys, playing hookey, staying on the streets. The authorities had already threatened once to take him from (Continued on page 80)









up to you and want to be like you. All the other things."

"Alma, don't." He looked really uncomfortable. "As for Julian, I like the kid. He just needed a word here and there to set him right. And as for gratitude, it's on my part. I'm grateful to old Drake for getting you here in the first place. I'm grateful to you for just being around where I can see you . . ."

THE words trailed off. They said more than had ever been said before, brought me closer to the verge of something infinitely precious, infinitely sweet.

Maybe something of that showed in my face. Because Andy made a sort of inarticulate sound and then gathered me to him. I felt the rough tweed lapel of his jacket against my cheek, smelled the clean, masculine freshness of him, and even before his lips met mine, I thought, "I'll have to tell him. He's got to know." And then, "But not yet. Not now."

That kiss was more than I had ever imagined it could be. In it, unspoken, was the knowledge I belonged to him, that now my life was starting for the first time. If only—

And then the doorbell buzzed again.

Andy muttered under his breath. I pulled away from him and went to answer it, trying to still the radiance that must be glowing on my face.

I opened the door—and the radiance was stilled of itself, as if there had never been any. For there was the past I thought was over, caught up with me again. Standing there on the threshold was Jed Clinton.

I clutched the doorknob to steady myself and stared at him. He gave his old easy smile. "Surprised to see me, baby?" Then as I couldn't answer, "Aren't you going to ask me in, after all this time?"

Automatically I stepped back. Jed looked at Andy. "This is Jed Clinton," I heard myself saying. "Andrew Pendleton."

Andy came forward, hand outstretched. "Clinton?" he said pleasantly. "A relative of Alma's?"

Jed laughed. "Sort of. A—cousin, shall we say." He glanced around the room. "Cozy little place you've got here, Alma. You seem to be doing all right."

"Yes." I felt like a ghost of myself with a numbed brain and nerveless hands.

Andy broke the rather awkward pause. "Well, I'll be running along. I imagine you two have a lot to talk over—surprise visit and all that. See you tomorrow, Alma. Glad to have seen you, Mr. Clinton."

He was covering it up nicely, but I sensed his puzzled bewilderment. Nobody could have missed that atmosphere of sudden strain, and Andy was more perceptive than most. I tried to smile at him but my face felt wooden. And then he was gone.

Jed dropped comfortably onto the couch. He hadn't changed a bit. Nearing forty now, he was still smooth, assured and terribly convincing. He lit a cigarette, his eyes regarding me with amusement over his cupped hands.

"Sorry," he said, "to interrupt a love scene."

"It wasn't a love scene! And you've got no right to come here, to—to track me down!"

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A black and white oval portrait of Shirley Mitchell. She has dark, wavy hair styled in a vintage fashion, with a large bow on top. She is wearing a dark, high-collared jacket or dress. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile.

*Shirley Mitchell is the village belle in love with Rudy.*

A black and white oval portrait of Joan Davis. She has dark, curly hair and is wearing a light-colored dress with a large, dark bow in her hair. She is looking slightly to the side with a gentle smile.

*Joan Davis plays the part of his scatterbrained assistant.*

*When Rudy Vallee, Joan Davis and Shirley Mitchell get together on Thursday nights over NBC's coast-to-coast network, that's the popular Sealtest Show, and it's also—*

# *Time for Fun*

**H**ERE'S the recipe for one of the funniest radio shows on the air. Take a general store in a small town (where anything can happen and usually does), add to this a proprietor who considers himself quite a ladies' man, a love-struck assistant who says of herself, "What has Rita Hayworth got that

I couldn't have remedied?" and a beautiful village girl who basks in the sunshine of Rudy's smile.

That's the Rudy Vallee program, with a guest star each week for good measure, and the music of the Fountainairs, singing quartet.

When visitors come calling at Rudy's store, he either out-brags

them, if they're male and talented, or momentarily forsakes both his fiancée and his right-hand woman, if the guest is female and pretty.

Joan Davis casts wistful and hopeful glances at all the handsome men who happen to be around Rudy's general store on Thursday nights at 9:30, EWT.





Chief Petty Officer Rudy  
Vallee of the Coast Guard.





*A kidney and mushroom pie, savory beneath a crisp cheese pastry, proves that the humblest meats can be delicious.*

## Don't Ration VARIETY

I AM sure you feel, as I do, that rationing is the fairest, most efficient way—in fact, the only way—to make sure that our armed forces, our allies and those of us at home will get the greatest possible benefit from our available meat supply. But no matter how whole-heartedly you approve of it, you have probably been asking yourself what in the world you can serve in place of meat that will keep your menus up to standard both for nutrition and taste.

One answer is to serve more of the unrationed meats. In the long run, I think this will prove an advantage, for the variety meats, such as kidney, liver, heart and so on, are so highly nutritious and have such distinctive flavor that we really should use them for those reasons as well as to see us through the rationing period.

An excellent combination is kidney and mushrooms and when they are

served as a pie with a cheese pastry for the top they are sure to make as great a hit with your family and guests as they do at Schrafft's Restaurants.

### Kidney and Mushroom Pie

|                      |                     |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1 lb. lamb kidney    | 2 tbs. flour        |
| 5 tbs. butter        | ½ tsp. salt         |
| 1 tbl. chopped onion | ¼ tsp. pepper       |
| 2¼ cups water        | Pastry dough        |
| ½ lb. mushrooms      | ½ cup grated cheese |

Trim fat and skin from kidney and cut each in 8 crosswise slices. Sauté minced onion lightly in 2 tbs. butter, add kidney and cook for 15 minutes. Add 2 cups water and simmer for 30 minutes. Bring to quick boil, remove from fire and strain, keeping kidney and liquid separate. While kidney is simmering, wash and slice mushrooms and sauté in 2 tbs. butter. Add ¼ cup water, bring to quick boil and strain, adding liquid to kidney liquid. Melt remaining butter and stir in flour. Add mushroom and kidney stock and simmer until sauce is thick and smooth. Add kidney and mushrooms to sauce and turn into buttered casserole or individual baking dishes. If desired, add cooked vegetables such as diced potatoes, small onions, carrots or peas—about ½ cup of each. Top with pastry dough into which you have mixed the grated cheese, and bake in a hot oven until pastry top is done.

Beef and pork kidney also make delicious casserole dishes but they should be pre-cooked to remove their strong flavor.

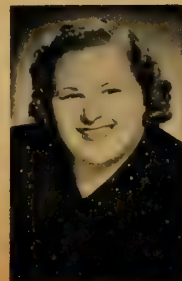
### Braised Kidney with Tomato Sauce

|                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1 lb. kidney        | ½ bay leaf         |
| ¼ cup flour         | ½ tsp. salt        |
| 2 tbs. cooking oil  | ¼ tsp. pepper      |
| 1 cup boiling water | Slice of lemon     |
|                     | ½ can tomato paste |

Soak kidney in cold water for at least an hour, changing water several times. Bring slowly to boil, then drain. Cover with fresh cold water, bring to fresh boil, then simmer for 10 minutes. Drain, and when cool, remove skin, white cords and fat. Cut in thin slices across, flour each slice and sauté lightly in cooking oil. Remove kidney from pan, stir remaining flour into oil, add boiling water and simmer until sauce is smooth. Add remaining ingredients and simmer kidney in sauce, closely covered, for 1 hour.

As a change from broiled liver, try liver casserole or liver loaf.

(Continued on page 63)



BY  
**KATE SMITH**  
RADIO MIRROR'S  
FOOD COUNSELOR  
Listen to Kate Smith's  
daily talks at noon  
and her Friday night  
Variety Show, heard  
on CBS, sponsored  
by General Foods.



## INSIDE RADIO — Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

## SUNDAY

|                  |  | Eastern War Time |                                 |
|------------------|--|------------------|---------------------------------|
| PACIFIC WAR TIME | CENTRAL WAR TIME                                 | 8:00             | CBS: News and Organ             |
|                  |  | 8:00             | Blue: News                      |
|                  |  | 8:00             | NBC: News and Organ Recital     |
|                  |  | 8:30             | CBS: Musical Masterpieces       |
|                  |  | 8:30             | Blue: The Woodshedders          |
|                  |  | 8:00             | 9:00 CBS: News of the World     |
|                  |  | 8:00             | 9:00 Blue: World News           |
|                  |  | 8:00             | 9:00 NBC: News from Europe      |
|                  |  | 8:15             | 9:15 CBS: E. Power Biggs        |
|                  |  | 8:15             | 9:15 Blue: White Rabbit Line    |
|                  |  | 8:15             | 9:15 NBC: Deep River Boys       |
|                  |  | 8:30             | 9:30 NBC: Commando Mary         |
|                  |  | 8:45             | 9:45 CBS: English Melodies      |
|                  |  | 9:00             | 10:00 CBS: Church of the Air    |
|                  |  | 9:00             | 10:00 Blue: Fantasy in Melody   |
|                  |  | 9:00             | 10:00 NBC: Radio Pulpit         |
|                  |  | 9:30             | 10:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan    |
|                  |  | 9:30             | 10:30 Blue: Southernaires       |
|                  |  | 10:00            | 11:00 CBS: Warren Sweeney, News |
|                  |  | 10:00            | 11:00 Blue: Tony Pastor's Orch. |
| 8:05             | 10:05 11:05 CBS: Vera Brodsky, Pianist           |                  |                                 |
| 8:30             | 10:30 11:30 MBS: Radio Chapel                    |                  |                                 |
| 8:30             | 10:30 11:30 Blue: Les Marais                     |                  |                                 |
| 8:30             | 10:30 11:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning          |                  |                                 |
| 8:45             | 10:45 11:45 NBC: Olivio Santoro                  |                  |                                 |
| 9:00             | 11:00 12:00 CBS: Quincy Howe, News               |                  |                                 |
| 9:00             | 11:00 12:00 Blue: News from Europe               |                  |                                 |
| 9:00             | 11:00 12:00 NBC: Emma Otero                      |                  |                                 |
| 9:15             | 11:15 12:15 CBS: Womanpower                      |                  |                                 |
| 9:30             | 11:30 12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle       |                  |                                 |
| 9:30             | 11:30 12:30 Blue: That They Might Live           |                  |                                 |
| 9:30             | 11:30 12:30 NBC: That They Might Live            |                  |                                 |
| 10:00            | 12:00 1:00 CBS: Church of the Air                |                  |                                 |
| 10:00            | 12:00 1:00 Blue: Horace Heidt Orch.              |                  |                                 |
| 10:00            | 12:00 1:00 NBC: Robert St. John                  |                  |                                 |
| 10:15            | 12:15 1:15 NBC: Labor for Victory                |                  |                                 |
| 10:30            | 12:30 1:30 CBS: Frank Sinatra                    |                  |                                 |
| 10:30            | 12:30 1:30 NBC: Sammy Kaye                       |                  |                                 |
| 10:45            | 12:45 1:45 CBS: Stoopnagle's Stooparoos          |                  |                                 |
| 11:00            | 1:00 2:00 CBS: Those We Love                     |                  |                                 |
| 11:00            | 1:00 2:00 Blue: Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.           |                  |                                 |
| 11:00            | 1:00 2:00 NBC: University of Chicago Round Table |                  |                                 |
| 11:30            | 1:30 2:30 CBS: World News Today                  |                  |                                 |
| 11:30            | 1:30 2:30 Blue: Yesterday and Today              |                  |                                 |
| 11:30            | 1:30 2:30 NBC: John Charles Thomas               |                  |                                 |
| 11:50            | 1:50 2:50 CBS: Great Lakes Choir                 |                  |                                 |
| 12:00            | 2:00 3:00 CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.          |                  |                                 |
| 12:00            | 2:00 3:00 Blue: Maylan Sisters                   |                  |                                 |
| 12:00            | 2:00 3:00 NBC: Music for Neighbors               |                  |                                 |
| 12:15            | 2:15 3:15 Blue: Wake Up America                  |                  |                                 |
| 12:15            | 2:15 3:15 NBC: Upton Close                       |                  |                                 |
| 12:30            | 2:30 3:30 NBC: The Army Hour                     |                  |                                 |
| 1:00             | 3:00 4:00 Blue: National Vespers                 |                  |                                 |
| 1:30             | 3:30 4:30 CBS: Pause that Refreshes              |                  |                                 |
| 1:30             | 3:30 4:30 Blue: Green Hornet                     |                  |                                 |
| 1:30             | 3:30 4:30 NBC: We Believe                        |                  |                                 |
| 2:00             | 4:00 5:00 CBS: The Family Hour                   |                  |                                 |
| 2:00             | 4:00 5:00 Blue: New York St. Vandercook          |                  |                                 |
| 2:00             | 4:00 5:00 NBC: NBC Symphony                      |                  |                                 |
| 2:15             | 4:15 5:15 Blue: Ella Fitzgerald                  |                  |                                 |
| 2:15             | 4:15 5:15 MBS: Upton Close                       |                  |                                 |
| 2:30             | 4:30 5:30 Blue: Musical Steelmakers              |                  |                                 |
| 2:30             | 4:30 5:30 MBS: The Shadow                        |                  |                                 |
| 2:45             | 4:45 5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer                 |                  |                                 |
| 3:00             | 5:00 6:00 CBS: Edward R. Murrow                  |                  |                                 |
| 3:00             | 5:00 6:00 Blue: Lou Brings' Orch.                |                  |                                 |
| 3:00             | 5:00 6:00 MBS: First Light                       |                  |                                 |
| 3:00             | 5:00 6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour                     |                  |                                 |
| 3:15             | 5:15 6:15 CBS: Irene Rich                        |                  |                                 |
| 3:30             | 5:30 6:30 CBS: Gene Autry                        |                  |                                 |
| 3:30             | 5:30 6:30 Blue: Metropolitan Auditions           |                  |                                 |
| 8:00             | 5:30 6:30 NBC: The Great Gildersleeve            |                  |                                 |
| 4:00             | 6:00 7:00 CBS: Commandos                         |                  |                                 |
| 4:00             | 6:00 7:00 MBS: Voice of Prophecy                 |                  |                                 |
| 4:00             | 6:00 7:00 Blue: Drew Pearson                     |                  |                                 |
| 4:00             | 6:00 7:00 NBC: Jack Benny                        |                  |                                 |
| 4:15             | 6:15 7:15 Blue: Edward Tomlinson                 |                  |                                 |
| 4:30             | 6:30 7:30 MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain      |                  |                                 |
| 6:30             | 6:30 7:30 CBS: We, the People                    |                  |                                 |
| 6:30             | 6:30 7:30 Blue: Quiz Kids                        |                  |                                 |
| 4:30             | 6:30 7:30 NBC: Fitch Bandwagon                   |                  |                                 |
| 8:00             | 7:00 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News                |                  |                                 |
| 5:00             | 7:00 8:00 NBC: Charlie McCarthy                  |                  |                                 |
| 8:00             | 7:30 8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor                      |                  |                                 |
| 6:30             | 7:30 8:30 Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery            |                  |                                 |
| 5:30             | 7:30 8:30 NBC: ONE MAN'S FAMILY                  |                  |                                 |
| 5:45             | 7:45 8:45 MBS: Gabriel Heatter                   |                  |                                 |
| 5:55             | 7:55 8:55 CBS: Eric Severide                     |                  |                                 |
| 6:00             | 8:00 9:00 CBS: Radio Reader's Digest             |                  |                                 |
| 6:00             | 8:00 9:00 MBS: Old-Fashioned Revival             |                  |                                 |
| 7:30             | 8:00 9:00 Blue: Walter Winchell                  |                  |                                 |
| 6:00             | 8:00 9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round          |                  |                                 |
| 7:45             | 8:15 9:15 Blue: The Parker Family                |                  |                                 |
| 6:30             | 8:30 9:30 CBS: FRED ALLEN                        |                  |                                 |
| 8:15             | 8:30 9:30 Blue: Jimmie Fidler                    |                  |                                 |
|                  | 8:30 9:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music  |                  |                                 |
| 7:00             | 9:00 10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It              |                  |                                 |
| 7:00             | 9:00 10:00 Blue: Goodwill Hour                   |                  |                                 |
| 7:00             | 9:00 10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes                   |                  |                                 |
| 7:00             | 9:00 10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm                    |                  |                                 |
| 7:30             | 9:30 10:30 CBS: Report to the Nation             |                  |                                 |
| 8:00             | 10:00 11:00 CBS: News of the World               |                  |                                 |
| 8:15             | 10:15 11:15 CBS: Blue Barron Orch.               |                  |                                 |
| 8:15             | 10:15 11:15 NBC: Cesar Sacheringer               |                  |                                 |
| 8:30             | 10:30 11:30 CBS: Tommy Dorsey Orch.              |                  |                                 |
| 8:30             | 10:30 11:30 NBC: Unlimited Horizons              |                  |                                 |



## GENIAL MAESTRO . . .

It is not exaggerating to say that conductor Mark Warnow is the best loved man at CBS. The general maestro of the Hit Parade and Westinghouse show has more friends than any other person in radio, his pals ranging from vice-presidents to page boys. In fact, the CBS page boys voted Mark their favorite radio artist and tendered him a luncheon at the Automat.

It is easy to understand why everyone adores Mark. Underneath a shock of unruly dark hair are a pair of warm, friendly brown eyes which reveal a kindly, tolerant nature. When he smiles, his whole face lights up and he has that wonderful quality of being more interested in other people than he is in himself. The fact that he is CBS's ace conductor, is something to toss in to show that a man can have great talent and still be human.

Mark Warnow has been dispensing fine music for over twenty years. The phrase, "Orchestra under the direction of Mark Warnow" has been applied to many of the biggest commercial shows. He directed the Chrysler show, We The People and the Helen Hayes program, to name just a few. He's conducted and helped bring to popularity such stars as Connie Boswell, Morton Downey, Virginia Verrill and Gertrude Neisen.

Behind Warnow's virtuosity is a background of many years of experience playing widely diverse types of music, from a three-piece ferry boat outfit, down through Salvation Army units, four-piece cabaret bands and symphony and opera orchestras. The same year he directed the Saturday Night Swing Club, his baton waved over the Philharmonic Symphony as guest conductor.

Mark comes from a poor East Side family. At 15, while going to school, he was playing in orchestras to help the family finances. In his spare time, he studied serious music. At 18, Warnow was leading pit orchestras in Music Box Revue productions and the Ziegfeld Follies. He went on to direct the old Massel Opera Company orchestra and was credited with being the youngest operatic musical conductor in the world.

In spite of this musical accomplishment, very few people in Great Neck, Long Island, where he lives, know him as a famous conductor. They think of him as "that nice man with the car full of kids." Mark loves children and he never goes to town without taking a gang of them along. He has three of his own, Morton, aged 17, Elaine 15 and Sandra 9. In the summer time, his 46-foot yawl sinks almost to water level when all of his children's friends board it.

**MONDAY**

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time                     |
|--------|--------|--------------------------------------|
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: News                       |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB            |
|        | 8:15   | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air          |
|        | 8:45   | 9:45 CBS: The Chapel Singers         |
| 8:30   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady              |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson    |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John, News     |
| 8:45   | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle               |
| 9:00   | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills              |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill            |
| 7:30   | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: The Baby Institute       |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate                 |
| 12:45  | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children       |
| 7:45   | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn             |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America        |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Joe & Ethel Turp          |
|        | 10:00  | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's     |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 NBC: Rod of Life               |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband            |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade              |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon            |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 Blue: Jack Baker, Songs        |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 NBC: Snow Village              |
| 11:15  | 10:45  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories      |
|        | 10:45  | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little       |
|        | 10:45  | 11:45 NBC: David Harum               |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS         |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 NBC: Words and Music           |
| 9:15   | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister                |
| 9:30   | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent    |
| 9:30   | 11:30  | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour       |
| 9:45   | 11:45  | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday            |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful      |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking          |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins                 |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh            |
| 10:30  | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade               |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs              |
| 10:45  | 12:45  | 1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News       |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone           |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World         |
| 12:30  | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.         |
| 11:15  | 1:15   | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women               |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn          |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light          |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family      |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 Blue: Stella Unger              |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches      |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum                |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 Blue: Morton Downey             |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin                |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: Sing Along                 |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins                 |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 Blue: Three R's                 |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 Blue: Ted Malone                |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family      |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: Lotte Lehman               |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness         |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 Blue: Men of the Sea            |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                       |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee              |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife             |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas              |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.     |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 CBS: Children and the War       |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones              |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: Mountain Music             |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown         |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads    |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 Blue: The Housewife             |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries        |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad             |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan              |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life          |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius?          |
| 5:30   | 5:30   | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong            |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill            |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Superman                   |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell         |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie                 |
| 5:45   | 5:45   | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight          |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 NBC: John F. Kennedy, News      |
| 3:00   | 5:00   | 6:00 Blue: Terry and The Pirates     |
| 3:10   | 5:10   | 6:10 CBS: Eric Severide              |
| 3:30   | 5:30   | 6:30 CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing |
| 3:45   | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: The World Today            |
|        | 6:45   | Blue: Lowell Thomas                  |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 Blue: Fred W. Brown             |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 CBS: Fred Young's Gang          |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 Blue: Ceiling Unlimited         |
| 7:30   | 7:30   | 7:30 CBS: News of the World          |
|        | 7:30   | Blue: Blondie                        |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 NBC: The Lone Ranger            |
| 5:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 CBS: A. W. Mittenborn           |
| 5:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 Blue: Vox Pop                   |
| 8:30   | 7:00   | 8:00 NBC: Earl Godwin, News          |
| 8:15   | 7:15   | 8:15 Blue: Cavalcade of America      |
| 8:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: Lum and Abner              |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 NBC: GAY NINETIES               |
| 8:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 Blue: The Housewife             |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: Voice of Firestone         |
| 5:55   | 7:55   | 8:55 CBS: Bulldog Drummond           |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Cecil Brown               |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER                |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Counter-Spy               |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Raymond Clapper            |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: The Telephone Hour        |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 NBC: Spotlight Bands            |
| 6:55   | 8:55   | 9:55 Blue: Doctor I. Q.              |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Dale Carnegie             |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Screen Guild Players     |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Raymond Clapper           |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Contented Program         |
| 8:30   | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: Gracie Fields            |



## TUESDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time                  |
|--------|--------|-----------------------------------|
|        | 8:30   | Blue: Texas Jim                   |
|        | 9:00   | CBS: News                         |
|        | 9:00   | Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB              |
|        | 9:00   | NBC: Everything Goes              |
| 1:30   | 2:30   | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air       |
|        | 8:45   | 9:45 CBS: Golden Gate Quartet     |
| 8:30   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady           |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John, News  |
| 8:45   | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle            |
|        | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: News                  |
|        | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills           |
| 9:00   | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill         |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: Baby Institute        |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate              |
| 12:45  | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children    |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn          |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America     |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor        |
|        | 10:00  | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's  |
|        | 10:00  | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life           |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband         |
|        | 10:15  | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade           |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon         |
|        | 10:30  | 11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights |
|        | 10:30  | 11:30 NBC: Snow Village           |
| 11:15  | 10:45  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories   |
|        | 10:45  | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little    |
|        | 10:45  | 11:45 NBC: David Harum            |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks      |
|        | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister             |
|        | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
|        | 11:30  | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour    |
|        | 11:45  | 12:45 CBS: Our Gai Sunday         |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful   |
|        | 12:00  | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking       |
|        | 12:00  | 1:00 NBC: Air Breaks              |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins              |
|        | 12:15  | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh         |
|        | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade            |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs           |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News    |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone        |
|        | 1:00   | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World      |
| 12:30  | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.      |
|        | 1:15   | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women            |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn       |
|        | 1:30   | 2:30 Blue: Victory Hour           |
|        | 1:30   | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light       |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family   |
|        | 1:45   | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches   |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum             |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 Blue: Morton Downey          |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin             |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: Sing Along—Landt Trio   |
|        | 2:15   | 3:15 Blue: The R's                |
|        | 2:15   | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins              |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: David Mannes School     |
|        | 2:30   | 3:30 Blue: Ted Malone             |
|        | 2:30   | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family   |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness      |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                    |
|        | 3:00   | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee           |
|        | 3:00   | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife          |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.  |
|        | 3:15   | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas           |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones           |
|        | 3:30   | 4:30 CBS: Living Art              |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record     |
|        | 3:45   | 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown      |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads |
|        | 4:00   | 5:00 Blue: Sea Hound              |
|        | 4:00   | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries     |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad          |
|        | 4:15   | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan           |
|        | 4:15   | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life       |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius?       |
|        | 4:30   | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong         |
|        | 4:30   | 5:30 MBS: Superman                |
|        | 4:30   | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill         |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie              |
|        | 4:45   | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight       |
|        | 4:45   | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell      |
| 7:45   | 5:00   | 6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt            |
|        | 5:00   | 6:00 Blue: Terry & The Pirates    |
|        | 5:15   | 6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill           |
| 3:30   | 5:30   | 6:30 CBS: Bill Stern              |
|        | 5:30   | 6:30 Blue: Bobby Tucker's Voices  |
|        | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: The World Today         |
|        | 5:45   | 6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas          |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle        |
|        | 6:00   | 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang      |
| 4:05   | 6:05   | 7:05 Blue: Stars From the Blue    |
|        | 6:15   | 7:15 CBS: Harry James             |
|        | 6:15   | 7:15 NBC: European News           |
| 4:30   | 6:30   | 7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour    |
|        | 6:45   | 7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn        |
| 8:30   | 7:00   | 8:00 CBS: Lights Out              |
|        | 7:00   | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News      |
|        | 7:00   | 8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms             |
| 8:15   | 7:15   | 8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner          |
|        | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: Al Jolson               |
|        | 7:30   | 8:30 Blue: Duffy's                |
|        | 7:30   | 8:30 NBC: Horace Heidt            |
| 5:55   | 7:55   | 8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown             |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Burns and Allen         |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter         |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Famous Jury Trials     |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Battle of the Sexes     |
|        | 8:30   | 9:30 CBS: Suspense                |
|        | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands        |
|        | 8:30   | 9:30 MBS: Murder Clinic           |
|        | 8:30   | 9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly  |
| 6:55   | 8:55   | 9:55 Blue: Dale Carnegie          |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes         |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing    |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Bob Hope               |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Only Yesterday         |
| 7:15   | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: Gracie Fields         |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Red Skelton            |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Frank Sinatra Sings    |



## ACCENT ON ENGLISH . . .

Judy Blake, the pretty girl on our cover this month, went to England with her father when she was four years old. The six years she spent in that country are still reflected in her accent. She can, however, in the middle of a sentence, switch to plain American speech with the greatest of ease. Many of you heard her last year as "Marcia," an English girl, in the CBS show, *Second Husband*. This year she's "Penny," an all-American girl in NBC's *Mary Marlin*.

When Judy returned to America, at the age of ten, her Aunt Valerie took one look at her beautiful young niece and decided she should have a career in the theater. Judy's mother, her uncle—in fact, the whole family—objected to Aunt Valerie's suggestion. Judy sided with her aunt, drowned out the protests, and she and Aunt Valerie have been companions and pals ever since.

A few months after Judy was enrolled in the Ellen Cole Fetter Dramatic School, Aunt Valerie appointed herself Judy's manager and landed her a job on WNEW's Five Star Final show, on which she performed for a good many years. Whenever the major networks needed a girl to play an English role, Judy was called in. She's played the part of Princess Elizabeth innumerable times. "Which was very nice," she smiles, "but I hated being typed as English and secretly yearned to play an American."

Phillip Barrington, producer of Five Star Final, at last gave her the chance she had been waiting for and Judy was so excited she almost muffed it. As an American girl in a chase scene, she was introduced to read a line, urging the driver of the car to step on the gas. "Faster," Judy urged, "faster, faster." And then, losing control for a moment, she shouted, "Oh, I say, *fahster, fahster!*" Luckily, it was only a rehearsal and, on the broadcast, she played it strictly American.

Her most embarrassing moment in radio occurred on a recent *Mary Marlin* show. An actor had labored long over a very lengthy and stirring speech, which, when the time came to deliver it on the air, he did beautifully. Judy, forgetting she was in a studio, applauded enthusiastically. A quick witted organist, who plays the show's theme song, managed to hit the keys hard enough to cover up most of the sound.

Judy's been on many of NBC's Television shows because of her beauty, and Hollywood has an eye on her. This year, she was in one Broadway play, "Ghost for Sale," which closed after a brief run. Several nights a week you can find her at the Stage Door Canteen, where it is her special job to talk to British sailors, because her voice reminds them of the girls they've left behind. But her heart belongs to an American, a soldier in a parachute battalion, whose wings she wears proudly.

## WEDNESDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time                  |
|--------|--------|-----------------------------------|
|        | 8:30   | Blue: Texas Time                  |
|        | 9:00   | CBS: News                         |
|        | 9:00   | Blue: Breakfast Club              |
|        | 9:00   | NBC: Everything Goes              |
| 1:30   | 2:30   | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air       |
|        | 8:45   | 9:45 CBS: The Chapel Singers      |
| 8:30   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady           |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John        |
| 8:45   | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle            |
|        | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: News                  |
|        | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills           |
| 9:00   | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill         |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: Baby Institute        |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate              |
| 12:45  | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children    |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn          |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America     |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Joe and Ethel Turp     |
|        | 10:00  | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's  |
|        | 10:00  | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life           |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband         |
|        | 10:15  | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade           |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon         |
|        | 10:30  | 11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights |
|        | 10:30  | 11:30 NBC: Snow Village           |
| 11:15  | 10:45  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories   |
|        | 10:45  | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little    |
|        | 10:45  | 11:45 NBC: David Harum            |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks      |
|        | 11:00  | 12:00 NBC: Words and Music        |
|        | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister             |
|        | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
|        | 11:30  | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour    |
|        | 11:45  | 12:45 CBS: Our Gai Sunday         |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful   |
|        | 12:00  | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking       |
|        | 12:00  | 1:00 NBC: Air Breaks              |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins              |
|        | 12:15  | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh         |
|        | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade            |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs           |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News    |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone        |
|        | 1:00   | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World      |
| 12:30  | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.      |
|        | 1:15   | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women            |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn       |
|        | 1:30   | 2:30 Blue: James McDonald         |
|        | 1:30   | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light       |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family   |
|        | 1:45   | 2:45 Blue: Stella Unger           |
|        | 1:45   | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches   |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum             |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 Blue: Morton Downey          |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin             |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: Sing Along—Landt Trio   |
|        | 2:15   | 3:15 Blue: The R's                |
|        | 2:15   | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins              |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: Columbia Concert Orch   |
|        | 2:30   | 3:30 Blue: Ted Malone             |
|        | 2:30   | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family   |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness      |
|        | 2:45   | 3:45 Blue: Men of the Sea         |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                    |
|        | 3:00   | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee           |
|        | 3:00   | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife          |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas           |
|        | 3:15   | 4:15 NBC: Green Valley, U. S. A.  |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 CBS: Country Journal         |
|        | 3:30   | 4:30 Blue: Lorenzo Jones          |
|        | 3:30   | 4:30 NBC: Mountain Music          |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: Young Widder Brown      |
|        | 3:45   | 4:45 NBC: Madeleine Carroll Reads |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: Sea Hound               |
|        | 4:00   | 5:00 Blue: When a Girl Marries    |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad          |
|        | 4:15   | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan           |
|        | 4:15   | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life       |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius?       |
|        | 4:30   | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong         |
|        | 4:30   | 5:30 MBS: Superman                |
|        | 4:30   | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill         |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie              |
|        | 4:45   | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight       |
|        | 4:45   | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell      |
| 7:45   | 5:00   | 6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt            |
|        | 5:00   | 6:00 Blue: Terry and The Pirates  |
|        | 5:15   | 6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill           |
| 3:30   | 5:30   | 6:30 CBS: Bill Stern              |
|        | 5:30   | 6:30 Blue: Bobby Tucker's Voices  |
|        | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: The World Today         |
|        | 5:45   | 6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas          |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle        |
|        | 6:00   | 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang      |
| 4:05   | 6:05   | 7:05 Blue: Stars From the Blue    |
|        | 6:15   | 7:15 CBS: Harry James             |
|        | 6:15   | 7:15 NBC: European News           |
| 4:30   | 6:30   | 7:30 CBS: Easy Aces               |
|        | 6:30   | 7:30 Blue: The Lone Ranger        |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen                |
|        | 6:45   | 7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn        |
| 5:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 CBS: Sammy Kaye Orch.        |
|        | 7:00   | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News      |
|        | 7:00   | 8:00 MBS: Cal Tenny               |
|        | 7:00   | 8:00 NBC: Mr. and Mrs. North      |
| 8:15   | 7:15   | 8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner          |
|        | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian           |
|        | 7:30   | 8:30 Blue: Manhattan at Midnight  |
|        | 7:30   | 8:30 NBC: Tommy Dorsey            |
| 5:55   | 7:55   | 8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown             |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: The Mayor of the Town   |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter         |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: John Freedom           |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Eddie Cantor            |
| 6:15   | 8:15   | 9:15 MBS: Jack Pearl              |
|        | 8:30   | 9:30 CBS: Good Listing            |
|        | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands        |
|        | 8:30   | 9:30 NBC: Mr. District Attorney   |
| 6:55   | 8:55   | 9:55 Blue: Dale Carnegie          |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Great Moments in Music |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes         |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Ray Kuer               |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing    |
|        | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: Gracie Fields         |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Man Behind the Gun     |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Man Behind the Gun     |



# THURSDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time                    |
|--------|--------|-------------------------------------|
|        | 8:30   | Blue: Texas Jim                     |
|        | 9:00   | CBS: News                           |
|        | 9:00   | Blue: Breakfast Club                |
|        | 9:00   | NBC: Everything Goes                |
| 1:30   | 2:30   | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air         |
|        | 8:45   | 9:45 CBS: Golden Gate Quartet       |
| 8:30   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady             |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson   |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John          |
| 8:45   | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle              |
|        | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: News                    |
| 9:00   | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills             |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill           |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: Baby Institute          |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate                |
| 12:45  | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children      |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn            |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America       |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor          |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's    |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life             |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband           |
|        | 10:15  | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade             |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon           |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights   |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 NBC: Snow Village             |
| 11:15  | 10:45  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories     |
| 8:45   | 10:45  | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little      |
|        | 10:45  | 11:45 NBC: David Harum              |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks        |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 NBC: Words and Music          |
| 9:15   | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister               |
| 9:30   | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent   |
| 9:30   | 11:30  | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour      |
| 9:45   | 11:45  | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday           |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful     |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking         |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 NBC: Air Breaks                |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins                |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh           |
| 10:30  | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade              |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs             |
| 10:45  | 12:45  | 1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News      |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone          |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World        |
| 12:30  | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.        |
| 11:15  | 1:15   | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women              |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn         |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 Blue: James McDonald           |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light         |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family     |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 Blue: Stella Unger             |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches     |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum               |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 Blue: Morton Downey            |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin               |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: Sing Along                |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 Blue: Three R's                |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins                |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: Indianapolis Symphony     |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 Blue: Ted Malone               |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family     |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness        |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                      |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee             |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife            |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.    |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas             |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 CBS: Highways to Health        |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones             |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: Mountain Music            |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown        |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads   |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 Blue: Sea Hound                |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries       |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad            |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan             |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life         |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius?         |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong           |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 NBC: Superman                  |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill           |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie                |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight         |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell        |
| 7:45   | 5:00   | 6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt              |
| 8:00   | 5:00   | 6:00 Blue: Terry and The Pirates    |
| 8:15   | 5:15   | 6:15 CBS: John Sebastian, Harmonica |
| 8:30   | 5:30   | 6:30 CBS: Bobby Tucker's Voices     |
| 8:30   | 5:30   | 6:30 NBC: Bill Stern                |
| 8:45   | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: The World Today           |
|        | 6:45   | Blue: Lowell Thomas                 |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle          |
| 8:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang        |
| 4:05   | 6:05   | 7:05 Blue: Those Good Old Days      |
| 8:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 CBS: Harry James               |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 NBC: European News             |
| 4:30   | 6:30   | 7:30 CBS: Easy Aces                 |
| 4:30   | 6:30   | 7:30 NBC: Bob Burns                 |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen                  |
| 5:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 CBS: Meet Corliss Archer       |
| 8:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News        |
| 8:30   | 7:00   | 8:00 NBC: Lum and Abner             |
| 8:15   | 7:15   | 8:15 Blue: Death Valley Days        |
| 8:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: America's Town Meeting    |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 NBC: ALDRICH FAMILY            |
| 5:55   | 7:55   | 8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown               |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Major Bowes               |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter           |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: KRAFT MUSIC HALL          |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 CBS: Stage Door Canteen        |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands          |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 NBC: Rudy Vallee               |
| 6:55   | 8:55   | 9:55 CBS: Date Carnegie             |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: The First Line           |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 MBS: Raymond Clapper          |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing      |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Abbott and Costello      |
| 7:15   | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: Gracie Fields           |
| 7:30   | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: March of Time            |
| 7:45   | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Frank Sinatra            |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News         |



# NEW HENRY . . .

At last, Norman Tokar's made it, but it took nothing less than the United States Army to swing it for him. For four years, Norman has been tagging along in the wake of Ezra Stone, the irrepressible Henry of radio's Aldrich Family and George Abbott's Broadway production, "What a Life." Now, Ezra Stone has left the show to be a sergeant in the Army and Norman is playing Henry on NBC.

It all started four years ago, when freckle faced, redheaded Norman Tokar begged off for an afternoon from his after school job in Newark, New Jersey—where he still lives, by the way—to come into New York City to try to get a part in "What a Life." For hours, he stood in line with lots of other kids with the same idea, only to have George Abbott emerge from the stage door, finally, and announce that he wasn't giving any more auditions. "Come back tomorrow," the producer said.

Norman was frantic. "But I can't come back tomorrow!" he cried and shuddered to hear his voice break and go high.

Abbott grinned at him and said, "All right, one more."

That audition led to Norman's getting a contract to be Ezra Stone's understudy in the stage play. Unlike the stars in most backstage movies, Ezra stayed disgustingly healthy and Norman's only, brief chance to play Henry came when Eddie Bracken, who was playing the role in the road company of the show, caught a cold in Philadelphia.

Norman did a swell job and, oddly enough, it was precisely because he was so good as Henry that NBC producers weren't too enthusiastic about him, when they were picking a cast for the Aldrich Family show. They thought his voice sounded too much like Ezra's to appear in the same script.

But, being fast on the trigger like most red heads, Norman took a hitch in his belt and invented his character of Willie. The befuddled youth who talks as though he had a mouth full of marbles was an immediate hit and Willie became a part of the program, to say nothing of Norman's being around whenever a substitute Henry was needed.

Norman's private life is almost as hectic, although not as irrational, as Henry Aldrich's. He is addicted to sand lot baseball and, somehow, manages to work in a little of it in an already heavy program. Norman not only acts. He writes radio plays and sells them. He's had a good deal of stage experience, having appeared in "What a Life," "Delicate Story" and "Days of Our Youth." At present, he is one of the featured actors supporting screen actress Gloria Stuart in the recently opened revival of "Sailor Beware." And, just to keep time from hanging too heavily on his hands, he works frequently in supporting roles in many of radio's major dramatic productions.

# FRIDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time                     |
|--------|--------|--------------------------------------|
|        | 8:30   | Blue: Texas Jim                      |
|        | 9:00   | CBS: News                            |
|        | 9:00   | Blue: Breakfast Club                 |
|        | 9:00   | NBC: Everything Goes                 |
| 1:30   | 2:30   | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air          |
|        | 8:15   | 9:15 NBC: Isabel Manning Hewson      |
|        | 8:45   | 9:45 CBS: The Chapel Singers         |
| 8:30   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady              |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson    |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John           |
| 8:45   | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle               |
|        | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: News                     |
| 9:00   | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills              |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill            |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: The Baby Institute       |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate                 |
| 12:45  | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children       |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Gene and Glenn           |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America        |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Joe and Ethel Turp        |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's     |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life              |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband            |
|        | 10:15  | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade              |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon            |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights    |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 NBC: Snow Village              |
| 8:45   | 10:45  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories      |
| 8:45   | 10:45  | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little       |
|        | 10:45  | 11:45 NBC: David Harum               |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks         |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 NBC: Words and Music           |
| 9:15   | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister                |
| 9:30   | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent    |
| 9:30   | 11:30  | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour       |
| 9:45   | 11:45  | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday            |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful      |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking          |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins                 |
| 10:30  | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade               |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs              |
| 10:45  | 12:45  | 1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News       |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone           |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World         |
| 12:30  | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.         |
| 11:15  | 1:15   | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women               |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn          |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 Blue: James McDonald            |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light          |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family      |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 Blue: Stella Unger              |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 NBC: Betty Crocker              |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum                |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 Blue: Morton Downey             |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin                |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: Sing Along                 |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 Blue: Three R's                 |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins                 |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: Eastman School Symphony    |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 Blue: Ted Malone                |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family      |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 CBS: Men of the Sea             |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness         |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                       |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee              |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife             |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.     |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas              |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones              |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 NBC: Exploring Space            |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: Mountain Music             |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown         |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads    |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 Blue: Sea Hound                 |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries        |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad             |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan              |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life          |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius?          |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong            |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 NBC: Superman                   |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill            |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie                 |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight          |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 NBC: John E. Kennedy, News      |
| 3:00   | 5:00   | 6:00 Blue: Terry and The Pirates     |
| 3:00   | 5:00   | 6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe, News          |
| 3:15   | 5:15   | 6:15 CBS: Today at the Duncans       |
| 3:30   | 5:30   | 6:30 CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing |
| 3:45   | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: The World Today            |
|        | 6:45   | Blue: Lowell Thomas                  |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle           |
| 8:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang         |
| 8:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 CBS: Our Secret Weapon          |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 NBC: European News              |
| 4:30   | 6:30   | 7:30 CBS: Easy Aces                  |
| 6:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 Blue: The Lone Ranger           |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen                   |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn           |
| 9:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH                 |
| 8:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News         |
| 9:15   | 7:00   | 8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney                 |
| 7:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Cities Service Concert     |
| 8:15   | 7:15   | 8:15 Blue: Dinah Shore               |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: The Thin Man               |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 Blue: Meet Your Navy            |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 NBC: All Time Hit Parade        |
| 5:55   | 7:55   | 8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown                |
| 8:30   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Philip Morris Playhouse    |
| 8:30   | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Gang Busters              |
| 8:30   | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Gabriel Heatter            |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Waltz Time                 |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 CBS: That Brewster Boy          |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands           |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 MBS: Double or Nothing          |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 NBC: People Are Funny           |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Camel Caravan             |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: John Gunther             |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Tommy Riggs, Betty Lou    |
| 7:15   | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: Gracie Fields            |



# SATURDAY

| PACIFIC WAR TIME | CENTRAL WAR TIME | Eastern War Time                      |
|------------------|------------------|---------------------------------------|
|                  | 8:00             | CBS: News of the World                |
|                  | 8:00             | Blue: News                            |
|                  | 8:00             | NBC: News                             |
|                  | 8:15             | CBS: Dance Strings                    |
|                  | 8:30             | CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping           |
|                  | 8:30             | NBC: Dick Leibert                     |
|                  | 8:30             | Blue: Texas Jim                       |
|                  | 8:45             | CBS: Bert Buhrman Orchestra           |
|                  | 8:45             | Blue: News                            |
|                  | 8:45             | NBC: News                             |
|                  | 9:00             | CBS: Press News                       |
|                  | 9:00             | Blue: Breakfast Club                  |
|                  | 9:00             | NBC: Everything Goes                  |
|                  | 9:15             | 9:15 CBS: Caucasian Melodies          |
|                  | 9:30             | 9:30 CBS: Garden Gate                 |
|                  | 9:00             | 10:00 CBS: Youth on Parade            |
|                  | 9:00             | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson     |
|                  | 9:00             | 10:00 NBC: NBL String Quartet         |
|                  | 9:30             | 10:30 CBS: Hillbilly Champions        |
|                  | 9:30             | 10:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights     |
|                  | 9:30             | 10:30 Blue: Nellie Revell             |
|                  | 9:45             | 10:45 NBC: Encores                    |
|                  | 9:45             | 10:45 Blue: Betty Moore               |
| 8:00             | 10:00            | 11:00 CBS: Warren Sweeney, News       |
| 8:00             | 10:00            | 11:00 Blue: Servicemen's Hop          |
|                  | 11:05            | CBS: American Red Cross               |
| 8:15             | 10:15            | 11:15 CBS: God's Country              |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30 CBS: Let's Pretend              |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30 Blue: Little Blue Playhouse     |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30 NBC: U. S. Coast Guard Band     |
|                  | 9:00             | 11:00 12:00 CBS: Theater of Today     |
|                  | 9:00             | 11:00 12:00 Blue: Music by Black      |
|                  | 9:00             | 11:00 12:00 NBC: News                 |
| 9:15             | 11:15            | 12:15 NBC: Consumer Time              |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | 12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood       |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | 12:30 Blue: Farm Bureau               |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | 12:30 NBC: Golden Melodies            |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | 1:00 CBS: Country Journal             |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | 1:00 Blue: Vincent Lopez              |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | 1:00 NBC: Whatcha Know, Joe           |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | 1:30 CBS: Adventures in Science       |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | 1:30 Blue: Washington Luncheon        |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | 1:30 NBC: All Out for Victory         |
| 10:45            | 12:45            | 1:45 CBS: David Cheskin's Orchestra   |
| 10:45            | 12:45            | 1:45 NBC: People's War                |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00 CBS: News                        |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00 Blue: Metropolitan Opera         |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00 NBC: Frank Black's Matinee       |
| 11:05            | 1:05             | 2:05 CBS: Of Men and Books            |
| 11:30            | 1:30             | 2:30 CBS: Spirit of '43               |
| 1:45             | 1:45             | 2:45 NBC: Nat'l Parents and Teachers  |
| 12:00            | 2:00             | 3:00 CBS: F. O. B. Detroit            |
| 12:00            | 2:00             | 3:00 NBC: Minstrel Melodies           |
| 12:30            | 2:30             | 3:30 CBS: Hello from Hawaii           |
| 12:30            | 2:30             | 3:30 NBC: News                        |
| 12:45            | 2:45             | 3:45 NBC: Charles Dant's Orchestra    |
| 1:00             | 3:00             | 4:00 CBS: Report from Washington      |
| 1:00             | 3:00             | 4:00 NBC: Matinee in Rhythm           |
| 1:15             | 3:15             | 4:15 CBS: Report from London          |
| 1:30             | 3:30             | 4:30 CBS: Calling Pan-America         |
| 1:30             | 3:30             | 4:30 NBC: Music of America            |
| 1:45             | 3:45             | 4:45 CBS: Report from London          |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | 5:00 CBS: Cleveland Symphony          |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | 5:00 Blue: Joe Rines Orchestra        |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | 5:00 NBC: Doctors at War              |
| 2:30             | 4:30             | 5:30 NBC: Beverley Mahr, vocalist     |
| 2:45             | 4:45             | 5:45 NBC: News, Alex Drier            |
| 2:45             | 4:45             | 5:45 Blue: Country Editor             |
| 2:45             | 5:00             | 6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt                |
| 2:45             | 5:00             | 6:00 Blue: Dinner Music               |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00 NBC: Gallicchio Orch.            |
| 3:15             | 5:15             | 6:15 CBS: Good to Know You            |
| 3:30             | 5:30             | 6:30 Blue: Message of Israel          |
| 3:30             | 5:30             | 6:30 NBC: Religion in the News        |
| 3:45             | 5:45             | 6:45 CBS: The World Today             |
| 3:45             | 5:45             | 6:45 NBC: Paul Lavalle Orch.          |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00 CBS: People's Platform           |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00 Blue: Danny Thomas               |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00 NBC: Noah Webster Says           |
| 4:00             | 6:30             | 7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks         |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30 Blue: Strange Doctor Karnoc      |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30 NBC: Elery Queen                 |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | 8:00 CBS: Crummit and Sanderson       |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | 8:00 Blue: Roy Porter, News           |
| 5:30             | 7:00             | 8:00 NBC: Abie's Irish Rose           |
| 5:15             | 7:15             | 8:15 Blue: Boston Symphony Orchestra  |
| 8:30             | 7:30             | 8:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby                 |
| 5:30             | 7:30             | 8:30 Blue: Over Here                  |
| 8:00             | 7:30             | 8:30 NBC: Truth or Consequences       |
| 5:55             | 7:55             | 8:55 CBS: Eric Severeld               |
| 9:00             | 8:00             | 9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE             |
| 6:00             | 8:00             | 9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance         |
| 6:15             | 8:15             | 9:15 Blue: Edward Tomlinson           |
| 6:30             | 8:30             | 9:30 NBC: Can You Top This            |
| 6:30             | 8:30             | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Band             |
| 6:45             | 8:45             | 9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade     |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00 Blue: John Gunther              |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00 NBC: Bill Stern Sports Newsreel |
| 7:15             | 9:15             | 10:15 CBS: Soldiers With Wings        |
| 7:15             | 9:15             | 10:15 NBC: Dick Powell                |
| 7:30             | 9:30             | 10:30 NBC: Let's Play Reporter        |
| 7:45             | 9:45             | 10:45 CBS: Queen Farrell              |
| 8:00             | 10:00            | 11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News           |

## Facing the Music

(Continued from page 12)

gantuan and painstaking—so demanding that no other similar organization has yet challenged Spitalny.

Phil traveled coast to coast, interviewed 1,200 girls in six months. He finally selected twenty and brought them to New York. Today a dozen of the original applicants are still with him.

The average age of the Spitalny group is twenty-one. Ninety per cent come from small towns.

On the road, the girls follow three strict rules:

1. No dates except if approved by the governing committee.

2. No crying. Cry babies are promptly liquidated.

3. No lateness. A Spitalny-ite who is late once is fined a dollar, twice, ten dollars, and a third time, is dismissed.

Phil finds little difference between men and women musicians. "Girls are no different from men in this work. There are the same complaints, the same problems. But girls take more pride in their work, they'll take more grief, will rehearse harder."

Phil admits that there have been twenty recent attempts to duplicate his orchestra. None have succeeded.

### MEET THE "HOUR OF CHARMERS"

EVELYN: Band's manager and concertmaster. She has played violin since she was seven.

VIVIEN: Tall, statuesque blonde from Fresno, California. She's the orchestra's soprano soloist.

MAXINE: Indianapolis contralto and a Butler University co-ed.

FRANCES, CONNIE, FERN: Three states, Missouri, Louisiana, and Iowa gave this trio to Spitalny. The girls resemble each other though they're not related.

ROSALINDA: Born in Chicago of Russian parents; studied piano abroad.

LOLA: Another Spitalny pianist,

Lola hails from Fostoria, Ohio, graduated from Chicago Musical College.

MARY: Red-haired Irish drummer from Belle Fourche, S. D., where her father is a music teacher.

GRACE: Taught herself banjo and guitar. She's also a dress designer and the band's fashion authority.

FLORENCE: Comes from a musical family in Guthrie, Oklahoma. This violinist also studied at Chicago Musical College.

ESTHER: Started to study medicine but music won out. Russian-born, Esther took up violin at six.

JENNIE: Of Polish parentage, Jennie is a New Yorker who studied at the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art. She's another violinist.

MARIA: One more violinist. From Geneva, N. Y., she's a proud graduate of Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

LUCILE: Lucile is of Turkish descent and a violinist, too, who won a fellowship to the Juilliard School.

CARLENA: Viennese harpist, Carlena studied in England.

VELMA: Jacksonville, Florida's contribution to Spitalny's brass section is trombonist Velma.

LORNA: Auburn-haired flutist from Los Angeles, and a former student at University of California.

MARION: Marion's father, a U. S. Army bandsman, taught her how to play the saxophone.

HAZEL: She's a tenor-saxophonist and Cleveland child prodigy.

MARIE: Trumpet soloist and graduate of Philadelphia's Curtis Institute of Music. Both her father and mother teach music in the Quaker City.

JEANNE: She's of French descent and a newcomer from Concord, N. H. Plays trumpet like her father.

JAN: Young "wonder girl" of the band, plays fourteen different instruments, but specializes on the tuba.

KATHLEEN: Warren, Ohio, sent this alto-saxophonist. She auditioned three years ago for Spitalny and was told she needed more practice. She returned later and was accepted.

VERNELL: Kansas City girl trumpeter. Began her musical career in the high school band.



Twenty-one lovely ladies and one man—that's the famous all-girl orchestra and its leader, Phil Spitalny. This unusual musical organization is noted for its beautiful arrangements.





BARBARA IS ROMANTICALLY LOVELY with her wide-apart eyes, serenely parted hair and white, flower-like skin—but she's also *today's* American girl, energetically at work 6 days a week in a big war plant!



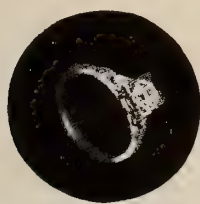
**LUNCH-BOX INSPECTION** at gate of the plant where Barbara works as a calibrator on sensitive instruments. She is wearing the blue coverall and safety snood designed for the employees. "We love the outfit," she says. The saucy blue snood is mighty becoming to her bright, soft-smooth face.



"MY SKIN needs special care these days. Snowy-soft Pond's is my favorite cleansing Cream," says Barbara.

## SHE'S ENGAGED!

*She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*



**BARBARA'S RING**—is charmingly feminine, a sparkling solitaire set with a small diamond either side, in a delicately engraved platinum band.

**BARBARA SHEETS**, captivating young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Sheets, is engaged to Joseph V. Mellor—uniting two well-known Long Island families.

"Joe expects to be in the Army very soon," Barbara says, "so I'm more than ever glad I have a war-production job to do."

Even though she works hard for long hours—she finds time to keep pretty. As

Barbara says, "When you get up at 6 a.m. and work all day with only ½ hour for lunch—your face deserves a little pampering. And—it's lovely how a Pond's Cold Creaming makes tired skin feel."

She slips Pond's over her face and throat and gently pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well. "Rinses" with a second Pond's creaming. Tissues it off again. This *every* night without fail—and

"for daytime slick-me-ups, too," she says.

Use this lovely *soft-smooth* cream yourself. You'll see why war-busy society leaders like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. William F. Dick use it—why more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream. All sizes are popular in price . . . at beauty counters everywhere. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!



## New *under-arm* Cream Deodorant *safely* Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.



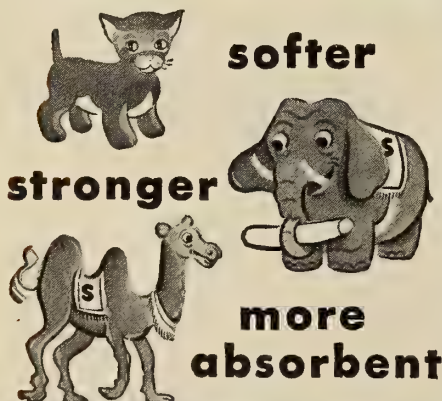
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**stronger**

**more  
absorbent**

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## All the World to Me

Continued from page 31

us. After all, the camp was only five miles out of town, and, ignorant as I was of Army regulations, I was sure that somehow we would see each other frequently.

Also, I did not realize that time was not malleable. I did not realize when Eric said that he would see me before and after the program on Saturday, that those few hours—spent in the ride to and from Butte—would be the only time we would have together until the following Saturday, which would be passed in the same dismal fashion. Somehow, before, time spent with Eric had not seemed like time at all, but—well, just pure happiness without beginning and without end. After he left me the glow remained at first, vividly, strongly, as if he had not yet gone, but it did not stay long enough. Not nearly long enough. In the interval between our meetings I went over every word of our last conversation together, recalling his every expression, the way he reached out to touch me sometimes as if to reassure himself that I was really with him, but even so, I had not had enough of him to keep me company while he was away. I planned things to say to him when I saw him next, as a girl in love thinks of things to say to a new and exciting man; I sorted and saved accounts of little incidents which occurred around the boarding-house and in the town—there were few enough of them—which I thought would amuse him. But when the long, empty days had dragged by, when I saw him again, I had forgotten the things I had stored up, and worse, I found myself tense and almost tongue-tied at the realization that in a few hours he would again be gone for another series of endless days.

FROM then on life became unbearable for me there. There was absolutely nothing I could do to pass the time. I had never considered myself completely lazy and resourceless, but I tried everything I could think of, and I still found nothing to do. I read until my eyes ached. I walked until I was sickeningly familiar with every inch of the town and the surrounding territory. I began to learn to knit, and the local department store promptly ran out of yarn. The town's one theater changed pictures once a week, and on more than one occasion I paid to see the picture for the third time, simply because it gave me the illusion, at least, that I was doing something.

There were plenty of women to keep me company, but they, too, were without their men, and we succeeded only in boring and depressing each other with interminable recitations of the last time we had seen our husbands.

Worst of all, I felt that Eric and I were growing farther apart, a separation encouraged by the very circumstance which the authorities had arranged to help keep us together—visiting days at the camp. I grew to fear those days as much as I had at first looked forward to them. On visiting days a bus carried me and forty other women in circumstance much like mine to the camp, where we were privileged to sit with our husbands on a bench on the edge of the parade grounds for a couple of hours until we we could catch a bus

back to town. On rainy days we met in the Y.M.C.A. building. Nevertheless, outside or inside, it was equally bad. There was absolutely no privacy. We sat like strangers, talking stiffly, being polite.

Eric felt it, too—I knew from the way he gripped my arm as he helped me to the bus, clutching at it as if to reassure himself and me that we really weren't losing each other.

I KNOW now that I became hypersensitive about his attitude. His very consideration was a reproach to me. I knew that he worried about me, and because he so carefully avoided even mentioning the subject, I was sure that he would have been happier if I had stayed in Allensport.

There came that Saturday morning when I did not want to get up and face the day which held no hope and no interest. I lay late in bed, feeling miserable and feeling also that I had no energy to rise. The sun forced me up, finally, beating through the window and heating the room to suffocation point. I got to my feet, breathing with difficulty in the close, hot air, and pushed at the window. It stuck, as usual. I flung my full weight against it, and, as it gave and receded upwards, I felt suddenly cold, colder than the rush of summer air should have made me, and blackness closed me in.

Somewhere, somehow, in the midst of that faint, I learned its cause. It seemed really less like a loss than like a detachment of consciousness, as if the most sensitive and receptive part of me were taken into a sacred place where the rest of me could not follow. Then the sensation passed, and the detached parts of me were again one, and I became aware of the world around me, a brighter world, with the sunlight more yellow, the sky a clearer blue. I got to my feet, moving carefully this time, knowing my body to be suddenly and infinitely precious. "Eric," I thought. "I must tell Eric. We are going to have a baby, and I must tell him right away."

I couldn't tell him right away, of course, but I was so elated at my discovery that I felt impelled, for the first time in days, to go down to breakfast. I planned, as I went down the stairs, to go out to camp to see him that afternoon, even though it was Saturday, and he would come into town in the early evening to take me to Butte with him.

At the table Stella was, as always, holding forth with her usual quota of town gossip picked up in the course of her travels the night before. As I came in she was saying something about "that poor kid at Hurley's Cafe" and I, feeling unusually gay and sociable, asked brightly, "What poor kid at Hurley's?"

"The little brunette, Rose," said Stella.

"What's poor about her?" I asked. Stella gave me one of her worldly-wise, pitying looks. "Why, she's going to have a baby, that's all."

The way I felt that morning I could look Stella right in the eye and challenge her opinions. "And what's wrong with that?" I demanded.

"Wrong with it!" Stella exclaimed. "What's right with it? Her husband's

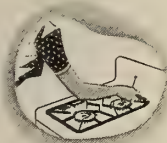
Continued on page 54



"I will  
take good care of  
the things I have"



## Kalamazoo tells you how to make your cooking and heating equipment *last longer*



**Gas Burners and Electric Burners** work best when clean. Don't let food boil over. Free clogged gas burners by running pipe cleaner or hat pin through holes. Electric coils can be kept clean by

brushing after coils have cooled but don't use a wire brush or any tool that may chip unit and require replacement.

**Broilers.** Clean after every use. Grease heated a second time not only permeates food but discolors broiler. Trim excessive fats off meat before broiling, and avoid spatter. Use mild cleanser in removing burned food.



**Tops** are porcelain enamel. Don't put hot foods or ice cold liquids directly on them. Wait until after range has cooled before cleaning—then wipe with soapy water and dry cloth.

To avoid stains, remove acid such as lemon juice or vinegar immediately before it has a chance to dry and spot.



**Heaters.** Over-heating of your unit is often responsible for cracking and warping of cast iron parts. Don't let clinkers accumulate in grate. Remove ashes frequently—otherwise heater efficiency is reduced.



**Ovens.** Wipe after every use. If racks should tend to rust, sandpaper and rub with salad oil. Rusting in ovens can be prevented by opening door a few minutes before actual use to let steam escape. Repeat after use to prevent condensation inside.

**Furnace Rules:** 1/8" of soot in radiator may cut heating efficiency 25%. A burned out smoke pipe is a fire hazard. Always take clinkers out from the top. Don't allow ashes to accumulate in the ash pit. Fluctuating temperatures waste fuel.



## MILLIONS of women have taken this pledge

Three cheers for you, Mrs. America, and all the things you're doing at home to help win the war. You're Betsy Ross, Barbara Fritchie and Molly Pitcher, reborn. You're a real fighting American.

Without bugle or roll of drums you're in stride with the march to victory—you're setting the thermostat at 65°, saving money to buy bonds, serving less meat, keeping the children well, turning off lights and radios, defrosting the refrigerator, doing Red Cross work, saving metal, taking First Aid, sharing cars, writing letters—anything, everything to win.

*Yes, America is tied to your apron strings—and proud of it.*

*L. H. Kalamazoo* PRESIDENT

# Kalamazoo

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in the Army; he may be sent away any time. He can't help her, and how's she going to take care of it herself, with no training except for waiting—and she won't be able to do that much longer? Where will she keep it, even if she can support it, in a town like this, where there isn't enough room for the people who are already here? She'll have to leave town, for sure, and that alone costs money. And what if she gets sick, or if the kid gets sick, who's she going to turn to?"

I looked around the table at the faces of the others. They were evidently in complete agreement with Stella, or, if they were not so forthrightly disapproving as she, their faces were at least grave and concerned. "In a case like that," Stella was saying, "there's only one thing to do—"

**I** LEFT the table hastily, feeling suddenly sick and defeated, and ran up to my room, where I sat down on the bed to stare unseeingly at the sunlit world outside. I should have known, I thought, that there would be something wrong with my having a baby. Everything else had gone wrong since I had left Allensport; even a normal and wonderful event like having a child couldn't be right under the present circumstances. I realized that my case was exactly like Rose's, except that Rose at least knew how to do some sort of job.

"Eric," I told myself desperately, "will think of something. He'll know what to do."

But even as I tried to reassure myself, I could not help but feel, underneath, that Eric might not be able to help. I had seen enough of him here at camp to realize that actually he no longer belonged to me, nor to his home, nor to any part of his civilian life, but to the Army, and that his first thought and first duty must be for the Army. While there was a war to be won, I did not, could not count, although I also knew that in a larger sense Eric and all the millions of men in the Army were fighting for me and for other women like me.

By the time five o'clock came, by the time the bus left me at the camp, I was afraid to face my husband, afraid to tell him. In a shaky voice I asked the guard for Private Aldren. A few minutes later Eric came hurrying down the gravel path, the westering sun on his face, a straight, fine figure of a man—of a soldier—looking, somehow, a little glorious. He caught me to him with rough, hungry arms, not speaking for a moment, and I fancied that his greeting was more

intense than was usual for those dismal, formal visits at the camp. "Lisa, beloved," he murmured into my hair, "I could hardly wait for you to come. At a time like this—"

At that moment I thought that he knew. He was a sensitive man, and intuitive, and I thought that perhaps he had noticed changes in me that I myself had not realized.

"You know?" I tipped back my head to look at him. "Eric, you know, and you're glad? Thank God, I've wanted our baby so much—"

His arms dropped from my shoulders, and he stepped back and away from me, not only in a physical sense, but as if the ground at our feet had parted, separating us and leaving a yawning chasm between. And I shall never so long as I live forget the look on his face at that moment, utterly aghast, a look of horror and of hopelessness.

"A baby!" he choked. "Are we—" I turned and ran. I raced blindly down the path to the circle where the bus was turning, loaded with soldiers on their way to town. The driver saw me waving and stopped impatiently, and as I climbed on and as we drove off, I saw Eric racing after me, heard him crying hoarsely, "Lisa, wait!"

Wait! I could not. I could not bear to face more of his disappointment and dismay, could not bear to see him pull himself together for my sake. I knew one thing—that I couldn't be separated from Eric. I would do anything in the world, anything, in order to stay with him, or to keep my chance of staying with him.

Of the bus ride I remember absolutely nothing. It was as if I'd been put in a tube such as those in which change is sometimes returned in stores, and shot through a vacuum back to town without thought, without feeling, without emotion. At the boardinghouse I went directly to Stella's room.

Mrs. Nelson stopped me on my way upstairs to tell me that Eric had called and had left a message saying that he would call again in a few minutes. I paid her no attention. I did not want to talk to him, not while that terrible look on his face was still with me. I must have been a little light-headed by then. I remember standing in the doorway of Stella's room, saying with elaborate politeness, as if I had just dropped in for a cup of tea, "I beg your pardon, Stella. I'm very glad to find you at home. Do you remember what you were talking about at the breakfast table this morning?"

I must have looked strange, too. Stella's eyes were sharp and guarded

as she said, "Sure, I remember."

"What did you mean when you said there was only one thing to do in a case like that?"

She shrugged. "What else is there to do but—but lose it," she said.

"Do you know how, Stella? Or where?"

The look in her eyes changed, and she became immediately the friendly person I'd first known. "You?" she exclaimed. "You poor kid!"

That was all there was to it. Stella made a telephone call to Butte, made an appointment for me with a doctor there. She interrupted her conversation with him to place her hand over the mouthpiece and to ask me, "He can see you Monday afternoon, or tonight, if you want to leave right now."

"Tonight," I said, quickly.

I know now how criminals feel when they are about to commit their first crime. Once the decision was made, I was seized by a kind of hysterical determination to get it done, done quickly and over with, before anyone could stop me. Anything in the world was right if it would keep Eric from looking at me as he had looked when I'd told him about our baby.

**M**Y criminal courage began to slip, and sanity began to return when I saw the doctor's office in Butte. It was a dingy office in a dingy building, three flights up.

I waited because I had not the courage to leave. I wanted most of all to flee the place, to run and hide in Eric's arms, but the recollection of that terrible look on his face stopped me. I knew that what I was about to do was wrong, so terribly wrong.

The door to the inner office opened, and I caught a glimpse of the doctor, a little man with flat, dull eyes. The receptionist showed another woman in, and glanced sharply at me as she went back to her desk. "Want some water?" she asked.

I shook my head weakly, feeling cold and sick. She shrugged, and then, as if inspired, began to fiddle with the radio on her desk.

I heard Eric's voice as she spun the dial, and I cried out for her to turn back to his station, and in a second his voice was coming into the room, full and strong over the airwaves.

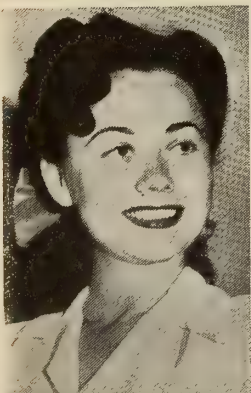
"—again interrupting our program at the request of Private Ernest Allen, who wishes us to find his wife, Lisa, missing since this afternoon. Lisa Allen is to call this station at once."

His tone was intense, desperate, breaking over my name. Of course, there was no Private Ernest Allen—it was Eric broadcasting for me, reaching out with his strength and his love to pull me back to sanity.

I got to my feet, and the receptionist, alarmed, hurried toward me. I heard a voice that must have been my voice, but detached from me and far away. "Call that station!" I cried. "Oh, please, call that station."

I don't know how much later it was that I felt myself fighting my way up out of cold and smothering mists, struggling for breath, for strength, reaching finally a place of light and peace—the blessed security of Eric's arms around me. He was murmuring broken bits of phrases in my ear, carrying me out of the doctor's office and down the stairs to the taxi he'd kept waiting. I tried to speak, and he said, "Don't talk now,"

Continued on page 57

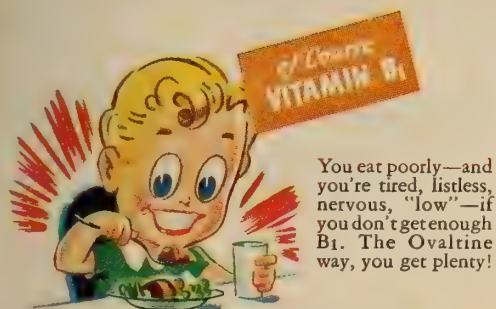


## Say Hello To—

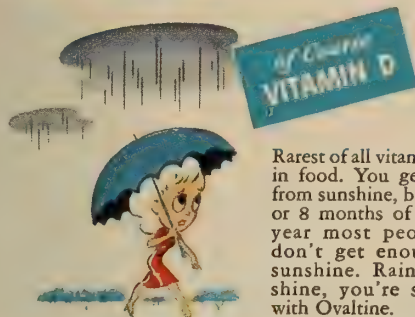
CONNIE HAINES, so tiny that she has to stand on a platform to sing into the microphone, is living proof of the old saying that "good things come in small packages". Connie is the featured songstress on NBC's Abbott and Costello program. Her real name is Yvonne Marie Ja Mais, and she started her career, tutored by her mother who was a singing instructor, at the age of four in her home town, Savannah, Georgia. When Connie was fourteen she tried her luck at New York, and shortly thereafter joined Harry James' band, and later Tommy Dorsey's, as vocalist. Last year she went to Hollywood as a Blue Network staff artist. Connie's hobbies are swimming and golf—the miniature variety—and she collects animal miniatures as well. Her repertoire of tunes numbers around four thousand.



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You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low"—if you don't get enough B1. The Ovaltine way, you get plenty!



Rarest of all vitamins in food. You get it from sunshine, but 6 or 8 months of the year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, you're safe with Ovaltine.



They're vital to bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.



You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without them! You get them—and the entire Vitamin B complex family in Ovaltine!



Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra iron you need—in the way you can use it!

## 3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the Extra Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use! Here's Why—

Government authorities say today that 3 out of 4 people are under par—"sub-marginal"—nervous, underweight, easily fatigued—even "well-fed" people—because they don't get enough vitamins and minerals! Result, millions of people taking pills!

But if you are a regular Ovaltine user—and are eating three average-good meals a day—you don't need to worry! Other people who are not using Ovaltine may need vitamin pills or capsules, but as an Ovaltine user, you're already getting all the extra vitamins and minerals *your system can profitably use*, according to experts!

Long before vitamin and mineral deficiencies became a serious national problem, we added to Ovaltine *extra amounts* of those vitamins and minerals most likely to be deficient in the average diet—*enough to be sure*—in scientific proportion—all except Vitamin C which is plentiful in fruit juice.

This is ONE of the reasons why thousands of tired, nervous people and thin, underweight children have shown remarkable improvement in health when Ovaltine is added to their regular meals.

So don't worry about vitamins and minerals! Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the extra ones you can use—in addition to its other well-known benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health—

## 3 MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING

If you want to read more about this extremely interesting subject, send the convenient coupon below. If not, start your Ovaltine today and don't worry!



Children need it to grow. You need it to fight off colds, for good eyesight. With Ovaltine you get all the extra "A" you need—according to experts.

## WARNING!

**AUTHORITIES** say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply *all* the vitamins and minerals you need for good health—even with careful meal-planning—because shipping, storing and cooking reduce the vitamin-mineral values of food.

**SO RELY** on 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day for all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need!



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Don't think vitamins and minerals are *all* Ovaltine gives you. It's a well-balanced dietary food supplement prescribed by doctors the world over. Famous also as a bedtime drink to foster sleep.



## WAR COMES INTO THE KITCHEN

**W**ERE stripped down to "rock bottom." Here are some of the do's and don'ts the homemaker is going to observe—and very willingly, too—in the coming months, in order that the men who are fighting for us may be adequately supplied:

Food must go to war.

All of these canned foods, packed in 1943, will go: Canned apples, apple-sauce, apricots, blueberries, figs, grapefruit segments, orange juice, blended orange and grapefruit juice, beets, carrots, pumpkin or squash, tomato catsup.

Varying amounts of other canned fruits and vegetables and juices will go.

Civilian shares of canned fruits and vegetables in 1943 are expected to average about one-half their 1941 total.

We're not getting all the milk we could use for military as well as civilian use. So WPB says no more whipped cream, except on doctor's orders.

There'll be 20 percent less ice cream made than otherwise would have been made at this time of year. Ice-cream makers must not change the quality.

Tin's scarce, and much of what there is must go to war.

No more tin may be used to pack these foods for civilians: Meat spreads, sausage, whole tongue, chopped luncheon meats, edible oils, lard, white asparagus, succotash, sauerkraut, baking powder, among other things.

Undoubtedly, substitute packing, using less critical materials, will be found for some of these foods.

Tin-saving orders cut down on the amount of tin that can be used to pack

still other foods, but figures do not yet reveal how much of the foods affected will stay at home, how much will go.

Alcohol is needed for explosives. So we're cutting out more alcoholic toiletries and cosmetics.

Metals are the first "musts" in war. So no more attachments for vacuum cleaners can be made.

No more chocolate hearts or bunnies or eggs for the kids. WPB thinks they'll get better food use out of our limited chocolate supplies if we cut out the "novelties."

Gum chewers are learning how to make each stick last longer. 1942 production almost equaled 1941's record output, but many more chewers came to market. Don't look for larger supplies, because while there's plenty of chicle to be had, it must be imported, and shipping space is limited.

Do you wear "Natural" powder?

Then don't MISS this heavenly NEW "Natural!"

The misty shell-pink softness of this new "Natural" gives your skin a new look! A delicate transparent glow—exquisitely blonde . . . tender . . . but radiantly alive!

Pond's new Dreamflower "Natural"—so different from heavy, chalky, ordinary blonde powders—makes your skin look fair, but never "powdery" or faded. Try this frailest, sweetest new Dreamflower shade soon!

"I have always worn 'Natural' Powder—but I've never found one that suits my skin so well as Pond's beautifully blended new Dreamflower 'Natural.' It is an unusually lovely shade."

MRS. FRANCIS GROVER CLEVELAND

# New Pond's Dreamflower Powder

**New Dreamflower Box—**  
dainty as a garden bouquet.  
Luxurious dressing-table  
box—only 49¢. Two  
introductory sizes  
—25¢, 10¢.

### Tops the List!

"What lipstick did you last buy?"  
a beauty editor asked recently.  
Pond's "Lips" topped the list!  
Matching compact rouge—  
Pond's "Cheeks"!

**Pond's "LIPS"**  
—stays on Longer

Actual 10¢ size

**TODAY!**

See all 6 new Dreamflower Powder Shades—

NATURAL—for pink-and-white blondes      RACHEL—for cream-ivory skin  
ROSE CREAM—peach tone for golden blondes      DUSK ROSE—for rich rosy-tan skin  
BRUNETTE—rosy-beige for medium brunettes      DARK RACHEL—for dark brunettes

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## All the World to Me

Continued from page 54

Lisa. Don't try to talk now, darling."

Only when we reached a hotel room, when Eric had laid me on the bed and had bathed my face and hands and had sent for warm milk for me to drink, would he let me talk. "How did you know?" I burst out. "How did you know what I was doing?"

IN the midst of his happiness and relief at having found me in time, he looked suddenly grave. He sat down on the edge of the bed and was silent for a moment. At last he caught one of my hands and held it tightly, as if he would never again let me go—and he began to tell me how he *must* let me go, so soon, so terribly soon.

"We learned something at camp this afternoon," he said, "just a few minutes before you came out. It—it knocked me off my feet. Not for myself—for you, honey. I didn't see how I was going to tell you—"

I felt safe, secure. I could even laugh at him. "Darling, darling," I cried. "You aren't making sense—what are you trying to tell me?"

It came out then, in one short, sharp sentence. "We're going overseas."

What could I say in answer to that? There was nothing to say. I just lay there, holding tightly to his hand. In a moment he began to talk again, as if he must fill the silence. "I ran after the bus this afternoon, honey, but you were too quick for me. So I went back and called the boardinghouse a little later, but you hadn't come in."

I nodded. "Mrs. Nelson told me

you'd called, but I—but I couldn't talk to you right then."

He went on as if he hadn't heard me. "You see, dearest, when you came out unexpectedly that way, I thought you must have heard about our being ordered to a point of embarkation. But then, when you told me about the baby, I—I didn't know what to say."

"You didn't say anything," I told him. "You—you looked. You looked frightened and desperate and almost angry. I thought you meant that—that you didn't want our baby."

He caught me to him and held me close. There was no security in our world, but I felt, strangely, that I had reached a final, unshakable security.

His voice, close to my ear now, went on with his explanation. "When you didn't telephone me, I called back. Mrs. Nelson said you'd left, so I asked to speak to Stella. I managed to get out of her that you had gone to Butte to see a doctor, but she wouldn't tell me the doctor's name. What he does is criminal, you know, and she didn't want to be involved. I got into town as fast as I could—I was going to get it out of her if I had to beat it out—but by the time I got to the boardinghouse, she was gone. I didn't waste time looking for her. I got to Butte as quickly as I could. If I couldn't reach you through the program, I was going to call on every doctor in Butte. Thank God, I did find you."

"Thank God you did," I echoed him.

There was silence in the room again, the silence of time stopped, of sudden complete understanding, of

old things dying, of new things being born. Two weeks—two days—ago I would have been heartbroken at the thought of Eric's going away. Tonight I could say simply, "I'm doubly glad of the baby now, Eric."

His arms tightened around me; for a while we were content to be still.

"Eric," I said finally, "Eric, I was thinking while I was in that—that doctor's office—I was thinking of all of the things I could have done instead of what I was about to do. I was thinking that I could go back to Allensport. I've a little of Aunt May's money left, and you can send me a little, and if that isn't enough, in Allensport we—I could borrow from someone. I could take a business course, or learn a trade, and by the time the baby was born, I'd be ready to work. Do you think that would be all right, Eric?"

He pressed his face against my breast, my throat. I felt that his eyes were wet, and I knew that it would be all right.

YES, I knew it would be all right. I still know. Eric has left me. He had to go. He had to fight—as millions of men are fighting for their loved ones—for me. No, for us. I am not alone. Eric has left part of himself behind. Even if he—yes, I'm not afraid to say it, for I'm not afraid of anything any more—even if he should die, he would not be dead, for our baby is Eric's immortality. But he *will* come back. Somehow I know that. He'll come back home to us.



# Tell Me You're Mine

Continued from page 36

dropped to his knees and knelt by me where I sat. His arms went around me and he looked up at me with real tenderness, a look you must have seen on his face in his movies. "From now on," he said, "it's going to be different. You've been a wonderful sport, Jackie, and I'm going to start paying off for your sportsmanship. Give me a chance, darling. You won't have another lonely moment—not as long as you live—I promise it!"

I had to tell him quickly before my courage failed me. "It's not like it was, Dean. It's changed."

"You mean you don't care for me any more?"

"It's not that, Dean. I don't believe you any more."

"Then you *did* allow that woman to poison your mind against me."

"I don't think she had anything to do with it but—" His face was drawn and pale—frighteningly so. I stammered: "It's probably my fault. Why does one stop believing another person? I don't really know."

**I** KNOW," he said with terrifying softness. "It's when you fall in love with somebody else!"

"Listen, Dean," I said, trying to keep my voice steady. "I'm terribly tired and we have the rehearsals tomorrow. Let's talk about this thing when we're not both so played out. Tomorrow—maybe at cocktail time..."

But he didn't seem to hear me. "Who is it?" he said coming closer to me, "who is it that you're in love with?"

"Dean, stop it. Please..."

Then: "Is Tom Trumble in town? Tell me—is he?"

I remembered that night of our wedding, that terrible wave of jealousy that suddenly swept over Dean about Tom—and then there was so little reason for it.

"Yes, he is," I said. "But that hasn't anything to do with it."

"Oh, it hasn't! We'll see about that."

"I must go now," I said. "I really must."

"Go? You're my wife, Jackie. You're not going to go. Not tonight you're not."

"But I am—I must."

"No," he said firmly, with inexorable determination, "you're not going. You're going to stay right here with me—like a good wife—do you understand?"

Dean Hunter's arms were around me, although I tore at him and tried to pull away from him. He whispered impassioned words into my ears, first brutally, then with cajoling gentleness as if hoping that each mood would have the right effect on me. But every moment that went by made me more resolute—and more frightened that I wouldn't know how to escape my own husband!

"Stop it! Stop it, Dean," I said breathlessly as I tried to avoid his hands. But he had no intention of letting me go. I began to batter at him with my fists. He grasped my wrists and held them behind me and smiled brutally as he became aware of the physical advantage he had over me.

In that moment the doorbell rang. His face paled. "We won't answer it," he said fiercely.

The bell jangled insistently.

"You'd better open it," I said breathlessly.

"No," he said. "They'll go away." He held me to him more tightly than ever.

But the bell rang again. "If you don't open the door whoever it is will break it down when I get through screaming!" I said.

He knew I meant it. He let me go and went to the door.

"Who's there?" he said without opening it.

Again the bell rang, relentlessly. Dean opened the door. Relief coupled with a new fear filled me when I saw who was there. It was Tom.

Dean's back was to me but I sensed the paleness of his face, the fury in his eyes for I heard him say, "What do *you* want?" The man in uniform didn't answer at first. He passed his host and came to me. "Are you all right?" he said.

"Yes, of course," I said, fatuously. But Tom knew.

"Get out of here!" Dean Hunter was saying.

"You're darn tootin'," Tom said, smiling. "Come on, Jackie."

"My wife stays right here," Dean said in high-pitched anger.

"Only if she wants to," Tom said quietly. I took my coat and bag and



*"I always said you sing like a bird," Eddie Cantor tells Dinah Shore as he listens to her and her pet canary doing a duet.*

started for the door. But Dean stood there blocking it. Very calmly Tom grasped my husband's lapel and pulled him to one side so there would be room for me to pass. Then Dean swung—and Tom, caught off guard, fell across a small table, tripped and sprawled on the floor. When he got up Dean was standing over him, scowling savagely. Then his fist shot out—and Tom ducked.

Again, still smiling, Tom grasped Dean Hunter's lapels and held him. "All we want to do is get out," he said quietly. But Dean gritted his teeth in fury and began to swing again. Tom's gestures were so fast I could scarcely see what he'd done. His foot came up in a quick movement that made Dean Hunter grunt with

pain as he buckled and reached for his shins. "I don't think I'd better hit him," Tom said, half to me, half to himself. "I might just happen to kill him."

And before I knew it I was on the way out with Tom following me. He slammed the door and we hurried toward the elevator.

My heart sank, despite my relief at being away from Dean Hunter. *Now his jealousy would always stand in our way!*

On the way home in the cab I didn't tell Tom my fears. I was too grateful to him for his timely appearance. He told me he'd had a hunch I needed him, just a hunch. It was with great tenderness that he kissed me before we parted in front of my boarding house. Both of us knew what lay before us the next day, but we didn't speak of it. There was a wave of warmth and emotion between us and we were somehow satisfied with that.

At last there was no doubt in my mind. I loved Tom Trumble wholly and completely and if there was any way for us to have a moment in eternity together I would do my utmost to arrange it. How could I have foreseen what was to happen the next day?

First—and this is hardly the most important—there was the rehearsal. I half expected Dean and Tom to take one look at each other and then go into a knock-out-drag-down fight. Of course they didn't. When I came into the studio they had both arrived. Colonel Wilson was there, too—and Tom and Dean were at opposite sides of the room, busily engaged with their respective problems of the moment, both making an effort to avoid each other's gaze. I had the feeling that Dean was a little chastened by the sober daytime, but there was an uncomfortable and almost shifty look in his eyes when he finally saw me and came over to me. We were close to Colonel Wilson who was saying, "She never sent me a message from New York. Can you imagine such a girl?"

**A**ND Dean said, looking at me intently, "No I can't. It must be the cruel streak in her."

Colonel Wilson missed the edge in Dean's voice. He just laughed.

"What is this power she has over men?" Dean Hunter said, then.

I looked across the room, panic rising in me. Tom Trumble was striding over toward us. Colonel Wilson had his inevitable graceful answer, "It's the fatal charm of the honest woman," he said. Then Tom came up and was saying to the Colonel, "How are you, sir?" His salute was respectful and Colonel Wilson returned it with natural dignity. "I'm certainly glad that you asked me to come, sir. I promise I won't blow up this time."

"Maybe you'd better," the Colonel said smiling. "It went over big last time."

"Thanks to Mr. Hunter," Tom said smoothly.

I think the look in Dean Hunter's face was the oddest I'd ever seen. He was affected by Tom's compliment, and yet there was something else, something almost primitive in his look. He said suddenly, "If you blow up this time, Trumble, I'll let



Jackie pick up the pieces."

Then the storm broke. Not the storm I expected. Not the storm any of us expected.

Suddenly there was a voice in the studio. It came from the control room and the sound man was saying, "Listen, everybody. Listen to this!" And then a news broadcast was pouring into the room:

"... Taken completely by surprise. The attack came without warning and the extent of the damage may not be known for days. Yes, the Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor while their envoys were still negotiating in Washington. Within a few hours it is expected that America will be in the war which is now without any question a global war..."

Doesn't it seem like years ago? It does to me. Yet the events of that afternoon are as vivid in my mind as if they happened yesterday. I remember so clearly the white, drawn, incredulous look on people's faces, not quite believing, not understanding, using phrases like, "National suicide! We'll crucify them. They must know they're licked from the start..."

The show went on, as so many shows did that day, with frequent interruptions to bring the American public the few morsels of unsatisfactory news that were available to them.

IT was a good show. Tom didn't break up as he had the first time—in fact, he did a fine job of singing and I felt proud of him. As I listened to him and watched his sweet, natural face strained in his effort to put the song over into the microphone, I thought, "If there's going to be time for him to have me with him I'll not let anything stand in the way—before he goes off somewhere to fight." I suppose numberless women who read this had feelings like mine that day—a sort of return to essentials, when you thought things like: whom do you love and who loves you and will this thing stand in the way? Of course it will, we women were thinking that day, it's bound to in the cases of so many of us, but we were thinking, too: He's all that matters to me and I'll fight for every minute that we can be together, no matter what it costs me.

That's what I was thinking about Tom. I was thinking too that I had courage I'd never known was in me. I had courage to face what I knew lay before me—with Dean—and I knew that I would never again be weak with him.

But, like so many fine resolutions, everything didn't turn out quite that smoothly. After the broadcast, Dean said goodbye to me quickly—and suddenly he was gone. I called him at his hotel later, but he'd checked out.

As for Tom, there was a telegram for him. His leave was cancelled. He was to return to camp at once.

I took Tom to the train. A great surge of emotion welled up in me as I stood again on the same ramp where only a few weeks ago I'd met the simple, awkward soldier boy who in the meanwhile had somehow grown up and become a man. It was such an odd sensation to remember that on that very day Dean Hunter had appeared on the ramp with his retinue. How different my estimate of those two men now, and what a sequence of events and changing tides of human emotion had come to pass



## White Clear Through!

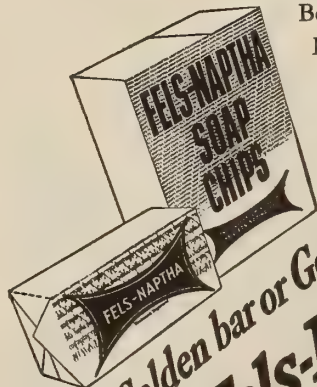
Pale sunlight, sifted through sheer white curtains . . . filling your home with powdered gold . . . banishing winter's warmed-up mustiness . . .

Springtime! . . . Curtain time . . . and more than ever, Fels-Naptha time. Because these fine fabrics must be washed gently—yet so thoroughly they're *white clear through*.

Trust Fels-Naptha's gentle naptha and *golden* soap for this. Rich, active suds literally soak the dirt away. Make rubbing just a gesture.

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Golden bar or Golden chips—  
**Fels-Naptha**  
—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"







**BOY, WHAT A SUCKER I WAS** when it came to taking a laxative! That stuff I used to take tasted terrible. And it used to knock me for a goal! I'm a pretty husky guy, but it was just *too strong!*

**LATER I TRIED** another laxative which was supposed to be very mild. And that's when I made my second mistake! All the medicine did was to churn me up inside and leave me feeling worse than before. It was just *too mild!*



**FINALLY, I GOT A BREAK!** One of my buddies tipped me off to Ex-Lax and I bought myself a box. It tasted swell—just like good chocolate! And it worked better than anything I'd ever used. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild... it's just right!



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# Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX



Easily cut to any size or shape

between then and now!

When Tom Trumble held me in his arms to say good-by I thought that I could never restrain the tears. I saw people around us but somehow they raised a charitable curtain of unconcern to leave the soldier and his girl quite alone. I kissed Tom gently and whispered into his ear, "No matter what happens, Tom, remember that I love you."

His arms tightened around me. "Remember what I told you, Jackie. You're mine. Will you remember that, darling?"

"Yes, Tom. I'll remember. I'll remember."

At last the parting was over and I was alone with my confusions and uncertainties. What was I to do? What could I do?

**GRACIE** put it simply, later that night when I'd poured the whole story out to her: "I never thought it'd turn out this way, baby. But now that it has there's only one thing to do. You're going back to New York, sweetheart."

And that's what I did. I went back to New York. I dared to do it because I couldn't get Tom Trumble's face out of my mind. I never believed I could love anyone as much as I loved him. I would fight for him. I'd die for him. I'd even kill for him.

Gracie may not be the most brilliant girl in the world, but she did have a good idea. It wasn't an easy one to work out. But for me to try to work it out, I had to see Diana Stuart.

What I told her could be put in a sentence. I wanted to talk to her and Dean Hunter together. Would she send for him, and could we all have a talk, please?

She told me that was impossible, that there was nothing the three of us could talk about that would justify her calling a man she hadn't seen in days.

When I smiled my disbelief she said, "Well, and if I had seen him, what would you do about it?"

"That's what I came to talk to you both about," I said evenly. It's odd how an air of self assurance can dismay someone who a moment before has had the best of a conversation. I had no proof of any kind, only my instinct on which to base my implied accusation, but I knew that I'd have to be clever and courageous to get what I wanted. She may not have been taken in by my bluff, but Diana Stuart immediately called Dean Hunter on the phone. He wasn't in but his man knew where to find him. Ten minutes later Dean Hunter called back. Fifteen minutes after that he was there, for what Diana Stuart told him over the phone made him hurry!

We sat quietly for quite a time in that attractive living room facing Central Park. We drank an excellent imported sherry and ate little canapés which Diana Stuart had ordered her maid to prepare. At last Dean came to the point.

"Well, Jackie," he said, "what's this Diana was telling me on the phone?"

"Perhaps," I said calmly, "I alarmed her unnecessarily. There's no cause for alarm if—well, I want a divorce, Dean."

He looked at me intently. "Never in this world, Jackie. Never. You're my wife and you remain my wife."

"Why? Is it a matter of military necessity?"

I stung him but he blinked and went on: "I'm fond of you, that's why." His eyes turned toward Diana who smiled knowingly.

"Many divorced husbands are fond of their wives," I said, then.

He rose from his chair. "Well, if that's all we have to talk about, I think I'd better get back to my rehearsal."

I rose too. I faced him. This was the moment when he would win—or I would.

"There's no point in your doing that," I said.

He brushed me aside. "I have a big program tomorrow night."

"Yes, I know. But I don't think they'll want to hear you sing."

I saw that Diana Stuart had risen from her divan and was coming toward me. "And exactly what do you mean by that?"

"Keep out of this," I told her firmly and turned back to Dean whose face was deathly pale. "Yes," he said.

"What are you getting at?"

"Listen, and keep quiet, both of you," I said. "Now this is the way it is, Dean: I married you because I was mad about you and because I thought you were mad about me. You didn't seduce me or talk me into it. I married you of my own free will. So far that's simple enough, isn't it?"

"Go on," he said.

"But you know," I continued, "you know, Dean, that you married me because you thought it would help you with the draft board—and a dozen people heard Diana Stuart admit it when she was drunk that evening at Margaretta Shelley's. To me it's the most contemptible trick any American can play on himself and by now your conscience must tell you that. I, for one, don't think they're going to let you get away with it no matter what happens. But that isn't the point. I know I'm not going to let you get away with what you did to me—and the reason is that I want a divorce—and you're going to give it to me!"

Dean Hunter glared at me in a fury. "Never!" was all he said.

"No? All right. That's all I need to know. I must go now."

"But before I'd gotten to the door, Dean Hunter's hands were on my shoulder. 'What are you going to do?'"

"I have a date with some newspaper reporters," I said.

"You wouldn't dare!" Diana Stuart said. I laughed quietly. Diana Stuart and Dean Hunter knew that I dared!

"Yes, Dean," I went on, "if you don't give me a divorce I intend to spread the truth from one end of the radio and movie world to the other. Dean Hunter, the great singer, because he couldn't marry his sweetheart Diana Stuart, since she was already married, found himself an innocent girl and talked her into marrying him so he could escape the draft. It'll make a pretty story—and I'm betting that Dean Hunter's innocent little wife will be believed, don't you?"

He looked at me with fury for a moment, then suddenly turned away. I had won!

"How do you want to arrange it?" he said quietly.

So I told him. All during the talk, Diana sat silent. Perhaps it was the way she wanted it, too. Perhaps even Dean would learn to be happy about the whole thing after a while. The Army might make a man of him.



I had won the major battle in my fight for happiness. But there was still much to do.

I went back to Washington and told Colonel Wilson that I hoped to be able to come back to the job—if he wanted me—in a couple of months at the most, but that meanwhile would he give me a leave of absence because—well, I had to have a rest and get a few things straightened out. He didn't ask any questions. He just told me that he hoped to get me back.

Reno wasn't so bad. I needed to rest and that's what I did for days and days. Then one day my time was up and the lawyer brought me to the court house and I went through that painful routine, emerged into the bright Nevada sun—a free woman!

After that—? Well, I went right to Tom's camp. I'd saved enough so that I could just about manage.

**T**HE sunshine played about Tom's face as he came out into the recreation room at the Camp where they'd sent me to wait for him. When he saw me he stopped for a long moment as though he couldn't believe his eyes.

My heart leaped as he came to me. "Jackie," he said. "This is really funny. I dreamed about you last night. You were so clear in my dream it doesn't seem at all odd to see you today. You're looking wonderful!"

"I had a lot of sleep in Reno," I told him.

"Reno!" "Yes, darling," I said softly. "You don't have to take me—but I had to be ready when you wanted me."

His arms were around me then. "Want you," he was saying. "I haven't thought about anything else since we saw Washington together. Do you remember, darling?"

"I'll never forget it as long as I live," I told him.

Then he said: "I'll be on my way any day now."

My heart sank but I said: "I'm glad I got here in time."

He held me close to him and whispered, "Are we going to get married? Today, Jackie?"

"Today," I said.

And we were married—for his commanding officer gave him the necessary leave.

That was weeks, months ago. Tom isn't here now, but I've had some wonderful letters from him. He can't tell me where he is or all the things that are happening to him. But he tells me the same thing in every letter, the thing that I keep close to me every day and night of my life now that I'm back working for Colonel Wilson in Washington.

What Tom writes me at the end of every letter is simple and lovely. He puts it in different words but the thought is always the same. He writes "I know I'll be back, darling. I have to see you again and hold you close to me. We're going to win this war, baby, no matter how tough it gets, and then you and I will be together again. Good night, Jackie. I'll dream of you again tonight. I'll never forget you, my darling, because no matter what happens or how long or hard the battle is that's ahead of us, I'll always know that you're the best thing that ever happened to me. I look forward to those swell letters of yours, dearest. Write me soon again, Jackie—and don't forget to tell me what I want to hear again—tell me you're mine!"

The End



## LOVABLE, too—a girlish Face that's Satin-Smooth for Kisses



### "SAVE THE SECONDS" SKIN TREATMENT

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To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort, the May and subsequent issues of RADIO MIRROR will appear upon the newsstands at a slightly later date than heretofore. RADIO MIRROR for May will go on sale Wednesday, April 7th. On that date step up to your newsstand and say "A copy of RADIO MIRROR, please," and your newsdealer will gladly give it to you.

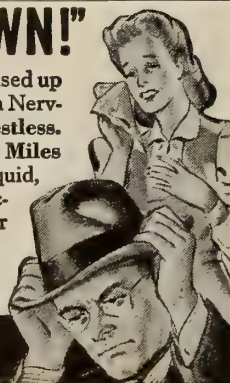
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**DR. MILES NERVINE**



## Remember!

Continued from page 23

because it is so easy for us to create an illusion of peace and safety—it seems to me we all have a greater obligation than the people of other, less fortunate, countries, to remember the war every single moment. The only ones among us who have any right to say, "Oh, the war is so terrible I don't even want to think about it!" are those who have actually lost someone they love, who have had a brother or a son or a sweetheart killed in battle. Not that any of them would exercise that right, any more than a Russian or Chinese or Briton would, because to them the danger is no longer remote. The madman has already entered *their* homes.

Are you wondering what harm it does if you forget the war for a while? This is the harm it does:

**W**HEN we forget, it is easy to break the few simple rules by which we civilians are being asked to live. It's easy to lay in a big stock of the foods that we read are going to be rationed next month. It's easy to use the car for going to a movie and buy more gas at that service station you know where they don't insist on getting a coupon for every gallon. It's easy to skip tonight's Air Raid Precaution meeting. Most important of all, it's fatally easy to put off until tomorrow buying some war stamps or a war bond.

It's strange, isn't it, that we should have to be reminded to buy bonds? It's as if, with the madman invading our home, we had to be reminded to pick up a gun that was lying there within easy reach on the table. Buying a bond is a simple act of self-preservation.

Of course there is always something else to do with the money—something which seems, at the moment, important and even vital. There always is. We find excuses without half trying. Taxes are high. With the cost of living going up, it takes all we have just to buy the things we need to get along. Other people are making more money; they can afford to invest in bonds better than we.

But a person in danger doesn't stop to wonder if he can afford to buy the weapons that will save his life!

And we *are* in danger. Just as long as the Japanese and German and Italian nations remain undefeated, we are in danger, no matter which way the tide of war seems to be running at any single moment. Even though we know that eventually we will win, we are in danger—the danger of not winning soon enough to save thousands of lives and millions of souls.

Let us not forget. Let us build our lives wholly around an awareness of the war. Let us measure every action of the day against that awareness. On even such a small thing as the expenditure of an hour or a dollar, let us remember the war—for if we do, how many millions of hours and of dollars will be put to work bringing the war to an end!

**CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN . . .**  
Lovely Helen Trent and Radio Mirror thank Fred Block, popular designer of Chicago, for the attractive dress which Helen wears on page 25.



## Don't Ration Variety

Continued from page 46

### Liver Casserole

- |                            |                 |
|----------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 lb. liver                | 2 onions        |
| 2 green peppers            | 2 tomatoes      |
| 1/2 tsp. salt              | 1/4 tsp. pepper |
| 1/4 tsp. rosemary or thyme | 1 bayleaf       |
| 1 cup buttered crumbs      |                 |
| 2 tbs. bacon drippings     |                 |

If you use beef or pork liver, follow the directions for pre-cooking kidney, above. When liver is cool, cut into thin slices. Slice onion, green pepper and tomato thin. In buttered casserole arrange alternate layers of onion, green pepper, tomato and liver, using buttered crumbs for the final layer. Add dry seasonings, dot with bacon drippings and cook, covered, in 350 degree oven until liver is tender (about 1 hour). The vegetables should make sufficient sauce, but 2 to 4 tbs. boiling water may be added if necessary during the cooking. Remove cover for the final ten minutes so the crumbs will brown.

### Liver Loaf

- |                               |                 |
|-------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 lb. liver                   | 1 onion         |
| 1 green pepper                |                 |
| 1 stalk celery with leaves    |                 |
| 1/2 tsp. salt                 | 1/4 tsp. pepper |
| 1/4 tsp. dry mustard          |                 |
| 1 tbs. minced parsley         |                 |
| 2 cups bread crumbs           |                 |
| 2 tbs. melted bacon drippings |                 |
| 1 egg, beaten                 | 1/2 cup milk    |

Pre-cook beef or pork liver and run through meat grinder, together with onion, green pepper and celery. Add

bread crumbs and remaining seasonings and mix well. Combine beaten egg, bacon drippings and milk and stir into mixture. Bake in loaf pan at 350 degrees for 1 hour, basting occasionally with 1 tbs. bacon drippings combined with 1 tbs. boiling water.

### Heart

Hearts may be braised or used as the basis of a stew or casserole. Before cooking, remove all membranes, fat and arteries. Beef and pork heart should be soaked in cold water for 1 hour then parboiled (simmered) for 30 minutes (use 1 tbs. lemon juice or vinegar, 1/2 tsp. salt and a pinch of pepper, in just enough water to cover). For stuffed, braised heart, use any savory bread stuffing, then rub the meat with bacon drippings, pour over it a can of tomato soup and season to taste. Cook, covered, at very low temperature—a 325 degree oven for roasting or the simmering flame for the top of the stove. Lamb or calf heart needs 1 to 2 hours; sheep, beef or pork heart 2 to 3 hours.

### Brains

To prepare brains, wash in cold water, remove arteries and membrane and soak in cold water for 1 hour. Simmer for 20 minutes in water to cover seasoned with a little lemon juice and minced onion, celery leaves or parsley. Blanche in cold water and break into small sections. To serve,

scramble with eggs, sautee in butter or reheat in medium white sauce, mushroom or tomato sauce.

### Sweetbreads

Wash, parboil and blanch sweetbreads as directed for brains. Cut them apart, then cut in half lengthwise. Rub with a mixture of 2 tbs. soft butter, 1 tsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. minced parsley, 1/2 tsp. salt and a pinch of pepper and broil for about 7 minutes; or serve them in sauce in a rice or noodle ring.

### Creamed Sweetbreads

- 1 pair prepared sweetbreads
- 1 1/2 cups medium white sauce
- 2 hard-cooked eggs
- 1 1/2 cups cooked vegetables
- Pinch of mace

Cut sweetbreads into 1/2-inch cubes and dice eggs. Add to white sauce, together with vegetables (peas, asparagus tips, mushrooms and celery hearts are good with sweetbreads) and heat thoroughly. A delicately flavored cream soup may be used in place of white sauce.

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## If Love Were All

Continued from page 22

taken that car apart so many times, adding some new gadget or adjustment every time he put it together again, that it no longer deserved its original maker's trade-mark; but it could almost do what Gene laughingly claimed for it—come when he whistled. Gene had a way with machinery.

Before that rainy spring night, when Gene and I went out together we had, as often as not, gone with other couples or with a crowd. Now, by an unvoiced consent, we wanted to be alone—even though being alone together brought us as much pain as pleasure. It isn't easy to deny the hot eagerness of love, to forget that the sweetest of kisses is by rights only a prelude to a greater sweetness. And yet, I suppose it was easier for me than for Gene.

"Oh, Arda," he'd whisper after he'd held me in his arms for a kiss that it seemed should never end. "I love you so much—why—"

And he would leave the question unfinished, while I, torn between my terrible desire to give him everything and anything he wanted and my deep conviction that to do so would be wrong, stiffened and drew unwillingly away from his beseeching lips.

**THIS** could not go on, I knew in my heart. But never once, when Gene told me he loved me, did he speak of marriage.

It wasn't that I wanted him to speak of it. Marriage frightened me—but so did love without marriage. I knew I would have to make a choice, but Gene should have offered me that choice and he did not.

"When summer is over..." I thought, childishly setting up for myself a barrier in time. But it is strange that I should have selected the end of summer.

If you were like me, you knew that the radio was devoting more time than usual to news broadcasts, and that's all you knew, until all at once Europe was at war. And this fact you found it very hard to believe.

Yet almost at once, the war had its effect on my life.

If I haven't said much, up to now, about Tim Gorman, Gene's older brother, it's because, up to the time the Germans marched into Poland, he wasn't very important to me. Oh, I knew him well enough, naturally, but he was just Gene's brother—years older than either of us, serious, and not at all interesting.

The truth is that Tim had always seemed older than he was, even when he was sixteen and Gene ten—which was the year Mr. and Mrs. Gorman were killed in an automobile accident and Tim was left to be Gene's almost sole support. There was a small estate, but the courts—or somebody, I never really understood who—put it in trust so that there was only a little income. Tim went to work that same year in Bradford's grocery store, and he'd worked there ever since. Luckily, the house where the Gormans lived had belonged to them, so the boys didn't have to move. Tim made an arrangement with a motherly widow, Mrs. Wilton, to come and live with him and Gene, and the three of them

got along very well.

"Tim's a fine boy," Dad used to say. "Gene doesn't appreciate all the things his brother's sacrificed for him. Why, Tim had one of the best scholastic records any Briarton High student ever rolled up, and he could have gone on to college and really made something of himself. But he gave all that up, just to take care of Gene. A fine, honest, young fellow."

This was all true, and I knew it, and I admired Tim; but you need more than admiration for friendship. Whenever we saw each other we had a hard time thinking of things to say. He seemed almost middle-aged to me, and I was sure I seemed childish to him.

So I was surprised one night toward the middle of September, when the telephone rang and it wasn't Gene, but Tim.

"There's something I want to talk over with you, Arda," he explained in his slow, careful way. "And since Gene's out in back, tinkering on that jalopy of his, I figured you might not be busy tonight. Can I come over?"

"Of course," I said at once. "I'll be out on the front porch."

While I waited, curled up in one corner of the new red-and-white striped glider we'd bought that summer, I wondered what on earth Tim wanted to talk about.

He came up the steps, and the glider creaked as he sat down beside me. Tim was bigger than Gene. Gene was lithe and quick, but Tim was solidly muscled, broad in the shoulder from years of handling heavy crates of groceries. He was handsome, too, it struck me suddenly, in an ordinary sort of way. Not Gene's way, which was something special.

**I** GUESS you're wondering what I wanted to see you about," he said hesitantly, after we had exchanged polite and pointless remarks about the weather and my parents' health—the kind of remarks which, until now, had always been the only ones Tim and I could find for each other. "Yes, a little," I smiled. "You sounded as if it were awfully important."

"It is," he said simply.

At first I felt like smiling again at his solemnity—and then, suddenly, I didn't feel like smiling at all. I knew that whatever Tim was going to say, it was important.

"This is a funny thing for me to be doing," he went on after a minute. "Maybe you'll think I'm butting into something that isn't any of my business. I'll try to explain, so you don't see it that way. But first, I've got to ask you a pretty personal kind of question—you are in love with Gene, aren't you?"

"I—" But I didn't resent this, coming from Tim, and I didn't feel any wish to avoid answering. "Yes, Tim," I said. "I guess I am."

"That's what I thought," he said evenly. "It's been—pretty plain that you were, these last few months, but I wanted to hear you say so." His gray eyes, darker than Gene's, were steady on my face. "Then here's what I've been thinking—why don't the two of you get married?"

I couldn't go on looking at him as



I answered. "He—he hasn't asked me. That might be one reason."

With a little, impatient movement of one big hand, Tim said, "Oh, I know that. But it's not because he doesn't want to. How could Gene ask a girl to marry him, when he's stuck in that service station of old Searles', getting eighteen dollars a week, with no prospect of ever doing better?"

"He could ask me!" I exclaimed. "I know Gene's going to do better. Why, with his knack with machines, there's nothing he couldn't do—"

"In the right sort of town," Tim interrupted, "Gene could do plenty. But you know yourself there's no chance here in Briarton. If we had a factory here or something of that sort— But we haven't, and as long as Gene stays he'll go on working for Searles or for some other garage owner. And that isn't good enough for him."

"You think he ought to—to go away somewhere else?" I asked, trying not to let my sudden hurt and panic show in my voice.

**NOPE.** I don't much like the idea of separating two people in love. It's better for them to get together for good . . . No, Arda, I only thought, if you and Gene wanted to get married, there's a service station and repair shop, with a nice little apartment upstairs, out on the highway at the town limits. It's a wonderful location—the best in town, really, and the fellow that owns it is only letting it go because his wife's sick and they have to move South. Gene could build up a nice business there. He could hire a kid to pump gas and do all the repair work himself—"

Tim was animated now, talking with an enthusiasm that was infectious.

"Oh, it *would* be wonderful!" I breathed. "And I could fix up the apartment and it would be all our own!"

"Yes!" Tim agreed excitedly—and then caught his breath and laughed a bit shamefacedly. "You'd think it was my place, the way I talk, wouldn't you? Well, anyway—"

The bright dream had faded. "Well, anyway," I said, coming back to earth, "it's all impossible because I suppose you have to have money to buy a place like that—and money's what we haven't got."

"Oh, yes, we have," Tim said. "We've got our inheritance from Dad. I've had my share ever since I was twenty-one, and Gene will get his in a few months. I'm pretty sure we can borrow on the strength of it, and all together we'll have just enough."

It took me a moment to grasp his full meaning. "All together?" I said. "You mean—your share, too?"

"Yes—for a wedding present."

"Tim!" I was aghast. "You couldn't do that!"

"Why not—if I want to? I've never touched it, anyway. We'll rent the old house, and I'll take what income it brings, after taxes and upkeep. Won't be much, but it's all I'll need."

"But—I don't understand."

"A fellow doesn't need much money in the Army," Tim explained.

"In the Army!"

"That's where I've decided I want to be," he said. "I think I'll like it. And even if I didn't think so, probably I'd go in anyway . . . It may not

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seem like it now, Arda, but this war that just started is our war, too. Give us a little time, and we'll be in it, and once that happened they'd take me for the Army whether I wanted to go or not. That being the case, I'd just as soon get in on the ground floor. The only thing is, I wouldn't feel like going unless I knew Gene was fixed up and happy. He's always depended on me, you know, and I—I just wouldn't feel right, leaving him alone. Silly, maybe, but that's the way I'd feel. But if you and he get married, and he's boss of a nice little business of his own—well, that'll be different. It'll all be working out the best for—*for everybody*," he concluded.

As for me, I sat there with my brain in a whirl. Tim's bringing up the subject of marriage for me and Gene would have been enough to set it spinning, but in addition there were the service station, the inheritance, Tim's decision to join the Army—

**AND** yet, out of it all, one fact emerged clearly. Everything was working out perfectly for everyone. Gene and I would have our happiness, our home, the security Gene felt he needed for marriage, and Tim would have the freedom to do as he wanted to do, join the Army.

"Tim," I said unsteadily, "this is so sweet of you—so wonderful—"

"Oh—" he said awkwardly. "It isn't so much. I'd do a lot more if it was necessary to make the kid happy. But as it happens, it's as much selfishness on my part as anything else. I want to be able to get out of here—" I was surprised at the uncharacteristic vehemence with which he said "out of here"—"and know Gene's settled."

"All the same, I still think it's wonderful. And I want you to know we'll pay back the money someday—when you need it."

"Forget it." I saw the flash of his teeth. Then he stood up. "Well—I'll be going, Arda. I—I guess you'll be wanting to see Gene."

That made me remember, suddenly, that here we'd been sitting arranging Gene's whole future, all by ourselves. I gasped. "Suppose Gene doesn't want to... well, suppose he doesn't want to marry me?"

Tim laughed. "You ought to know better than to worry about *that*! The kid's crazy about you."

He turned quickly and went down the steps. To tell the truth, I hardly was conscious of his leaving. My imagination was already leaping ahead... We wouldn't have a very elaborate wedding, of course, because probably there wouldn't be much time to prepare, with Tim in a hurry to join the Army. But we could have it in the chapel of the church where

I'd been christened, and afterwards we could have a reception here at the house... I'd wear my mother's veil, and get a white dress that I could use later for parties. And we'd go to Chicago for our honeymoon.

I shivered, hugging my shoulders in my arms and smiling to myself. "Mrs. Gene Gorman," I whispered. "Mrs. Eugene L. Gorman..."

My vague fear of marriage seemed to have evaporated. It was as if somehow Tim, by a magic charm, had brought me courage and confidence along with his other gifts. If Tim thought marriage was right for Gene and me—if he was sure that our marriage would leave him free to leave with a light and certain heart—why, then, he must be right, because Tim was such a *right* sort of person.

I sat up with a start. The house was dark behind me, and the notes of the bell on the city hall clock were still vibrating in the night air. Subconsciously, I had counted them, eleven of them. I had dreamed away at least two hours since Tim left!

And Gene hadn't come. Tim had said—hadn't he?—that I'd "be wanting to see Gene." That must have meant he intended to see Gene himself, tell him his plan. Well, if he had, wouldn't Gene have hurried right over to see me?—that is, if... if he was as happy as I over the prospect of being married?

**APPREHENSION** broke over me like a cold drenching wave. I had been too blithely sure of myself in assuming that Gene loved me; so had Tim. He didn't want to marry me at all. He was at home now, trying to think of a way out of the impossible situation in which Tim had placed him by coming to see me... Well, he needn't be afraid. I wouldn't hold him to a promise his brother had made for him. I'd tell him I had thought things over and decided we shouldn't get married, I'd hide the way I really felt, I'd hide my disappointment and my hurt.

And then I saw Gene coming up the steps to the porch.

I had been so sure he wouldn't come that I could only stare, an invisible band clamped so tightly about my throat that no words could pass.

Ghostlike in the darkness, he stood in front of me and said softly, "It's so late—I was afraid you'd gone to bed."

He stopped, and I found my voice—a flat and choked-sounding voice. "I was just going," I said. "I thought you weren't going to come."

"Tim and I got to talking, and I didn't know it was so late."

We were like two boxers, sparring, testing each other. I still sat in the glider, huddled up close into one corner of it, and he towered above

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me as if uncertain whether to stay or leave.

Something had to break the deadlock. With my heart heavy inside me, I asked:

"I suppose Tim—Tim told you all about what he thinks we ought to do?"

"Yes," Gene said, and I was amazed to hear an undertone of laughter in the word. "It sounds pretty swell to me—how about you?"

"To—to me?" I stammered. "Oh—oh, Gene!" Relief—not so much at his words, but at the tender merriment of the way he said them, at the tone which carried in it a conviction greater than any number of words could have expressed—made me weak, so that the tears I'd been holding back overflowed and I sobbed in his arms. "I thought—when you didn't come—I thought you didn't want to marry me—I thought you were mad because Tim hadn't spoken to you first—"

A little grimly, although he still held me close—"Well, I was kind of sore, to begin with. A fellow likes to do his own proposing. Tim's a swell guy, but tact isn't his long suit. But then I got smart, and thought, what difference did it make who did the proposing, as long as I got what I wanted . . . you!"

WITH the delight of that in my ears, I turned my lips up to his for our first kiss as an engaged couple—and if it was a little salty from my tears, I don't think either of us noticed.

We were married a month later—in the chapel of the church where I had been christened, with me wearing my mother's veil over a white dress that could, so sensibly, be used afterwards, and with a reception at the house following the ceremony . . .

It was like a dream, the way everything happened exactly as I had planned it that night on the porch after Tim had left me. There was only one small hitch, and it was really in Gene's and Tim's share of the arrangements. The service station on the edge of town turned out to cost more than Tim had expected, and it was necessary to arrange with the bank for a mortgage to cover part of the price. For a while it looked as if the boys might have to mortgage their old house, but finally the loan was made on the service station itself because, as Tim explained, even at the price we were paying the place was a bargain and the bank could see it didn't stand to lose anything.

Gene and Tim raved about the station's equipment—the hydraulic lift and the gasoline pumps and the air compressor and half-a-dozen other things whose names I could never remember; but I was mostly interested in the apartment upstairs, which was perfectly darling. It was the tiniest place imaginable, but so complete that I couldn't have wanted anything better. The living room was at the back, with a view of the country east of town. In front were the kitchen, with everything built-in to save space, the bath and a little bedroom.

The couple who had had the station were taking all their furniture with them, so I was able to revel in buying a completely new set of things—our wedding present from my father and mother.

At first, when we set the date for



A recent portrait of Constance Luft Huhn  
by Maria de Kammerer

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Says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee



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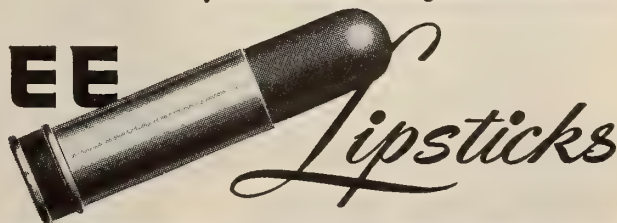
**TANGEE RED-RED**... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

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the wedding, it seemed ages away, but then, all at once, it had arrived, and I was walking down the aisle on Dad's arm, seeing Gene waiting for me at the altar with Tim beside him—both very scrubbed and pink-looking, and terribly solemn. And in swift jumps of time, the ceremony was over—and the reception—and it was late afternoon, with the shadows purple underneath the gold of the trees—and Gene and I were running across the lawn toward the car one of our friends had loaned us, followed by people throwing rice...

Honeymoons are supposed to be funny, and I guess maybe they are, to everyone but the two people concerned. Emotions are so near the surface, the sense of strangeness is so acute, and mingled with happiness are shame and fear, the desire to give oneself, the instinctive will to remain inviolate—

But for me, that honeymoon week with Gene was beauty made real. With that strange intuition of his, he knew every emotion, every thought that visited me. He knew when to be tender, when to be ardent, when to laugh away embarrassment, when to be patient. No matter what has happened since, that week is something I shall always have with me in memory, its loveliness undiminished by time or by tears.

It never occurred to me to wonder at Gene's sure knowledge of the ways of love. How could it? I thought I knew him so well.

**YES**, I thought I knew him as well as he knew me. But even in that first week, there was a signpost that I might have seen, if I'd had the eyes.

It was late at night, and we were getting ready for bed. Outside our hotel window, the traffic of Michigan Boulevard was intermittent.

Still revelling in the newness of intimacy, I loved these moments before bedtime—their relaxed, slippers-and-pajamas atmosphere, the ease with which they brought thoughts into words.

Tonight, while Gene was brushing his teeth, I sat at the dressing-table, cold-creaming my face and letting my mind wander over the evening just past. Dinner at the hotel... a musical comedy... a funny-looking woman we'd seen between the acts, a woman with long straight black hair and a dead-white skin, who smoked a cigarette in a black holder... the night-club where we'd gone afterwards... smoke and noise...

The formlessness of my thoughts crystallized. "Gene," I said, as he came out of the bathroom, "you know

Tim's so sure the United States will be in the war, too, pretty soon. Do you think he's right?"

Gene laughed. His fingers rumbled the hair at the nape of my neck. "Not a chance. We learned our lesson last time."

"But he's so sure, Gene!"

"Tim's always getting ideas, and nobody in the world could ever talk him out of them, he's so sure... Anyway, this was a lucky notion for us."

"How... Oh, you mean his lending us his share of your inheritance. Yes, it was."

"Lending!" Gene's laughing eyes caught mine in the dressing-table mirror. "What do you mean, lending! That was a wedding present."

"Oh, yes, of course that's what he said it was. But we'll pay it back someday."

"Some chance!" He was still laughing, still looking at me in the mirror. "What do you think I—" He broke off abruptly, and I was left with the feeling that he'd started to say something quite instinctively, without thinking about it, then checked himself.

"What do I think about what?"

"I mean—" his eyes left mine—"it isn't like that at all. Tim knows if he ever needed money, and I had it, he could count on me giving it to him. That's all—it isn't either a gift or a loan, it's just Tim helping me out when I needed help."

I must have known he was lying. I must have known that for a minute he had trembled on the verge of an inadvertent revelation—that he had almost shown me his secret self. But I didn't want to know these things—and I was glad when Gene bent over and nuzzled his face into the curve of my shoulder.

"Okay," he said, his voice muffled against my bare skin. "Okay. If the boss wants us to pay Tim back, whether he needs it or not, we will."

The intoxicating nearness of his lips helped me to forget—helped me to persuade myself that I had not seen the sardonic, mocking look on his face when I said we'd pay back Tim's money, and had not heard the quick, wary change in his voice when he answered me.

And so Arda, young and eager for whatever life may have in store for her, begins her marriage to Gene, knowing that there is happiness ahead, perhaps not realizing that for every happiness there is heartbreak, too. Don't miss the exciting second instalment of this new serial, in the May RADIO MIRROR, on sale April 7th.



**Say Hello To—**

**SELENA ROYLE**, who plays Kathy Marsh in Portia Faces Life and who is celebrating her tenth year in radio. Selena is the daughter of Edwin Milton Royle, the playwright who wrote "The Squaw Man," later the first motion picture produced in Hollywood. Selena has been in more than forty stage plays, and has appeared with many stock companies throughout the country. Prior to the war, her spare time was devoted to writing, and converting an old Pennsylvania schoolhouse into a modern home. Soon after Pearl Harbor, however, she went to work with Jane Cowl in planning and organizing New York's enormously successful Stage Door Canteen for service men, a project which has been duplicated in many other cities and has raised large sums for contribution to Army and Navy relief.



## I Was to Blame

Continued from page 19

coldness toward each other.

You might think it would be hard for two people to share the same house, eat meals together, even sleep in the same room, and not make up a quarrel. In a way it is, but in another way it is shamefully easy. You only have to keep remembering how angry you are, and to be very sure that nothing in the world is so precious as your own pride. And as the days go by, your bitterness becomes a habit.

I was grateful for Kane Garnett's company—and saw nothing illogical in being so while I still continued my grudge against Jim for bringing him there. He usually came downstairs about four in the afternoon, and after the first few days it seemed natural to offer to prepare a breakfast for him. I was usually in the kitchen then anyway, and it was no trouble to fix bacon and eggs.

He was always cheerful. That was what I appreciated most about him. No matter how depressed I might be, the sight of his smile, the sound of his drawling, laughter-touched voice, would make me feel better.

AT the end of the first week, he paid me much more than the room and the one meal a day I gave him were worth. I protested, but he only shrugged, and said:

"Look at all I'm getting—a comfortable room, a swell breakfast—and company while I eat. The company's the best of all. You'll never know until you've tried it how bad it is to eat alone, off a counter."

I might have answered—but I didn't—"And you'll never know how much of a relief it is to have someone to laugh with again."

Once Jim and I had laughed together. But that was so long ago...

Often Dickie came in early from playing after school and joined us, and there was something very warm and delightful in that small kitchen. Almost at once, it seemed, Dickie and Kane were fast friends; indeed, as soon as Dickie learned that Kane worked from "bedtime" until four hours after midnight, he acquired a glamour that nothing could lessen.

"But don't you get sleepy?" Dickie inquired. "I would. I get sleepy if I'm up after nine."

"Sure I do," Kane answered. "But I pinch myself to stay awake." Over the boy's head his eyes met mine. "Or I think about important things," he added.

"Like what?"

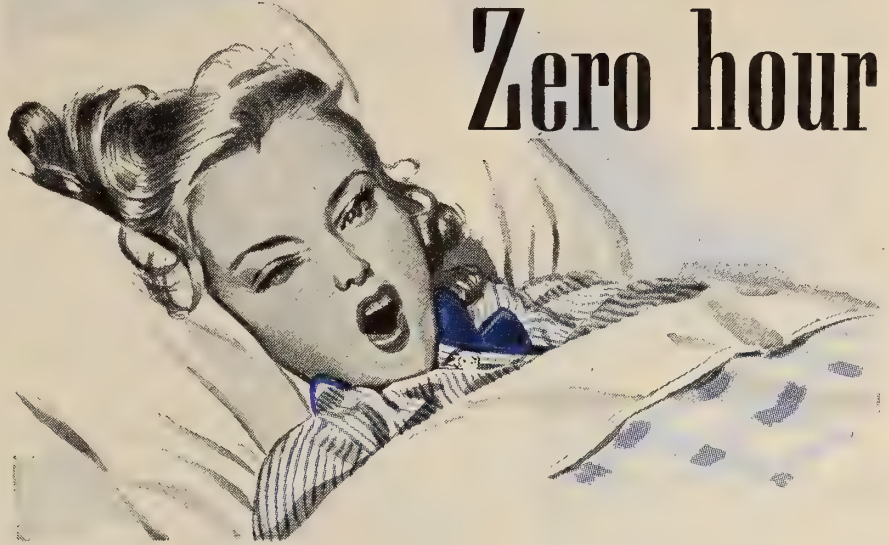
"Oh—like whether to buy a new suit of clothes or not. Or like asking your mother if she'd like to see a movie with me sometime."

I felt myself coloring under his direct gaze, but Dickie promptly answered for me. "Sure she would—can I go too?"

"Nobody's going to any movie," I assured him. But somebody did—one night when Jim had a committee meeting and Kane wasn't working.

There was nothing in the least remarkable about our trip to the movies together. We just went to the early show, as soon as the dishes were done, and came home right afterwards. But we didn't take Dickie, and the picture was a good comedy, so that the laughter we shared seemed to make a bond between us.

## Zero hour



CAN THIS BE YOU glued to your bed . . . wishing you could count today right out of your life? The day that was to have been all yours . . .

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But right now you'd trade a ton of triumphs for an ounce of confidence! Other girls manage to keep going on these days . . . why can't you?

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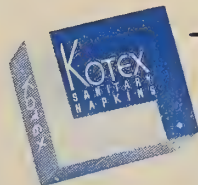
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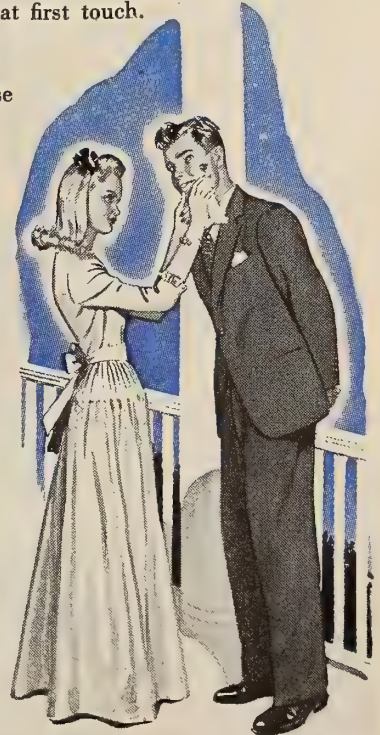
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Without wanting to, I found myself comparing Kane with Jim. Why couldn't Jim be as gay and fun to be with as Kane?"

Sometimes, when Dickie and Kane and I were together in the kitchen, Jim would open the door and walk in. It always was hard to believe it was half-past six already. I would hurry to get supper on the table, and after a moment Kane would get up and remark that he guessed he'd go downtown for a while before work; and then the kitchen was quiet again.

Jim never showed that he disapproved of these late-afternoon hours when Kane and I were together. In fact, he apparently didn't even notice them.

**U**NEXPECTEDLY, Jim came home one day at noon and announced that the factory was sending him to its branch in another city for a few days, to help the men there to set up a labor-management committee like that in the home plant. Jim, under his calm exterior, was excited and pleased.

"It's a real chance to do something," he said. "If I can help them to get results out there like we've gotten here—well, I'll feel pretty good about it."

He was going to catch the three o'clock train, so for a while we were both busy bringing up the suitcase from the basement, collecting clean linen, sorting and packing. Under the stimulus of the excitement, with Dickie at school and Kane not yet up, it was almost like the old days. We were closer together than we had been for months.

But suddenly Jim straightened up from the table where he'd been tucking papers into a big brown envelope, a new thought making him frown.

"Say!—I just remembered. How about Garnett? I guess he—well—" he stumbled in embarrassment—"I mean, it'd look sort of funny if he stayed here while I was gone."

I looked over at him, a pair of trousers half-folded in my hands. For just a moment our eyes met, and then he glanced away.

All the comradeship we had regained vanished in an instant. Jim's mention of Kane Garnett had made us both wary, ready to snatch up bitterness again.

I said curtly, "It doesn't make any difference to me. Tell him he'll have to get out, if you want to. You're the one that brought him in."

His face whitened, and with short, sharp motions of his hands he went on putting his papers into the envelope.

"Looks like it's a good thing I did," he said. "At least, it's one way of keeping you entertained."

I said, with anger gathering inside me, "Surely you haven't any objection. Since you don't want to entertain me yourself—"

"That's all you think of, isn't it?" he asked fiercely. "Being entertained

—having a good time—getting all the things you want! My God, haven't you realized yet that this isn't the time for that?"

I didn't answer. The packing was almost finished, and I left it as it was and walked toward the door. Because the worst of it was, I knew that in a way he was right. I was sorry, by now, that I had collected that closet-full of quite unneeded blankets and food. I wished I had shown more appreciation for what Jim was trying to do with his labor-management committee at the plant. I even saw myself, in that moment, with Jim's eyes—selfish, thoughtless, interested only in my own small desires.

But something too strong for me kept me from admitting this to Jim.

He left the house, carrying his suitcase, with only the briefest of farewells. I watched him from the window, resentment still hot within me. As I turned back into the room I found that Kane had come down and was watching Jim leave, too.

I wonder, now, how much of what happened in the next few days was due to the anger of that parting. It's so hard for us to know our own inner thoughts! I told myself that if Jim hadn't suggested it, I wouldn't have thought anything of Kane's presence in the house, with all its implications. But—if I'm to be honest I must admit this—it might have made no difference. For I was in a reckless mood even before then, a mood of defiance and self-pity.

While I fixed Kane's breakfast I told him where Jim had gone and why. He was greatly impressed.

"Jim's smart," he said. "And he really likes to work. I guess he just can't help getting somewhere, with that combination," he laughed as he spoke, a little ruefully, and I asked:

"How about you? You're smart too—don't you like to work?"

"Not much." He looked at me and the twisted smile left his lips. "Maybe," he said slowly, "I haven't got the incentive Jim has."

**F**OR a moment I met his eyes, long enough to see the fire smoldering in their depths, long enough to be warmed by the sense of danger. But all I said, turning back to the stove, was, "Jim doesn't need any incentive—he likes work for its own sake."

While he ate we talked of small, unimportant things, just as usual, but this afternoon there was a difference. Dickie would come in from his play soon—but we both knew that tonight the back door would not open to admit Jim.

Kane didn't leave until half an hour before shift-time. We were very gay, the three of us, over supper, with Kane coming back to the table for another cup of coffee, and afterwards he and Dickie both helped me with the dishes. When he had gone and Dickie had been put to bed, the house was silent and deserted,

## MAY RADIO MIRROR ON SALE APRIL 7th

Wednesday, April 7th, is the day on which you can buy your May issue of RADIO MIRROR. To help lighten the burden placed on transportation by the war effort, the May and subsequent issues will go on sale at a slightly later date than formerly. On April 7th, ask your favorite newsdealer for your copy of the May issue of RADIO MIRROR—he'll have it ready for you.



much more so than on the many evenings I had spent alone while Jim was out at some meeting.

I tried to read, but I couldn't keep my mind on the story in the magazine I picked up. At last, bored and restless, I went to bed, to sleep fitfully. Just before dawn I heard Kane's footsteps, strangely light for so big a man, come through the house and go softly past my door and upstairs. It was as if I had been waiting for them, for immediately afterwards I slipped into a comforting slumber.

The next day, Friday, I got Dickie off to school and gave the house a thorough cleaning. I felt as if I wanted to be busy—very busy, to make myself forget that soon Kane would come down and once again we'd be experiencing the false, disturbingly lovely intimacy of the night before.

And suddenly I stopped dusting, the cloth dangling from a slack hand.

I had remembered that on Friday nights Kane did not work.

Mechanically, I again began running the dust-cloth over the mantelpiece. I thought, "This is crazy! What am I thinking of? Kane will probably go downtown right after supper, just as he usually does on his nights off . . . And suppose he doesn't? What of it? . . . I could decide to take Dickie to a movie . . ."

IN the mirror over the table I saw my own face. It was so drawn and white it frightened me.

Because I knew I did not want Kane to go downtown, and neither did I want to take Dickie to a movie if Kane decided to stay home.

That evening, after supper, he might almost have been repeating words he'd read in my mind when he said, "You don't mind, do you, if I stick around the house tonight? It's pretty raw and mean outdoors—"

"Of course not," I said as lightly as I could. "You can build a fire in the living room if you want to."

"Not a bad idea," he agreed, and went to do it, accompanied by Dickie, while I cleared the table.

"I think I'll stay up an hour or so later than usual," Dickie announced with careful casualness when they returned. "I don't feel very sleepy."

Above Dickie's head, Kane was grinning in appreciation of my son's roundabout method of getting permission to stay up. I glanced down at the round, too-innocent face and couldn't help smiling too. "All right," I said almost thankfully. "Since it's Friday night, I'll tell you what—we'll pop some corn after a while."

But there came a time when, after all the corn had been popped and eaten, Dickie's head began to droop and I had to take him, protesting stoutly that he wasn't sleepy at all, to bed. When I returned, Kane was in the big armchair in front of the fireplace, long legs stretched out to the blaze. He didn't look up.

"Get the boy to bed?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "but not asleep yet."

Kane chuckled. "He's a swell little kid . . . You know what I've been sitting here thinking?"

"No—what?"

"That Jim's a pretty lucky guy. The only thing is—" and with a swift, smooth movement he was on his feet beside me—"I don't think he knows just how lucky."

I said nervously, "Maybe he just doesn't show it." Get out, get out! a voice inside me was warning. Go to your room, close the door. Almost

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stammering, I said, "I—I think I'll go—to bed. I'm rather tired—"

"You're not tired!" Kane cried, in a low, savagely restrained voice that sent a thrill of exultation through me. "You're afraid to stay here with me, aren't you?" He had stepped closer, and the fingers of one hand went around my waist, holding it like a steel band.

"Of course I'm not," I said. "Let me go. I—"

He laughed. With a twist of his hand, he pulled me into his arms, and into a witch's spell of madness in which I forgot everything—Jim, Dickie, my own self-respect—and knew only that I would follow this man wherever he led me.

And then, while we were still locked in each other's arms, while his lips were still on mine in that first kiss, there was a sound from the hall—no, hardly a sound, no more than a quick, indrawn breath.

I tore my lips away, pushed Kane from me with both hands.

In the open door stood Dickie, a slight, pajama-clad figure. "I couldn't sleep," he whispered.

His face puckered, and he turned and ran, his bare feet making pattering sounds through the silence. But he left behind him something I knew I should never lose—the memory of his face, filled with stark, incredulous horror.

**I** STARTED to run after him, but stopped before I reached the door. What good would it do? What could I possibly say?

I sank down into the nearest chair, covering my face with both trembling hands. In my shame and revulsion, I didn't even want to see Kane. He stood beside me, no doubt trying to think of something to say, but after a moment I whispered, "Please go away," and I could almost feel his relief as he left the room.

How long I sat there I'll never know. I was almost physically sick.

The exultation of a few moments before was gone completely, and in its place there was only a feeling of sordidness and guilt. To have my son—my little boy—see me so! It was worse than if it had been Jim—

Jim. Dickie would tell him. He was certain to tell him.

I didn't think I could stand it to have Jim hear the story from Dickie. Perhaps if I talked to him, I could persuade him to be silent . . . But no. I wouldn't even try; I wouldn't debase myself any more in his eyes. The only thing was to make certain that I saw Jim first, so I could tell him everything before Dickie had an opportunity. After that—well, if this was the end of the road for Jim and me, it was no more than I deserved.

And Kane must leave. Not because of me. I knew with a deep certainty that he could never mean anything to me now, and I was completely indifferent whether he stayed or not. But his presence in the house would be a constant reminder to Dickie of what he had seen.

On my way to bed I stopped outside the door of Dickie's room. But it was closed, and I found I didn't have the courage to push it open.

The next morning he came to breakfast looking subdued and unhappy, and very anxious not to look straight at me. He ate in big, hurried gulps, and as soon as he was finished started for the back door.

"Dickie . . ." I said in desperation,

and he stopped, but he didn't turn around. Every line of his little body was tense with discomfort.

"What you want?" he said in a guarded voice.

Sick at heart, I gave up. There was nothing I could do or say that would make him understand or forgive. "Nothing, I guess," I sighed. "Go on out and play."

I dreaded the long hours before Kane came down. But about ten o'clock I was amazed to see him enter the house by the back door. Instead of being in his room upstairs, as I had supposed, he must have been gone all night. There was a tired look about his blue eyes as he shut the door and stood against it.

"Did you ever feel like a heel?" he asked wearily.

I tried to smile, but without much success. "That's how I feel now," I told him.

He turned his hat around and around in his hands. "Funny," he said, "how you can be all set to do something you know you shouldn't, not caring who you hurt—and then, in a minute, something happens. And you don't see how you could have acted that way, but you know darn well you did." His head snapped up. "I've got to get out of here," he said.

"Yes," I said. "I know."

"I'll find someplace else to stay." He hesitated, then added, "Unless it'll be too hard for you to explain to Jim?"

"No," I said. "I'd rather you went." "I'm sorry," he said, "for—everything."

"That's all right."

So Kane moved out. He was gone before Dickie came in for lunch. And I noticed that Dickie did not even mention his name.

Saturday passed, and Sunday, and Monday—each day made up of hours that dragged endlessly. I dreaded Jim's return, and yet even facing him would be better than this waiting, with Dickie avoiding me so.

**AND** then, after all, Jim came back unexpectedly, and Dickie saw him long before I did.

On Tuesday afternoon I came home from a shopping trip to find that Jim had been home for an hour. He and Dickie were in the living room, and the sound of their voices was the first intimation I had that Jim was back. I walked along the hall, my heart thudding. Had Dickie told him?

I couldn't guess from their expressions. Dickie stopped talking when he saw me, but Jim said awkwardly, "Oh, hello, Anne. We didn't hear you come in."

He took a step toward me and stopped. Yes—I was sure of it now—he was ill-at-ease. But was that because he knew what Dickie had seen, or because we had parted so angrily? There was something almost apologetic and pleading about his manner, though.

As naturally as I could, I asked him about the trip, admired the matching tie and handkerchief he'd brought Dickie, listened while he told of the crowded trains, the difficulty he'd had trying to find a place to stay, the work he'd done at the factory.

Not one of us mentioned Kane Garnett.

"Why doesn't he ask where Kane is?" I thought—and answered myself. "Because Dickie has told him Kane's gone—and why."

At last supper was over, and Dickie



was in bed, and we were alone. I sat in my usual place, on the right of the hearth, and although the newspaper was in my hands, I wasn't reading. I was waiting—waiting for something, I didn't know what.

As the minutes went by, and Jim turned on the radio, listened briefly and dialed another station, hope surged up in my heart. Maybe Dickie hadn't said anything, and Jim simply assumed that Kane had gone out before he arrived. Then I needn't tell him what had happened. I could give some explanation—it didn't matter what—of Kane's departure, and—

Jim switched off the radio. He came over and took the newspaper from me. "Anne," he said, "I—Maybe it'll be easier to explain if I tell you what happened to me on the trip. I told you the hotels were full. Finally one of the men at the factory invited me to stay at his place while I was in town. His name's Porter, too—funny thing."

While Jim talked, he kept running one hand through his thick brown hair, graying a little now at the temples. "His name was the same as mine, but he and his wife were about as different from us as—as anything you can imagine. They'd been through a lot, too—he lost his job in the depression and they had a tough time. Like us. Worse than us, though—they had a baby, but it was born dead, and they couldn't ever have another. But all of it didn't make any difference in the way they felt about each other. They're—they're happy, Anne."

"One night, at supper, Mrs. Porter said something about having seen a woman friend of hers that day—I didn't catch the name, and anyhow it

doesn't matter. The thing that struck me was that Mike didn't like this friend of his wife's and didn't really want her to see her. But instead of getting mad he only laughed and kidded her about it. I couldn't help thinking that if it had been you and me we'd have had a big row."

HE was sitting on a low stool he'd drawn up near me, his face turned up so I could see its lean, sharp lines, the flatness of the cheeks, the firm modeling of the chin. But most of all I saw its sadness.

"I couldn't help wondering where we'd got off the track, Anne. These people were just ordinary. There wasn't anything very smart about them. But some way or other, they'd succeeded where we failed. And I couldn't help seeing that part of the failure was mine. If I'd been a little more willing to see things your way—or anyhow, hadn't been so bound that you'd see them mine—I don't know. This is what I'm trying to get at, Anne—couldn't we start in all over, and maybe each of us take the other fellow a little easier?"

Oh, I wanted to say yes! There was nothing in all the world I wanted more. And I could have said yes, if only Jim had asked his question a week earlier.

Tears stung my eyes, bitter tears for the happiness we could have had; tears of sorrow, too, for the moment to come when I would see the tenderness vanish from Jim's face. Because I had to tell him.

"Wait, Jim," I said shakily. "First—hadn't you noticed Kane Garnett isn't here?"

"Yes," he answered, and then went

on quickly, "I know you didn't want him around. If you asked him to go it's all right."

"It isn't that," I admitted. "It's—worse, Jim. I was furious when you left—but I won't make excuses. I—I let him kiss me one night and . . . Dickie saw us."

"Dickie! Oh, no, Anne!" Jim's shocked concern was not, I knew to my shame, because of the kiss—I think he knew that even to me that kiss was a nightmare, something to forget—but for its effect on Dickie.

"Yes, Jim, it was terrible. I was never so ashamed—I didn't know it was possible to be so ashamed." Now I began to cry in earnest, all the emotional stress of the past days bursting its bonds and coming out in deep, body-racking sobs. "I was sure he'd tell you and—and I couldn't bear the thought of it. I made up my mind to tell you first, but— But this afternoon you came home while I was out and—and he didn't tell you at all!"

Then Jim proved that he'd meant it when he asked if we couldn't start over. He picked me up, as if I'd been a child, and sat down again, cradling me in his arms.

"Of course Dickie didn't tell me," he said softly. "He's no tattler."

"But even if he didn't," I cried, "he'll always hate me—he'll always remember—"

"No, he won't. He's only a kid, and he'll forget."

Kind words, meant to help me, but I knew they were only words. Jim might forgive, but Dickie never would.

And then Jim added the few words more that meant everything.

"We'll help him to forget," he said. "Together."

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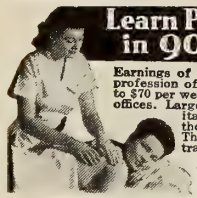
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## Promise for Tomorrow

Continued from page 15

gives you a chance to be with him, nor can you explain that you're very glad to be here, because he means more to you than anyone has ever meant before or ever will again.

No, you couldn't say any of those things—and he wouldn't guess them, not ever in a thousand years.

It was spring outside and an early-evening breeze danced through the open windows of the office and ruffled my hair. I brushed back a dark strand from my forehead.

"First to Robert Darnett," he was saying. "Washington, D. C. My dear Bob—"

My pencil raced over the paper almost automatically, in time to his words. I tried to concentrate on the meaning of those words, to lose myself in the work. The new shipment of parachutes would be delayed three days, to make improvements. These would be the most practical developments—

But other thoughts kept crowding into my mind. I tried to keep them away—I didn't want to admit to myself the full and somehow frightening truth—that I'd actually fallen in love with him. How did I dare to fall in love with this lean young man who sat only a few feet from me, whose heart and soul were wrapped up in his business, who didn't really think of me as a human being at all, but only a part of the office equipment?

**FUNNY** how things happen, how different people are, how life gets itself all mixed up. Take Helen, for instance, my sister. She and I are millenniums apart. Helen's pretty as a princess and she's tall and slim, and her dark, curling hair falls to her shoulders. But it's more than that—Helen has a manner, a gaiety in her laughter and talk. Men seem to cluster around her—there's hardly an evening when she isn't off to some party or dance.

Both Helen and I have worked ever since father died three years ago. Helen started as a model and worked up to be assistant buyer in a department store, and I've been typist and stenographer at the McAllister Textile Company.

Helen's only a year older than I, and even though we're so different, we've always been terribly close—in a way. But you see, I was afraid. To start with, I was—well, it sounds like a funny thing to say about your sister, but I was afraid of Helen. It wasn't her fault that she was always the center of attention, that from the time, years ago, when boys first began to come around to our house they always came to see Helen. Or, if they didn't come to see Helen the first time, it was always Helen they came to see the second time and all of the times afterward. And pretty soon I just got so I didn't ever bring boys home any more. It hurt too much.

Out of that fear of Helen grew other fears. I knew I wasn't beautiful, and in contrast to Helen, I just simply wasn't anything.

And so I set aside a neat little compartment in my heart, and I locked it. That place was for love, and maybe the door would never be opened. I swore I'd stay away from love, stay away so I'd never be hurt. I would make my career my life. I would find all of my happiness in work.

But you can't, not really. And in my heart I knew I was hungry for love. Only it had to be real, it had to be new and clear and honest, it had to mean more than anything in the world. It couldn't be cheap or tawdry—it had to be more than schoolboy kisses and petting in the rumble seat.

I certainly had had no intention of falling in love with Victor McAllister. Yet, looking back, it seems that it was almost inevitable.

I knew how the firm was in bad shape when he took over after his father died—how he battled with the doddering trustees and forced them to agree to convert to making parachutes for the Army. I knew the way he had of making a decision and fighting it through. And I knew, also, how those hard gray eyes could suddenly kindle and seem eager and somehow lonely. You watch a man at his work, learning these things about him, day after day, until—until one bright morning you realize you're in love.

The dictation was done and I closed the book with a professional snap and stood up. Mr. McAllister leaned back in his chair and glanced up at me. I could see the fatigue in his gaunt features—fatigue that had come with long hours of work daily, month after month, since the outbreak of war. Our eyes met and for a long instant we were looking at each other without speaking.

There was something electric in that moment. I didn't want it to end. Yet I was afraid—afraid my eyes might tell him something my lips would never say. I turned away from him quickly. He stood up, walked to the window, gazed out at the darkened office buildings and factories.

"You like working, don't you, Miss—Miss Prim?" His lips broke in a smile.

Across the room from him, I drew back a step. Miss Prim, he'd called me. "That's not my real name," I said hurriedly. "My real name is Miss Marshall. The girls outside made up the other name—"

**I**T sounded silly, saying that. I watched Mr. McAllister light his pipe. "I know," he told me. "You've worked here over a year, haven't you? I was only—tell me, why do they call you Miss Prim?"

I shook my head. I wondered if he were joking with me or—trying to make friends. "I don't really know," I lied. "Maybe it's because I'm mostly interested in work."

For a moment he seemed puzzled. Then he said, "Yes, I know. You're—you're really in love with your work, aren't you? You find romance in doing your job. I know because—that's the way I am, too."

"Yes, I know you are," I told him. Then, without pausing to think a moment I said, "You've been working too hard, Mr. McAllister. You ought to take a good rest."

I stopped short, horrified at myself. It sounded presumptuous and out-of-place for me to tell him that. But he wasn't angry—he was grinning. "You sound," he said dryly, "almost like a wife."

With an effort I managed to smile. "I guess it's—really a sisterly instinct. Besides—the firm ought to watch out for its president, times like these."

"For its young ladies, too," he said



"You've been working pretty hard yourself."

"I enjoy it. Really, I do."

"Yes, you do." His tone was suddenly serious. "Maybe that explains it. Maybe that's the reason—"

"Explains—what?" I asked him.

"The way we work," he answered. "When we're together it's—it's almost like a team. I seem to get more done, it seems to go better. Somehow I can't understand—"

I was thinking of Miss Damon, his regular secretary. She had been his father's secretary before him, and she was tall and stately and she thought she knew more about the business than anyone else. No, she wouldn't understand Mr. McAllister, wouldn't understand a young man with a dream—

"Maybe," I said, "it's because we're each in our own way looking to the future. Maybe because of what we're hoping for tomorrow—"

"You know," he said, "you may be right. Each of us doing our part in this hodge-podge of a world. Each of us joined in this struggle for decency."

"Each of us waiting—hoping—for a new tomorrow," I echoed him.

I STOOD there watching him, motionless. an odd sense of terror in my breast. I was afraid, afraid of spoiling this moment, this intimate sharing of ideas. Afraid I might say the wrong thing, the way I almost always did when the talk got too far from business, from typewriters and Dr. Gregg's shorthand.

"I think," I said, haltingly, "it's getting late and—I'll have these letters to do, first thing in the morning—"

He nodded. "Yes. Yes, of course." He watched me as I gathered up pencils and notebook. "Yes, I think you're right, Miss Prim. I think we—make a good working team."

"I'm glad. I'm—very glad—"

You see, that's all it was. Yet when I reached my room that night, I went over in my mind everything we'd said, remembering every word of it, reaching out to catch again that sense of intimacy between us, as if we were the only two people in the world.

That was the start, that night. Because after that, I stayed late often to work for him. Even when Miss



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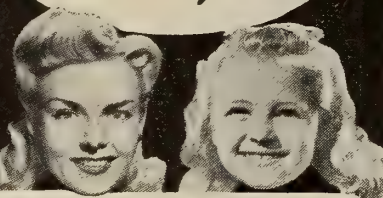


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Damon returned, it was I he asked to stay on for late dictation. It was almost all business, and yet sometimes we talked—talked about the war and the world—and the kind of world we wanted after the war. It was in those moments that it seemed there was a kind of secret kinship between us, more real because we would never speak of it.

And then one night—one late spring night when the world seemed sweet and new—it happened, right out of a clear sky.

We'd been working hard all evening, and all of a sudden he stopped dictating and looked at me and I saw a hint of laughter in his eyes.

"Miss Prim," he said slowly, lingering over the silly little name so that I suddenly loved it, "you know what I think? I think you're lonely."

I laid down my pencil and stared at him, hating the slow rise of color I felt flooding my cheeks. "Lonely?" I repeated. "Why, why what do you mean?"

The laughter in his eyes moved down to his lips. "Because sometimes you look the way I feel."

My heart felt as if it were rolling down a hill. In a very small voice I managed, "Maybe I am lonely."

"You know what else I think?" He got to his feet, came around the desk and stood looking down at me. "It's spring, and spring's no time to be lonely. So I think that tomorrow night we ought to play hookey, you and I, and have dinner together."

I'd dreamed this scene between us so many times. I'd dreamed how he'd ask me to go out with him, and how I'd answer, how with complete self-possession I'd say, "Why, I'd love to, Mr. McAllister!"

But now that the moment was here, I could only look up at him and then look quickly down again, and hear that voice of mine, still idiotically unlike my own, gasping, "You—and I? Why—I mean—"

HE rested his hand ever so lightly on my shoulder. He didn't know it, but with that hand he had reached into my heart to unlock the door that was barred against love, to unlock the door that was my safety, and leave me vulnerable, exposed to hurt.

He smiled down at me. "You and I—yes. What's wrong with that, Miss Prim?"

I grasped at the foolish little name, letting my mind hold firmly to it to keep my head above water. "Nothing. Nothing's wrong with it. It's a lovely idea."

He turned back to his desk and picked up a letter, but his eyes were still on me. "Tomorrow night, then. Shall I pick you up at your home?"

I almost said yes, and then I remembered Helen, and I remembered that boy I'd lost my heart to in high school, and another one who had moved into our neighborhood one summer, and . . .

It wasn't going to happen again. It wasn't ever going to happen again. I didn't care what anyone thought, not Helen herself, nor mother, nor even Victor McAllister.

"No," I said. "I—I have some shop-

ping to do first. Suppose I meet you afterward? Will that be all right?"

He raised his eyebrows a little, but the smile was still there. "Of course," he said, "that'll be all right."

I didn't sleep that night. I tossed and turned, and tried not to think, but my thoughts kept weaving a pattern in my mind. It was a picture of happiness. The love I had kept buried and hidden in my heart—perhaps now there was hope for its release.

But I was afraid, too. It would be different, going out with him. It wouldn't be like the office. Suppose I froze up and couldn't find anything to say, the way I always did at Helen's parties? Suppose—but this *mustn't* go wrong. I wouldn't let it.

AND it didn't. From the moment Victor met me until he brought me home, long after mother and Helen were in bed, the evening was perfect—at least for me. Oh, there were silences—but they were the silences which don't need words to bridge them. And there were times when I couldn't find the right things to say, but there was laughter between us, and in my heart there was so much happiness that I couldn't even stop to wonder whether Victor was happy, too. All I knew was that I was having a wonderful time.

And three nights later we went out again. That time I told him that I had to visit a friend of mine who was in the hospital, and would he mind very much picking me up there? On Sunday I invented an excuse to go to my cousin Esther's so that Victor could call for me at her house. By the following Wednesday I could hardly look Victor in the eye when I said—and tried to say it oh, so casually—in response to his invitation to go dancing, "I'm having dinner with a girl friend tomorrow night, but I'll be through early. Would you like to pick me up at her place?" I could hardly look at him because I knew he must sense that something was wrong. There'd been a difference in his attitude the last time we were out together.

And the difference was more marked that Thursday night when we went dancing. Oh, it was heaven to be held in his arms, to move, two people like one person, about the floor with him in perfect time to the music. But between dances my old fear came back. I found it hard to talk to him, and this time Victor seemed to have no words, either, to fill the long silences. As he said good-by to me at the door that night, I thought for a moment that he was going to put the question in his mind into words, that he was going to ask me why I avoided having him come to our house, why I kept him from meeting my family. But in the end he said nothing—just dropped his hand to my shoulder for a moment in that light caress which had come to mean so much to me.

That was Thursday night. On Friday Victor had time for nothing but business, and Saturday, too, passed without his saying anything about seeing me again. Sunday was a lonely day—almost as lonely as those long Sundays I used to spend, except I had something to remember—some-

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thing that perhaps I would have to try to forget.

On Monday I left the office without having seen Victor all day. By now I was definitely afraid, and by now, too, I was beginning to be Miss Prim again, discouraged and defeated before the battle was half over.

I walked slowly up the long block toward our home. I was three houses away when I heard familiar laughter ring out—laughter which sent my heart soaring, and then plunging sickeningly back to normal to thud out a warning. Victor's laughter.

Another voice joined in, high and light, like music. Helen and Victor. Helen and Victor, sitting together on our front porch, laughing together, as if they had known each other all of their lives.

It's happened again, I told myself, and tears stung my eyes. Well, you might have known it would. You might have known it couldn't last. You might have known that Helen—

I couldn't bear it. Swiftly I turned on my heel and fled back down that long block. I walked—oh, I don't know how far I walked, how long I walked, but at last I turned back toward home. I'd have to face it. I couldn't stay away forever. But I knew what would happen now. Victor had met Helen—Helen, the fairytale princess, the beautiful Helen no man could resist. And now I could go on being Miss Prim for the rest of my life, and Victor wouldn't even notice, wouldn't care whether or not I was lonely . . .

IT was dark when I reached home. Victor was gone, but Helen was still sitting in the glider on the porch. She hailed me cheerfully. "Hi, Connie! Where on earth have you been?"

"I had to work late," I told her. "Well, your boss didn't," she said. "Connie, you've been holding out on us. Why didn't you tell us that you've been going out with such an attractive man?"

"He—" I began, but Helen went blithely on. "Victor McAllister came calling tonight. Too bad you weren't home. He said that since he knew you so well, it was high time he met your mother and your sister. Connie, he's a darling—"

But I couldn't stand any more. I ran into the house and up to my room. Too bad I hadn't been home! Too bad I'd ever been born! I sat in the chair by the window, thoughts like dull hammer blows beating in my brain. I had lost. I had lost. And then, born of my misery, born of my fear that there was nothing left for me, a desperate plan took shape.

Helen had everything she wanted. Helen had ten men running after her to every other girl's one. Why couldn't I take a leaf from Helen's book? Heaven knows that I'd heard enough of her gay chatter to be able to imitate it perfectly. What else did I need? Courage? I'd find that somewhere.

Maybe all of this sounds foolish to you. But it wouldn't if you'd ever had a sister like Helen, if you'd been overshadowed from the day you were born by another girl's beauty and magnetism. If, when you were a little girl, you'd heard your mother say over and over again, "Oh, yes, Connie's a dear child—but have you seen Helen? Connie, run out and find Helen. Tell her mother wants her to play the piano for the company." It was Helen who had had the pretty dresses because she had put down her

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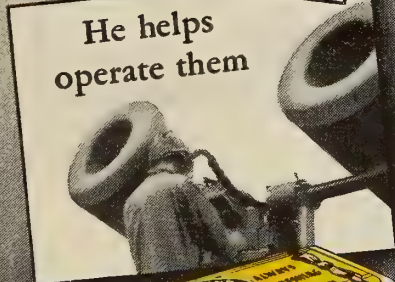
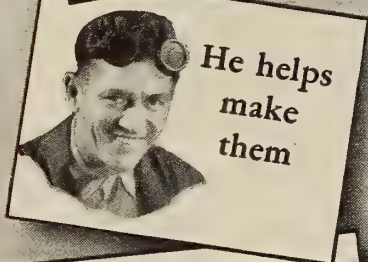


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lovely little foot and had insisted upon them. "Connie looks better in simple things." It was Helen who had had dancing lessons. "We'll wait until you're a little older, Connie. Until you—well, learn to handle yourself a little better."

Maybe if you'd asserted yourself long ago, Connie, I told myself angrily, life wouldn't all have been Helen, Helen, Helen! Well, perhaps it still wasn't too late. At least I was going to have an awfully good try!

I sailed into work the next morning with my head high, and before I could lose my nerve, I sailed right on into Victor's office. He looked up and smiled.

"Hello, Connie. Where on earth were you last night? I dropped by and waited some time for you. Your sister and I had quite a chat. Lord, she's a beautiful little thing, isn't she?"

I couldn't wait to answer him. If I stopped to think about his meeting with Helen, I would lose my newfound courage. So I plunged desperately ahead. "I'm sorry I missed you," I said, and added hurriedly, "Let's make up for it by having dinner tonight instead."

**H**IS eyebrows shot up to give his face that endearing look of quiz-zical surprise. The twinkle flickered in his eyes for a moment and was gone. "Why of course," he agreed. "Where shall I meet you?"

I shook my head. "Call for me at home. About seven?"

He nodded with satisfaction. "About seven," and turned back to the papers on his desk. But as I walked out of the office, I felt his eyes following me. I felt a little bold, and a little shaky—but oh, so terribly determined!

That afternoon I told what I considered a completely forgivable lie. I said I had a headache and asked to leave the office early. But I didn't go home. I went first to the bank and then to Monsieur Paul, the most expensive hairdresser in town. "Give me everything," I had told the girl on the phone that morning when I'd made the appointment.

I didn't look at myself until Paul's deft fingers had put the finishing touches on my hair, until a Miss Eloise had wrought a miracle with makeup, until a Miss Jeanette had changed my office-grubby fingernails to shining ruby ovals. And then a completely different person looked back at me from the mirror. My dark hair was piled high on my head; my skin had taken on a sun-warmed tone; a touch of blue above my eyes had made them larger and darker and somehow mysterious. My mouth was full, deeply red and luscious—not Miss Prim's mouth. I was satisfied. I was no longer Miss Prim at all. Neither was I Connie Marshall. I was—well, I was someone new and exciting. I felt as though I had just been born, with the whole world ahead of me.

At Chez Marie I bought a dress that was like a stroke of ink on white paper, dead black, dramatic, Helen's kind of dress, and to go with it a sleek little cap of black feathers with a crimson feather flower that reflected the flame of my courage.

What can I say about that evening? It was right, so very right, as I came down the stairs to meet the amazement in Victor's eyes. And then, there was the first tiny note of warning. Victor's glance left me, and his eyes met Helen's, which had been staring

at me in equal amazement. What was it that flickered between them for the breadth of a second? What did they understand between them that left me out? Whatever it was, I was determined not to let it touch me. This night was mine.

But it wasn't mine at all. It belonged to the girl I created out of a black dress and a hat with a red feather, out of a cake of rouge and the sweep of a mascara brush. It belonged to a stranger to Victor, and he treated her as a stranger. He held her in his arms as he danced with her, but they were a million miles apart.

We left the Coq Noir early. We had never left there before until the lights had dimmed and the orchestra had put its instruments away.

There was still the ride home, a last chance for me. There was nothing for me to say. I had said all of the little empty things. How do some women fill a lifetime with words like that? I knew only that I was losing Victor, and that there was but one thing left to try. I moved closer to him and sunk my teeth into my lip to control the terrible shivering that the touch of him sent through me. But there was no response in him. He did not move away, but neither did he take his eyes from the road.

As the car stopped before our house, I turned my face up to his. "Good-night, Victor." They were soft little words, and there was no mistaking the invitation that went with them.

After a moment, he accepted it. I had dreamed about this kiss, this first kiss between us, but there was no relation between the dream and the reality. Victor's mouth was firm and cool; his kiss was as formal as the how-do-you-do exchanged when strangers meet.

**T**HEN he opened the door on his side of the car and came around to let me out. Numbly, I went up the walk to the house, Victor behind me. Helen was sitting on the glider. To her he said good evening; to me he said good night. If there was to be more, I couldn't wait for it. I ran up the stairs to hide from myself in the shadows of my room. In the bitter silence there was only the sound of Victor's car driving off.

Sick with misery, I crouched in the



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chair by the window, knowing that with him had gone my every hope of happiness. There had never been anyone like him before, and there would never be again. I had been given a sight of something precious, and with my own hand I had closed the door on it. Because I knew now that I had blundered terribly. I had let fear trap me into doing something which was not only unlike the real me, but which was cheap and shameful. Hot waves of that shame flooded over me; I was too miserable even to cry. I could only huddle in the darkness and try not to remember.

There was a repetition of the sound which had broken the silence—the sound of a car. A car coming slowly along the street, pulling to a stop before our door. And then footsteps on the walk, Victor's footsteps—I knew them so well! Their sound brought me to my feet on the crest of a great surge of joy and relief. He had come back!

I might have turned then, and rushed down to him, but the sound of his voice stopped me. His voice, whispering—the small, intimate sound of a name, but not my name.

"Helen? Helen, are you still there?"

And her answer. "Yes, here I am."

I don't know what they said after that. It was as if merciful hands had stopped my ears, but nothing could stop my thoughts. This was why Victor had brought me home so early. He had planned all along to return—to Helen. This was what that look which had flashed between them had meant. I sat very still, gathered into myself, as if in my very stillness I could stop the turning of the world, the progression of time. And in the silence I heard their voices once again. But first, their laughter, mingling and coming up to me as one mirth.

OH, the idiot! The poor little idiot!" That was Helen, and her voice was all kindness.

And Victor answering her. "I don't know whether you'll understand, but somehow, I simply couldn't say anything to her. She was making such a brave showing, and—well, you know how fine and sensitive she is. I was afraid if I asked her why she staged this little drama, it might send her back into that shell it took me so long to crack. And so I thought I would wait until tomorrow, but I found I couldn't let the night go by with this between us. Helen—do something. Fix it up for me."

Helen's laughter sounded again. "You'll have to speak for yourself, John." And close on the heels of that, her voice calling softly to me, "Connie! Connie, come down here."

Something quite outside me took me out of my room, impelled me down the stairs. Victor was waiting for me on the porch, but Helen had disappeared.

Remember that kiss I dreamed about? It was reality now, and so were the arms around me.

There was laughter in his voice, and something else that shook it, that made the sound of the words incredibly sweet. "Connie, Connie, I ought to turn you over my knee! You've been such a little idiot!"

"I know."

"And I've been such a terrible fool."

I found a little laughter of my own.

"I know."

And that was all we said. Not that there wasn't more to say, but that could wait until tomorrow.

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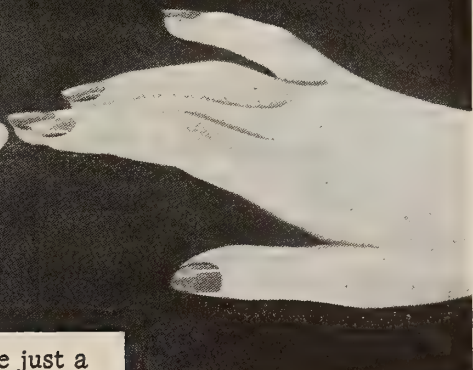
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# No More to Fear

Continued from page 43

me, and that I could not bear. I loved him above everything; he was all I had. My mother's words, as she lay in that last delirium, had been, "Keep Julian with you . . . stay together . . . you must keep Julian. . ."

Mrs. Steiger with whom we boarded tried to help me with him. But she, too, was busy struggling to make ends meet, and she couldn't do much with a child as difficult as he.

**THEN** Jed came to town. He was a promoter. About ten years older than I, well dressed, good looking, a smooth talker, apparently with plenty of money—I thought he was the most attractive man I'd ever met.

I was young. I was pretty. I was innocent. But it was more than that. Jed was experienced far beyond his years, and my fresh eagerness intrigued him. A jaded appetite is excited only by something new—and I guess I was certainly that, to him. For all my eighteen years, and working, I was a naïve child. And compared to the women he had known, I was a baby.

When he talked of being crazy about me, I thought he was talking about love. When he said he wanted me, I thought he meant marriage. And marriage with Jed, I thought, would be wonderful. It would bring the things I'd longed for with the passionate dreams of youth—romance and adventure, and best of all, sanctuary for Julian.

For Jed had said, "If you're so worried about the kid, I'll make myself his legal guardian. He likes me, I like him, and if I'm his guardian, nobody can take him away."

The excited, unreal happiness of that whirlwind courtship and marriage lasted about eight months. When the disillusionment came, it was swift and shattering.

It began when, suddenly and almost stealthily, we left my home town and moved to a big city halfway across the continent. In spite of Jed's glib, plausible explanations I knew something was wrong. Finally I got at the truth of it. Jed's "promoting" deals were shady ones. I don't pretend to understand anything about business, but his seemed mainly to consist of fleecing poor people of life-long savings by selling tricky investments.

Maybe those deals weren't actually outside the law, but they were close to it. When you had to hurry away from a place, leaving debts and angry investors believing they'd been cheated, that was stealing to me.

When we'd been married a year, I knew Jed was tired of me. The charm of my youthful inexperience wore off for him. I found out that there was another girl—a cheap little hanger-on of his circle of friends. And I found out, too, that underneath that smooth, good-looking exterior ran a streak of real cruelty. He flaunted the knowledge of that girl in my face with a sort of sadistic pleasure.

Then I discovered something else. Julian was suddenly getting good grades at school. He was getting them because Jed encouraged him to cheat. "Why get 'em the hard way? Don't be a sucker, kid." He even egged him on to pick on smaller boys.

"So what if he is younger than you? If you don't like what he says, beat him up. There's no place in the world for softies, Julian."

Making a mess of my own life was one thing. But seeing my brother grow up into a cheating, swaggering bully was something else.

I did the only thing left for me to do. I took my brother and ran away.

I went to a neighboring town, got a job in a drug store and wrote to old Dr. Drake. He was Dean of Winston College, and had been a good friend of my parents. I poured out the whole sordid story and he, bless him, offered me a job at the college.

"I think, my dear," he said when I came to Winston, "that you'd better say nothing to anyone about your husband. Let people assume you're a widow. This is a small town and the college is denominational—good people, you understand, but inclined to be over-strict in the conventions. They wouldn't understand, perhaps. Later, when you're well established, we can arrange for you to go away quietly and get the divorce—and annul the adoption. Otherwise, people will talk and you've had enough unpleasantness for a while. I want you to be happy and forget. You leave it all to me. . ."

It was he who first introduced Andy to me and arranged for Julian to attend the summer camp Andy ran for boys my brother's age. It was he who did everything. I know he acted for what he believed the best but "later" never came. Before the year was out, Dr. Drake was dead of a heart attack.

Dean Fuller took his place, and I thought my secret was dead with the good doctor. Until tonight. . .

I roused myself and looked at the clock. Nearly ten. Julian would be home soon. I picked up the pieces of shattered pottery and threw them in the wastebasket. Tomorrow I would tell him what had happened. Tomorrow when Jed was gone.

Jed couldn't hurt us now, I kept telling myself. Meanwhile there was Andy to think about. Andy who tonight had kissed me for the first time. . .

There was no hint that that kiss had ever happened, in Andy's office next day, as between his classes, he introduced me to my new duties. I was a little disappointed. I thought something in his manner might suggest he remembered it as I did—but, after all, we had to be business-like now.

**LATE** in the day when classes were over, all the letters dictated, and the last student had had his conference, Andy said, "Time to knock off. Let's drop over to the sandwich shop and have a snack. I've got a lot to talk to you about."

Once more that breathless moment of last night brushed me. I felt again the sense of sharp expectancy, half sweet, half fearful. Would he say he loved me? Would he ask me to marry him? And if he did and I told him what I had to tell him—what then? Would it make any difference? Oh, surely not. Not with Andy.

We left the building and started across the campus. Suddenly I stopped short. Across the street, directly in my path, was Jed Clinton.



He walked toward us, with his easy, self-assured smile. "Surprised you again, Alma." He turned to Andy. "Matter of fact, I surprised myself. I'd planned to leave today. But last night at the hotel, I got to talking, asking questions and the like—and decided Winston College might like to hear about a little idea of mine. So this morning I saw Dean Fuller and he gratified me very much by being very interested. I'm staying on."

"You're — staying?" I repeated stupidly. "You saw—Dean Fuller?"

He went on glibly talking about his little "idea" to Andy. I hardly listened. It was something about now that the college had been so hard hit by having its enrollments curtailed by the war, there was some property owned by the college that could be developed sufficiently to bring in a good income. . . . Andy heard him through, his intelligent gray eyes never leaving Jed's face.

Finally Jed said, "There are some things I've got to talk over with you, Alma. If you're not too busy—"

"I'm sorry," Andy cut in. "We are going—"

"Please, Andy, I—let's make it tomorrow. I—I'll have to see Jed now—I'm terribly sorry." I was pleading with my eyes for him to understand.

"Oh." There was a little silence. "Just as you like," Andy bowed and turned away, like any casual stranger.

Jed took my arm and led me into the sandwich shop. When our orders were taken, I faced him desperately across the small, scarred table.

"You promised! You said you'd go away and never come back!"

"That was before I knew the easy pickings around here. . . . Now don't look pious, Alma. This deal is on the up and up. Chance for me to pick up some real dough, and it'll be a long time before Fuller finds out he's not quite as smart as he thinks he is."

"I'm going to tell him about you. I don't care if it means my job or anything else! You're not going to cheat these good, simple people! I'm—"

Jed blandly lit a cigarette. "I don't think you will. I saw Julian this morning. Quite a kid. Said he was going in the Navy. I didn't tell him this, but he can't go in unless I say so. I'm his legal guardian, not you. And furthermore, baby," he leaned over the table and his face was no longer bland, "one squawk out of you to anybody, and I'll take him away from you! I've got more right to him than you have, according to the law. So don't forget that."

THE blood in my veins turned to ice. "You couldn't!" I whispered. "He thinks you and I were divorced long ago—you couldn't, Jed."

"Why couldn't I?"

Suddenly the old pattern of my life was falling back in place again. Once more I was that helpless, frightened girl—with Jed ruthlessly doing what he wanted, getting what he pleased. Once more the familiar panic swept over me, trying to struggle against a force too strong, doomed to failure before I even started. I couldn't think. I couldn't act. I could only plead—and pleading with Jed had never done any good. He could carry out his threats and I knew it. . . .

Julian was waiting for me when I got home after that awful two hours. "It was sure funny running into Jed this morning," he told me. "What's he doing here, anyway?"

"It's just a business matter."

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I hushed his questions with half-truths. If I told him all of it, Julian might tell—and then Jed would take him away. In my panic, I knew I would do anything—anything—to keep that from happening.

At the office, next morning, I heard through the faculty grapevine, that the board of trustees was meeting that afternoon to discuss a way of making money for the college. I wanted to cry out, "Don't do it! Don't listen to Jed Clinton!"

But I couldn't.

All during the day I felt Andy's eyes on me with that puzzled look. I tried to avoid it, to keep away from anything but the business at hand. Finally he cornered me.

"Something's on your mind, Alma. You've looked positively scared all day. It isn't the new job, is it?"

"Oh, no. It's nothing, Andy—really."

"But it is. You're not yourself. Can't you tell me?"

I felt a wild, hysterical desire to laugh. I could picture how startled he might look if I suddenly said, "I've lied to you. I've lied to everybody. I'm not a widow and that man's not my cousin. He's my husband and a crook! And you have to help me because I'm in love with you and want to marry you!"

"You're not worried about Julian, are you?" he persisted.

"I'm just a little tired, that's all. Now about these term papers—"

How could I explain? He'd never given me the right to explain. He'd never said he loved me—maybe I'd only imagined it because I loved him so. If he found out now, like this, I might lose him for good.

It was that night that Jed came again. He breezed in, as if he belonged there, confident and jubilant.

"It's in the bag," he announced.

"Fuller may be a hick in a jerkwater college, but he moves fast. I've already met with the board and they're meeting again Sunday for the final decision. It looks like I'll be in the chips again and then—aren't you glad you played ball with me, Alma, like a sensible little girl?"

"I've never played ball with you! I've kept quiet because I've had to and I hate myself for doing it. Now go away and leave me alone."

HE let the door swing half shut behind him and came further into the room. He laughed softly. "How you've changed! You used to be a soft little thing, like a kitten, all big eyes and scared of your life. I like you better this way."

"Well, I'm not scared any more," I lied. "And I don't like you. Will you please go?"

He dropped his coat on the couch and walked over to me. "What a way for a wife to talk. Such a pretty wife, too—" His eyes flickered over me—"in that blue dress, and your skin soft and white, and your mouth—"

I backed away from him. "If you don't get out of here this minute I'll—"

"You seem to forget—" his hands reached out and jerked me toward him—"I'm still your husband."

He held me so I couldn't move and forced my head back. For just one hateful instant his lips were on mine. And then a voice spoke from the doorway.

"I seem to be intruding."

Jed released me and whirled around. Andy stood in the half-open door. His face was pale and tight.

I seemed rooted where I stood. Inwardly I was pleading with Andy to understand, not to judge me, and all the time frantically aware of how it must have looked. In another man's arms... Hastily I crossed the room, pushed Andy out, pulled the door to behind me.

"Andy, I—I—"

"I just came by to tell you," he said in a perfectly dead voice, "That it won't be necessary for you to come into the office tomorrow. I'm going out of town for a few days. I've arranged for someone else to meet my classes if I'm not back by Monday. I'm sorry if I came at an inopportune time."

"Don't say that! Please understand, Andy. It's—"

"I think I understand. Good night."

He went down the walk without looking back.

THE next two days were the most wretched of my life. With Andy gone—and in the middle of a term, too, with no hint of a reason to anyone—all hope of any explanation to him seemed gone, too, for good.

I spent the time alone as much as possible, away even from Julian who was too full of curiosity about Jed and why he was here. I walked for miles along the quiet New England roads, in the biting wind, trying to fight my way out of the trap that had closed in on me. A trap, I knew now, mostly of my own making. If I had been strong enough to tell the truth long ago and taken whatever consequences came of it, instead of being lulled by a false sense of security, all this couldn't have happened. Even when Jed first came—if I'd told then. But there had been Julian to protect. Always, there had been Julian.

Jed, I thought bitterly, was wrong when he'd said I was different. I was still a "soft little thing... afraid of my life." And, as a result, I'd lost everything. I had to sit by and see Jed go through with his scheme. I'd lost Andy, and I was once more completely at the mercy of the man I'd married.

When I got back to the house that Sunday afternoon, Jed was there with Julian. The boy's face looked flushed and angry, and Jed wore his smile of amused detachment.



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"He says he won't let me go in the Navy," Julian cried to me. He was almost weeping. "He says he's my legal guardian and I can't go unless he signs the papers!"

A slow, burning rage such as I had never known possessed me as I felt the impact of those words. I turned on Jed.

"You promised. You said if I kept quiet, you'd leave Julian alone. You're going to keep that promise if it's the last thing you ever do!"

"I've changed my mind. I've got other plans for the kid. The Navy's a sucker's racket."

Julian strode over to where Jed stood, his young eyes blazing. "You can't say that to me—or to anybody else!" he said shrilly. "You're a slacker. You're a—*heel*. You take that back or I'll sock you one."

Jed laughed, but his face was ugly. "Yeah?" he said. "Like—*this*?"

His right hand shot out and Julian toppled backward. It was more a push than a blow, but Jed was heavier by far, and bigger. The boy's head hit the mantel with a sharp crack, and for a second he slumped there.

"That'll teach you to talk like that to me," Jed said harshly.

Julian shook his head to clear it. Then his face set and he lunged back across the room. Jed side-stepped and reached for him. Holding the boy at arm's length with one hand so that his fists flailed the air, with the other he cuffed him roughly across the mouth.

"Stop it!" I screamed. "Jed—stop it! Julian—let him alone!"

Julian only lowered his head and bowed in. "Take it back! Take it back!" he was sobbing. Jed stepped back under the onslaught and then with a final heave, he half threw Julian from him. The boy hit the floor hard.

"I ought to break every bone in your body..." With a vicious glance at me, Jed whirled around and slammed out the door.

SOMEHOW, by main force, I kept Julian from going after him. I left him bathing his cut lip, and hurried out. That slow rage was kindled now and I felt on fire with it as I ran every step of the way to Dean Fuller's house. Julian—the little brother I'd always had to protect—was a man now and he'd taught me a lesson. He'd found the strength to stand up for what he thought was right even though he took a beating doing it.

What I was going to do would mean a beating, too, of another kind. I'd lose my job. I'd lose Andy. But Julian had given me the strength to do at last what I knew was right.

I pushed open the heavy front door of the Dean's house without knocking. From the dining room came the sound of voices. The board of trustees was meeting in there. I stumbled in, unaware of the startled faces and the sudden hush.

I didn't give them time for questions. I just poured out the story. Of our marriage, of Jed's other deals, of the people he'd cheated. "You can't go in on this scheme, whatever it is, with that man," I said at last. "He's only in it for what he can get out of it. He'll rob you!"

There was a heavy silence when I'd finished. Then Mr. Price, the banker, leaned forward in his chair. "Have you any proof for this—this extraordinary statement, Mrs. Clinton? You've made grave charges, you

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know. This idea of Mr. Clinton's seems perfectly above board to me and, if I may say so, I'm a man of considerable experience—

"No, I haven't any proof!" I cried, cutting into that dry, judicial voice. "You'll have to take my word for it. Oh, I know I should have told you before, but—there was Julian. Don't you see?"

Dean Fuller cleared his throat. "I'm afraid I don't see. I find no reason why we should take your word on this when—by your own admission—you have chosen to—deceive us all this time about your real status with this man. Undoubtedly, you have reason to dislike him. But as you haven't told us all this before, I'm afraid it appears like a grudge—" He glanced around at the others. "Suppose I call Mr. Clinton."

"Yes, call him!" I said defiantly. And suddenly I wasn't scared any more. Of Jed. Of anything.

"I certainly shall—" And then Dean Fuller halted in mid-stride, and stared at the door through which I'd come. I turned.

**ANDY PENDLETON** was coming in—a torn, disheveled Andy with one eye blacked and his tie under his ear. He waved a sheaf of papers at me and grinned happily.

"I'll have to apologize, gentlemen, for this rather unorthodox entrance. But then I've been on unorthodox business the last couple of days. I've been tracking down a crook—our good friend, Mr. Jed Clinton." He put the papers down on the table triumphantly. "There's enough in here to hang him—almost. Affidavits from people he's swindled, and—proof that under another name, he has been in jail!"

I dropped weakly into the nearest chair. Around me excited voices buzzed. I could hear only Andy's, see only his happy, excited face.

"I got suspicious at the strange way Mrs. Clinton acted when she first saw him," he was saying. "And I didn't like the look of the fellow. As you know, old Dr. Drake was almost like a father to me, and when he died, a lot of his effects came into my possession. I knew Mrs. Clinton had first come here as his protegee. So I looked through his personal files. I found a letter she'd written, four years ago. It told the whole story—at least, her part of it. I gave her a chance to tell it to me but she—" he looked at me and my heart warmed at what I read in that look—"preferred not to, for reasons of her own."

"So I simply took some time off and back-tracked on Clinton. I went back to the town where Mrs. Clinton

had first met him. Then I flew out to Chicago. I could have gone to a lot of other places, too, but I got enough. Enough, I thought, to scare him out of town and out of her life. Just now I confronted him with these facts at his hotel. There was a little—er—trouble, but I frightened him so he jumped in a car in front of the hotel and left—in a hurry. And, I am happy to say, the police are hot on his trail now . . ."

The room swam dizzily around me. Again there was the buzz of excited voices. And then someone was putting a glass to my lips and Andy was holding me and Dean Fuller was saying something about "apology . . ."

Then the telephone jangled sharply and in a moment Dean Fuller was beside me again. "I'm afraid," he said slowly, "that there is a further shock in store for you, Mrs. Clinton. That was the police. The car in which your—your husband was running away skidded on the ice. He—was dead when they found him."

"Is it awful of me to feel only relief he's gone?" I murmured to Andy as we walked home later.

"No," he said firmly. "Men like Jed Clinton bring only misery. It's better this way, Alma. Far better than to try to feel grief. But oh, my darling, if you'd only told me! I could have spared you so much."

"I couldn't," I told him. "I tried to, but I couldn't. I didn't know if you loved me enough to—to want me if you knew. I was afraid."

He stopped me there in the dusky twilight and turned me to face him.

"I don't know why you didn't know. I've been trying to tell you for weeks. But you always seemed so strong and sure inside yourself—I was afraid you couldn't need me as I needed you and—"

"Me? Strong and sure?" I laughed weakly. "I was the scariest person in the world—until today, Andy."

"That was only because you thought so. You never tried to see what was inside. You forgot you had the courage to take care of Julian and make a way for yourself when everything was against you. That's the trouble with a lot of us—we run from noises because we think we're scared. You won't ever think that again, will you?"

"No," I said. "Not ever."

"And you'll marry me soon?"

"Any time you say, Andy . . ."

We kissed and this time there was no interruption from the past, no interruption from anything. Then we went in the house and walked up the stairs together to tell Julian . . .



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**ANDRE KOSTELANETZ**, whose Sunday afternoon concerts on CBS are a highlight of the musical week. Born in St. Petersburg, he began piano lessons almost as soon as he could walk, and his first experience as a conductor came at the age of eight, when, on a visit to Finland, he was allowed to lead a band. At 19, he became conductor at the Grand Opera House in his native city, where, during the last war, fuel was so scarce that the orchestra men rehearsed in fur coats. He came to this country after the war. Since 1932 he has been on CBS almost without a break, and he and his wife, Lily Pons, have shattered box office records throughout the country in their joint concerts. His present aim is to present what he calls "middle music"—music which is not as austere as most symphonic music.



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"How happy I am that I followed the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Camay's mild lather—used daily—works wonders for me. My skin has never been so lovely. *I've* never been so happy!" says Mrs. A. T. Perrin, Woodside, N. Y.







Smile,  
Plain Girl,  
Smile..

...the Crowd will follow a Lovely Smile!

Let your smile win you friends and happiness. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE HEART, plain girl—and smile! The popular girl isn't always the best-looking one. Charm and personality take as many bouquets as beauty—and a bright, flashing, heart-winning smile can be your talisman to charm.

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a shy, timid smile—that fades almost before it's born. But a big, appealing smile that turns heads, captures hearts—that's an invitation to romance!

For that kind of a smile you need

bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show. But remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on *firm, healthy gums*.

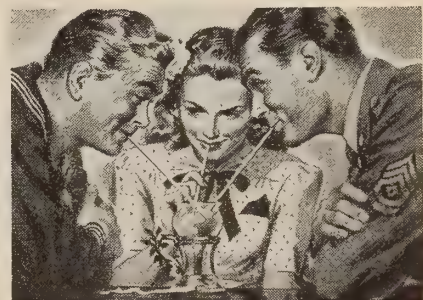
#### Don't ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If there's ever a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist!* He may say your gums have become tender and sensitive, robbed of exercise by creamy foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums, helps them to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.



A hit attraction—that's the girl with a sparkling smile! Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile lovely!

Start today with



Product of  
Bristol-Myers

**IPANA and MASSAGE**



# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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ON THE COVER—Marion Shockley, Dramatic Actress


Color Portrait by Ben de Brocke

Miss Shockley's work clothes courtesy of Sanforized

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*Irresistible*  
**AS HE DESIRES**  
*YOU*



THAT IRRESISTIBLE SOMETHING  
IS *Irresistible*  
P E R F U M E

So the man of your dreams may find you even more enchanting, wear Irresistible Perfume . . . a heart-catching, head-spinning fragrance, as lasting as it is lovely. Spicy, stimulating, it brilliantly blends the sauciness of youth with exciting sophistication. In SCENTimental Mother's Day package.

10c at all 5 and 10c stores



USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK  
Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer . . . s-m-a-o-t-h-e-r . . . 10c



## Did you know?

Production of baby diapers is keeping pace with the national birth rate, WPB assures mothers.

Turn your ration books into your local War Price and Rationing Board when you enter military service. Anyone found to be using yours will get into trouble.

Your soldier boy, home on furlough, has a right to a half-pound of sugar per week. Before he leaves camp, ask him to apply for a sugar certificate.

"There's no excuse for any increase in prices of rayon hosiery," OPA states. On the contrary, costs "are more likely to be reduced than increased."

Get the pennies out of piggy banks, the Director of the Mint urges. If every American family should return to use 10 penny pieces, and these should stay in circulation, the Nation's supply would be increased by one-third 1941's record production.

Postmen may, but your laundryman mustn't, ring twice at your home on the same day. Office of Defense Transportation has ruled that laundries may not deliver clean clothes in the morning and pick up soiled ones in the afternoon of the same day at the same place.

If you're an old-time sauerkraut fan, you're in luck this year. No kraut will be canned, but the USDA is helping producers to put tons of it up in barrels. Fans say barrel-packed kraut has superior flavor.

No landlord, in areas where rents are fixed, can impose new obligations on you which he did not require on your maximum rent date, OPA says.

To be sure of your rights, read carefully the lease in force on that date.

If that lease did not require you to pay a penalty when late paying your rent, you don't have to pay a penalty now.

If that lease did not require you to pay gas, electric, water, or telephone charges, you don't have to pay them now.

Use every trick you know, and learn some new ones, for saving on natural and manufactured gas in house and water heating, cooking, refrigeration—the War Production Board asks our 85 million home gas users. War industries need gas. Railroads, which must carry the oil and coal from which gas is made, have other jobs to do, too. WPB's not fooling when it warns that serious shortages may appear if home gas consumption isn't cut.

## "All the Men at this Party are Snobs!"



**Carol:** Nonsense, Mary! They're genial lads, and you're pretty enough and peppy enough to have them begging for dances! You *deserve* the limelight, Pet—and I can help you get your share, in one easy lesson!



**Mary:** Underarm odor! But I bathe every day!

**Carol:** A bath is only intended to take care of *past* perspiration, Mary! Use Mum to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come!*



**Mary:** Wallflowers like me are often made by trusting a bath too long. Never again for me, when speedy Mum will keep me *safe* for hours!



MARY, MARY—  
GIVE ME YOUR  
ANSWER  
TRUE-OO!

— TO HERSELF —  
ED'S GETTING TO BE A  
REGULAR STEADY NOW—  
SINCE I'M KEEPING  
COMPANY WITH MUM!

**YOU'LL** like Mum—for **SPEED**—takes only 30 seconds. For **SECURITY**—Mum prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration. For **DEPENDABILITY**—Mum keeps you dainty for hours *to come!* . . .

**For Sanitary Napkins**—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable—prevents embarrassment.



# MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF  
PERSPIRATION**

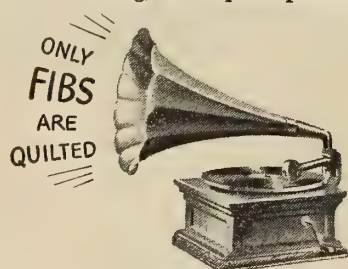
Product of Bristol-Myers



**FIBS**  
Kotex Tampons  
**COST LESS!**



**ONLY 20¢** a package—and with Fibs you can be free as a breeze. Slip into slacks, shorts or even a swim suit with nobody the wiser. Worn internally, Fibs provide *invisible* sanitary protection . . . no pins, pads or belts . . . no chafing, no disposal problem.



**"QUILTED"**—to avoid danger of cotton particles adhering to delicate tissues—to prevent undue expansion which might cause pressure or irritation. That means greater comfort and safety! And Fibs have a smooth, gently rounded end for *easy insertion!*



**20¢ a package**

(Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Priscilla Lyon, below, is the star of Meet Corliss Archer, CBS. At the right is Lillian Leonard, the pretty new singer of the Gay Nineties Revue.



## What's New from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

**T**HE Bing Crosbys, who were burned out of their Toluca Lake home several weeks ago, have just moved into a house in Holmby Hills. The new house is just across the street from the Los Angeles Golf Club. Dixie Lee, Bing's wife, says the crooner was sold the second he saw how near the golf course was to the house. Incidentally, when the Toluca Lake house burned down, Bing lost his pipe collection. The Athletic Round Table of Spokane, Bing's hometown, decided to do something about it. They've adopted the motto, "Briars for Bing" or "Cobs for Crosby," and members have been sending him pipes, old, new and fancy ones.

Harry Finrock, a member of the U.S. Coast Guard, got the biggest kick of his life recently when he made his debut on the CBS Crime Doctor program. Harry haunts the Sunday night show whenever he is on leave. Finally, the directors chose him to act as foreman of the jury which brings in the verdict of the case that is dramatized.

NASHVILLE, TENN.—"It has nothing to do with tweed and it certainly has nothing to do with twill," so says Freddie Rose who writes so many of the songs featured on WSM's Grand Ole Opry. "It's just one of those things that seem to fit the music, so I let it become the title for a little song."

"Tweedle O Twill" that Freddie has reference to is the present high spot in a career of composing that started in Chicago 27 years ago. The intervening years have seen Freddie write everything from the "Red Hot Mama" songs of Sophie Tucker to recent hits in the old-time music field.

In 1929 Freddie abruptly stopped the flow of popular music from his pen

and went into radio, singing the songs he had written. His latter day efforts, made famous to lovers of homespun music by such names as Gene Autry, Jimmie Davis, Bob Wills and Roy Acuff, are rural favorites throughout the country. People who like their music the old-time way swear by such Freddie Rose favorites as "Be Honest With Me," "The End of the World," "Tears on My Pillow," and of course the latest sensation done to a turn on wax by Gene Autry—"Tweedle O Twill."

There's no way of knowing how many songs Freddie has written, but he recalls at least 200 of the old-timers to his credit. He is currently heard on the WSM Grand Ole Opry singing songs of his own composition. Needless to say, many of the other stars of the Opry also draw from his vast resources. Recently returned from the West Coast where he wrote songs for Gene Autry, Freddie has now turned his talents to music for Roy Acuff, Grand Ole Opry big name. Says Freddie about music with a homespun flavor, "Oldtime music is definitely coming into its own. Eventually it will top popular music in appeal."

BOSTON, Mass.—The Yankee Network's recent search for tomorrow's talent has resulted in the discovery of the Yankee Starlets—new singing sensations of radio.

These four talented young girls from Boston are absolutely new to radio. They are Loretta Fitzgerald and Eileen Murphy, both 17 and Boston high school students; Marjory Cochrane, 21, who works as a froster in a bakery; and Priscilla Howe, 19, a defense factory worker in a Boston suburb.

Each Starlet has a natural voice and a distinctive style all her own, and





DO YOUR BEST . . . AND

*Be at your Best*

THESE are simple obligations, to our country, to our men at the front, and to ourselves.

No matter what your job—housewife, office employee, war worker—give it all you've got . . . do your best all of the time.

That means keeping strong, keeping healthy. This job's going to take every bit of stamina we can muster. And health is your greatest asset.

But as you work, don't forget to play. Play is the great equalizer. Make it part of your life also. Step forth. Go places. Meet people. Cultivate old friends and make new ones—lots of them. And try to be at your best always. Look your neatest. Be your sweetest. Swap a smile for a tear. Trade a laugh for a frown. Don't let down. Keep smiling. Keep going. That's the way the boys at the front would like it.

As a safe, efficient household antiseptic for use in a

thousand little emergencies, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent for more than half a century. In the later years it has established a truly impressive test record against America's No. 1 health problem, the ordinary cold, and its frequent attribute, sore throat.

It is hardly necessary to add that, because of its germicidal action which halts bacterial fermentation in the mouth, Listerine Antiseptic is the social standby of millions who do not wish to offend needlessly in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath) when not of systemic origin.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo:



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

*for Oral Hygiene*

ATTENTION PLEASE: If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste you're missing something!



# Names You Know!

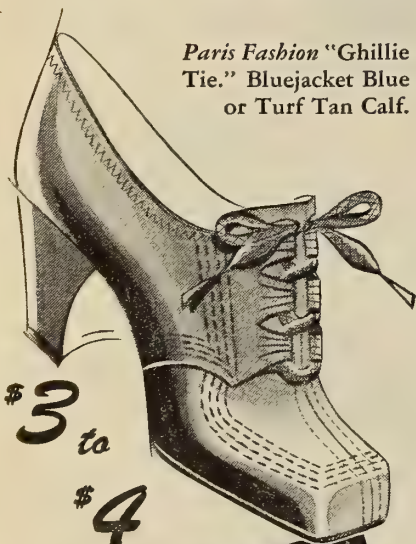
## Shoes You Love!

Connie "Kiltie Pump."  
Bluejacket Blue,  
Black or Turf Tan  
Calf.



\$5 to \$6

Paris Fashion "Ghillie Tie." Bluejacket Blue or Turf Tan Calf.



\$3 to \$4



WOHL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS

they are doubly blessed with beauty and charm.

Loretta Fitzgerald, 17, is a pert young lady, an inch over five feet tall, with sparkling brown eyes and black hair. Loretta plays drums in her own family orchestra. One brother plays violin, another trumpet and a sister plays piano. Loretta's favorite piece is "I Had the Craziest Dream," but it wasn't a crazy dream that made her try radio.

Marjory Cochrane was inspired to radio by Ginny Simms, and is on her way to the same success as her ideal. Marjory can sing a torchy ballad as well as a rhythm number with all the finesse of a veteran radio singer.

Eileen Murphy lives up to her name, with raven black hair and provocative green eyes. When Eileen made her debut on the air she sang "He's Just My Bill," few people realized that she was singing to her own Bill, stationed in Rio de Janeiro. Bill called her a few days before her initial broadcast and told her he would be listening in.

Priscilla Howe is a petite blonde beauty, four feet, eleven inches, with soft, blue eyes and honey colored hair. It is difficult to realize that this Dresden-like girl is the possessor of such a powerful voice, and stranger still, that she works long hours in a defense factory. Priscilla says that she will not let her radio career interfere with her work for Uncle Sam.

The Yankee Network gave these Starlets their start when they presented them for the first time on The Yankee Starlets with Bobby Norris and Ted Cole program, over WNAC and the Yankee Network a short time ago.

Just a line to tell you that Priscilla Lyon, the girl you've been hearing as Corliss Archer on the CBS show, is as cute as she sounds. She has shining blonde hair, baby-blue eyes and a dimpled chin, as the picture on page four indicates. Priscilla is just fifteen years old and you may have heard her before on the Junior Miss series in the part of Fuffy. She also played the part of Holly Ann in The Mayor Of The Town.

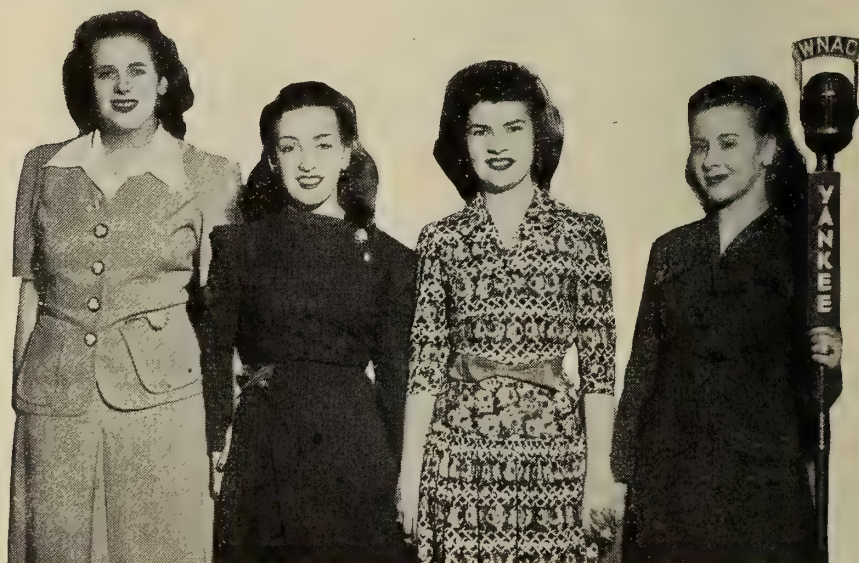
Bob Hawk, on his Thanks To The Yanks show is rapidly becoming one

of America's favorite comedians. Next to Fred Allen, he is the quickest and cleverest ad-libber in radio. On a recent broadcast, however, he met up with a blonde girl who was almost as fast on the quips as he is. He made a crack about blondes, which she topped. Bob couldn't stand for that. He came back with, "There are three kinds of blondes, my dear—the beautiful, the intelligent and the majority." The girl winced and went back to answering questions.

Irene Rich, that delightful radio lady, has a 50-acre farm in the San Fernando Valley. The farm is a real business for Irene. She raises pigs, ducks, chickens, calves, geese and lambs. Her fields are planted with alfalfa and beans. Irene went into the farming business shortly before the war. Now, because of the war demand for food and farm products, her 50 acres are important. Irene is also a lieutenant in the Woman's Ambulance Corps of America and is the only member of the corps who has a permit to carry a gun and use it. Irene's daughter, Frances, planned the farm and furnished the house. Frances is a lieutenant in the WAVES and is the sculptress who executed the famous monument to Army and Navy nurses at Arlington Cemetery.

We'd like to give you an idea what it costs to carry out a "consequence" on Ralph Edwards Truth or Consequences program. Recently, a female contestant was told that her consequence was to sit alongside a judge in a night court and help pass sentences. Edwards paid out a total of \$500 to rent a room above a police station, together with such props as a judge's bench, rail, a witness stand, jury box, benches for the audience, fifteen actors, police uniforms, typewriter for sound effects and radio line charges. The woman thought it was the McCoy until her husband appeared dressed as a vagrant.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Larry Walker, WBT announcer-entertainer, has had



Four pretty singing starlets, recently discovered by the Yankee Network's search for tomorrow's talent. Left to right, Marjory Cochrane, Eileen Murphy, Loretta Fitzgerald and Priscilla Howe.





**Freddie Rose, prolific song writer, has turned out many of those tunes you heard on WSM's Grand Ole Opry.**

such a varied career that no one—Larry least of all—knows what he'll do next! In the show business, he has a gold mine of experience which, to date, includes concert stage, vaudeville, Broadway shows, local and network radio—and he's still looking pleased and expectant whenever anything new turns up, such as his latest move to rejoin the staff of WBT, Charlotte, after an absence of almost ten years.

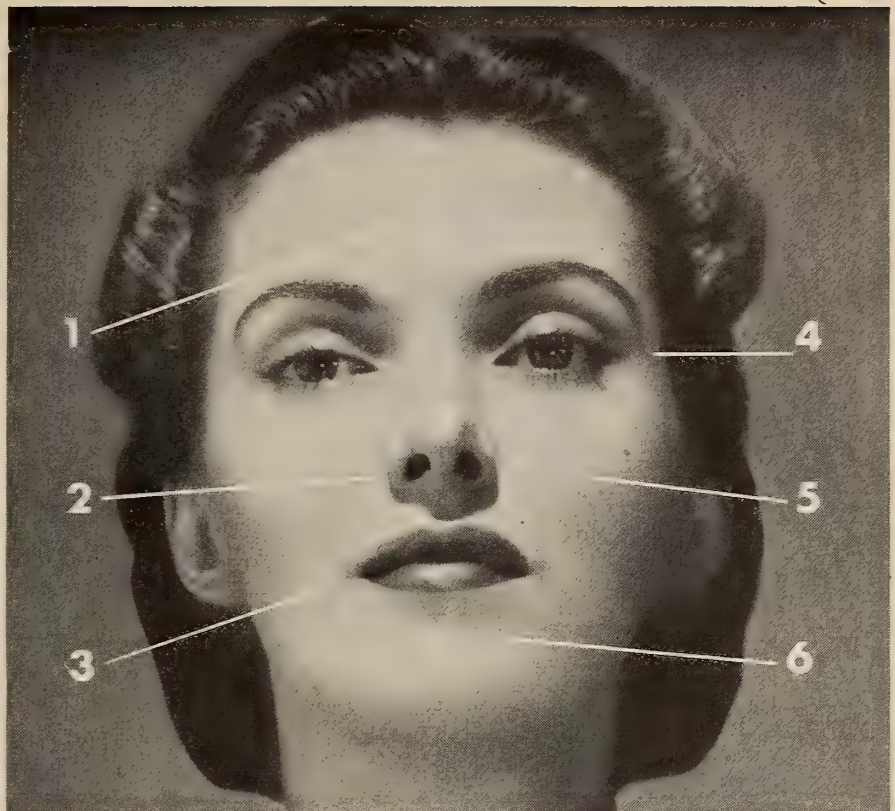
Larry is personally acquainted with most of the big names in the entertainment world, and has worked alongside of such artists as Frank Parker, Belle Baker, Charlotte Greenwood, James Melton, Harry Richman, George Jessel, Fanny Brice, Marian Davies, Ann Pennington and Geraldine Farrar. He's arranged music for Ziegfeld Follies, and for grand opera . . . has made personal appearances on coast-to-coast radio shows with Abe Lyman and Ben Bernie . . . has had his own program on both NBC and CBS coast-to-coast, in addition to regional network and local station broadcasting.

His first contact with radio was in 1925, and for five years, Larry did some radio work in connection with stage appearances throughout the country. Then, in 1930, the lure of the footlights faded, and Larry cast his lot with radio for keeps.

An inch or so over six feet, Larry has brown hair, blue eyes, a particularly engaging smile, an easy companionable manner of speaking, and a positive passion for peach shortcake. Larry says his hobby is finding new things to do, and when he isn't rehearsing or broadcasting, it's a pretty safe guess that he's talking things over with some of "the boys"—thinking up something new he can get into.

But that's probably to be expected from the man who—according to Paderewski—has the most perfect piano hands he'd ever seen; and who—quote Major Bowes—"is the one man out of 10,000 professional musicians with absolute pitch"; who is on a new assignment as WBT staff announcer and musician; and who—according to Larry—"likes it fine!"

Joe Kelly, who handles the Quiz Kids was recently asked to help out a motion picture producer who wanted to find a two year old youngster who



## Who else wants to say "Goodbye" to these 6 Face Powder Troubles?

- 1 Does the face powder you use fail to give a smooth, even finish?
- 2 Does the face powder you use fail to stay on?
- 3 Does the face powder you use fail to stay fresh and fragrant?
- 4 Does the face powder you use fail to hide little tired lines?
- 5 Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny freckles?
- 6 Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny blemishes?

**Women say this new-texture powder makes their skin look years younger!**

THERE's a thrilling *new-texture* powder that helps end the 6 "face powder troubles" listed at left.

It's Lady Esther Face Powder—and it's different because it's *made* differently! It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown by *TWIN HURRICANES*. And this hurricane method makes the texture much smoother and finer than ordinary powder—makes the shades richer. Lady Esther Face Powder helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles. *Try it!* See how it gives instant new freshness to your skin—makes it look younger and lovelier.

### How to find your Lucky Shade

Send for the 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them one after another—and find the one shade that's most flattering to your skin.

*Lady Esther*  
**FACE POWDER**



LADY ESTHER, 7134 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (85)

Send me by return mail the 7 new shades of face powder, and a tube of your 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)



## New *under-arm* Cream Deodorant *safely* Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.



ARRID IS THE  
LARGEST SELLING  
DEODORANT

# ARRID

39¢ a jar

(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)

Buy a jar of ARRID today at any store which sells toilet goods.

could read lines from a script. On the Quiz Kids program, Joe mentioned it and he wishes he hadn't. He is still getting letters, telegrams and phone calls from parents who want to go Hollywood with their kids.

\* \* \*

Talked to Larry Lesueur, whose recent "American in Russia" program won so much acclaim. He told us lots of interesting things about the Soviets. For example, he relates that our tanks and other supplies barely reach the dock at Archangel before they are grabbed by the Russians and driven off to the front. "There is no familiarizing period to give the Russians the 'feel' of the big tanks," Larry says. "They just ask where the clutch is and then start for the front."

\* \* \*

**RADIO AND THE ARMED FORCES:** Jim Jordan, who you know as Fibber McGee, has just disclosed that his son, Jim Jr., has enlisted in the Army Air Corps Reserve. Young Jim, 19, is a student at the University of Southern California. The Jordan daughter, Kathryn, is working in an aircraft factory . . . Joan Blaine, star of Valiant Lady, plans to help the Army by organizing a volunteer farmerette group to raise food for the soldiers . . . Baby Snooks, who is Fanny Brice, has just been nominated mascot for the submarine U.S.S. Snook . . . Mel Powell, Benny Goodman's 19-year-old swing pianist, has just been inducted into the Army. But Private Powell won't be parted from the piano. Capt. Glenn Miller, now in charge of army orchestras, has been waiting for Mel to join one of his service bands . . . For the entertainment of Navy personnel in Alaska, six recorded programs of the Rudy Vallee show were flown there by Navy plane . . . Jack Benny picked up spare change for Army-Navy Relief by giving "gag" violin lessons to big shots in the Army camps he visited. Lt. Commander Jack Dempsey took a 25 cent lesson from Jacques . . . Did you know that Wayne King is now an Army Captain and Artie Shaw is a Chief Petty Officer in the Navy?

We were glad when the genial Kate Smith went back on the air after her recent sickness. It's always fun to visit Kate, too, because she always has an amusing or inspirational story for

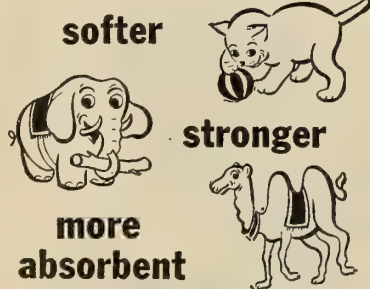
us. She told us about a woman who wrote her that she "felt out of things" because she wasn't a WAAC, a WAVE or a SPAR. She said that she did many things for the war such as buying bonds, working with the Red Cross and writing letters to her boy in the service. When the boy came home, Kate tells us, reading from the letter, he cheered his mother up, saying, "So what if you're not a WAVE or a WAAC, Mom? I read your letters to all the guys and it cheers them up. They say you're a WOW!"

\* \* \*

**MINUTE TEASER:** See if you can guess who it is before you reach the end of the paragraph. He was born in Boston in 1905, the son of an Italian interpreter in the Massachusetts courts. He learned to play the trombone at the age of ten, but his first job was that of a longshoreman on the Boston docks. After that, he joined an orchestra, first playing drums and then returning to his first love, the trombone. He played in orchestras for fifteen years, then managed a band of his own. He is 5 feet, 9 inches tall, has brown hair and eyes and wears a moustache. He and his wife, Florence Charlotte, have an adopted son. It was a guest appearance on Fred Allen's show that first brought out his comic talents. Guessed his name yet? He later clowning on the air with Bing Crosby and Walter O'Keefe. He has a friend named "Yehudi" and heckles a guy named Bob Hope. His name is Jerry Colonna.

\* \* \*

**NEWS NOTES AND DATA:** Don't rush girls, but Barry Wood is going to teach singing this summer at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston . . . The recent tremendous success of Duke Ellington's Carnegie Hall concert has decided the Duke to give concerts in every key city in the country. Watch your paper for the date and don't miss it . . . Lora Thatcher who plays Mrs. Wood on the David Harum show is now teaching classes in English to refugees . . . Woody Herman who is at work on a movie with Sonja Henie which will be called "Winter Girl," will skate in the picture. Woody is almost as good on the blades as he is with a clarinet . . . Kate Smith is now starting a program which will salute war plants and war workers.



# SITROUX

SAY SIT-TRUE

## CLEANSING TISSUES

## PAPER NAPKINS



"Give that lady thirty silver dollars!" says Dr. I. Q., and Mrs. Virginia Dolde willingly holds out her hands. At the right is Larry Walker, veteran announcer-entertainer at WBT, Charlotte.





## GLAMOUR AND OVERALLS

WE'D like our women readers to look again at the girl on the cover. Her name is Marion Shockley and she has auburn hair, brown eyes and a dazzling smile. She's a new type of cover girl. Marion represents the new war woman of America, glamorous, but useful.

Our country needs strong, useful women such as Marion to help on our farms. You've probably seen something in your newspapers about that. They are called Farmerettes.

Womanpower on the farm is badly needed and the women of America are answering the call.

If circumstances make it impossible for you to become a *Farmerette*, the next best thing to do is plant a Victory Garden. We need millions of Victory Gardens this year. If your Garden will help feed your family, it will mean that much more food for our soldiers.

The most important thing about a Victory Garden is planning. If you want detailed information on this, write to the Division of Information, Bureau of Plant Industry, USDA, Washington, D. C.

Like Marion Shockley, many of our most important radio stars are Victory Gardeners. Yes, people in radio are accepting responsibility along with other people in America.

We've become so excited about this new Victory Garden and back-to-the-farm movement, that we've neglected to tell you much about Marion Shockley.

Marion plays the role of the delightful Nikki Porter on the Ellery Queen mystery show. She was raised in Kansas City. Unlike most young radio actresses, Marion had no intention of becoming an actress. She planned a career as a history teacher, until a friend of the family told her she could make more money on the stage. Marion left the University of Missouri to join a stock company in Denver. She came to Broadway and landed a job as an understudy to Ina Claire.

Marion then discovered that most of her actress friends were making quite a bit of change in radio. She managed to get several small parts and then was called in to audition for the role of Nikki in Ellery Queen. George Zachary, then the director of the show, didn't want Marion. George argued that Marion just wasn't right for the part, but three other Network officials outvoted him and the Shockley girl got the role. She's now Mrs. George Zachary.

When not in overalls, Marion is at the Stage Door Canteen, where she is in charge of feeding 3,000 soldiers and sailors a day. For relaxation, she reads mystery stories.

## These easy rules help keep colds away



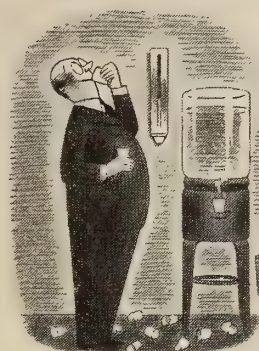
1 Stay out of drafts



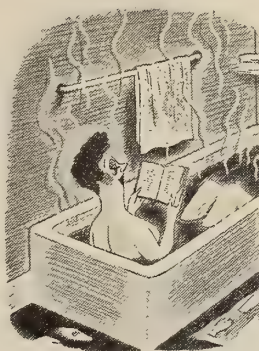
2 Get plenty of rest



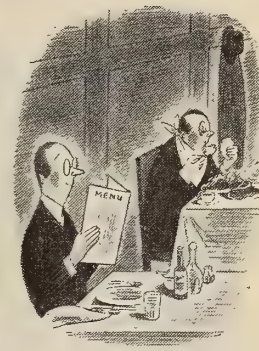
3 Dress warmly



4 Drink liquids often



5 Take a warm bath  
after chilling exposure  
— then cover up



6 Eat right—keep regular



7 Guard your throat



...and gargle frequently with Pepsodent Antiseptic. It is effective even way back in your throat where illness often strikes first. Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs quickly—millions of the very type of germs that increase the misery of colds. Get a bottle of protection today.

## PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC



## Are You His DREAM GIRL



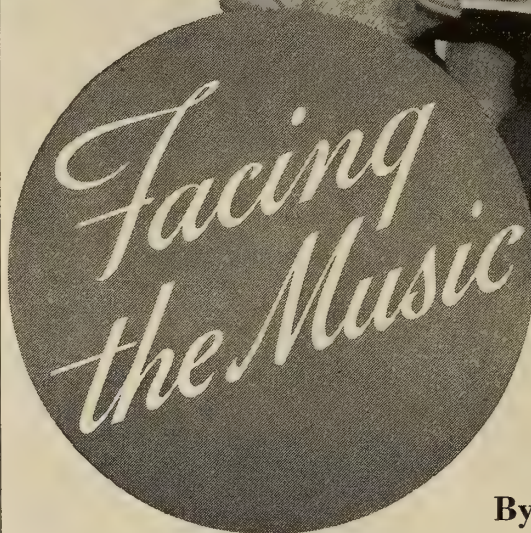
**Y**our fighting man will remember the silky smoothness of your coiffure, the bewitching dash of your saucy ringlets. His heroine has no lanky locks, unruly wisps, or disordered curls to vex his military eye.



DeLong Bob Pins will keep your coiffure in order. With reasonable care, *they'll last indefinitely.* Use them adroitly, for the duration.

### Strong Grip Won't Slip

One Does the Work of Several



*Bandleader Bob Allen enjoys a restful moment reading to Bob Junior, while Skippy, the fox terrier, listens quietly too.*

By **KEN ALDEN**

**S**TIRRED by the juvenile delinquency charges against Gene Krupa, the entire dance band industry has united to help wipe out the reefer smoking elements who are responsible for slurs cast against innocent bandmen.

Jimmy Dorsey spent over \$6,000 for costumes, rehearsals, and arrangements before breaking in his new girl singer, Kitty Kallen. Kitty replaced Helen O'Connell. The new singer made her debut with the band in New York and received enthusiastic notices.

The Xavier Cugat are reported going their separate ways. Mrs. Cugat used to be the band's top vocalist.

Martin Block's fourteenth semi-annual dance band popularity poll wound up with Harry James an overwhelming favorite. He rolled up 46,350 votes. Glenn Miller ran second and Tommy Dorsey finished third.

Dinah Shore is planning to go overseas to entertain our armed forces on the fighting fronts. Details will be worked out when Dinah finishes making the new Samuel Goldwyn picture, "With Flying Colors."

Bob Allen thought he had the perfect plan to eliminate some of the draft problems. He hired a female road manager, Frances Keppner. Last month Frances turned in her notice to join the WAVES.

Jerry Gray, well known arranger

for Artie Shaw and Glenn Miller has joined Freddie Martin's band.

"Winter Girl" is now the title of the new Sonja Henie-Woody Herman film.

Harry James and his men lost a total of 130 pounds while working on their new film, "Best Foot Forward" and continuing their CBS radio shows.

When they start making phonograph records again—and this should happen any day now—Charlie Spivak will get a tremendous buildup from Victor. He switched over from the rival disk makers, Columbia, and will inherit the buildup Victor formerly gave to Glenn Miller.

Carmen Cavallaro has been signed to stay at the Waldorf-Astoria—his first big league assignment—until late Spring. The band, greatly improved and expanded, has been one of the hits of the New York dance band season.

Carl Hoff, former Al Pearce music maker, will attempt a comeback. So will Helen Ward, former Benny Goodman vocalist.

Horace Heidt is annoying most of his colleagues by out-bidding them for top flight instrumentalists. Heidt is developing one of the nation's largest dance bands, packing it with the best men available. He hired Tex Beneke, former Glenn Miller favorite, only to lose him after three days to the U. S. Army.

Ray Eberle, former Glenn Miller and



Gene Krupa vocalist has signed a film contract with Universal.

Captain Glenn Miller is forming a huge 51-piece U. S. Army military band that can be divided into three separate danceband units.

#### THE DUKE MAKES IT

FROM Harlem's Sugar Hill they came—his own people who know and love the music he plays. From Murray Hill they came—those who didn't know but were eager to listen and learn. And from all New York they converged, a glittering mosaic of music lovers and curiosity seekers, filling a slightly amazed Carnegie Hall.

The outer lobby of the famed music sanctum revealed an opulent display of silks and satins fashioned by designers from not only Fifth but Lenox Avenue. Here and there a zoot suit gave the gathering a rainbow hue.

Then the house lights dimmed. Seventeen chocolate-colored musicians shuffled to their places, followed by a handsome, husky man flawlessly attired in white tie and tapering tails. The crowd thundered its welcome. He bowed, not like the usual Carnegie Hall conductor, but gratefully and graciously. Suddenly the strains of the national anthem rang through the ancient auditorium and the most unusual concert in music annals began.

For the next four hours swing history was made. Finally, after twenty years, official recognition came to the great talents of Edward Kennedy Ellington. You know him best as "The Duke."

I saw the Duke a few days before the concert. We talked in his modern, bustling apartment on St. Nicholas Avenue, Manhattan. It was then that he told me just how much this concert meant to him.

"I want America to hear the Negro's music the right way. I did it in Europe before the war and the people accepted it. But here in my own country where Negro music was really born I've had a harder time of doing it. For eight years I have tried to give this concert but each time it had to be called off."

The first time Duke tried was in 1934 but a sudden illness forced a postponement. The next time, in 1938, a lucrative movie contract necessitated a change in plans. The last time he tried was in 1939 but a final European tour cancelled that one out.

This year the Duke was finally able



With a voice as pretty as her face, Kitty Kallen has recently joined Jimmy Dorsey as vocalist.

"Just 30 extra seconds  
and I'm *Fragrantly Dainty*  
for hours"



"HOW MANY GIRLS realize, I wonder, how their popularity can be wrecked by body staleness? It took me months and months—lonely months—to learn my lesson. Now it takes me just 30 extra seconds to stay fragrantly dainty for hours. Watch:



"FIRST, I dry my body gently after my bath—just patting the places that might chafe."

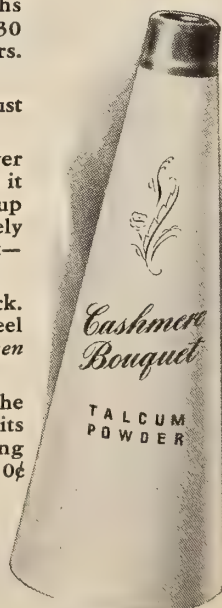


"NEXT, I powder Cashmere Bouquet Talcum all over my whole body. Thirty extra seconds . . . yet it clings to me silky-soft as face powder and dries up any moisture I missed. There I stand, delicately perfumed all over . . . Now I know why you call it—the fragrance men love!"



"NOW my girdle—lingerie—stockings and frock. No chafing later; Cashmere Bouquet's silky feel stays on all evening. And so does the fragrance men love—to keep me fragrantly dainty for hours!"

Cashmere Bouquet is a body talcum of highest quality—the largest selling talcum powder in America. You'll love its haunting fragrance and clinging softness. Make alluring Cashmere Bouquet your daintiness secret. Available in 10¢ and larger sizes, at drug and toilet goods counters.



## Cashmere Bouquet

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE





**I ALMOST CRIED** when Peggy said that to me! It was the last time I forced her to take that harsh, nasty-tasting laxative. Even now, I hate to think how the stuff used to upset her. It was just *too strong!*

**AFTER THAT,** I changed to another laxative which I thought would be easier on Peggy. But she had trouble taking that, too. What's more, the medicine only stirred her up and didn't get results. It was just *too mild!*



**FINALLY, I GOT** wise to Ex-Lax. It solved Peggy's laxative problem once and for all. She actually smacked her lips over its good chocolate taste. And I was so pleased to discover how smoothly Ex-Lax works... not too strong, not too mild — it's *just right!*



Ex-Lax is effective — but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset the children; won't make them feel bad afterwards. No wonder it's called:

### THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

—it's not too strong!

—it's not too mild!

—it's just right!

As a precaution, use only as directed.

# EX-LAX

10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores

## You Have Never Seen Anything Like This Before



**ONLY \$1.00** prepaid

For This \$2.00 Bottle

Temptation — one of the most exquisite perfumes ever created.

A single drop lasts a week, charms and attracts men and women to you.

The fragrance of living flowers. Bottles with elongated stopper encased in a polished maple case 4 times the size of the picture.

### Send No Money

Pay the postman when he hands you the package or (if you prefer) send money order, currency, stamps or check for \$1.00. Money back if not satisfied. (Est. 1872.)

PAUL RIEGER, 265 Art Center Bldg., San Francisco

to work out the plans, and the entire receipts went to Russian War Relief.

So successful was the concert that the Duke, beaming like the moon, is currently repeating the performance in concert halls around the country.

Highlight of the concert was the Duke's ambitious forty-five minute work, "Black, Brown and Beige," a musical tribute to the American Negro. Over-long and loosely knit, it contains enough top flight musical ideas for forty popular songs.

The Duke was born in Washington, D.C., in 1900. He got the nickname in high school when he used to out-zoot today's zoot suit sharpies. Today few call him by his given name although his haberdashery tastes have become considerably more sedate. When he was eight, he got his first piano lesson but he became bored with conventional piano playing and preferred to paint.

His father, a well-to-do blue print tracer in the Washington Navy Yard, and his mother were disappointed. They both loved music and played sentimental songs that used to make their son cry.

The boy won a scholarship to Pratt Institute for his work in oils. But he never got to the art school. When he was sixteen he heard a hot piano player do amazing things at the keyboard. Realizing there were ways to play—excitingly and inspiringly—Duke decided to try music again.

Duke taught himself and made rapid progress. He became good enough to get odd jobs with local orchestras and then secured one with a major league outfit. However, this orchestra preferred to play in a regulation, orthodox manner. Every note was to be played as written. One night the Duke couldn't resist an ad lib hot lick. Next day he was fired.

Ellington's original band had five men. Three of them are still with him. Now he has seventeen, and each one is a star in his own right, like trumpeter Rex Stewart, saxophonist Johnny Hodges, and valve trombonist Juan Tizol.

Duke's first big break came in the famous old Cotton Club in New York. Unlike other bands of the period, they stressed musicianship, ignoring the then popular novelty numbers.

The public first began to appreciate Ellington when some of his early tunes

became popular. That was in 1930 when "Mood Indigo" swept the country.

Duke says he doesn't know how many songs he has written. His faithful friend, trombonist Tizol, estimates the boss has penned several thousand. Best remembered are "Sophisticated Lady," "I Got It Bad," "It Don't Mean a Thing," "Black and Tan Fantasy" and the new hit, "Don't Get Around Much Any More."

Songs by Ellington are written whenever the idea pops into his head—on park benches, in Pullman lower berths, at night club tables, and in his New York apartment. Although many of his compositions have no lyrics, each does have a story.

"I got to have a story for each song," he explains, "then I tell it to the boys in the band. That's how they know how to play it."

"Mood Indigo" is the story of a young girl who flirts each summer's night with a young swain who passes by her window. Then one sultry night the boy does not come by and the girl gets the blues.

"Sophisticated Lady" is about a Washington schoolteacher the Duke once knew, who saved her small earnings for surreptitious excursions to other cities where she could have a few adventurous experiences.

"Flaming Sword" is a blaring tribute to the famous Panther Room in Chicago's Hotel Sherman, scene of many Ellington triumphs, where the waiters bring out roast lamb, Russian style, on flaming skewers.

Although Duke was thrilled by the concert's reception, he had some regrets.

"I would have given anything to have had my folks there and my son Mercer. Mother and Dad are dead. When they went, the bottom sort of dropped out of my life. My son went into the Army a few days before the concert so he couldn't be there. He's twenty-three and boy, what a songwriter!"

Duke and his wife are separated.

Ellington has his own ideas about the music of the future.

"The music of tomorrow is going to be a combination of the hot jazz of yesterday with a new technique and a strong classical influence."

A grateful America hopes that the Duke will be around to introduce it.

Duke Ellington realized a life-long ambition when he and his orchestra played a concert at Carnegie Hall,





# Now! You Can Tell The Weather <sup>up to</sup> 24 Hours in Advance

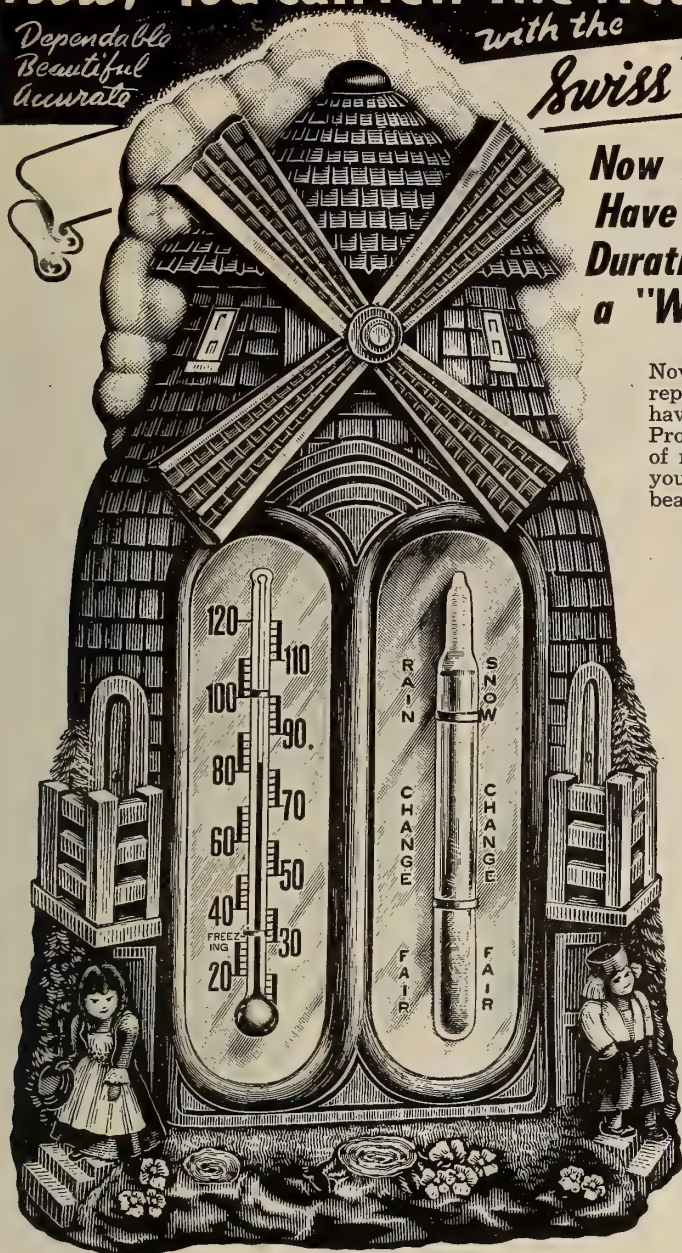
Dependable  
Beautiful  
Accurate

with the

## Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster

Now That Weather Reports  
Have Been Banned For The  
Duration—Every Family Needs  
a "WINDMILL" Forecaster!

Only  
**98¢**



Now that you no longer can get weather forecasts or temperature reports on the radio or through your local paper, your home should have the accurate, reliable Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster. Probabilities are, you have felt that you would have to pay a lot of money for a truly beautiful and dependable forecaster. If so, your worries are over! Here, without doubt, is positively the most beautiful—the most original—the most accurate forecaster that has ever been offered at anywhere near this low price. Don't let yourself or your loved ones be without the Windmill Weather Forecaster. It tells you the temperature—tells you if it's going to rain or snow or shine—predicts any weather change that's on the way—up to 24 hours in advance! It makes all the difference in your plans when you know what the weather will be. Plan your work or play according to the weather—know how to dress for it—help to prevent accidents or sickness in the family—**BE PREPARED FOR WEATHER CHANGES WITH YOUR "Home Weather Bureau."** **BE YOUR OWN WEATHER MAN!**

## The Windmill Forecaster Has Features Found In Forecasters Costing Up To \$10.00

The thermometer is guaranteed to be very accurate from 120° to 30° below zero. The amazing storm glass uses the same principle found in most expensive forecasters. When the weather is going to be fair, the crystals settle in the bottom of the tube—when rain or snow is predicted, the crystals expand and rise toward the top of the tube. It's so simple, yet virtually unailing. This lovely "Swiss Windmill" Weather Forecaster is fashioned of handsome carved style Burrwood—a masterpiece of craftsmanship—representing the colorful, rustic windmills of the Swiss landscape, with their weather-antiqued brown shingles, brightly gleaming red roof and latticed windmill blades... even the Swiss Alpine snow and the fir trees of the Alps are reproduced... with the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl shown in pleasing contrast to the flowers of the mountainside growing around the windmill steps. The "Swiss Windmill" adds a glowing, colorful, decorative note to any room in the house. As a weather prophet, you'll use it constantly!

## Use It—Test It On Our Guarantee Of Satisfaction

Each and every Swiss Weather House is guaranteed to please you and give years of satisfactory service, or your money will be cheerfully refunded. It really must be seen to be fully appreciated. We want you to examine it—test it for seven full days so that you can see for yourself that it actually works—all on our iron-clad Money Back Guarantee of satisfaction. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail the coupon today. Pay the Postman only 98c plus postage and a small COD fee upon arrival. If it isn't all we claim, return it at the end of seven days and we'll refund your money in full.

## BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN!

What fun and satisfaction it will afford you to actually KNOW, just what the weather will be like, **UP TO 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE.** With the Swiss Weather Forecaster, you really take the "guess work" out of the weather. Think how many times during past months you've wanted to know what the weather on the morrow would be. Now, the beautiful Swiss Weather Forecaster makes your own home a "Weather Bureau," all for only 98c. Every home needs it! Be the first in your neighborhood to own one.

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Purchase Swiss Windmill Weather Forecasters At Our Special Quantity Wholesale Discount! Here is the fastest selling article of its kind that is being offered. Today, everyone is a prospect for this popular Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster. Special quantity wholesale discounts:

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### SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART,  
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**NO RISK OFFER**

Gentlemen: Please send me the Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster on your guarantee of absolute satisfaction or my money back. I will pay the Postman only 98c plus postage and COD fee.

Name .....

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Enclosed find 98c. Please ship the Weather Forecaster, all postage charges prepaid.

**IMPORTANT:** If you want two or more Swiss Weather Forecasters, see the special wholesale dealer's price list at the left of this coupon.





*Always buy cosmetics that suit your natural coloring says Vivien, blonde soprano of the Hour of Charm Group.*

## *Stick to your colors*

**A**S any artist will tell you, color is frightfully important to a picture. It even has the power to change the appearance of the forms upon which it's applied. When color is all it should be the forms upon which it is used become more attractive. When it's less than it should be the contrary is true to an almost unbelievable degree.

Remember this when you put color on your face, on the forms which are your nose, your mouth, your cheeks, your eyes. Remember when you shop for powder, rouge, lipstick, or eye cosmetics that it's not enough to ask merely for the right color for a blonde, a brunette, or a redhead. You need to be much more specific, you need to take the exact shade of your hair and

the exact tone of your skin into careful account. Above all, don't be tempted into buying any cosmetic in a wrong shade because of the romantic, intriguing name the manufacturer has bestowed upon it. The more realistic you are when you shop for your cosmetics the more romantic you'll be afterwards.

Fair skin, light blue eyes, and light blonde hair call for rachel powder. Use the shade that's closest to your skin tone. Then, blonde red rouge, a red lipstick that has a faint orange cast, gray eyeshadow, and brown

**RADIO MIRROR** ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**



**By Roberta Ormiston**

mascara and eyebrow pencil.

If you're only moderately blonde, with a fairly fair skin and light blue or gray eyes, vary that set-up with a light red lipstick.

If you have a fair skin, hazel eyes, and light brown hair vary it both with a vivid red lipstick and brown eyeshadow.

Olive skin, brown eyes, and brown hair, on the other hand, will be accented most attractively by olive powder, carmine rouge (olive skin requires always that rouge be used sparingly and deftly, please note!) medium red lipstick, brown eyeshadow and black eyebrow pencil and mascara.

Those who have brown hair, brown eyes, and skin that's a little sallow will find a natural powder, carmine rouge, medium red lipstick and brown eye make-up will benefit them greatly.

Light brunettes, with dark brown hair, soft creamy skin, and brown eyes should favor rachel powder, carmine rouge, medium red lipstick, brown eyeshadow and black eyebrow pencil and mascara.

Brunettes with black hair, olive skin and dark brown eyes, on the other hand, should seek a dark olive powder, red rouge with a raspberry tint (which we again remind you should be used carefully because an olive skin is present) natural red lipstick, brown eyeshadow, and black eyebrow pencil and mascara.

Redheads blessed with gray eyes, a fair skin and Titian hair find greater beauty when they use a dark tint of rachel powder, a vivid red lipstick, blonde red rouge, and brown eye make-up.

However, dark redheads with brown eyes, olive skin and medium redheads with medium fair skin and blue eyes should reach for an olive powder, blonde red rouge, vivid red lipstick and brown eye make-up. (For a third time—remember to be careful with the rouge if your skin is olive!)

If you have gray, white, or platinum hair it's olive powder, a natural red lipstick, blonde red rouge, gray eyeshadow and brown eyebrow pencil and mascara that you need.

A word of warning... The tone of your skin changes—with the state of your health, the seasons, and the years. The less fair your skin the darker your powder must be and, and by the same token your rouge and your lipstick must be darker, too. If some cosmetic isn't as becoming to you as it used to be don't blame the manufacturer for having changed its tone until you have made very sure that your personal coloring hasn't changed somewhat. For the least change will make a great difference.

Beauty, like genius—as you can see for yourself—is an infinite capacity for taking pains. But who would say it wasn't worth this price—many times!





*To win his heart, campaign with care  
Arm yourself with shining hair!*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous  
... and yet so easy to manage!\***



DAY OR NIGHT, for work or play, you'll love this adorable but practical new hair-do! The braids (made from back hair, parted in center) are two parts hair and one velvet ribbon. Bow is separate. Hair washed with Special Drene.

**For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!**

If you want his eyes to linger lovingly on your hair . . . If you want his fingers to smooth it tenderly . . . then keep it alluringly shining, lustrous! Don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob your hair of glamour!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing. Easier to comb into smooth,

shining neatness. If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soapings.

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let the beauty magic of this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

\*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.



*Soap film dulls lustre - robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as soaps and soap shampoos always do.

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!



**Special Drene**  
with  
*Hair Conditioner*



Conrad Thibault is heard on Manhattan Merry Go Round, Sunday at 9, NBC, and The American Melody Hour, Tuesday at 7:30, CBS



# Love WILL SEE YOU THROUGH

By  
Adele Whitely Fletcher

*"Can we risk marriage in spite of the war?"  
Conrad whispered to Mary Clare, and found  
his answer in the brave faith in her eyes*

THERE was the same hush in the room that there is in a world white with snow. A log fell with a soft thud and for a second the fireplace was bright with sparks.

Among the guests that night there was a girl whose big eyes seemed dark until you looked closer to discover a rim of clear, exciting color, sometimes blue, sometimes green, sometimes gray. Her hair was brown and curly. Her features were daintily cut.

"She'll always keep her beauty, too," Conrad Thibault, another guest, thought impersonally, as he was introduced to Mary Clare.

The next morning walking up Madison Avenue, enjoying the small luxury shops, Conrad stopped before a jeweler's window. An old brooch, an aquamarine set in yellow gold, caught his eye.

"Why does that color possess me so?" he asked himself.

An intelligent man, he proceeded to search his mind, honestly and squarely. Of what did that brooch remind him . . . The Bermuda Sea . . . Some pin his mother wore . . . ? No, it was the clear, clear color that rimmed Mary Clare West's eyes.

He decided to call Mary Clare, to see

if she could have dinner with him.

He dialed her number. "This is Conrad Thibault," he said, recognizing her voice. "If you aren't busy tonight I thought we might have dinner."

"I'm so sorry," she said, "but I'm going to the theater."

"Why can't we have dinner before you go to the theater?" he asked.

"I just came from the office," she said, "I have to change . . ."

"It's only five-thirty," he told her.

This twelfth hour insistence coming from any one of the crazy boys with whom Mary Clare trailed around wouldn't have surprised her. It seemed odd that Conrad should rush her out to dinner like this, however.

It was so important to them that they make themselves known to each other. He was pleased that she never had heard of him. Because this indicated she had gone to dinner with him because she liked *him*, not because she relished the idea of being seen with a celebrity. But he did want her to know his name ranked in the concert and radio worlds.

Mary Clare had had to tell him how she worked as translator for an exporting firm, how she had been born in New York but had lived in Cuba so

long she knew Spanish like a native.

The very next week they drove up to the country for tea and cinnamon toast beside the fire. They drove to the lower tip of Manhattan too and parked the car to explore Trinity churchyard and the narrow, twisting trees which once were the theater for American history. They were together whenever they could be.

The first concert trip Conrad made after he and Mary Clare met kept him in the West and in the South for a month and more. They went out with others during this separation. It was this, finally, that made them wonder about their feeling for each other.

"I missed you," she told him. "And I missed you!" She loved his smile.

"I think," Conrad said, "it's time I stopped fooling myself about my feelings for you, admitted to you and to myself that I love you, that I love you very much indeed."

"Thank Goodness!" said Mary Clare. "Thank Goodness. Because I love you too, frightfully!"

It was while they were looking for an apartment that would be for Conrad alone at first and then for the two of them that Conrad told Mary Clare about the old brooch he had seen the morning after he met her, and of how it had reminded him of her eyes.

"For the past month," he said, "I've been searching for an aquamarine with the same clear, exciting color. Last week I found it!" He slipped a yellow gold ring imbedded with an aquamarine on her finger. And he knew, by the quick tears which sprang into her eyes, that she preferred this to any diamond.

A radio stood beside his chair. Idly he turned the dial. A Voice of Doom filled the room. It told of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, of ships sinking and burning, of men fighting and dying, of American flags torn by bullets and scorched by flames.

"We're at war," Conrad said. And Mary Clare's eyes grew large and dark, just like the eyes of many other women.

They were so shocked by the news that it was some time before they realized it shattered their happy plans. Mary Clare was willing to risk a war marriage but Conrad was not willing that she should.

"I cannot marry you and then go off to war!" he said. "That would be no marriage at all."

They said good-by. To him it seemed the great happiness they had known went with her. To her it seemed that it remained behind with him.

Mary Clare's father thought with Conrad about war marriages. But her mother, usually the prudent one, disagreed. "I know the kind of man Conrad is," her mother said. "I can tell by his voice on the radio, by the talks I've had with him on the telephone, by his letters—what you've read to me of them. He's mature beyond his years. He's wise and kind."

As the two women sat talking the telephone bell interrupted them. "New York calling Mary Clare West," said the operator.

"Mary Clare, if you're still willing I've decided to be selfish enough to . . ." It was Conrad!

"When?" she interrupted, "and where? Can you get here for the wedding or shall I meet you in Florida . . . ?"

They were married in Miami, and returned to New York and their apartment to await—like others all over a warring world—whatever their fate might be, that whatever happened their love would see them through.



# Busy?—Stay lovely, too!

## Here's how ... 3 Ivory beauty recipes ... for 3 complexion types



**WAAC OFFICER . . . TYPE:** Height, 5' 7";  
weight, 129; eyes, blue; hair, honey-blonde;  
SKIN, fine-textured, tending to be DRY.

"I have precious little time to fuss with my face these days. Yet I know my skin has never been lovelier.

"Goodness knows my new routine is simple enough. Just gentle Ivory lather, a soft washcloth, and lukewarm water. Then I pat on a little cold cream, for my skin is naturally dry.

"It's sensitive, too. That's why I love pure, mild Ivory. It obviously contains no coloring or medication or strong perfume that might irritate my skin.

"'Velvet-suds' Ivory certainly has helped give me a glorious new complexion!"



**HAT DESIGNER . . . TYPE:** Height, 5' 5";  
weight, 118; eyes, gray-green; hair, titian;  
SKIN, creamy, with both DRY  
and OILY tendencies.

"My face is oily down the middle; dry on the sides. No soap seemed right for both areas . . . until I tried Ivory.

"The dry, sensitive areas that used to balk at strongly scented soaps, respond beautifully to Ivory's 'babying.'

"And with lots of mild Ivory lather, I can safely concentrate on the oilier areas like hairline, forehead, nose, and chin.

"Now my complexion looks so marvelously fresh and smooth.

"I think too many women judge a soap by its price. For my money, Ivory could be worth a dollar a cake!"

99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % pure . . . It floats.

### HOMEMAKER . . .

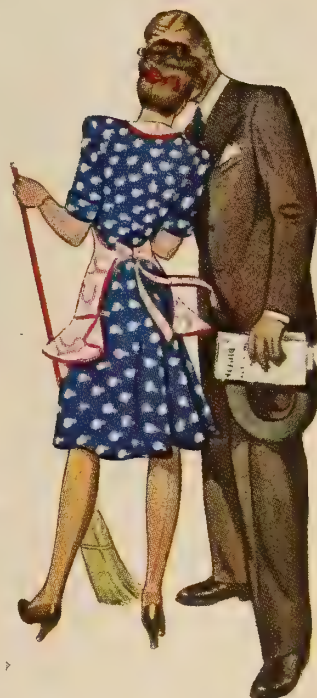
TYPE: Height, 5' 3";  
weight, 112; eyes, brown;  
hair, chestnut;  
SKIN, olive, tending to be OILY.

"I was afraid to give my oily skin vigorous soap-and-water cleansing.

"But when Doctor advised Ivory Soap for bathing the baby, I thought, 'If Ivory's that mild, I'll try it!'

"It's perfect! A fingertip massage with lots of Ivory's safe, mild lather makes me feel as if I'd had a facial.

"I don't hesitate to give my face a thorough Ivory cleansing as often as 3 times a day. And my complexion's getting lovelier all the time!"



**Look lovelier . . . use pure, mild IVORY . . .  
the soap advised by more doctors  
than all other brands together!**





# The very Newest Make-up!

## GERGENS

### "TWIN MAKE-UP"



In one box, now . . . 2 make-up aids  
to give that young, "Velvet-Skin" Look

A LOVELIER new complexion in 2 jiffies!

1. Sponge on Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake. Instantly your complexion looks more flawless—smoother!

2. Fluff on Jergens new Face Powder in the flattering shade styled for you. Suddenly, you look young, "alive". And you needn't repowder for ages longer.

For the first time—in this new Jergens "Twin Make-up"—your right shade of make-up cake is in the same box with your powder shade. Just \$1.00 for both.

*\$2.00 Value  
for \$1.00*

Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake  
with matching Face Powder

Twin Shades . . . in one box. Both for less than many girls pay for a make-up cake alone! Ask for Jergens "Twin Make-up" today. Select the powder shade that "does things" for you; your twin shade of make-up cake is in the same box. 5 sets of shades. (Jergens Powder, introductory sizes, 25¢, 10¢.)

## Overheard

### FUN AT THE FISH FRY

HERE'S how to eliminate the fuss of broiling fish . . . it's so hard to turn . . . the broiler is so hard to clean:

Get an extra piece of clean wrapping paper from the butcher when you buy your fish . . . And after the fish has been washed and prepared for broiling, lay it on the clean wrapping paper, which is placed over ordinary paper. Then cut the paper around the fish, and place the whole thing (that is your fish and two layers of paper) on the broiling rack. You see, the wrapping paper contains oil and so it will brown the underneath side of the fish. And then absolutely no turning is necessary. Rose B. Weiss' prize-winning household hint, Meet Your Neighbor, with Alma Kitchell, Blue Network.

### EDUCATION IN COMICS

The trick in rapid reading—and moderns must be fast because so much must be read—is to train the eye to grasp a whole phrase or sentence at once.

The compact little balloons of the comic strips accustom the child, who reads them, to take in a whole group of symbols at a glance. Later, when the boy or girl goes to college, he or she will have a tremendous amount of supplementary reading to do. Those who are trained to read and grasp quickly will succeed far better in college life. I don't say the comics will do that for a child, but that reading comics will develop that tendency.—Professor Samuel L. Hamilton, New York University, guest-speaker on Meet Your Neighbor, Blue Network.

### IT'S A VEGETABLE!

Victory gardens this spring can benefit from the wood fire that is crackling in your living room now. Save all wood ashes, keep them in a dry place until planting time, and rake them into the soil when you are getting your seed bed ready.—Watson Davis, Adventures In Science, CBS.

### SCIENCE SCORES AGAIN

A new kind of surgical dressing for burns and wounds, expected to be of great value to our armed forces, has been developed by Dr. Kenneth L. Pickrell of the department of surgery, Johns Hopkins University and Hospital. The dressing is a film which looks something like rough waxed paper but carries a 30 to 50 percent content of sulfadiazine. These sulfa drug films have been used in more than 100 cases, about 50 of which were patients with burns. In 30 of the burned cases, bacteriological studies showed no evidence of infection.—Adventures In Science, CBS.





# LET ME DRY YOUR TEARS

I HADN'T seen Joe Nelson for weeks, and in fact I never knew him very well, even in school. What mad prank of destiny was it that decreed I should be on my way home, that rainy afternoon, at the precise instant Joe, in his car, went past the Lyric Theater on Main Street, and that he should catch sight of me? Why was that day chosen as the one—the only one—on which Joe should be visiting town on his twice-a-month tour of his “territory”? Why, when I laughed and stepped into Joe’s car, grateful for the ride home, was the heavy Dodd Brothers truck lumbering south on Sixteenth Street, its progress timed so that it would reach the intersection of Sixteenth and Main exactly at the moment we did?

*She had never known a kiss like his. It was the fury of a storm and the sweetness of a moment in the moonlight—how could Nora hate him?*

Why? So many times afterward, I asked that of the darkness and silence in my own room. Why should all these chance events have added up to tragedy?

There was no traffic signal at Sixteenth and Main, and in the dusk and driving rain we didn’t see the dim

lights of the truck—didn’t know it was upon us until it struck and sent Joe’s little car slithering sideways across the gleaming wet asphalt. I heard a scream—my own—and then I felt something like the crack of a whip across my face, and after that I heard and saw nothing more at all.

Perhaps, if it had happened two years earlier, there would have been no scar. Young Dr. Mayhew had had experience in plastic surgery, and he might have been able to help me. But Dr. Mayhew was a Captain in the Medical Corps, many miles away, and the doctor I had knew very little about the business of preventing flesh from healing in a jagged, puckered line that traced itself from my temple almost to my chin.

It would fade in time, he said com-



fortably, ignorant of the hatred that was in my heart at the sound of the carelessly-spoken words. I would grow old, too—in time!

I almost hated my mother and father, too, for their kindly, well-meaning efforts to pretend that the scar didn't matter. How could they be so stupid? Didn't they know why George Bailey had come to see me, just twice, after I was out of the hospital and the bandages were gone—and then had never come again?

I'D known he was coming, and I purposely waited in the living room while Mother answered his ring at the front door. There was only one light in the living room—a bridge lamp on the right side of my chair. The left side of my face would be in shadow if I stayed where I was—and I intended to. My thick blonde hair, cut in a long page-boy bob, would have helped if only the scar had been nearer the hairline.

George came in and took my hand, bending over as if to kiss me, but I drew away. Some power outside myself refused to let him get near enough to see the scar. He straightened and said stiffly, obviously offended:

"It's good to see you again, Nora."

That word "see"! It was like a finger pointing at my face. I answered, with a bitterness I didn't try to conceal, "Is it?"

He sat down, and although he wasn't actually on the edge of the chair he somehow gave that impression. We must have talked, but I'm sure I don't know what about. There was only one thing in each of our minds. The scar. The scar. He was wondering about it, trying to pierce the shadows of my carefully arranged stage setting, calculating just how much it had spoiled the face he had once thought so lovely. And I—knowing I could not keep him from seeing it forever, was still sitting with that side of my face averted, holding it in the shadows, stiff and unmoving.

George moved uneasily at last, uncrossing his long legs. "Like to go for a ride, or to the movies?" he said. "Or I told Jack and Carolyn we might drop in to see them tonight."

"Oh, no!" I said convulsively. "No!" In my instinctive horror at the thought of going out where people, all sorts of people, could see me, I incautiously turned a little, and at that moment of all moments I heard him catch his breath and knew that he had seen.

At once, he tried to cover up his involuntary gasp. "Sure, come on," he urged. "They're staying home especially tonight, just on the chance we'll



come. It'll do you good to go out." "No," I said again. "I don't want to go out."

"Well—" He glanced at me, looked away again, then took a deep breath and said, "Look, Nora, you mustn't—I mean, you can't just sit here in the house all the time—"

"Why not?" I heard my voice rising hysterically, but I was powerless to lower it. "I think that's the best thing for me to do!"

"That's crazy! It isn't the best thing at all. You've got it—"

It was so clear to me that he was forcing himself, trying to be noble and do the right thing, while all the time he wanted nothing so much as to be out of the house, away from me, that I had to clench my hands until the nails bit into

the palms to keep from screaming at him. My fury passed, and in its place came a kind of cold resignation. After all, what else could I have expected?

"I guess I'm tired, George," I interrupted his stumbling succession of insincerities. "I think I'd better go to bed. You don't mind, do you?"

Instantly he was on his feet, unable to keep from showing his relief. "I'll see you tomorrow or the next night," he said, and I answered, "Yes."

Mother and Father were in the dining room across the hall, and they called to me when they heard George leaving, but I called back that I was going to bed. I knew if I lingered another minute downstairs I would give way to the tears which came a second after I'd shut the door of my own room.



"Let Me Dry Your Tears," by Norton Russell, was adapted from an original radio drama, "The Last of the Regans," by Kenneth Webb, broadcast on the Armstrong Theater of Today, heard Saturday 12 noon, over CBS.





*All my life I had known I was beautiful. And now this gift of loveliness was gone.*

And yet they were a strange sort of tears. I was crying not because I loved George Bailey, as much as out of a baffled, impotent rage and hurt. All my life I had known I was beautiful. I had accepted admiration for that beauty as my right. I had been tall and slim and graceful; in school I'd gone to every dance, and could have as my escort any boy I chose. And now this gift of loveliness was gone. It would have been better if I had never possessed it.

George and I had been going together more or less steadily for about a year. I wasn't at all sure I loved him, but I liked the stares of admiration we caused when people saw us together. He was as perfect physically as I had been—strong, taller than the average

man, with regular, boldly-modeled features. It was exciting to watch him move, see him smile. Somehow, it seemed right that we should be together.

I had almost loved him, and now I knew that I could have loved him fully if he had been big enough to make me forget my ravaged face. It was a weakness in him that had made this impossible, I said to myself bitterly—a weakness you would never, looking at his outward appearance of strength, suspect. Any more than you would suspect the murmurous, overstrained heart that had made him 4-F and kept him out of the draft.

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came a gray nightmare of monotony. The truck that struck us had been insured, and a check came from the insurance company, along with some sort of document that I signed. I was glad that the money could be used to pay my hospital and doctor bills, so they wouldn't be a drain on Father—otherwise the money meant less than nothing to me. Money couldn't erase the scar on my face or rebuild the damaged facial muscles.

I didn't consciously decide not to venture out of the house, so much as I postponed the step from day to day, until the habit of fear became too strong to break. At first Mother and Father tried to persuade me to go out with them, shopping or to the movies, but I always refused. I couldn't face the stares, curious or pitying—or perhaps, a few of the feminine ones, covertly pleased. I could not. It would take more bravery than I possessed.

"Nora, dear," Mother said gently once, "you mustn't take—all this—so hard. Your father and I are worried about you. Can't you realize that it doesn't make any difference to people if you do have a little scar? You're still the same Nora Valentine they've always known and loved."

Poor Mother! I was sorry to hurt her and Father, but every word she spoke only proved to me how little she understood. My "little scar" had made a difference to George Bailey, hadn't it? And I wasn't the same Nora Valentine, either. I had changed inwardly as well as outwardly.

"I just don't want to go out," I said stubbornly, and warned by my tone, she dropped the subject.

IT was three months after the accident when the front doorbell rang, one night when Mother and Father had gone to play bridge with some friends. At first I made up my mind not to answer it. It might be one of my old friends—a few of them (not many, I used to remind myself wryly) still tried occasionally to see me. But whoever it was would not be ignored. The bell shrilled insistently, in long, repeated peals, until, with the fear of accidents that was always with me now, I hurried to the door, thinking that something might have happened to Father and Mother.

It was a man I'd never seen before—a young man, dressed in rough tweeds, shapeless and undistinguished, and a battered hat which he snatched off his head when he saw me.

"Have I the honor of speaking to Miss Nora Valentine?" he asked, the old-fashioned courtliness of the words oddly accompanied by a broad, almost impudent smile. I could see he was very sure of himself. His clothes were shabby, but he wore them with a swagger, as if they'd been tailored for him. His black hair was rumbled into curls as unruly as the spirit that laughed out of his eyes.

"Yes," I said curtly, still holding the door only a little ajar.

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# Glimpse



**I**MAGINE this. Imagine being in love—not just a schoolgirl crush, but the forever-and-forever kind of love—with a man you never get a chance to see. Imagine never sharing the precious little things that make love wonderful. No sweetness of kisses . . . no breath-held moments in the night's silence when the moonlight blesses lovers . . . no shared dreams, even, because you aren't ever together long enough to build your dreams.

Imagine knowing that the man your heart belongs to is there in the same house with you, down a short hall, and up one flight of stairs, but knowing, too, that you must not go to him, that he will not come to you.

That's when all your happiness turns bitter and threatens to turn your love to bitterness, too, and longing becomes a hurt past bearing, and you waken to a dull world each morning, no matter how brightly the sun is shining, because you have nothing to look forward to . . .

It was that way with Bill and me. Oh, it wasn't that Bill stayed away from me on purpose. It wasn't that I loved a man who didn't love me. Bill's heart was as much mine as mine was his—and there couldn't have been any greater love in the whole world than my heart held for Bill. It was circumstances that kept us apart. Maybe I'd better go back to the beginning—

The beginning was a day in spring, the kind of day, Bill said afterwards, that was as clean and fresh as if its

mother had just washed its neck and ears. And when I told him that wasn't very romantic he made his face very solemn and told me that there wasn't anything romantic about a day with dirty neck and ears. That's the way Bill was, then—back then in that one week into which we tried to crowd a lifetime of being together, knowing that it was going to be over too soon, that Bill was going to belong to night

and I was going to belong to day, and there's no way in the world of making night and day be one.

But I was telling you about the beginning day. Until then I'd just been anybody you might meet on a crowded street at noon time, or in a line waiting to buy a ticket to the movies. Pat Butler, my name is, and I work in a radio station—probably one you've never heard of, because it's just a

*"Blue like your eyes, and a star for luck," Bill whispered.*



# of Heaven

*They rebelled against the  
fate that kept them apart—  
so young they were, so  
much in love, and no time  
left to build their dreams*

little one, and you can't hear it much outside the city limits. I don't even have a glamorous radio job—just a typist in the continuity department.

But on that particular spring day I felt as if I were someone very special. I felt it even before I got home, as if some part of my mind had flown on ahead of me and knew what was waiting there. I even sang out loud a little bit as I hopped aboard the streetcar, and people turned to look at me, and smiled indulgent smiles. And then, after the short streetcar ride, I almost skipped the last two blocks to the boardinghouse where I lived, counting the sharp little clicks my heels made on the sidewalk, really singing now and not caring a bit whether people looked at me.

AND then I was home. And there he was.

I didn't see the rest of them at all—the girl from Tracy's Department Store, the man who sells brushes, or the old man who is retired, although they were sitting on the steps in the sun just as they practically always were when I got home. I just saw him.

It's funny how you can tell about some people at once. Even before the old man who is retired introduced us, I knew just how Bill's eyes would twinkle when he smiled, and how white and fine his teeth would be, and how his whole face would light up.

The old man was saying, "Pat, meet the new addition to our family. Name's Bill Carey, and he's going to start at the Allerton Works next week. Pat Butler, Bill."

Bill held out his hand to me, and then, as if he sensed already that there was more between us than the formality of shaking hands, he put out his other hand, too, and stood holding mine and looking down at me. And all I could do was turn my face up to smile at him. There just wasn't one word in me right then.

He said, and his voice was soft and firm at once, the way his hands felt, "Hi Pat," so then I could talk, too, and I said, "Hello, Bill." And then we just stood and looked at each other some more until the girl from Tracy's laughed, and said, "Hey, break it up, you two!"

So Bill said, just as if there wasn't another soul who could hear, "What are you doing tonight, Pretty?" And that was the beginning.

I liked everything about him. I liked the breadth of his shoulders, and the strength of his arms. I liked the way his hair curled every-which-way and wouldn't stay combed two minutes. I liked the way he called me. "Pretty,"

right from the start, because it didn't sound fresh, the way it looks written down. When Bill said it, it was a name, not a description—a name all his own he'd invented for me, to be said in a special voice, in a special kind of way. We got to know each other awfully well that very first night, Bill and I. We didn't do anything extraordinary—just went to the movies, and had coffee and sandwiches afterwards, and then walked a little in the park before we came home to the boarding house—but it was a wonderful night, just the same. Half way through the show Bill found my hand and held fast to it, and we sat the rest of the way through the picture with our fingers locked, and the pulses in our wrists, so close together, beating a faster and faster rhythm. And in the park Bill slipped his arm around my waist, and that seemed right and natural, too. And at the foot of the stairs, when we got home, he kissed me—and nothing was ever righter than that!

I didn't feel funny at all, letting a boy I'd just met kiss me. Bill wasn't a boy I'd just met. Bill was all the rest of my life, and I knew it even then. All the rest of my life, and it was as if this afternoon I'd rounded a corner when I met him and could at last see my life spread out ahead of me.

By the next evening we were making plans. We'd do all the things we'd always wanted to do, and we'd do them together. We'd spend every free moment together, every second—

"Of course," Bill pointed out ruefully, "there won't be so very many free moments, Pretty. I'll be working nights at Allerton's, you know, on a six-day shift."

"But you'll have a day—or a night, I mean—off," I put in. "It would be wonderful if it could be Sunday—then we'd have the whole day together, and the whole evening."

He nodded. "Yes, it'd be wonderful—but that shift is pretty well full by now, I'll bet, and there must be lots of family men who've asked to have Sunday free. They have to stagger the days off, you know—" Then he stopped, and grinned down at me. "Oh, what are we worrying about, anyway, Pretty? When you want to be together you can always find time for it—and we want to be together. Right?"

"Right," I told him, with all the meaning in the world.

That night I went to bed full of a delicious weariness, but I couldn't sleep. And I knew what was wrong with me. I was in love. I was as much in love as any girl ever has been or ever will be. So I kissed my hand to

the ceiling, after a long while, in the direction of Bill's room upstairs, and then I laughed at myself for being foolish, and stopped laughing because I knew it wasn't foolish at all.

The next day was Friday, and I had to go to work, of course, but we had the evening together, and Saturday night, too, and all day Sunday. Mostly we just talked, because somehow we had to know all there was to know about each other. Bill told me about his mother and aunt who lived together in a little town half way across the continent, and his pretty sister Nita, who had married an engineer and who was in South America. And I told him how I'd been an orphan for a long time, and about the people who had brought me and my brother up, and about that adored young brother Nick, whose only address now was an A.P.O. number in San Francisco which meant that he was doing his fighting for us at home somewhere in the Solomons.

That's how Bill and I spent those first days of ours together—our beginning—in a slow, leisurely fashion, as if there wasn't a reason in the world for hurry. And then, on Monday, Bill went to work at Allerton's—the big ornamental iron works on the outskirts of town which was making parts for airplanes these days. So of course I didn't see him the evenings of that week either, but Thursday when I got home there was a note under my door. "This," the note said, "is a heck of a fix we're in. See you before work Sunday, I guess."

So I scribbled "Bright and early Sunday," on a piece of paper and slid it under his door. You see, we'd only been apart a few days then, and we didn't realize what it was going to mean—we could still be cheerful about it. Besides, I told myself a bit wistfully as I came back down the stairs, there'd be Sundays, and there'd be days off and there'd be—oh, we'd fix it some way. It wasn't going to be fun, but we'd manage. We'd have to manage, because it meant so much.

I didn't sleep much Saturday night, either—not until dawn began to make the sky gray—because I was looking forward to being with Bill, and look-



ing backward on all the things Bill had said to me from the more balanced retrospect of several days without him.

What had he said about starting in business for himself after the war? "A man with a business of his own can dare to plan." Well, and would those plans—when he got to them, and when he got to know me better—include me, too? He'd talked about the kind of house he'd like to have someday, a little gray-shingled house far enough out of town to escape the smoke and the soot, "The kind of place a man's glad to get home to, at night," he'd said, "and find his wife waiting and dinner already. I don't ask much out of life—I'd sort of like to dry dishes for my wife, and take her to the movies when the dishes are done, and maybe, after a while, take care of the kids sometimes so she could have an evening with her girl friends."

**WELL**, what more could anyone ask? I shut my eyes very tight and hoped hard that the girl in that dream of Bill's was beginning to look like me. And I discovered that night that those are the things that dreams are made of—little gray houses, and dishes to wash, not wealth and position and castles in Spain.

I guess I went to sleep at last, but I woke up early—much too early for poor Bill. I bathed and dressed to the tune of my own singing, and ran up the stairs to tap on his door. "Bill," I called. "Bill—get up, lazybones—it's Sunday morning."

His voice, sleepily protesting, came back at me. "Good grief, girl, I've only been in bed about three hours." Then there was a yawn, and I could imagine him stretching those firmly muscled arms of his high above his head. "Okay," he finished, a moment later, "be down in ten minutes."

Sleepy-eyed but smiling, he came down to breakfast a short while later, and after breakfast was over we went walking in the park. We fed peanuts to the squirrels and tossed popcorn into the lake for the ducks, and all the while I felt as if something tight had been tied around my heart, it was so good, so almost frighteningly good, to be with Bill again.

But the clouds rolled across the bright sunlight of that happiness when at last Bill and I sat down on a bench and began to talk, for the first thing Bill said was, "Pretty, I did it this time because I couldn't wait another minute to see you, but after this I can't get up this early, Sunday or no Sunday. You see, I don't get home till well after four. But we'll have my night off together—every Tuesday night belongs to you and me! I didn't get last Tuesday off, of course, because I'd just gone to work—but starting this week—!"

I felt exactly as if someone had reached up a monstrous hand and blacked out the sun. "But Bill," I managed in a small voice, after a moment, "Tuesday's my night to work."

First he just looked at me. Then "But—but Pat, why should you work any night? You don't have a defense job—"

"I know," I put in—"I guess it's because so many people do have defense jobs that I have to work, Bill. We're terribly short-handed at the station, and each of us girls agreed to work one night a week. We made up the schedule a long time ago . . ." My voice faded out, and then I thought of something. "But Bill, you must have just asked for your night off—couldn't you get it changed?"

He shook his head. "I didn't ask for it, Pretty—it was given to me. That's the way the schedule stacks up—and when you're making wings for the Army, you don't ask for favors. Look, Pat, can't you trade nights with one of the other girls?"

It was my turn to shake my head. "I—well, Bill, it's this way. When we made up the schedule, I was the only girl who wasn't going—I mean, I'm the only girl among us who isn't going steady, and so I took the night no one else wanted, because it didn't matter to me."

Bill absently flicked the last peanut at an importunate squirrel, and then crumpled the empty bag fiercely in his hand. "Well," he said, at last, "I guess we'll just have to make the best of it, Pretty—but you see if one of the other girls wants to trade with you, will you?"

I said I would, knowing it wouldn't



"Glimpse of Heaven," By Margaret E. Sangster, was suggested by a story heard on "Report to the Nation," over CBS.

be any use, frantically running over in my mind the nights all of us took off. Alice's Joe worked every night but Tuesday. Mary's husband—oh, it just wasn't any good. The schedule had been made, and it had to stand. I heard my voice, smaller than ever, asking, "Bill—then how do we—when do we—?"

He leaned back. "Well, let's look at it, Pretty—look it square in the eye. Sundays, we'll see each other—but I'll have to sleep later than this, Pat. I'll get up around 11:30 or so, and I'll have to leave at 5:30 to get to work on time."

He moved closer to me, and took my hand. "So that takes care of Sundays. And then—well, I guess you've got a standing date for lunch, Pat."

Lunch! "Oh, Bill," I began, "what's the use of—" And then I remembered my brother Nick, who hadn't even laid eyes on his girl—or probably any girl—for nearly a year, and I remembered the long queue of inductees I'd seen the other morning, boys who looked frighteningly as if they'd just laid down their baseball bats and roller skates to pick up guns. Maybe Bill was thinking the same sort of thing, because his hand tightened on mine, and he said, "Well, Pretty, it's not such a swell prospect—but we'll make out."

And so we made out, if you can call it that. I don't want to sound as if I were considering myself horribly mistreated. I know that when you remember women who lose their men to the war for months and for years and forever, I was pretty lucky just to lose mine six-and-a-half days a week to the war effort. But if you'll remember how it felt when first you fell in love, you'll remember, too, how hard it is to be unselfish, how hard it is to face the feeling of wasted time slipping through your fingers.

Oh, those lunches of ours! If they hadn't been so close to tragic I suppose they would have been funny. In the first place, we didn't meet every day. My lunch hour—as firmly fixed as time itself—was from twelve till one, and sometimes poor Bill was so tired he slept right through. And then—well, if you've ever tried to have any privacy in a busy city restaurant at the noon hour, you'll know what I mean.

The little cafe we finally chose as our regular meeting place wasn't quite as jammed as the others—which meant that once in a great while we could have a table to ourselves. But even then there were people chattering all around us, and dishes clattering, and the high strident calls of the boys at the lunch counter along one wall. We had to shout at each other above the din—and you can't shout the small words which should be spoken under your breath. How can you say, "Darling, I love you," when a voice in competition with yours is crying, "Adam and Eve on a raft!"

I knew what I wanted to say, and I was pretty sure by then that I knew what Bill wanted to say, but usually we had to settle for things that didn't mean much. Sometimes we'd talk a little about our work, and I'd tell him about the programs we were doing for the government, or he'd tell me about the plant.

He complained one day after he'd missed two lunches in a row with me, because so many of the fellows were absent that they had to keep the rest of the men overtime even after their extra-length nine-hour shift. "Must be a regular epidemic of flu, I guess," Bill said, attacking his ham and cheese sandwich. "Seems as if there's always two or three fellows out."

"Must be the weather," I agreed absently— (Continued on page 54)



# *If love were all—*

*The memory of her anguish is now dim and twisted, but through it all, Arda knows she never wants to see her husband again!*

## THE STORY

**I**T was Gene's older brother, Tim, who made our marriage possible. It was Tim who made all the arrangements, giving us his share of their inheritance so that we could have a fine start, with Gene running the service station at the edge of town and my taking care of the cozy little apartment just upstairs. For me that honeymoon week was beauty made real. No matter what has happened since, that week is something I shall always remember, its loveliness undiminished by time or by tears. It never occurred to me to wonder at Gene's ways. I thought I knew him so well. Yet, in those first days of our marriage I might have known Gene could lie. He had revealed to me his secret self the night when I said we'd pay back Tim's money. But the intoxicating nearness of his lips helped me to persuade myself that I had not seen the mocking look on Gene's face when he answered, "some chance!"

**S**OMETIMES the smallest things can make you happy. The pattern of sunlight on a freshly scrubbed linoleum floor, the drape of a cobweb-soft ninon curtain as it stirs in the breeze from the open window, the sound of hammering from outside—these can be precious, when you know that you have scrubbed the linoleum and hung the curtains, and that it is your husband's hand grasping the hammer.

"I never knew it was so wonderful to be married!" I used to say to myself—wonderingly, as if I had just made a discovery new to the whole world.

From the lofty vantage point of having been Mrs. Eugene Gorman for six whole months, I looked back and marveled at the girl who was Arda Milton. It seemed ages since I was living with my parents, waiting every evening for Gene's telephone call, alternately raised to seventh heaven and plunged into deepest despair by the swift changes of first love. And to think that if it hadn't been for Gene's older brother Tim we might still be apart!

Again and again I blessed Tim for having made our marriage possible, with his generosity. For if he hadn't turned over his share of the boys' inheritance from their dead parents, Gene would still be working for eighteen dollars a week at Searles' Service Station. Of course, we'd pay the money back someday, but meanwhile—



The stairs towered endlessly above me. I couldn't pull myself up. I felt myself falling.



Meanwhile, Tim was away where he'd wanted to be, in an Army training camp, and we were here, in our own marvelous place. It was in two parts, this private universe that belonged to Gene and me. One part was mine and one part his. Downstairs, Gene ruled over the gasoline pumps and the hydraulic lift, the repair shop and neatly stacked cans of lubricating oil and clutter of queer-shaped tools whose uses or names I never could learn. And upstairs, I swept and washed and cooked and made careful lists of things to buy on my daily shopping expeditions, with special attention to the foods Gene liked best.

**I** WOULD have liked to enter Gene's world a little, and bring him more into mine. It would have been nice, I thought, if I could take care of the bills that came in for gasoline and tires and batteries, write checks to pay them, enter the day's receipts in a big ledger every night and keep track of the few charge accounts we ran with regular customers. It would have been fun, and besides I'd taken a bookkeeping course in high school and wanted to use my knowledge. But when I suggested it, Gene tilted up my face with his finger under my chin and laughed:

"You're too pretty to have any head for figures, chicken. I'll take care of the sordid details."

Another thing I'd have liked would have been Gene's help and interest around the house. There's something awfully intimate, to me, about a man helping his wife decide where to put the new chair they've just bought—or simply in drying the dishes while she washes them. But there again Gene cheerfully refused to have anything to do with the apartment, which he said was my job.

It was silly of me to mind such little things, when being married to Gene was so wonderful in other ways, and of course I didn't mind, not really.

I must have been very self-centered in my happiness, because it never occurred to me that there might be discontent in Gene's heart. Blindly, I failed to see the signs that might have told me, until, when full knowledge came, I was shocked and hurt.

Oddly, it was a rainy spring night, almost a duplicate of the night we had first fallen in love only a year before, when we had our first quarrel.

We were late in having supper. Gene had been working on a rush repair job, badly hampered by the fact that the boy he'd hired to wait on gas customers had recently quit and hadn't been replaced. All day long Gene was crawling out from under the car, selling gasoline or checking tires, and then crawling back again, and now he was tired and cross. It was the worst time in the world for old Mrs. Chandler, one of our steadiest but most infuriating customers, to choose to stop her car and blow its horn imperiously.

When Gene came back from waiting on her he was dripping with rain, but there was a kind of furious satisfaction about him.

"I told her a few things," he said, sitting down to the half-eaten steak I'd put back into the oven to keep warm for him. "I'll bet it's the last time she comes along at eight o'clock on a rainy night and wants her tires and battery checked!"

"Didn't she buy any gas?"

"Oh, sure, but she didn't need it. Only took five gallons. I hope she never comes back—she's the kind of customer I can do without." Glowering, he pushed his plate away. "This thing's like leather now."

"Oh, I'm sorry! I tried to keep it warm for you—"

"Doesn't matter," he said shortly. "I'm not hungry." He dropped his knife and fork on the plate with a clatter and stood up. "I'm sick of this business!" he burst out. "Plenty sick of it, I'm telling you! Work like a fool all day, tied down so I can't even eat a meal in peace, never go anywhere or have any fun, have to take orders from old bats that think they own me just because they buy a couple of gallons

of gasoline— It's no life at all, if anybody should ask you!"

I was astounded by his sudden anger. Oh, I'd known that the long hours and frequent inconveniences were annoying, but I'd thought he knew, as I did, they were inescapable and must be endured until we could afford a full-time, responsible person to take full charge of the gasoline and service end of the business. But this was a Gene I'd never seen before—white-faced, eyes blazing, filled with a passion that threatened to erupt into violence.

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"Yes, and starve to death while we pay him! There just isn't enough business to hire a boy—that's why I let the last one go."

"That's why you—" I repeated the words mechanically. "But Gene, why didn't you tell me?"

"I'm telling you now! I hope you



Gene had put his arm carelessly, lightly around my shoulders. Was it his way of telling me he was sorry?



don't think there's anything *you* can do about it?" There was sarcasm in his voice, a cutting sarcasm that wanted to hurt—wanted to hurt something, anything, whatever was nearest to hand. My eyes filled with tears.

"I might," I said. "I could—"

But he wasn't listening. "I wish to God Tim hadn't talked me into taking this place," he said. "I wish he'd minded his own business!"

It took me a second or two to realize what he was saying, and when I did I felt as if a cold finger had touched my heart. Still, I tried to smile. "If he had," I said, "we wouldn't be married."

"That might be all right, too!"

The door slammed behind him.

That might be all right, too . . . That might be all right, too . . . That might be all right, too.

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IN LIVING PORTRAITS

# Those We Love

Meet those lovely people of Westbridge you've been listening to weekly on CBS, sponsored by Grape Nuts



KATHY MARSHALL FOSTER, right, recently married to Dr. Leslie Foster, is the young daughter of John Marshall. The Marshall family of Westbridge, typical New England town, consists of Dad Marshall, Kathy and her twin brother Kit, Aunt Emily, Mr. Marshall's sister-in-law, Uncle Jerry, his brother, and Martha, their housekeeper. Kathy is a sweet, practical girl, whose every action and word shows the devotion and good training she received from her father and Aunt Emily. Always thinking of others, Kathy is often taken in by outsiders who have less generous feelings.

(Played by Nan Grey)

DR. LESLIE FOSTER AND AMY. Young, handsome Dr. Foster is the typical small town doctor, untiring in his care of the sick at all hours of the day and night. He's been both father and mother to his little daughter Amy. She's the child of his first wife, who was killed in an automobile accident. Until Kathy married him, Leslie used to wait patiently for Kathy to fall out of love with every young man who fell in love with her. Nothing has made him happier than the fact that his daughter Amy and his wife Kathy took to each other from the start and have become such wonderful pals.

(Played by Donald Woods)

(Amy played by Ann Todd)









*KIT MARSHALL, Kathy's twin brother, is a dynamic young fellow, full of enthusiasm to do his part in the war. He's disappointed that he has been assigned to instructing rather than combat service in the Ferry Command. He and Kathy are very fond of each other and are so close in their thoughts and feelings that when accidents have occurred in their lives, one has felt the hurt as much as the other. Elaine (pictured here with Kit) is Kathy's friend and partner in the decorating shop. She's in love with Kit and though he's proposed, she won't accept him until she's sure he's really in love with her.*

*(Played by Bill Henry and Helen Wood)*



*JOHN MARSHALL'S* entire interest centers around his twin children, Kit and Kathy. His wife died when they were very young, and John brought his sister-in-law Emily into his home to mother the twins. Mr. Marshall is a prolific reader of books, takes things seriously, but never fails to see the humorous side of life, and is ready at all times to help paint silver linings for any black clouds his loved ones encounter. (Played by Francis X. Bushman)



*AUNT EMILY* (left), is considered the "brains" of the Marshall family. All important decisions and turning points are influenced by her good judgment and common sense, and this judgment is always prompted by her love and consideration for the various members of the family and their friends. She is more or less a leaning post for the others, and without her they would be lost. *MARTHA* (above), housekeeper for the Marshalls, is part of the family. Her interests are shared not only by Mr. Marshall and Aunt Emily, but by the twins as well. Having raised the twins since they were babies, she centers her life around building their happiness, and enjoys nothing more than baking a batch of Kit's pet cookies, or fixing Kathy's favorite meat dish.

(Aunt Emily played by Alma Kruger)

(Martha played by Virginia Sale)



# Take a chance on happiness



LOVE, I grew up believing, comes once to every woman. I thought that once had come to me when I met Michael Wayne. Since then I have learned how the heart can betray you. And how some women are lucky, for to them love comes freely and openly and beautifully the very first time. But to some women—those like me—madness comes disguised as love.

Madness was Michael Wayne. His unsmiling eyes searching mine. His long brown fingers setting the pulses leaping in my wrists. His voice, deep and stirring, a whisper above my lips. "Take a chance—gamble with me on happiness, Janice! Be brave! Only the brave deserve . . ."

Michael was movie-story romance, glamour—the kind of love that does not grow on every bush in suburban communities like Rosedale. Suburban life doesn't produce glamour. It produces solid marriage. Marriage complete with home and kids, hard work and worries, clashes of wills and sometimes quarrels—and with loyalty and affection and friendship and even habit playing a part.

Something, in short, that's a far cry from an eternal honeymoon. And at eighteen, at twenty, I was convinced marriage like that would be the stodgiest sort of compromise. "Second-best," I'd say, "Look at my Mother and Dad—tired and grumpy with each other half the time. Sure, they're lambs and I love them. But if I can't have anything more exciting than what they've got—if I can't have the perfect thing—then I'm not having any. . ."

The one I argued with like that was Kenny Randall. Kenny was the boy next door. We grew up together. We fought and made up, read the same books and studied the same lessons, and he beau'ded me to my first dance wearing his first long pants and braces on his teeth.

Afterwards, in high school, I wore

*To some women love comes beautifully the very first time. But to others—girls like Jan Bennett—madness comes disguised as love!*

Kenny's fraternity pin. But after graduation I gave it back. All at once it struck me as silly to wear it. True, Kenny had changed a lot since the brace-and-freckles days. His teeth flashed white and even in the friendliest grin in the world, football practice and swimming had given him powerful shoulders, he was tall, a smooth dancer, plenty of girls thought him attractive. Still, I wasn't romantic about him! He was just my best friend.

The first time Kenny proposed to me was right after he got his job in an accountant's office. Some day he hoped to be a CPA himself, have an office of his own. He held out no shining prospects to me—just the same, when he talked about the future, he talked about his dream.

But he was twenty, shy, afraid of words because he'd had no practice with them. He could not make me see the dream. I heard only his words, and they sounded stodgy. "Good heavens," I cried, "You haven't given me a single good reason why I should marry you! So we can have fun together? We have fun anyhow. So we can make a down payment on a model bungalow? So we can raise a couple of kids' and then worry about how to put them through college?"

Because I hated hurting him, I was too flip about the whole thing. Kenny

said stubbornly, "Stop it! Don't twist what I've said, Jan! You know perfectly well what I mean. We should get married because we're in love."

But I shrugged. "Love—oh that! We're fond of each other. But do you hear my heart go pitter-pat? Have I ever been known, on your account, to miss a single good night's sleep?"

I was surprised at the earnestness of his answer. "No. And, darling, if I can help it you never will."

For the next couple of years—every time he got a raise or a promotion—Kenny went on proposing. And then one day he proposed in uniform. He was leaving for training in the tank corps at Camp Redding early the next morning. That made a difference, somehow, but not enough difference. So I promised to write to him often, but as for wearing his ring, the answer was still no.

Just the same, I was terribly lonely after he was gone. I could not quite figure out why, so I put it down to the temper of the times. In a country buckling down to all-out war, I reasoned, restlessness was natural. The cure for it would be a defense job.

MOTHER and Dad approved of my decision and I went job-hunting. I found work almost at once in a lens-grinding factory in the heart of downtown. Wayne & Wayne, Inc., the agency people told me, was a unique plant. It had mushroomed from an optometrist's shop employing eight skilled men into a plant handling huge government contracts. They made lenses for binoculars, bombsights, tanksights, periscopes, and because previous to the war our country had imported all its high-precision lenses from Germany, everyone in the place, with the exception of the original eight men, were trainees.

I had a feeling of independence and adventure and achievement when I





*For the first time I had  
a feeling of independ-  
ence and adventure.*

*From a Case Heard on*

*A. L. Alexander's Court of Human Relations*

was hired. I suppose the interview I had in the little shack used as an employment office helped. The man interviewing me didn't belong in that battered old swivel chair! He was the most vital, the most compelling human being I'd ever met. I did not know then that this was Michael Wayne, boss of the whole works, and as unique as his business. Thirty-five, he was young enough to be considered the wonder of the industry and old enough to sweep me off my feet.

He looked me over carefully after as carefully reading my application. "Live

in Rosedale, do you? Nice comfortable place—I pass by there myself every day. My home is a little farther out. Rosedale, heh? Sure you're not after this job for a lark? Sure after we train you you won't decide to marry some nice boy in the army and follow your husband to camp?"

The words were almost harsh, and yet his voice belied them. It was a warm voice, warm and personal. His eyes went with the voice. A deep gray under finely etched dark eyebrows. All at once I felt I'd do anything to stay near him, to have him look at me

and talk to me once in a while.

I simply had to land this job! "If you mean will my salary be important to me," I said hotly, "the family can use it. As for the army, I've friends in it, of course, but I'm not marrying any of them. I'm not even engaged!"

He smiled then. "The army's loss will be the defense industry's gain, then. All right, Miss Bennett, you're hired. And forgive me for cross-examining you the way I did, but you see, we have to be careful about whom we take on. Attractive girls especially." Having the thin, fair skin that goes





with reddish hair I blush easily, and right then I could feel myself blushing. "We can't afford to train people unless it's for the duration, and . . ."

"I'll stay for the duration," I said. "That's a promise."

"Good. Just for that, next time it rains I'll give you a lift home in my car. That's a promise too."

He buzzed and a girl appeared and took me through the yard to the main building. It was a warm, sunny fall day. I looked at the clear blue sky and said a little prayer. *I hope it rains, I hope it rains.*

**I**T rained the very next day, and Michael Wayne kept his promise. I was just through struggling with the hood of my rain cape and was wondering if I'd miss the bus that I usually catch if I waited for the crowded cross-town car. Maybe a taxi . . . Then someone said, as if in answer, "Taxi, lady?" and it was Michael. He opened the door of his car for me.

I've always loved driving in the rain. So, it turned out, did Michael. The misted closed windows of the car made us feel safe, shut in. We did not say much. Michael was the kind of driver who really concentrates on driving. Once, when we reached the highway, he turned and gave me his stirring smile. "This is nice, isn't it?" Once

he drew out his pack of cigarettes and handed them to me. "Light me one like a good child, will you?" And in that intimate little gesture we seemed to bridge months of getting acquainted.

At my door Michael looked up at the sky with the practiced eyes of a born outdoor man. "This is going to be a regular Sou'-Wester, or I miss my bet. If it's soupy in the morning, wait for me, and I'll blow the horn for you at eight. If the sun comes out, I'll blow the horn anyway."

And that was the beginning. Soon those drives each morning and each night became the high points of the days for me. They were sheer joy. I lived for them. I never questioned the fact that at the plant Michael avoided me. His explanation, that letting the whole plant know that the boss and one of the trainees went around together might be demoralizing to the others, satisfied me completely. But then, I would have been satisfied with anything he said!

The night Michael first kissed me, it was like being kissed by the prince in the fairy tale. Why, I'd been asleep all my life and now suddenly I was wide awake. My head was spinning with delight, my blood was racing. I'd been kissed before, of course—but Kenny's kisses had never been like this!

Michael whispered, in the darkness of the parked car, "Darling, darling . . . you're so wonderful, so fresh and untouched. . . . And to think that someday . . . you'll belong to me . . ."

"Yes," I whispered back, "Oh yes, yes!" To me, that was a sacred binding promise. That night I walked on air.

It was Mother and Dad who first threw cold water in the bright glow of my happiness. "Who is this boss of yours? What do you know about him? Why doesn't he ever call on you, if you are going to be friends? You'd think he would want to meet us. . . ."

Ordinarily I would have agreed with them, but under the circumstances I felt like laughing. As if one could apply the yardstick of ordinary conventions to Michael!

But when they grew insistent, I spoke to him about it. "The folks want to meet you," I said. And he smiled and said how sweet and old fashioned. Then, "But I'm not ready to share you, Janice darling. Not with

your family, not with anyone. We have so little time together!"

I said, "I know. I feel the same way. But the folks worry about me." In the end, I persuaded him to come to Sunday dinner. I felt sure one visit would set everything right. The folks would love him, and . . .

It was the most miserable Sunday dinner I've ever had in my life. I'd started out so happily, helping Mom in the kitchen, arranging the flowers in the living room vases and in the centerpiece on our old, carefully polished dining table. Fussing with my new sage-green dress and with my freshly washed hair. Brushing Rusty, our Irish setter, so his coat wouldn't shed all over Michael.

I ended up wishing that the time would pass more quickly, until Michael could decently excuse himself. . . . You see, right from the first he seemed to rub the folks the wrong way. They found him too old for me, too worldly, even slightly patronizing. I for my part insisted all their objections came from their loyalty to Kenny.

"Well, Kenny's our kind," Dad said flatly.

Then I got mad. "You've always wanted me to marry him, and I've never wanted to and never will!" I flung the words out, and I resolved then and there not to be put in the position of having to defend myself again. I'd simply not invite Michael to the house. But I wouldn't stop seeing him. I couldn't. . . .

Of course, I did go on seeing Michael, going back and forth to the office with him. But I never mentioned him at home. And that was hard, because it was like lying, somehow—not saying a lie, but—well, like *being* one, in a way. I'd never lied to Mother and Dad before. It made my whole wonderful friendship with Michael seem a little cheap, a little bit wrong. Some of the beautiful glow, like a lamp lighting up everything I did, was gone.

Michael teased me, and that didn't help, either. "Don't you worry, honey," he'd say. "Some day I'll see to it that everything comes out all right. And then he'd kiss me. And when he kissed me, he could make our love seem the most glorious thing in the world, and as long as I was with him I had the beautiful glow back again, to warm me against any doubts.

It was when I was away from him that I couldn't help wondering. What was wrong that he couldn't set right *at once*? Why didn't he propose to me? Why was it always, "I love you," and never, "Will you marry me?"

Then something happened which took my mind temporarily off my troubles. Stringent gas rationing. Commuting by car became impossible now.



"Take a Chance on Happiness," by Jean Karsarvina, was suggested by a true case history presented on A. L. Alexander's great human interest program, *The Court of Human Relations*, heard Mondays at 9:30 P.M., EWT over Mutual.



And commuting by train and streetcar and bus, plus the long, hard hours that I put in at my workbench these days made me so weary that I didn't have time to think of much else, to do much else but come home and fall into bed.

It was Michael who gave me the idea, but it wasn't for his sake alone that I decided to try it. I knew that if I went on this way much longer I'd be sick—and besides, after the hours with Michael a life that included nothing but working and sleeping and eating was dull. It wasn't really living at all. And so I made my decision.

**I**T took more courage than I thought I had in me to tell Mother and Dad that I had decided to move into town. I knew before I told them what their reaction would be. But they must have sensed the rebellion in me—rebellion against a physical way of life that was too hard, against anything which stood in the way of the emotional force that meant more to me than anything else—for while they decidedly did not approve they didn't say anything more than that they thought it was a foolish thing to do.

I spent a hectic week-end house hunting, and found a tiny furnished apartment that I could afford, in a shabby block within walking distance of the plant.

Usually, when a girl says good-bye to her mother and father, and moves into a new home, it is to go as a bride, borne triumphantly on a tide of happiness and good wishes. But I left home in a sea of doubts, not knowing whether I would ever be the bride of the man I loved so much.

Just the same, that shabby little apartment was like heaven, because Michael could visit me there. Sometimes I could almost make myself believe that I *was* married, that I was furnishing the apartment for two instead of for myself alone. And then the old question would creep in—why shouldn't I be doing just that? Why wasn't I married to Michael? But the fun of fixing the place up didn't leave me time to think of much else. I bought out the five-and-ten, got the kitchenette ready, put my books and pictures and things I had brought from home in their places.

That feeling I sometimes had of actually being married was at its strongest the first night that I was settled enough to be able to invite Michael to dinner. It was wonderful to see him come in the door, to pretend that he came home to me like that every night, to have him take me in his arms and kiss me as I wanted him to do—as I *willed* him to do—all the rest of my life.

But that first festive dinner was destined never to be eaten. Close on Michael's heels, while I still stood in the circle of his arms, welcoming him, another visitor came. Kenny.

He was home on furlough, and Mother had given him my address. She must have had a talk with him, too, because from the moment he walked in he seemed to know all about



*"We can't afford to train people unless it's for the duration," he said. "I'll stay for the duration," I said. "That's a promise."*

Michael. He came and stood close to me, like a huge St. Bernard on guard, and in the end it was Michael who retreated—gracefully, as always.

"Sorry to have to go so soon, Jan, but there's business at the plant that has to be attended to. Glad to have met you, Randall."

After the door closed on Michael, Kenny turned to me, and his voice was sharp, as I had never heard it before.

"Jan! Jan, I don't understand you!"

I looked up at him swiftly. "What is there to understand?" I challenged. "Michael is a friend of mine. I have a right to choose my own friends. No—you might as well know it now, Kenny. I'm going to marry him. You'll—" But my voice trailed away under the impact of Kenny's eyes searching mine.

"Marry," he said, oddly, after a long silence. "Why, Jan, I believe you mean

that. I believe you're honest about it. You really don't know . . ."

I stared at him stupidly, and then he dropped his bombshell. The Wayne Lens Works, famous by now throughout the Army and Navy, was owned jointly by Michael *and his wife*. The way Kenny had found out about it was simple. Because of his accounting experience, he had a job as receiving clerk at Camp Redding. New tank parts, including lenses, went through his hands. He had signed plenty of requisitions and receipts with both Michael's and Helen Wayne's names on them!

He had even met her, for she was the field representative for the firm. My brain ticked away sickly. Field representative . . . Helen . . . It began to make sense. At the plant, where I had never seen her, we knew of her as Miss Helen (Continued on page 69)







# I'LL WAIT FOREVER

*Ann walked the streets bravely with the ghost of her love by her side—then Ross came back, his laughter changed to bitterness, to test her courage and her faith*

I WALKED down the hot, sunny, busy street, and it was like walking with a ghost.

Every step I took, it was as if Ross walked beside me. I could hear his deep laugh and feel his nearness. Everywhere I looked, I saw his face, and every place I passed had its own special memory that brought him closer. Over there was the building where he'd had his small real estate office—his own successful business, closed now for the duration, the clients turned over to one of the larger firms. Here on the corner was the Mexican cafe where we'd given him the last of the farewell parties, and once more I felt his arms around me as we'd danced in the patio under the Arizona stars.

Even the faces that I passed—the familiar, friendly faces of our small city where everybody knew everybody else—brought him back. People stopped me: "Hi, Ann. Heard from Ross yet? How's he like the Army?" "Hello, Ann—how's Ross? Sure some party we had, wasn't it?" The president of the bank, a flyer in training at a neighboring field, a cowboy in for the day from a nearby ranch, Miss Ralston who had taught both of us in grammar school—everybody knew him and liked him. Ross . . . Ross . . . Ross. It was like a refrain, unendurably sweet, unendurably painful.

I clenched my hands and tilted my chin and made myself walk on, calm and composed. Yesterday, seeing him off at the station for the induction center in Tucson, I hadn't cried even when he'd kissed me for the last time. I wouldn't cry now. Other girls were giving up their husbands to the service. I'd give up my fiancé with a smile as brave as theirs, and be as proud. And whatever tears I shed would be where none could see them.

I'd known it would be hard, for a long time now. Ever since Pearl Harbor, Ross had been crazy to go. He would have enlisted if it hadn't been for his mother. Mrs. Coleman was as brave as anybody, but widowed and nearly helplessly crippled with rheumatism as she was, it didn't seem fair to leave her until he was called. That decision to wait somehow made me love Ross more than ever. For sometimes that is the braver thing to do—to wait, when every instinct is urging you to go.

Wait. That's what I had to do now. And it was going to be harder even than I'd thought. Go on with my job in the bookstore, go on living at home,

working four nights a week at the USO—go on covering up the aching loneliness that had started yesterday at the station. Waiting till Ross came back. Waiting till we could really belong to each other.

For, "We've our faith in each other, Ann," he said, "and somehow it would be a lesser faith if we hurried and got married now. It wouldn't be fair to you, either. This way—well, you'll be free if something should happen to me or if—if another guy would come along—"

"Don't!" I said, and covered his lips with my fingers. "Don't talk like that. There won't ever be 'another guy' for me. I'll be here when you come back if it takes forever. You know that, my darling."

Yes, we each knew that. The faith we shared was a real and living thing, and it would carry us through the long separation. It would carry us through everything.

So there'd been disposing of the business and arranging for his mother to live at one of the boarding houses in town where she could be with friends, and there'd been the farewell parties and saying good-by to an old life, and there had been our moments alone together . . . And now there was only I, walking with a ghost beside me.

"Hello, Ann. Ross get off all right?" This time it was Buck Turner, one of the few old-time ranchers still left in our part of the country, and I stopped to talk with genuine pleasure. I'd known Buck all my life; he'd taught me to ride and he'd spanked me once or twice when I'd needed it, and his grizzled, weather-beaten face was as dear and familiar as my own dead father's. "I hope the Army's got the sense to put Ross in the cavalry," he went on. "The boy's the best hand with a horse I ever saw. But I reckon he'll be a good soldier wherever they put him."

"Yes," I said, "he was crazy to go."

His shrewd, kindly eyes swept my face. "You come up and see me when you get lonely. I'll put you to riding herd on some of the wild horses I'm breaking for the government reclama-

tion project. Can't get any hands these days, with the boys all off to war, and I'm getting too old to handle those critters myself. And by the way, let me know as soon as you hear from Ross. I want to lease his land up there next to mine—I'll need it to water the stock, with the season as dry as it is."

I watched him walk off with that short stiff-kneed stride of the cowboy and thought affectionately how typical it was of him to start working for the government now. Too old to fight, he could still make himself useful in the war effort. The land he'd mentioned adjoined his own, up in the hills, and had been left to Ross by his father. It wasn't good for much now, but some day Ross wanted to raise and breed horses up there. There was an adobe shack on it—a primitive, little three room place, that we'd used for weekend parties when a bunch of us had gone up and broiled steaks over an open fire and sung old songs and ridden the horses Ross had kept. The horses and the wrangler were gone now, and the shack was just another place of memories for me. The sweetest memories of all, for it had been there on a moonlight night with the scent of the flowering desert sweet about us, that Ross had asked me to marry him. It was there that the faith that must sustain me now had started.

I walked on home. The May sun already held the sting in it that those of us who live in Southern Arizona learn to half dread, half welcome. It promised the blast-furnace heat of the dry days to come, when the temperature climbs to a hundred and ten and water comes steaming from the faucet marked "Cold" and all living things seek shelter from the noon-day sun.

The living room was shaded against that broiling sun, and coming into it I was blinded for a moment by its shadowy coolness. And then my vision cleared, and I was staring at the long, lean figure slumped in the big rawhide basket chair by the side porch door.

My heart jumped wildly, and then was quiet except for the thick, thunderous pulse in my neck, that kept the words from coming out of my throat. It was as if the ghost that had walked the streets beside me had now materialized out of nothing, had sprung from nowhere. Ross!

He stirred and got up, and I knew that he was real. No ghost of the laughing, eager boy I had known could have looked so bitter.



"I'll Wait Forever," an original story by Helen Irwin Dowdey, was suggested by a program of war information heard on NBC.



We stared at each other in silence for a long moment. Then, "The conquering hero comes home from the wars," he said, and the same bitterness lay deep in his voice as he bit off two more short syllables. "4-F!"

It took time for the words to sink through all the barriers I had built up against loneliness, all the careful plans I had made for a world in which there would be no Ross for a long while. Finally I managed, "4-F! But Ross, you were 1-A—" My voice trailed away.

"Yes," he said, flatly, "I was. Then on the final physical before induction a snoopy doctor discovered I'd had my leg rolled on by a horse when I was twelve—you remember, I told you about that. Imagine it, Ann—thirteen years ago, and it's never given me any trouble. I tried to tell him that, but he wouldn't listen. Said the bone was injured, and that the leg would break down in a month of drilling. Said I wouldn't be any good as a soldier. So—" he laughed shortly—"here I am. What a laugh for everybody in town, after the farewell parties, all the good-bys—"

MY mind, part of it, was racing ahead, exploring the days to come, trying to find out how this old way of life of ours, which was suddenly a new way, would turn out—trying to adjust myself to having Ross safely home again, after the terrible adjustment to his going away. And part of my mind was working very slowly, like a swimmer in water, pushing heavily through the tangle of surprise and fears, trying to reach some kind of solid shore.

"Don't say that, Ross," I told him, noting with a kind of strange detachment how slowly my answers came, how there was a pause between his speech and mine. "Everyone will be glad, dear. They'll know—"

He came closer to me, then. "Are you glad?"

"Of course I'm glad." But it sounded flat, because I wasn't sure. Ross had wanted so to fight, had been so eager to go—no, I wasn't glad if this were going to make him unhappy, if this were going to change him. I couldn't honestly tell him I was glad that he'd been kept from doing something he so passionately wanted to do. You can't tell a man you're glad he's a failure in his own eyes. No matter that it meant he would be kept safe for me—safe from bombs and bullets.

He came closer still, until I seemed

to be able to see beyond his eyes, to the turmoil and the misery that lay back of them. His pain was mine, too—so much so that I only half heard him when he spoke again.

"One thing, Ann—we can have our dreams back. We won't have to postpone them. We can get married right away."

He was crawling to me for protection, I thought sharply. Would it be the best thing, no matter how much I wanted it, to marry him at once? Shouldn't we go ahead, as once we had planned before war destroyed the whole world's plans, and be married on my mother's wedding anniversary, several months from now? Why should we do things differently, as if something shameful had happened to make necessity greater? Shouldn't we face the world as if nothing at all had happened? I could, I thought then, best help Ross by making him do that. . . .

And there was something else. Something I was ashamed of, so ashamed that I dared not acknowledge it even to myself. I was a little sorry. Ross had gone away a potential hero. Even as I had been afraid for him, even as I had desperately wished that he might not have to go, I had been proud. I had pictured him in his uniform, so tall, so straight, so handsome. Somehow, this was only a shell of that image which had come crawling home.

I don't know what of this showed in my face, but some of it must have been apparent in the silence, for Ross drew sharply away. I knew I must answer him, quickly. "I think we ought to stick to our original plans," I said. "I think we should be married when we planned to be married, and not rush things. . . ." It sounded lame. It sounded insincere. It sounded unsure, and I knew it and couldn't help it. And later I would gladly have cut out my tongue if it would have kept me from saying any of those things. If only I could have thrown back my head, and smiled at him, and said, bravely, freely, "Now—tomorrow, today—whenever you like, I'm yours, Ross, and you know it!" But it wasn't really I who had spoken—it was some shock-paralyzed creature who had forgotten how to think, who had forgotten how the man she loved must feel, lost in her own feelings. . . .

Ross said nothing. There was nothing for him to say.

I couldn't stand the self-mockery in his eyes, and the shame that lay naked there. My paralysis broke at last, and I began to talk. I said there were other ways of fighting besides shooting people. There was defense work—hundreds of men were needed. There was farm labor. There was—and then, like an inspiration, I thought of Buck Turner.

"He needs help badly, Ross, and he told me himself you were the best man with a horse he ever saw. The Government has to have those horses—think, darling, you'd be doing something other people can't do. Breaking wild horses—"

On and on I talked. Sometimes I thought he wasn't even listening. Finally he said, "Well, I reckon it's all

that's left me to do. I've got to get out of town—and working with Buck at least offers me that. I could live up there at the shack. . . ."

I came close to him then. I had to bring back the warm, eager Ross who belonged to me instead of this indifferent, brooding stranger I couldn't talk to. "Darling," I said, "we—we can be married, now. We don't have to wait. We said we'd get married when you came back—and you *are* back." I tried to laugh lightly. "Aren't you even going to say when you want to?"

"No."

An angry flush whipped his skin, and the words struck out at me. "I saw your face when you came in and found me here. You looked surprised, sure—but you were disappointed, too. Don't try to deny it, Ann. You want a soldier, not a flop. And when you talked to me, you were trying to pump up enthusiasm, trying to make yourself glad I was back. In your heart, you're not."

"That isn't true! It was the shock, Ross. Remember I'd resigned myself to your being away—for a long, long time maybe. I'd steeled myself to getting along without you, to being brave. And then when I found you here so unexpectedly—"

"That's just what I mean. You didn't have time to prepare yourself, and you showed what you really felt. I know you, Ann. Don't try to fool me with any phony business. I know where I stand with you and everybody else, and you're free of the engagement as far as I'm concerned."

And then he turned and walked out, leaving me standing there. Leaving me feeling my whole world had broken into fragments. . . .

The next few days were the most miserable of my life. I waited for Ross to come, to call. He did neither. I tried to put myself in his place and feel what he was feeling. He was a proud boy, and an intense one. What he was going through wasn't easy.

There was the humiliation he felt from every side. People said, "Hear about Ross Coleman? Told everybody good-by and went up to Phoenix to be inducted—and the very next day he was back home again. 4-F." To some it made a funny story, something ludicrous to be laughed over and forgotten. To others, it was pathetic. But being laughed at or being pitied were alike intolerable to Ross.

That was only part of it. The thing that went deeper, the dangerous thing, was that somehow he'd been robbed of his manhood. He'd wanted to fight as men should fight, and he couldn't. He felt useless.

Buck Turner dropped in at the bookstore to see me about a week later. "I'm worried about Ross," he said right away. "You know he's working for me. He and his mother moved up to the shack—"

I shook my head. "No," I said, "I didn't know."

"You mean he didn't—" He broke off, and the worry deepened in his shrewd gray eyes. "Well, the boy's taken it harder even than I thought.





You see, Ann, he ought to be crazy about what he's doing. He's loved horses since he was knee-high to one, and he's good with 'em. He's doing a good enough job right now, but his heart's not in it. All the—the fight, the drive that made Ross the kind of boy he is, is just plumb gone right out of him. I thought maybe if you could go up and see them for over Sunday or something—"

"I couldn't, Buck. I haven't been invited. I don't think he—he wants to see me." In spite of myself, my voice broke a little.

"Now look here. I'm an old man and I've seen the darn-fool things people can do to themselves. Their own pride hurt more human beings than any other one thing anybody else could ever think up to do to 'em. You forget about the way he's behaved. You love him and he loves you. So you sit yourself right down, young lady, and write him a letter to say you're coming up for a visit next Saturday and that I'm bringing you when I drive out from my weekly trip to town."

IT was just about the hardest thing I ever did, but I did it. And when my pen faltered, I made myself go on. Buck was right. I loved Ross and he loved me. What kind of love was it, if I didn't go to him when he needed me.

No answer came, but I packed my overnight bag and was waiting when Buck came by my house late Saturday afternoon. We drove the fifty miles up into the hills without talking much. I'd always loved this country, and now I tried to find comfort in it for the fear that was in my heart. I felt the timelessness of the mountains, changing now in the lowering sun from rosy rust to dark red to purple. Always they were timeless, and always they changed every moment of the day. Like life itself. And I looked at the brush that whipped against the sides of the truck as we drove over the rutted, desert road hardly more than a cattle trail. The cholla, the sahuaro, the mesquite and cat-claw—each one menacing with its weapon of thorn or spike if you did not know the desert. But each familiar and beautiful with its odd kind of harsh beauty if you knew it and loved it as I did.

I jumped out of the car and opened the cattle gates for Buck as he drove the car through, and surveyed the country with a professional eye. It was dry, as he said. Getting dangerously so. If we didn't have our quota of rain in August, stock would run short of water. And if an unknowing person should drop a lighted cigarette among this dry brush, the fire that is the dread of every cattleman's heart would sweep for acres. It was by thinking of things like that that I kept my mind from the approaching meeting with Ross. How would he greet me? What would he say?

I found out soon enough, Ross was a casual acquaintance, politely welcoming a visitor from town. And that was all. His face had hardened into the bitter mask he'd worn last week in my living room, and underneath it I sensed



*It was there with the scent of the flowering desert sweet about us that Ross asked me to marry him.*

a sort of rigid self-control. In so short a time he'd become someone I hardly knew.

Mrs. Coleman welcomed me lovingly. As she limped with me into the little room we were to share, she whispered, "I'm so glad you've come, honey. Ross needs you. He's—he's changed. He's not the same boy any more. Maybe now that you're here—"

So it wasn't only with me he'd changed! Somehow that gave me hope.

Ross had broiled steaks and prepared beans and canned tomatoes for our supper. It was a clumsy meal, a man's meal, awkwardly set on the rough table in the front room. "Ross has to be chief cook and bottle-washer, too," Mrs. Coleman explained apologetically. "I'm not able to do the things I want to and—"

"I don't mind, Mom," he said quickly. "You know that. I like to cook my own grub."

But I knew that in some odd way, he did mind. It was all part of the pattern.

We talked along during supper—bits of gossip from town, the horses Ross had rounded up that day—some of them branded long ago and then turned out because of some injury or other that made them useless to their owner, some of them "outlaws" that had never been broken, and a few foaled of the desert itself, as wild as the hills they lived on. But Ross talked quietly, without enthusiasm, and I remembered the dream he'd had of someday doing this

very thing. Now it seemed empty to him.

After we'd washed and put away the dishes he said, "Want to take a ride, Ann? I've still got that old paint horse you used to like."

I changed quickly into corduroys and an old shirt. Perhaps now I would have a chance to talk to him, to find him again.

We rode slowly up the trail that climbed the hill in back of the shack. Even with the sun nearly down, it was hot, and the swift chill that usually comes at sundown was absent. At the top of the hill we paused and looked out over the darkening, mysterious vastness. The silence lay so deep it was like a visible thing, a presence.

After a long while I said softly, "It's worth fighting for, isn't it, Ross? All this—this part of the heritage of America, this freedom—"

"Yes," he said with the bitterness I had come to (Continued on page 80)



PRESENTING

# Mr. and Mrs. North

Meet Pamela and Jerry, radio's delightful couple whose adventures you hear on NBC, sponsored by Woodbury Cold Cream



PAM NORTH, like most happily married women, is an inveterate matchmaker, and simply won't rest until all her friends have achieved the same state. She has a weather eye out nowadays for a suitable wife for the Norths' old friend Lt. Wiegand, who isn't quite sure how he feels about the idea.

**I**N the first place, Pam and Jerry North aren't detectives—certainly not by vocation, at least. Jerry North is a book publisher, Pamela a housewife, and together they're one of the most delightful pair of people you'd ever hope to meet.

Somehow or other, Pam and Jerry seem to attract mysteries as a magnet attracts steel. Their adventures, written by Frances and Richard Lockridge, have delighted magazine and book readers for several years, and the circle of their friends has grown tremendously since they have brought their happy-go-lucky, fun-and-mystery-filled home life to radio listeners. Sometimes it is the Norths' good friend Police Lt. Bill Wiegand who brings them into adventure, but more often than not adventure comes to them.

Pam and Jerry epitomize the eternal conflict between the male and female way of thinking. Men, as Jerry points out, reason from cause to effect, but Pam, as do so many other women, reaches a conclusion first and then scurries about to find facts to support her theory. Her reasoning, says Jerry, is fifty percent hunch, twenty-five percent likes and dislikes, and twenty-five percent common sense. However, when Pam tries to work things out according to Jerry's idea of the proper method, she does beautifully—but the answer is always wrong. Pam, though, is far from being a scatterbrain—it's just that she leaps from crag to crag in her thinking, touching the high spots; she always makes sense, even though Jerry and Bill sometimes fail to understand her.

Aside from mystery-solving, Pam North spends a good deal of her time trying to get Bill Wiegand married. Women scare Bill socially, but they love him on sight. Perhaps it's the picture of the home life of his right-hand man, Sgt. Aloysius Mullins, which troubles Bill—Mullins is the proud father of eight children. Bill's a fearless detective but a mighty scared man when it comes to asking a woman out for dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. North are heard over NBC on Wednesdays at eight, EWT, seven, CWT, Tuesdays at nine, Pacific time and ten Mountain time.






Coffee after a pleasant dinner puts the Norths in a mood to discuss their latest venture into the field of detection. Jerry is coming in for some good natured teasing from Pam on the subject of his singing, for it was all due to Jerry's vocal efforts that one of the recent cases on which they helped Bill Wiegand was brought to a satisfactory ending.  
(Played by Alice Frost and Joseph Curtin)



# I'M LONESOME AND SO BLUE, MY DEAR

*Here's a preview of a brand new tune you'll be singing and dancing to, in special arrangements as featured by orchestra leader Jimmy Lunceford*

Words and Music  
by EDWIN F. WILCOX



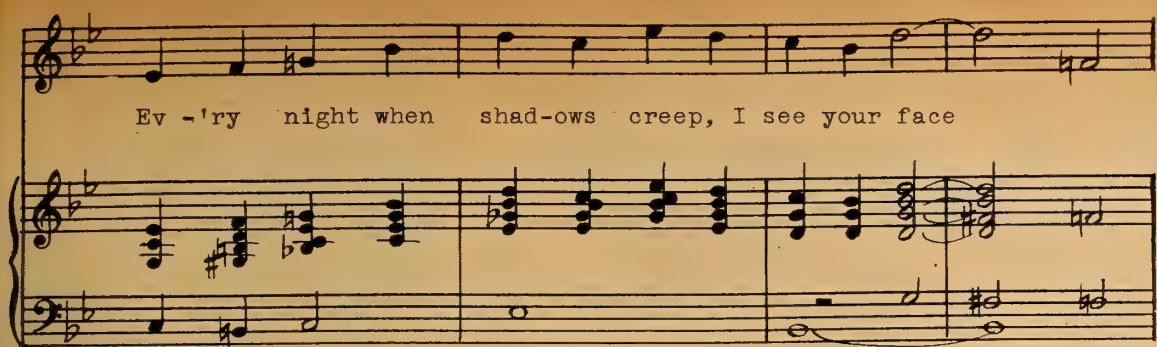
I'm lone-some and blue. \_\_\_\_\_ Just thinking of you, \_\_\_\_\_ Tell me

what can I do, \_\_\_\_\_ my dear \_\_\_\_\_ When these

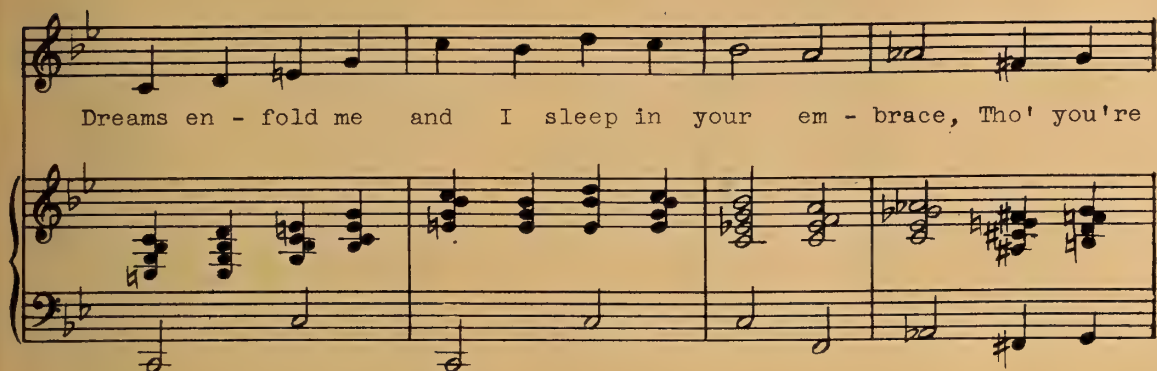
dark cloud-y skies \_\_\_\_\_ bring tears to my eyes \_\_\_\_\_ How my

heart and soul cries \_\_\_\_\_ for you. \_\_\_\_\_

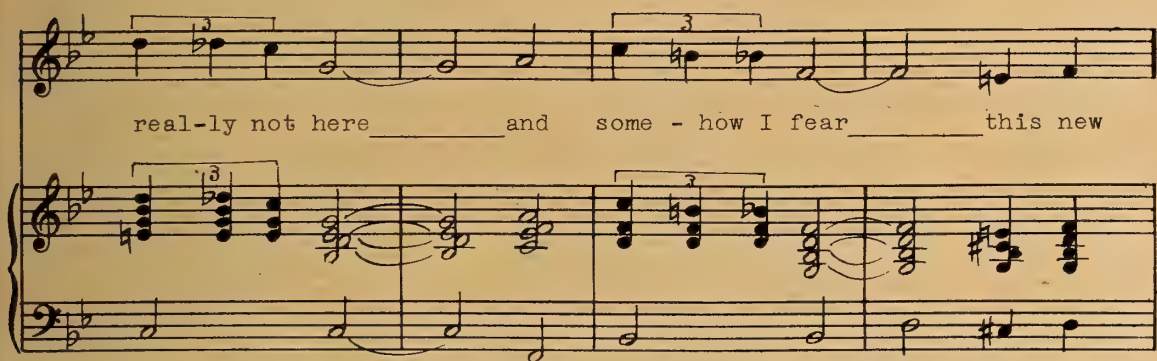




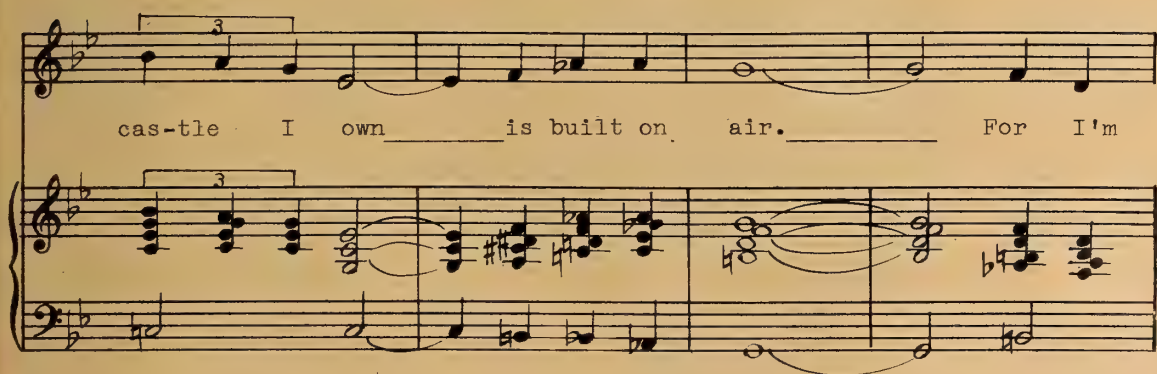
Ev - 'ry night when shad-ows creep, I see your face




Dreams en - fold me and I sleep in your em - brace, Tho' you're



real-ly not here \_\_\_\_\_ and some - how I fear \_\_\_\_\_ this new



cas-tle I own \_\_\_\_\_ is built on air. \_\_\_\_\_ For I'm



lone-some and so blue, my dear, \_\_\_\_\_



RADIO MIRROR'S  
HIT OF THE MONTH



# A dream to share

*The very first time she saw him, kneeling at the altar with Isabel, she knew that she had fallen foolishly, fatally in love with Steve*

IT'S queer how you can wait years for something you've dreamed about, wait and hope, knowing that it will never happen, and then all of a sudden it does happen, exactly as you'd pictured it.

It was like that the afternoon I saw Steven coming up the walk to our house, on his way from work, the rough leather jacket he wore at the construction site unzipped and swinging freely from his broad shoulders, the slanting rays of the afternoon sun tipping his close-clipped reddish hair with copper. I had pictured it so often, hopelessly, knowing that I must not—Steven, coming home at the end of day, coming home to me.

And then, with the sound of his step on the porch, I was brought down to earth again, and the dream shattered.

I smoothed my dress—a housedress, but clean and freshly ironed that afternoon—and as I went to the door a glance at the hall mirror assured me that at least I appeared to be calm and unruffled. My hair, waving back from my temples to a roll at the nape of my neck, made a soft, dark frame for my face; my eyes looked unusually large and deep, but Steven would not know that it was from suppressed ex-

citement; my mouth, too, did not give me away—it looked firm enough, and not at all like the mouth of a woman who wants terribly to be kissed by the man she loves.

I managed, somehow, to keep most of my excitement out of my voice. "Steven!" I cried. "What a surprise! And how good to see you!"

"Not nearly as good as it is for me to see you," he replied in a voice as hearty as his handshake. Then his tone became more serious, and he said urgently, "Evelyn, I've got to talk to you. I need your advice."

My heart turned over at the thought of Steven, big, strong, resourceful Steven, needing help, and at his coming to me in his need, but I said lightly, "So? You're in trouble? Come in where we can talk it over."

He followed me into the living room and sat down in my father's favorite chair, the deep one beside the fireplace. I sat opposite him and looked at him with what I hoped was friendly interest, but which was actually a kind of hungry assimilation of every line and feature of him. His eyes were clear and unguarded as a child's, lighting up with interest or pleasure, shading to a deeper blue when he was worried or distressed. They were a very deep blue now. His nose, straight, but with just a hint of extra height and breadth at the bridge, and a rather pugnacious jaw gave him an almost commanding look belied by his mouth, which although firm, was unusually sensitive for a man's mouth.

I had seen so little of Steven. We hadn't met very often in the four years since we had first been introduced—at his wedding to my cousin Isabel. The ironic part of it was that I had always considered myself a sensible person, more practical than romantic, not given to believing in such things as love at first sight. But there it was—I, Evelyn Hamilton, had seen Steven Saunders, a rugged contrast to his bride's blonde fragility, kneeling with Isabel at the altar, and I had wanted suddenly with a wanting so

*Steven was real, and the words he said were more wonderful than any dream.*

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"You're a practical woman," Steven said, almost as if he had followed part of my thought. "Perhaps you can tell me what to do. Isabel isn't recovering as fast as she ought—"

I felt my skin turn cold and my face pale. I had never liked Isabel very much, and I was frankly—to myself—envious of her being Steven's wife, but anything that would hurt Steven would hurt me, too.

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"A girl just out of high school," I suggested, so anxious to help that I seized upon the first thought which came.

He shook his head. "They're all in war plants. I don't believe there's an unemployed girl between sixteen and twenty in town."

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I nodded, knowing what he was driving at, almost choking with anticipation. "Metal Novelties is being converted to the production of war materials," I said. "I was supposed to go back to work at the end of this month, but lack of essential tools has held up conversion indefinitely. I've been thinking of looking for another job."

"Looking for another job," he repeated, slowly turning over the idea. "Evelyn, could you—"

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porch lending a splash of pink color and a sweet, poignant fragrance. I waited inside the house to welcome them, not wishing to intrude immediately upon this homecoming which must be more precious to them than any other homecoming they'd known. I saw Steven lift Isabel out of the taxi, gently and with infinite care, as if she were the most fragile thing in the world, and dear beyond price. Isabel's hand rested slim and white on his shoulder, and Isabel's lovely head was haloed with gold by the sunlight blessing her hair. A white-capped nurse followed them with the baby, Gregory, a tiny, shapeless, helpless bundle of blue blankets.

AT that moment I was past even envying Isabel. I felt projected above and beyond myself, so that I became a part of that sunlit picture—the lovely woman and the man who held her so tenderly, and their son, their first-born—and yet I knew that I was outside their blessed circle, and my whole being ached with the conflict. I put my hand to my face and felt that my cheeks were wet, and I turned and ran. It would never do to let them see me crying—they would think me one of those silly, over-emotional women who weep over every human happening whether it touches their own lives or not.

I splashed water from the kitchen faucet on my eyes, dabbed them with a towel. Isabel's voice, thin and carrying, came from the front room. "Steven, be careful putting me down! No—not in the chair—on the davenport. That's better—" And then, "Steven, where's Evelyn? I thought you said she'd be here."

"I'm here." I stepped into the living-room. The spell was broken, and Isabel was no longer a woman glorified by motherhood, but Isabel again, the cousin I had never whole-heartedly liked, the woman whose place I wanted and yet must not want. I added, with an effort to be cordial and friendly, "You look lovely, Isabel. How are you?"

"As well as you could expect after all I've gone through," she answered plaintively.

I saw the expression of pain which crossed Steven's face, and I thought with some anger that although Isabel had suffered a great deal, she might at least, especially now that she was out of danger, refrain from visiting her suffering upon her husband.

The nurse held out the baby to Steven. "The taxi's waiting," she suggested, "and I'm needed back at the hospital." She left, then, and Steven turned back the blankets so that I could see Gregory.

"The new head of our household, Evelyn. How do you like him?"

I bent over the baby. Steven and his son, a tiny, living replica of himself. Gregory had Steven's blue eyes, a reddish fuzz which would some day be Steven's hair, and, as I looked at him, he smiled in a way which was as much like Steven's smile as a baby's vague and toothless grimace could be.

Steven held him out for me to take. "Do you mind, Evelyn? I'd like to carry Isabel upstairs—"

Mind! It was as near as I would ever come to holding Steven himself. I could feel Gregory's tiny body through the bulk of blankets; I smelled the sweet, warm milky baby-smell, and I turned and went quickly up the stairs lest my face give me away to the others.

I took Gregory into the blue and white nursery which, like the rest of the spacious story-and-a-half bungalow, had been planned and built by Steven. I loved the house because it was Steven's handiwork. Isabel did not, I knew. I had heard her more than once express her disdain of the suburbs. Isabel would have preferred an apartment in town.

She was arguing with Steven now—I could hear her voice through the closed door, and a moment later Steven came into the nursery. His face was flushed, and his eyes, which showed so clearly everything he felt, were embarrassed and unhappy.

I tried to help him. "Whatever it is, it can't be that bad," I said. "What's the matter, Steven?"

He stumbled miserably. "Gosh, Evelyn, I don't know how to ask you, but would you mind—I mean— Well, it's just that Isabel thinks she should be by herself for a while—"

I laughed. "Steven, I assure you I don't need the guest room. Certainly the nursery is big enough to accommodate both Gregory and me."

The relief in his eyes was reward enough, but the way he looked at me—an intent look, as if he were really seeing me for the first time—and the little involuntary gesture he made toward me set the blood pounding in my temples. "Evelyn, you're—you're

so darned swell—" and then he added hurriedly, "I'll move one of the twin beds from our room in here."

I discovered later that although Evelyn actually had wanted the guest room for herself, she had also taken it over as a sign of—of—well, of defiance, I guess—against me. It was the first of many little incidents which showed that she resented my presence, that she would have preferred a regular servant. However unobtrusive I made myself, there was hardly a day when she did not find some fault with me. I inadvertently did the wrong thing by cooking cereal with half milk and half water; Isabel told me sharply that she wanted it cooked with all water. I offered to do part of the laundry at home; Isabel said that the laundry had always been sent out, that it would continue to be sent out, and reminded me that there were other things to be done in my spare time. Her attitude puzzled me—Isabel had never seemed to me to be the sort of woman who would be jealously possessive about her household and her own ways of running it. Indeed, she seemed to care very little about keeping house at all. Before I came, the part-time cleaning woman had done all of the cleaning that was ever done in the house, and after Isabel was well enough to go downtown shopping, it was things for herself she bought, never anything for the house.

I followed her every suggestion and correction without protest, but over Gregory's diet we actually quarreled. A friend of Isabel's had given her a formula, and

*Isabel was Steven's wife. He belonged to her*

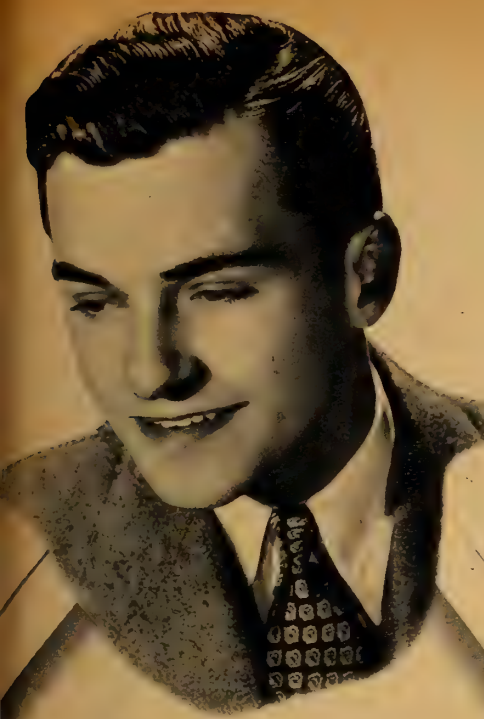
when I suggested that she ask the doctor before feeding it to Gregory, she was infuriated. "I think I know best what agrees with my own child," she said. "After all, it was I who suffered to bring him here. Besides, Mildred Hackett's baby gained five pounds on this diet."

"But Jimmy Hackett's older," I objected. "Gregory weighs what he should right now."

I would far rather have been completely wrong than to have been proved right by Gregory's subsequent illness. Even now I turn cold with remembered terror when I recall how, just four days after the new feedings, Gregory retched until his skin turned purple, how I stared in horrified disbelief at the reading of the fever thermometer. By the time Steven came home that afternoon, Isabel had retired hysterically to her own bed, and a very worried doctor was leaving me with complete instructions for caring for Gregory. "He should have a nurse,"







Dr. Anders said, "but we need them badly at the hospital, and if you can watch him, he should be all right. It is the fever we have to fight now, that is all."

I'll never forget Steven's eyes turning to me with desperate appeal, and with gratitude, too. He clung to me in that look, begged me not to let him down, and in the midst of my fear for Gregory I still knew a sharp thrill of happiness at Steven's need of me.

I sat with Gregory all night long, touching his lips with water now and then, feeling the hot, dry skin, listening to his breathing for any sign of change. And I prayed, prayed as I had never prayed before, prayed as I perhaps would not have prayed had Steven's own life been at stake. The tiny bit of life in the crib was dearer than anything else in the world to Steven, and I knew that if it should go, Steven's happiness could never again be wholly complete. Steven came in while I knelt beside the crib. I could not see him, but I heard his step, and when he did not speak, but remained standing silently, I knew that he was adding his appeal to mine.

**H**OW long we stayed silently there, willing some of our own life into Gregory's little body, I do not know, but the first faint light of dawn slid thin gray fingers past the half-closed blinds when the baby gasped and turned in his crib and gave a little choking cry before he sank back to silence. I felt Steven stiffen beside me; in a paralysis of hope and terror I forced my hand out to touch Gregory's face. His forehead was damp and cool; my fingers went to his chest, and as I listened, I knew that his breathing was deep and regular now, not like the other breathing.

"Steven," I whispered, "he's all right! The fever's broken—"

"Thank God!" Steven sighed, and did not say anything more for a long

time. When he spoke, his voice fought to be normal. "Evelyn, it's nearly six. You must get some sleep."

"I will, but I don't feel tired. Oh, Steven, if anything had happened to him—"

"If anything had happened to him—" His voice was grim. "This won't happen again. The doctor told me that that diet—"

"You mustn't blame Isabel—" I began.

"I don't. I blame myself. She's adopted these notions before. One time it was green salad served with breakfast; another time it was closed windows, and humidifiers in every room. Fads, that's what they amount to. I've let her do as she pleased because they've always seemed harmless enough, but this—"

"This was my fault," I interrupted.

"If I hadn't objected, Isabel would perhaps have forgotten about it.

It's natural for a woman to resent another woman's interference. Steven—perhaps I ought to leave."

"You can't leave," he said almost roughly, but his hand closed over mine. "Evelyn, we need you so much. You—" he was speak-

*and I was an interloper, with no claim on him!*

ing a little ashamedly now, a little sadly, like a man admitting defeat, "—you see, Isabel's no different from the way she's always been. It's not your presence here, but her own unhappiness that's the matter. She's never been really contented here; I'm afraid she's found things pretty dull. She didn't want Gregory; she had never wanted a child at all. I—well, I insisted, finally, partly because I wanted a child so badly, partly because I hoped it might make a difference in her life, give her something to do and to think about. I still think that perhaps things will be better eventually. I know that you're not having the easiest time in the world, but if you'll just stick it out with me—"

What could I say to that? I would have died for Steven, had he asked me; to put up with a peevish woman was a small thing to do for him. Besides, the knowledge that Steven understood and sympathized would be something to cling to, something to comfort me, and it was more—it was a bond between us. At that moment I would not have left the house and Gregory and Steven if Isabel had asked me outright to do so.

Moreover, I had known moments of happiness in that house—a fuller, richer, happiness than had ever before

been mine. There were the breakfasts which I shared with Steven and with no one else. At that hour Gregory had gone back to sleep after his six o'clock feeding, and Isabel would not awaken until ten or ten-thirty, when I would carry her tray up to her. The yellow curtains would be bright with sunlight in the breakfast nook, and between Steven and me there would be companionship and laughter and the hope of a new day.

There were the times I had with Gregory, when I bathed him and held his small body, soap-slippery, so solid and yet so destructible, in my hands, when I picked him up for his feedings and caught the first delicious sleepy-baby smile he turned to me, when I tucked him into his crib at night, smelling sweetly of milk and baby powder and fresh, clean flannel, and let him cling to my finger for a while, as if for reassurance against the fears of darkness, before I put out the light.

Those were the good times. Balanced against them were the days spent in the house with Isabel dogging my heels, puttering futilely at this and that, and finally flouncing off to her own room, from which her pettish voice would come every once in a while to remind me of her presence. "Evelyn, did you order cantaloupe for dinner? Too bad—I wanted strawberries..." "Evelyn, did the man come with the laundry—"

I was glad when she seemed to stop considering herself an invalid and began to go out quite regularly to her bridge parties and to luncheons. I would hear her talking on the telephone in the morning, and if her voice was joyous, and lilting, I knew that in a few minutes she would be running upstairs to (Continued on page 75)





# The Lone Ranger

*With his hearty cry of "Hi-yo, Silver!" this mysterious figure of the Old West brings adventure to millions of listeners, young and old, from coast to coast, each Monday, Wednesday and Friday*

*Tonto is the Ranger's only companion in his adventures.*



**T**OWERING well over six feet in height, his features concealed by a black mask, the Lone Ranger epitomizes the legendary triumph of right over wrong, of justice over injustice, in the days of the opening of the West.

Just so, the Lone Ranger program itself epitomizes the faith of listeners in a radio character who can capture the imaginations of adults and children alike, for the Lone Ranger is celebrating his tenth year in radio. The show began as a local program in Detroit, and the years have brought a rapidly expanding list of stations. Now, the Lone Ranger is heard by millions of friends, coast to coast, on the Blue Network, sponsored by Kix, and the Don Lee network, sponsored by Interstate Bakeries.

With the big and silent Blackfoot Indian, Tonto, the only man who knows who he is and what he looks like, the Lone Ranger brings adventure into homes throughout the country with his way of appearing from nowhere when trouble comes, always on the side of law and order, and vanishing again as mysteriously when the wrong has been righted, dedicated always to helping others.



*Pictures copyrighted by  
The Lone Ranger, Inc.*





"The  
Lone Ranger"



*Glorify those ordinary vegetables!  
Take the lowly onion, for instance,  
and dress it up with kidney stuffing.*



# MAKE THE MOST OF VEGETABLES

**V**ARIATION is the order of the day on the cooking front, for it is only by varying our methods of preparation that we can keep our meals up to standard for nourishment and interest in the face of our current and necessary wartime restrictions on food. My personal feeling is that this will be good for us, that it won't hurt any of us to learn new methods or change old ones. Vegetable cookery, especially, should profit, for it is unfortunately true that many of us have fallen into the habit of serving the same vegetables day after day, cooked in the same way. And it is just as true that a vegetable which ordinarily plays a minor role at meal-time will, if served in a new way—baked and stuffed for instance—prove to be the hit of the day.

In onions stuffed with kidneys, illustrated, we have a meat and vegetable course all in one and onions stuffed with cranberries are a fine accompaniment for roast pork or fowl.

## Onions With Kidneys

- 6 large onions
- 6 lamb kidneys
- 2½ tbs. bacon drippings
- Salt and pepper to taste

Remove outer skin from onions, scoop out centers and simmer the onion cups in salted water for 10 minutes. Drain. Remove skins from kidneys and insert them in onion cups. Dot with bacon drippings, add salt and pepper and place in greased baking dish. Bake (covered) in 350 degree oven until onions and kidneys are tender (30 to 45 minutes, depending on size), basting occasionally with the remaining bacon drippings blended with an equal quantity of boiling water. Remove cover for final 10 minutes.

## Onions With Cranberries

- 6 medium onions
- 1 cup cranberries
- ½ cup nutmeats (optional)
- 4 tps. sugar

Prepare and simmer onions as for preceding recipe. Run cranberries and nutmeats through meat grinder (the measurements are to be taken after grinding), stir in sugar and fill onions. Cook around a roast, allowing about 30 minutes, and basting occasionally with the roast drippings.

Eggplant is another vegetable which seems to take naturally to stuffing, especially when there is a flavor of tomato in the stuffing.

## Stuffed Eggplant

- 1 medium eggplant
- 2 tbs. minced onion
- Bacon drippings or margarine
- 1 tbs. minced parsley or celery leaves
- 1 medium or two small tomatoes
- ½ tsp. salt
- Pinch pepper
- 1 tsp. lemon juice

Simmer eggplant for 10 minutes, first pricking skin with fork. Drain, cool and

cut in half lengthwise. Scoop out pulp. Peel and dice tomato and add with onion (raw, or sauteed in a little margarine or bacon drippings) and other ingredients to eggplant pulp. Fill eggplant shells with mixture, place on greased baking dish and bake (covered) in 250-degree oven until tender (about 30 minutes), basting occasionally with equal quantities boiling water and margarine or bacon fat. For variation top with grated cheese before baking.

Peanut butter and cheese stuffings are good ones to remember when you plan meatless meals, for both peanuts and cheese are high in protein. Try either or both of the following recipes as a filler for cabbage, onions, tomato or green peppers.

## Peanut Butter Stuffing

- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- ¼ cup peanut butter
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tbs. minced onion
- 1 tbs. lemon juice
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Pinch of thyme

Blend peanut butter and milk together until smooth, add with remaining ingredients to breadcrumbs and mix well.

## Cheese Stuffing

- 1 cup bread crumbs
- ½ cup grated cheese
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Pinch thyme
- Milk

Combine crumbs, cheese and seasonings and add sufficient milk to make stuffing of desired consistency (the quantity depends on whether you use a soft or hard cheese).



## BY KATE SMITH

**RADIO MIRROR  
FOOD COUNSELOR**

*Listen to Kate Smith's  
daily talks at noon  
and her Friday night  
Variety Show, heard  
on CBS, sponsored  
by General Foods.*



# INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

## SUNDAY

| PACIFIC WAR TIME | CENTRAL WAR TIME | EASTERN WAR TIME                            |
|------------------|------------------|---|
| 8:00             | 8:00             | 8:00 CBS: News and Organ                    |
| 8:00             | 8:00             | 8:00 Blue: News                             |
| 8:00             | 8:00             | 8:00 NBC: News and Organ Recital            |
| 8:30             | 8:30             | 8:30 CBS: Musical Masterpieces              |
| 8:30             | 8:30             | 8:30 Blue: The Woodsheddors                 |
| 8:45             | 8:45             | 8:45 CBS: Village Chapel                    |
| 8:00             | 9:00             | 9:00 CBS: News of the World                 |
| 8:00             | 9:00             | 9:00 Blue: World News                       |
| 8:00             | 9:00             | 9:00 NBC: News from Europe                  |
| 8:15             | 9:15             | 9:15 CBS: E. Power Biggs                    |
| 8:15             | 9:15             | 9:15 Blue: White Rabbit Line                |
| 8:15             | 9:15             | 9:15 NBC: Commando Mary                     |
| 8:30             | 9:30             | 9:30 NBC: Marcia Neil                       |
| 8:45             | 9:45             | 9:45 CBS: English Melodies                  |
| 9:00             | 10:00            | 10:00 CBS: Church of the Air                |
| 9:00             | 10:00            | 10:00 Blue: Fantasy in Melody               |
| 9:00             | 10:00            | 10:00 NBC: Radio Pulpit                     |
| 9:30             | 10:30            | 10:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan                |
| 9:30             | 10:30            | 10:30 Blue: Southernaires                   |
| 10:00            | 11:00            | 11:00 CBS: Warren Sweeney, News             |
| 10:00            | 11:00            | 11:00 Blue: Tony Pastor's Orch.             |
| 8:05             | 10:05            | 11:05 CBS: Egon Petri, Pianist              |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30 MBS: Radio Chapel                     |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30 Blue: Josef Marais                    |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning           |
| 8:45             | 10:45            | 11:45 NBC: Olivio Santoro                   |
| 9:00             | 11:00            | 12:00 CBS: Transatlantic Call               |
| 9:00             | 11:00            | 12:00 Blue: News from Europe                |
| 9:00             | 11:00            | 12:00 NBC: Emma Otero                       |
| 9:15             | 11:15            | 12:15 CBS: Womanpower                       |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | 12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle        |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | 12:30 Blue: Stars from the Blue             |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | 12:30 NBC: That They Might Live             |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | 1:00 CBS: Church of the Air                 |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | 1:00 Blue: Horace Heidt Orch.               |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | 1:00 NBC: Morgan Beatty                     |
| 10:15            | 12:15            | 1:15 NBC: Labor for Victory                 |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | 1:30 CBS: Quincy Howe                       |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | 1:30 Blue: We Believe                       |
| 10:45            | 12:45            | 1:45 CBS: Stoopnagle's Stooparoos           |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00 CBS: Those We Love                     |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00 Blue: Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.           |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00 NBC: University of Chicago Round Table |
| 11:30            | 1:30             | 2:30 CBS: World News Today                  |
| 11:30            | 1:30             | 2:30 Blue: Yesterday and Today              |
| 11:30            | 1:30             | 2:30 NBC: John Charles Thomas               |
| 11:50            | 1:50             | 2:50 CBS: Aunt Jemima                       |
| 12:00            | 2:00             | 3:00 CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.          |
| 12:00            | 2:00             | 3:00 Blue: Moylan Sisters                   |
| 12:00            | 2:00             | 3:00 NBC: Reports on Rationing              |
| 12:15            | 2:15             | 3:15 Blue: Wake Up America                  |
| 12:15            | 2:15             | 3:15 NBC: Upton Close                       |
| 12:30            | 2:30             | 3:30 NBC: The Army Hour                     |
| 1:00             | 3:00             | 4:00 Blue: National Vespers                 |
| 1:30             | 3:30             | 4:30 CBS: Pause that Refreshes              |
| 1:30             | 3:30             | 4:30 Blue: Green Hornet                     |
| 1:30             | 3:30             | 4:30 NBC: Lands of the Free                 |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | 5:00 CBS: The Family Hour                   |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | 5:00 Blue: Gunther & Vandercook             |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | 5:00 NBC: NBC Symphony                      |
| 2:15             | 4:15             | 5:15 Blue: Ella Fitzgerald                  |
| 2:15             | 4:15             | 5:15 NBC: Upton Close                       |
| 2:30             | 4:30             | 5:30 Blue: Musical Steelmakers              |
| 2:30             | 4:30             | 5:30 MBS: The Shadow                        |
| 2:45             | 4:45             | 5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer                 |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00 CBS: Edward R. Murrow                  |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00 Blue: Arch Oboler Dramas               |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00 MBS: First Nighter                     |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour                     |
| 3:15             | 5:15             | 6:15 CBS: Irene Rich                        |
| 3:30             | 5:30             | 6:30 CBS: Gene Autry                        |
| 3:30             | 5:30             | 6:30 Blue: Metropolitan Auditions           |
| 3:30             | 5:30             | 6:30 NBC: The Great Gildersleeve            |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00 CBS: Commandos                         |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00 MBS: Voice of Prophecy                 |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00 Blue: Drew Pearson                     |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00 NBC: Jack Benny                        |
| 4:15             | 6:15             | 7:15 Blue: Edward Tomlinson                 |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30 MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain      |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30 CBS: We, the People                    |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30 Blue: Quiz Kids                        |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30 NBC: Fitch Bandwagon                   |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | 8:00 CBS: Only Yesterday                    |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News                |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | 8:00 NBC: Charlie McCarthy                  |
| 5:30             | 7:30             | 8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor                      |
| 5:30             | 7:30             | 8:30 Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery            |
| 5:30             | 7:30             | 8:30 NBC: ONE MAN'S FAMILY                  |
| 5:45             | 7:45             | 8:45 MBS: Gabriel Heatter                   |
| 5:55             | 7:55             | 8:55 CBS: Eric Sevareid                     |
| 6:00             | 8:00             | 9:00 CBS: Radio Reader's Digest             |
| 6:00             | 8:00             | 9:00 MBS: Old-Fashioned Revival             |
| 6:00             | 8:00             | 9:00 Blue: Walter Winchell                  |
| 6:00             | 8:00             | 9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round          |
| 7:45             | 8:15             | 9:15 Blue: The Parker Family                |
| 6:30             | 8:30             | 9:30 CBS: FRED ALLEN                        |
| 8:15             | 8:30             | 9:30 Blue: Jimmie Fidler                    |
| 8:30             | 9:30             | 9:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music  |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It              |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00 Blue: Goodwill Hour                   |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes                   |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm                    |
| 7:30             | 9:30             | 10:30 CBS: Report to the Nation             |
| 8:00             | 10:00            | 11:00 CBS: News of the World                |
| 8:15             | 10:15            | 11:15 Blue: Blue Barron Orch.               |
| 8:15             | 10:15            | 11:15 NBC: Cesar Saerchinger                |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30 CBS: Benny Goodman Orch.              |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30 NBC: Unlimited Horizons               |



## SINGING STAR...

More and more Americans are turning to classical music for relaxation and enjoyment. Soldiers and civilians alike, are demanding more serious music. That's why we've been asked to write about a very lovely, charming young singer named Vivian della Chiesa. You've probably heard her countless times on such programs as the CBS American Melody Hour and NBC's American Album of Familiar Music. Vivian is just twenty-six years old, but she is now celebrating her tenth year in radio.

Vivian's musical education started in Chicago, when she was very young. She didn't exactly come from a family of musicians, but all of her family were music lovers. Her mother's mother was a gifted organist and there were talented singers and instrumentalists, too, long before her. While there weren't any famous names in her family, they were all people who got along famously with music.

When she was only eight years old, Vivian was placed in a convent in Chicago, where she studied piano. But, even at that time, she wanted to become a singer rather than a pianist. Her sister, who was taking singing lessons at that time, is now a very excellent pianist!

In 1935, Miss della Chiesa walked off with top honors in a nation-wide contest conducted by CBS. There were 3,700 competitors in that contest, which guaranteed to the winner thirteen weeks on a sustaining program. After the second week on the program, Vivian got an offer from a Chicago movie theater, which she immediately accepted. There she sang arias from the operas, concert songs, even popular numbers. "It was the most wonderful training any young singer could get," Vivian smiles, "because on a moment's notice I had to be ready to sing anything."

Vivian has this to say, briefly, to young people who want to become singers. "Work hard." She has often been compared to that great operatic singer, Claudia Muzio. Vivian smiles about that and remarks that she is terribly flattered, but the only way she can be compared to Muzio, she says, is that she has the same capacity for hard work.

Vivian wants most of all to sing at the Met. That has been a driving ambition since childhood. And we feel that she will fulfill her ambition before very long. She recently won great acclaim for her wonderful performance with Arturo Toscanini and the NBC symphony orchestra.

Male listeners to her radio program will be interested to know that she is a very beautiful blonde, with large blue eyes and a sparkling sense of humor. She considers walking the finest sort of amusement.

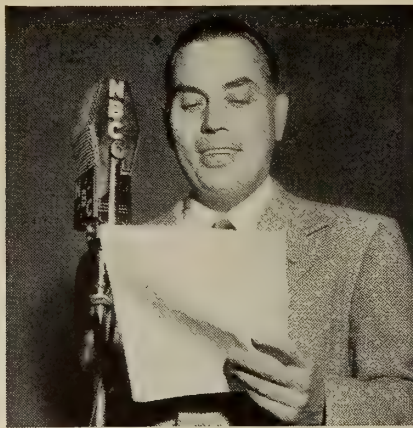
## MONDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | EASTERN WAR TIME                     |
|--------|--------|--------------------------------------|
| 8:00   | 9:00   | 9:00 CBS: News                       |
| 8:00   | 9:00   | 9:00 Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB            |
| 8:15   | 9:15   | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air          |
| 8:45   | 9:45   | 9:45 CBS: The Chapel Singers         |
| 8:30   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady              |
| 9:00   | 10:00  | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson    |
| 9:00   | 10:00  | 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John, News     |
| 8:45   | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle               |
| 9:00   | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills              |
| 9:30   | 10:30  | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill            |
| 7:30   | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: The Baby Institute       |
| 9:30   | 10:30  | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate                 |
| 2:45   | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children       |
| 7:45   | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn             |
| 9:45   | 10:45  | 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America        |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: The Captivators           |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's     |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life              |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband            |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade              |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon            |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 Blue: Jack Baker, Songs        |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 NBC: Snow Village              |
| 1:15   | 10:45  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories      |
| 10:45  | 11:45  | 11:45 Blue: Al and Lee Reiser        |
| 10:45  | 11:45  | 11:45 NBC: David Harum               |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS         |
| 9:15   | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister                |
| 9:30   | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent    |
| 9:30   | 11:30  | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour       |
| 9:45   | 11:45  | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday            |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful      |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking          |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins                 |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh            |
| 10:30  | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade               |
| 12:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: The Goldbergs              |
| 12:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 Blue: Vincent Lopez Orch.       |
| 12:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News       |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone           |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World         |
| 12:30  | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.         |
| 11:15  | 1:15   | 2:15 Blue: Mystery Chef              |
| 11:15  | 1:15   | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women               |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn          |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light          |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family      |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches      |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum                |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 Blue: Morton Downey             |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin                |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: Landt Trio & Curley        |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins                 |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 Blue: My True Story             |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: Pepper Young's Family      |
| 2:30   | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: Lotte Lehman               |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness         |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 Blue: Ted Malone                |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                       |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee              |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife             |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas              |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.     |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 CBS: Joe and Ethel Turp         |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 Blue: Men of the Sea            |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones              |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: Off the Record             |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown         |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads    |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 Blue: Sea Hound                 |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries        |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad             |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan              |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life          |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius           |
| 5:30   | 5:30   | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong            |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill            |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 MBS: Superman                   |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell         |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie                 |
| 5:45   | 5:45   | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight          |
| 3:00   | 5:00   | 6:00 CBS: Paul Sullivan, News        |
| 3:00   | 5:00   | 6:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates     |
| 3:15   | 5:15   | 6:15 CBS: Eric Sevareid              |
| 3:15   | 5:15   | 6:15 Blue: Mary Small, Songs         |
| 3:30   | 5:30   | 6:30 CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing |
| 3:45   | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: The World Today            |
| 6:45   | 6:45   | 6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas             |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery           |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle           |
| 8:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang         |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 CBS: Ceiling Unlimited          |
| 7:30   | 6:30   | 7:30 Blue: Blondie                   |
| 6:30   | 7:30   | 7:30 CBS: The Lone Ranger            |
| 6:45   | 7:45   | 7:45 NBC: H. V. Kattenborn           |
| 5:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 CBS: Vox Pop                    |
| 8:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News         |
| 8:30   | 7:00   | 8:00 NBC: Cavalcade of America       |
| 8:15   | 7:15   | 8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner             |
| 8:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: GAY NINETIES               |
| 2:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 Blue: True or False             |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone         |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 MBS: Bulldog Drummond           |
| 5:55   | 7:55   | 8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown                |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER                |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Counter-Spy               |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter            |
| 9:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour         |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands           |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 NBC: Doctor I. Q.               |
| 6:55   | 8:55   | 9:55 Blue: Dale Carnegie             |
| 9:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players      |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 MBS: Raymond Clapper           |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing       |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Contented Program         |
| 8:30   | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: Gracie Fields            |
| 7:30   | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Information Please        |
| 7:30   | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Three Ring Time           |



# TUESDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time                  |
|--------|--------|-----------------------------------|
|        | 8:30   | Blue: Texas Jim                   |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: News                    |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB         |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Everything Goes         |
| 1:30   | 2:30   | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air       |
|        | 8:45   | 9:45 CBS: Golden Gate Quartet     |
| 8:30   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady           |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John, News  |
| 8:45   | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle            |
|        | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: News                  |
| 9:00   | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills           |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill         |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: Baby Institute        |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate              |
| 12:45  | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children    |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn          |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America     |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor        |
|        | 10:00  | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's  |
|        | 10:00  | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life           |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband         |
|        | 10:15  | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade           |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon         |
|        | 10:30  | 11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights |
|        | 10:30  | 11:30 NBC: Snow Village           |
| 11:15  | 10:15  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories   |
|        | 10:45  | 11:45 Blue: Al and Lee Reiser     |
|        | 10:45  | 11:45 NBC: David Harum            |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks      |
|        | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister             |
| 9:15   | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
|        | 11:30  | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour    |
|        | 11:30  | 12:30 NBC: Our Gal Sunday         |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful   |
|        | 12:00  | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking       |
|        | 12:00  | 1:00 NBC: Air Breaks              |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins              |
|        | 12:15  | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh         |
|        | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade            |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs           |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News    |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone        |
|        | 1:00   | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World      |
| 12:30  | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.      |
|        | 1:15   | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women            |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn       |
|        | 1:30   | 2:30 Blue: Victory Hour           |
|        | 1:30   | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light       |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family   |
|        | 1:45   | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches   |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum             |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 Blue: Morton Downey          |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin             |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: Sing Along—Landt Trio   |
|        | 2:15   | 3:15 Blue: My True Story          |
|        | 2:15   | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins              |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: David Mannes School     |
|        | 2:30   | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family   |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness      |
|        | 2:45   | 3:45 Blue: Ted Malone             |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                    |
|        | 3:00   | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee           |
|        | 3:00   | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife          |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.  |
|        | 3:15   | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas           |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones           |
|        | 3:30   | 4:30 Blue: Men of the Sea         |
|        | 3:30   | 4:30 NBC: Joe and Ethel Turp      |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record     |
|        | 3:45   | 4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown      |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads |
|        | 4:00   | 5:00 Blue: Sea Hound              |
|        | 4:00   | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries     |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad          |
|        | 4:15   | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan           |
|        | 4:15   | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life       |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius        |
|        | 4:30   | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong         |
|        | 4:30   | 5:30 NBC: Superman                |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie              |
|        | 4:45   | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight       |
|        | 4:45   | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell      |
| 2:55   | 4:55   | 5:55 CBS: Frazier Hunt            |
|        | 5:00   | 6:00 Blue: Terry & The Pirates    |
|        | 5:00   | 6:00 NBC: Edwin C. Hill           |
| 3:15   | 5:15   | 6:15 CBS: Bill Stern              |
|        | 5:30   | 6:30 Blue: John B. Kennedy        |
|        | 5:30   | 6:30 NBC: The World Today         |
| 3:45   | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: Col. Stoopnagle         |
|        | 6:00   | 7:00 Blue: Fred Waring's Gang     |
|        | 6:00   | 7:00 NBC: I Love A Mystery        |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 CBS: Harry James             |
|        | 6:15   | 7:15 Blue: Horror, Inc.           |
|        | 6:15   | 7:15 NBC: European News           |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 CBS: American Melody Hour    |
|        | 6:30   | 7:30 Blue: H. V. Kaltenborn       |
|        | 6:30   | 7:30 NBC: Lights Out              |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 CBS: Earl Godwin, News       |
|        | 7:00   | 8:00 Blue: Ginny Simms            |
|        | 7:00   | 8:00 NBC: Lum and Abner           |
| 5:15   | 7:15   | 8:15 CBS: Al Jolson               |
|        | 7:30   | 8:30 Blue: Duffy's                |
|        | 7:30   | 8:30 NBC: Horace Heidt            |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: Cecil Brown             |
|        | 7:55   | 8:55 Blue: Burns and Allen        |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Gabriel Heatter         |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Famous Jury Trials      |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Battle of the Sexes    |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Suzy                    |
| 6:15   | 8:15   | 9:15 CBS: Spotlight Bands         |
|        | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Murder Clinic          |
|        | 8:30   | 9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly  |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 CBS: Dale Carnegie           |
|        | 8:55   | 9:55 Blue: John B. Hughes         |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Raymond Gram Swing     |
| 6:55   | 8:55   | 9:55 CBS: Bob Hope                |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Jazz Laboratory       |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Gracie Fields          |
| 7:15   | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Red Skelton            |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: Mary Small Sings      |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Mary Small Sings       |



## BUSY ANNOUNCER . . .

Whether or not you like announcers, it is almost impossible to avoid hearing a young man named Harlow Wilcox. Mr. Wilcox is now speaking for four of the top programs in radio. On Fibber McGee and Molly, he is almost as well known as the stars themselves. He handles the announcing duties on the Maxwell House show, Blondie and Mayor Of The Town. As close as we can check, Harlow's voice reaches more people than any single person on the air.

Wilcox, who has been with Fibber and Molly since they started their series in 1935, in Chicago, is a tall, broad-shouldered young man with a warm smile, straight brown hair and blue eyes. When he talks, his bushy eyebrows move up and down rhythmically. "They keep time for me," he grins.

In almost eight years with the McGees, Harlow has been off the air only once.

Wilcox grew up in an atmosphere of showmanship. His father played cornet for the first Ringling Brothers circus ever produced. Later, the elder Wilcox became a well known band leader and young Harlow served as the band boy, lugging instrument cases all over the country. Harlow's sister, Hazel, was a concert violinist. It is little wonder that in his youth, Harlow aspired to be a musician. He wanted to play a hot trombone.

In his early 'teens, Harlow left home for the Chautauqua platform and the stage. He knocked about, touching almost all of the forty-eight states and ended up broke. A firm dealing in electrical equipment offered him a job as a salesman and young Wilcox decided to try it. After five years on the road in this business, he became sales manager of the concern.

Wilcox was not happy as a sales manager. His years of keeping on the move, made it almost impossible for him to stay in one place. In January, 1934, he gave up his position in the electrical company and joined the announcing staff of NBC in Chicago. He figured he'd save money and then travel, but he met Jim and Marion Jordan who took him in hand and induced him to settle down with them. It wasn't really "settling down" because Fibber and Molly helped guide him to the top rung in radio announcing.

When the McGees' program moved out to California, Harlow went with it. Now, most of his traveling is done in and around Hollywood, as he dashes from program to program. He is married to Mari Bishop of Oak Park, Illinois, whom he met while he was an announcer at NBC. Harlow's favorite sports are horseback riding, golf and tennis. He likes poetry, biography and modern music.

Those in radio who know Harlow well say that he is a very simple, unaffected person with an infinite capacity for laughter and story telling. Harlow's ambition is to spend the next thirty years as an announcer for Fibber and Molly and some day accompany them on a trip around the world.

# WEDNESDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time                      |
|--------|--------|---------------------------------------|
|        | 8:30   | Blue: Texas Time                      |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: News                        |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club             |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Everything Goes             |
| 1:30   | 2:30   | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air           |
|        | 8:45   | 9:45 CBS: The Chapel Singers          |
| 8:30   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady               |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson     |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John            |
| 8:45   | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle                |
|        | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: News                      |
| 9:00   | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills               |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill             |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: Baby Institute            |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate                  |
| 12:45  | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children        |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn              |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America         |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Food News Roundup          |
|        | 10:00  | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's      |
|        | 10:00  | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life               |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband             |
|        | 10:15  | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade               |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon             |
|        | 10:30  | 11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights     |
|        | 10:30  | 11:30 NBC: Snow Village               |
| 11:15  | 10:15  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories       |
|        | 10:45  | 11:45 Blue: Al and Lee Reiser         |
|        | 10:45  | 11:45 NBC: David Harum                |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks          |
|        | 11:00  | 12:00 NBC: Words and Music            |
| 9:15   | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister                 |
| 9:30   | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent     |
|        | 11:30  | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour        |
|        | 11:30  | 12:30 NBC: Our Gal Sunday             |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful       |
|        | 12:00  | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking           |
|        | 12:00  | 1:00 NBC: Air Breaks                  |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins                  |
|        | 12:15  | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh             |
|        | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade                |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs               |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News        |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone            |
|        | 1:00   | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World          |
| 12:30  | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.          |
|        | 1:15   | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women                |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn           |
|        | 1:30   | 2:30 Blue: James McDonald             |
|        | 1:30   | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light           |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family       |
|        | 1:45   | 2:45 Blue: Stella Unger               |
|        | 1:45   | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches       |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum                 |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 Blue: Morton Downey              |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin                 |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: Sing Along—Landt Trio       |
|        | 2:15   | 3:15 Blue: My True Story              |
|        | 2:15   | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins                  |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: Columbia Concert Orch.      |
|        | 2:30   | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family       |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness          |
|        | 2:45   | 3:45 Blue: Ted Malone                 |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                        |
|        | 3:00   | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee               |
|        | 3:00   | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife              |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas               |
|        | 3:15   | 4:15 NBC: Green Valley, U. S. A.      |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 CBS: Joe and Ethel Turp          |
|        | 3:30   | 4:30 Blue: Men of the Sea             |
|        | 3:30   | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones               |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: Off the Record              |
|        | 3:45   | 4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown          |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads     |
|        | 4:00   | 5:00 Blue: Sea Hound                  |
|        | 4:00   | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries         |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad              |
|        | 4:15   | 5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan               |
|        | 4:15   | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life           |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius            |
|        | 4:30   | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong             |
|        | 4:30   | 5:30 NBC: Superman                    |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie                  |
|        | 4:45   | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight           |
|        | 4:45   | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell          |
| 2:55   | 4:55   | 5:55 CBS: Quincy Howe, News           |
|        | 5:00   | 6:00 Blue: Terry and The Pirates      |
|        | 5:00   | 6:00 NBC: Eric Sevareid               |
| 3:15   | 5:15   | 6:15 CBS: Mary Small                  |
|        | 5:30   | 6:30 Blue: Keep Working, Keep Singing |
|        | 5:30   | 6:30 NBC: The World Today             |
| 3:45   | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: Col. Stoopnagle             |
|        | 6:00   | 7:00 Blue: Fred Waring's Gang         |
|        | 6:00   | 7:00 NBC: Harry James                 |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 CBS: European News               |
|        | 6:15   | 7:15 Blue: Easy Aces                  |
|        | 6:15   | 7:15 NBC: The Lone Ranger             |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 CBS: Mr. Keen                    |
|        | 6:30   | 7:30 Blue: H. V. Kaltenborn           |
|        | 6:30   | 7:30 NBC: Sammy Kaye Orch.            |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 CBS: Earl Godwin, News           |
|        | 7:00   | 8:00 Blue: Cat Tinney                 |
|        | 7:00   | 8:00 NBC: Mr. and Mrs. North          |
| 5:15   | 7:15   | 8:15 CBS: Lum and Abner               |
|        | 7:30   | 8:30 Blue: Dr. Christian              |
|        | 7:30   | 8:30 NBC: Manhattan at Midnight       |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: Tommy Dorsey                |
|        | 7:55   | 8:55 Blue: Cecil Brown                |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: The Mayor of the Town       |
| 5:55   | 7:55   | 8:55 CBS: Gabriel Heatter             |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: John Freedom               |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Eddie Cantor                |
| 6:15   | 8:15   | 9:15 CBS: Milton Berle                |
|        | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands            |
|        | 8:30   | 9:30 NBC: Mr. Strick Attorney         |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 CBS: Dale Carnegie               |
|        | 8:55   | 9:55 Blue: Great Moments in Music     |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: John B. Hughes             |
| 6:55   | 8:55   | 9:55 CBS: Kay Kyser                   |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing        |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Gracie Fields              |
| 7:15   | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Corliss Archer             |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: Corliss Archer            |



# THURSDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time                  |
|--------|--------|-----------------------------------|
|        | 8:30   | Blue: Texas Jim                   |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: News                    |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club         |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Everything Goes         |
| 1:30   | 2:30   | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air       |
|        | 8:45   | 9:45 CBS: Golden Gate Quartet     |
| 8:30   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady           |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John        |
| 8:45   | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle            |
|        | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: News                  |
|        | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills           |
| 9:00   | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill         |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: Baby Institute        |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate              |
| 12:45  | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children    |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn          |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America     |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor        |
|        | 8:00   | 10:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's  |
|        | 8:00   | 10:00 NBC: Road of Life           |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband         |
|        | 8:15   | 10:15 NBC: Vic and Sade           |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon         |
|        | 8:30   | 10:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights |
|        | 8:30   | 10:30 NBC: Snow Village           |
| 11:15  | 10:45  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories   |
|        | 8:45   | 10:45 Blue: Al and Lee Reiser     |
|        | 8:45   | 10:45 NBC: David Harum            |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks      |
|        | 9:00   | 11:00 NBC: Words and Music        |
| 9:15   | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister             |
| 9:30   | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
|        | 9:30   | 11:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour    |
|        | 9:45   | 11:45 NBC: Our Gal Sunday         |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful   |
|        | 10:00  | 12:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking      |
|        | 10:00  | 12:00 NBC: Air Breaks             |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins              |
|        | 10:15  | 12:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh        |
| 10:30  | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade            |
|        | 10:45  | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs           |
|        | 10:45  | 1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News    |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone        |
|        | 11:00  | 1:00 NBC: Light of the World      |
| 12:30  | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.      |
|        | 11:15  | 1:15 NBC: Lonely Women            |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn       |
|        | 11:30  | 1:30 Blue: James McDonald         |
|        | 11:30  | 1:30 NBC: The Guiding Light       |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family   |
|        | 11:45  | 1:45 Blue: Stella Unger           |
|        | 11:45  | 1:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches   |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum             |
|        | 12:00  | 2:00 Blue: Morton Downey          |
|        | 12:00  | 2:00 NBC: Mary Marlin             |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: Landt Trio and Curley   |
|        | 12:15  | 2:15 Blue: My True Story          |
|        | 12:15  | 2:15 NBC: Ma Perkins              |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: Eastman School of Music |
|        | 12:30  | 2:30 Blue: Pepper Young's Family  |
|        | 12:45  | 2:45 NBC: Right to Happiness      |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 CBS: Ted Malone              |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                    |
|        | 1:00   | 3:00 Blue: Club Matinee           |
|        | 1:00   | 3:00 NBC: Backstage Wife          |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.  |
|        | 1:15   | 3:15 NBC: Stella Dallas           |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 CBS: Joe and Ethel Turp      |
|        | 1:30   | 3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea         |
|        | 1:30   | 3:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones           |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: Off the Record          |
|        | 1:45   | 3:45 Blue: Young Wilder Brown     |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads |
|        | 2:00   | 4:00 Blue: Sea Hound              |
|        | 2:00   | 4:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries     |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad          |
|        | 2:15   | 4:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan           |
|        | 2:15   | 4:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life       |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius?       |
|        | 2:30   | 4:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong         |
|        | 2:30   | 4:30 NBC: Superman                |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Just Plain Bill         |
|        | 2:45   | 4:45 Blue: Ben Bernie             |
|        | 2:45   | 4:45 NBC: Captain Midnight        |
| 3:00   | 5:00   | 6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt            |
|        | 3:00   | 5:00 Blue: Terry and The Pirates  |
|        | 3:15   | 5:15 NBC: Don't You Believe It    |
| 3:30   | 5:30   | 6:30 CBS: John B. Kennedy         |
|        | 3:30   | 5:30 Blue: Bill Stern             |
| 3:45   | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: The World Today         |
|        | 3:45   | 5:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas          |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 CBS: Col. Stoopnagle         |
|        | 4:00   | 6:00 Blue: Fred Waring's Gang     |
|        | 4:00   | 6:00 NBC: I Love a Mystery        |
| 4:05   | 6:05   | 7:05 CBS: Those Good Old Days     |
|        | 4:15   | 6:15 Blue: Harry James            |
|        | 4:15   | 6:15 NBC: European News           |
| 4:30   | 6:30   | 7:30 CBS: Easy Aces               |
|        | 4:30   | 6:30 Blue: Bob Burns              |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen                |
|        | 4:45   | 6:45 Blue: Earl Godwin, News      |
|        | 4:45   | 6:45 NBC: Coffee Time             |
| 5:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 CBS: Lum and Abner           |
|        | 5:00   | 7:00 Blue: Death Valley Days      |
|        | 5:00   | 7:00 NBC: America's Town Meeting  |
| 5:15   | 7:15   | 8:15 CBS: ALDRICH FAMILY          |
|        | 5:15   | 7:15 Blue: Cecil Brown            |
|        | 5:15   | 7:15 NBC: Major Bowes             |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: Gabriel Heatter         |
|        | 5:30   | 7:30 Blue: KRAFT MUSIC HALL       |
|        | 5:30   | 7:30 NBC: Stage Door Canteen      |
| 5:45   | 7:45   | 8:45 CBS: Spotlight Bands         |
|        | 5:45   | 7:45 Blue: Rudy Vallee            |
|        | 5:45   | 7:45 NBC: Dale Carnegie           |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: The First Line          |
|        | 6:00   | 8:00 Blue: Raymond Clapper        |
|        | 6:00   | 8:00 NBC: Raymond Gram Swing      |
| 6:15   | 8:15   | 9:15 CBS: Al and Lee Costello     |
|        | 6:15   | 8:15 Blue: Gracie Fields          |
|        | 6:15   | 8:15 NBC: March of Time           |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 CBS: Talks                   |
|        | 6:30   | 8:30 Blue: Ned Calmer, News       |



## AMERICAN FORUM . . .

Next to being in an argument, Americans love to listen to one. This, no doubt, is why Theodore Granik's American Forum Of The Air is rapidly becoming one of the most popular programs of our time. Among the people who have matched wits and tempers on Granik's broadcast, were Donald Nelson, Leon Henderson, Rear Admiral Land, Francis Biddle, Dorothy Thompson and William Allen White. The list could go on and it should be interesting to know that nobody is paid for an appearance on the program.

Sometimes, the people on the program become very hot-headed while trying to prove their points. Mr. Granik, however, is always able to maneuver even the most temperamental political prima donna so skillfully that scarcely any time is wasted in name calling. He stays neutral, but is always firm, hard headed and diplomatic. This is quite a feat. He works so hard during a broadcast that he has to change his shirt after he leaves the studio, because it is usually wringing wet with perspiration.

Granik lives in Washington and knows almost every important person in politics. He began his radio career in 1926 after leaving, of all things, a job as an interlocutor in a minstrel show! His broadcasting days began with a Bible reading, then a sports review. While attending St. John's Law School, he began a radio discussion program called "Law For The Layman." He changed the format of the program from law to the problems of the day.

Although he has led an active public life, Granik has always found time to keep his radio forums going. He's been on the air for sixteen years and The American Forum Of The Air has been going strong since 1937. Granik's career in politics and law has not been hindered in the slightest by his activity in radio. He was the Assistant District Attorney for New York County. He was the General Counsel for the United States Housing Authority. He is the co-author of the law establishing the Smaller War Plants Corporation, which made him a hero to little business men.

Today, Granik still has a thriving practice as an attorney and public relations counsel in Washington. He is a counsel for the Bank of America. He was recently appointed national general counsel for the American Business Congress. He is a special adviser to Donald Nelson and serves as a counsel on the Small-Business Committee. While he relates all this, Granik smiles and remarks, "And I have a little spare time to spend with my two children." Then he adds, rather whimsically, that he also writes a newspaper column and conducts a College Forum over WOL in Washington.

Granik's purpose in conducting his Forum Of The Air is to put into action his firm belief in free speech. He states it this way: "The most potent weapon for the maintenance of our Democratic way of life is the guarantee that the people will be heard and their desires expressed."

# FRIDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time                     |
|--------|--------|--------------------------------------|
|        | 8:30   | Blue: Texas Jim                      |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: News                       |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club            |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Everything Goes            |
| 1:30   | 2:30   | 9:10 CBS: School of the Air          |
|        | 8:15   | 9:15 NBC: Isabel Manning Hewson      |
|        | 8:45   | 9:45 CBS: The Chapel Singers         |
| 8:30   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady              |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson    |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John           |
| 8:45   | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle               |
|        | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: News                     |
|        | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills              |
| 9:00   | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill            |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: The Baby Institute       |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate                 |
| 12:45  | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children       |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Gene and Glenn           |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America        |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Food News Roundup         |
|        | 8:00   | 10:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's     |
|        | 8:00   | 10:00 NBC: Road of Life              |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband            |
|        | 8:15   | 10:15 NBC: Vic and Sade              |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon            |
|        | 8:30   | 10:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights    |
|        | 8:30   | 10:30 NBC: Snow Village              |
| 8:45   | 10:45  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories      |
|        | 8:45   | 10:45 Blue: Al and Lee Reiser        |
|        | 8:45   | 10:45 NBC: David Harum               |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks         |
|        | 9:00   | 11:00 NBC: Words and Music           |
| 9:15   | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister                |
| 9:30   | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent    |
|        | 9:30   | 11:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour       |
|        | 9:45   | 11:45 NBC: Our Gal Sunday            |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful      |
|        | 10:00  | 12:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking         |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins                 |
| 10:30  | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade               |
|        | 10:45  | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs              |
|        | 10:45  | 1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News       |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone           |
|        | 11:00  | 1:00 NBC: Light of the World         |
| 12:30  | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.         |
|        | 11:15  | 1:15 NBC: Lonely Women               |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn          |
|        | 11:30  | 1:30 Blue: James McDonald            |
|        | 11:30  | 1:30 NBC: The Guiding Light          |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family      |
|        | 11:45  | 1:45 Blue: Stella Unger              |
|        | 11:45  | 1:45 NBC: Betty Crocker              |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum                |
|        | 12:00  | 2:00 Blue: Morton Downey             |
|        | 12:00  | 2:00 NBC: Mary Marlin                |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: Landt Trio and Curley      |
|        | 12:15  | 2:15 Blue: My True Story             |
|        | 12:15  | 2:15 NBC: Ma Perkins                 |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: Indianapolis Symphony      |
|        | 12:30  | 2:30 Blue: Pepper Young's Family     |
|        | 12:45  | 2:45 NBC: Ted Malone                 |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 CBS: Right to Happiness         |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                       |
|        | 1:00   | 3:00 Blue: Club Matinee              |
|        | 1:00   | 3:00 NBC: Backstage Wife             |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.     |
|        | 1:15   | 3:15 NBC: Stella Dallas              |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones              |
|        | 1:30   | 3:30 Blue: Johnny Doughboy Reporting |
|        | 1:30   | 3:30 NBC: Joe and Ethel Turp         |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: Off the Record             |
|        | 1:45   | 3:45 Blue: Young Wilder Brown        |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads    |
|        | 2:00   | 4:00 Blue: Sea Hound                 |
|        | 2:00   | 4:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries        |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad             |
|        | 2:15   | 4:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan              |
|        | 2:15   | 4:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life          |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius?          |
|        | 2:30   | 4:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong            |
|        | 2:30   | 4:30 NBC: Superman                   |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Just Plain Bill            |
|        | 2:45   | 4:45 Blue: Ben Bernie                |
|        | 2:45   | 4:45 NBC: Captain Midnight           |
| 3:00   | 5:00   | 6:00 CBS: Terry and The Pirates      |
|        | 3:00   | 5:00 Blue: Paul Sullivan             |
| 3:10   | 5:10   | 6:10 CBS: Ghost Shift                |
| 3:15   | 5:15   | 6:15 CBS: Today at the Duncans       |
| 3:30   | 5:30   | 6:30 CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing |
| 3:45   | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: The World Today            |
|        | 3:45   | 5:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas             |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery           |
|        | 4:00   | 6:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle           |
|        | 4:00   | 6:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang         |
| 8:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 CBS: Our Secret Weapon          |
|        | 8:15   | 6:15 Blue: European News             |
| 4:30   | 6:30   | 7:30 CBS: Easy Aces                  |
|        | 4:30   | 6:30 Blue: The Lone Ranger           |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen                   |
|        | 4:45   | 6:45 Blue: H. V. Kaltenborn          |
| 5:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH                 |
|        | 5:00   | 7:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News         |
|        | 5:00   | 7:00 NBC: Cal Tenny                  |
| 5:15   | 7:15   | 8:15 CBS: Cities Service Concert     |
|        | 5:15   | 7:15 Blue: Dinah Shore               |
|        | 5:15   | 7:15 NBC: The Thin Man               |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: Meet Your Navy             |
|        | 5:30   | 7:30 Blue: All Time Hit Parade       |
|        | 5:30   | 7:30 NBC: Cecil Brown                |
| 5:45   | 7:45   | 8:45 CBS: Philip Morris Playhouse    |
|        | 5:45   | 7:45 Blue: Gang Busters              |
|        | 5:45   | 7:45 NBC: Gabriel Heatter            |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Waltz Time                 |
|        | 6:00   | 8:00 Blue: That Brewster Boy         |
|        | 6:00   | 8:00 NBC: Spotlight Bands            |
| 6:15   | 8:15   | 9:15 CBS: Double or Nothing          |
|        | 6:15   | 8:15 Blue: People Are Funny          |
|        | 6:15   | 8:15 NBC: Dale Carnegie              |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 CBS: Camel Caravan              |
|        | 6:30   | 8:30 Blue: John Gunther              |
|        | 6:30   | 8:30 NBC: Tommy Riggs, Betty Lou     |
| 6:45   | 8:45   | 9:45 CBS: Gracie Fields              |



# SATURDAY

| PACIFIC WAR TIME | CENTRAL WAR TIME | Eastern War Time                            |
|------------------|------------------|---|
|                  |                  | 8:00 CBS: News of the World                 |
|                  |                  | 8:00 Blue: News                             |
|                  |                  | 8:00 NBC: News                              |
|                  |                  | 8:15 CBS: Music of Today                    |
|                  |                  | 8:30 CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping            |
|                  |                  | 8:30 NBC: Dick Leibert                      |
|                  |                  | 8:30 Blue: Texas Jim                        |
|                  |                  | 8:45 CBS: Bert Buhrman Orchestra            |
|                  |                  | 8:45 Blue: News                             |
|                  |                  | 8:45 NBC: News                              |
|                  |                  | 9:00 CBS: Press News                        |
|                  |                  | 9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club                   |
|                  |                  | 9:00 NBC: Everything Goes                   |
|                  |                  | 8:15 9:15 CBS: Caucasian Melodies           |
|                  |                  | 8:30 9:30 CBS: Garden Gate                  |
|                  |                  | 9:00 10:00 CBS: Youth on Parade             |
|                  |                  | 9:00 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson      |
|                  |                  | 9:00 10:00 NBC: NBC STRING QUARTET          |
|                  |                  | 9:30 10:30 CBS: U. S. Navy Band             |
|                  |                  | 9:30 10:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights      |
|                  |                  | 9:30 10:30 NBC: Nellie Revell               |
|                  |                  | 9:45 10:45 Blue: Betty Moore                |
| 8:00 10:00       | 11:00            | 11:00 CBS: Warren Sweeney, News Game Parade |
| 8:00 10:00       | 11:00            | 11:00 Blue: American Red Cross              |
|                  |                  | 11:05 CBS: God's Country                    |
| 8:30 10:30       | 11:30            | 11:30 CBS: Let's Pretend                    |
| 8:30 10:30       | 11:30            | 11:30 Blue: Little Blue Playhouse           |
| 8:30 10:30       | 11:30            | 11:30 NBC: U. S. Coast Guard Band           |
| 9:00 11:00       | 12:00            | 12:00 CBS: Theater of Today                 |
| 9:00 11:00       | 12:00            | 12:00 Blue: Music by Black                  |
| 9:00 11:00       | 12:00            | 12:00 NBC: News                             |
| 9:15 11:15       | 12:15            | 12:15 NBC: Consumer Time                    |
| 9:30 11:30       | 12:30            | 12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood             |
| 9:30 11:30       | 12:30            | 12:30 Blue: Farm Bureau                     |
| 9:30 11:30       | 12:30            | 12:30 NBC: Golden Melodies                  |
| 10:00 12:00      | 1:00             | 1:00 CBS: Country Journal                   |
| 10:00 12:00      | 1:00             | 1:00 Blue: Vincent Lopez                    |
| 10:00 12:00      | 1:00             | 1:00 NBC: Beverly Mahr, vocalist            |
| 10:15 12:15      | 1:15             | 1:15 NBC: Melodies for Strings              |
| 10:30 12:30      | 1:30             | 1:30 CBS: Adventures in Science             |
| 10:30 12:30      | 1:30             | 1:30 Blue: Washington Luncheon              |
| 10:30 12:30      | 1:30             | 1:30 NBC: All Out for Victory               |
| 10:45 12:45      | 1:45             | 1:45 CBS: David Cheskin's Orchestra         |
| 10:45 12:45      | 1:45             | 1:45 Blue: People's War                     |
| 11:00 1:00       | 2:00             | 2:00 CBS: News                              |
| 11:00 1:00       | 2:00             | 2:00 Blue: Metropolitan Opera               |
| 11:00 1:00       | 2:00             | 2:00 NBC: Roy Shield and Co.                |
| 11:05 1:05       | 2:05             | 2:05 CBS: Of Men and Books                  |
| 11:30 1:30       | 2:30             | 2:30 CBS: Spirit of '43                     |
| 1:45 1:45        | 2:45             | 2:45 NBC: Nat'l Parents and Teachers        |
| 12:00 2:00       | 3:00             | 3:00 CBS: F. O. B. Detroit                  |
| 12:00 2:00       | 3:00             | 3:00 NBC: U. S. Air Force Band              |
| 12:30 2:30       | 3:30             | 3:30 CBS: Hello from Hawaii                 |
| 12:30 2:30       | 3:30             | 3:30 NBC: News                              |
| 12:45 2:45       | 3:45             | 3:45 CBS: Lyrics by Liza                    |
| 1:00 3:00        | 4:00             | 4:00 CBS: Report from Washington            |
| 1:00 3:00        | 4:00             | 4:00 NBC: Matinee in Rhythm                 |
| 1:15 3:15        | 4:15             | 4:15 CBS: Reports from London               |
| 1:30 3:30        | 4:30             | 4:30 CBS: Calling Pan-America               |
| 1:30 3:30        | 4:30             | 4:30 NBC: Minstrel Melodies                 |
| 2:00 4:00        | 5:00             | 5:00 CBS: Cleveland Symphony                |
| 2:00 4:00        | 5:00             | 5:00 Blue: Joe Rines Orchestra              |
| 2:00 4:00        | 5:00             | 5:00 NBC: Doctors at War                    |
| 2:30 4:30        | 5:30             | 5:30 NBC: Three Suns Trio                   |
| 2:45 4:45        | 5:45             | 5:45 NBC: News, Alex Drier                  |
| 2:45 4:45        | 5:45             | 5:45 Blue: Country Editor                   |
| 2:45 5:00        | 6:00             | 6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt                      |
| 3:00 5:00        | 6:00             | 6:00 Blue: Dinner Music                     |
| 3:00 5:00        | 6:00             | 6:00 NBC: Gallicchio Orch.                  |
| 3:15 5:15        | 6:15             | 6:15 CBS: People's Platform                 |
| 3:30 5:30        | 6:30             | 6:30 Blue: Message of Israel                |
| 3:30 5:30        | 6:30             | 6:30 NBC: Religion in the News              |
| 3:45 5:45        | 6:45             | 6:45 CBS: The World Today                   |
| 3:45 5:45        | 6:45             | 6:45 NBC: Paul Lavalle Orch.                |
| 4:00 6:00        | 7:00             | 7:00 CBS: Report to the Nation              |
| 4:00 6:00        | 7:00             | 7:00 Blue: George Dr. Karnac                |
| 4:00 6:00        | 7:00             | 7:00 NBC: Noah Webster Says                 |
| 4:30 6:30        | 7:30             | 7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks               |
| 4:30 6:30        | 7:30             | 7:30 Blue: Danny Thomas                     |
| 4:30 6:30        | 7:30             | 7:30 NBC: Ellery Queen                      |
| 5:00 7:00        | 8:00             | 8:00 CBS: Crummit and Sanderson             |
| 5:00 7:00        | 8:00             | 8:00 Blue: Roy Porter, News                 |
| 5:30 7:30        | 8:30             | 8:30 NBC: Abie's Irish Rose                 |
| 5:15 7:15        | 8:15             | 8:15 Blue: Boston Symphony Orchestra        |
| 8:30 7:30        | 8:30             | 8:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby                       |
| 8:00 7:30        | 8:30             | 8:30 NBC: Truth or Consequences             |
| 5:55 7:55        | 8:55             | 8:55 CBS: Eric Severide                     |
| 9:00 8:00        | 9:00             | 9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE                   |
| 6:00 8:00        | 9:00             | 9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance               |
| 6:15 8:15        | 9:15             | 9:15 Blue: Edward Tomlinson                 |
| 6:30 8:30        | 9:30             | 9:30 NBC: Can You Top This                  |
| 6:30 8:30        | 9:30             | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Band                   |
| 6:45 8:45        | 9:45             | 9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade           |
| 7:00 9:00        | 10:00            | 10:00 Blue: John Gunther                    |
| 7:00 9:00        | 10:00            | 10:00 NBC: Bill Stern Sports Newsreel       |
| 7:15 9:15        | 10:15            | 10:15 CBS: Soldiers With Wings              |
| 7:15 9:15        | 10:15            | 10:15 NBC: Dick Powell                      |
| 7:30 9:30        | 10:30            | 10:30 NBC: Let's Play Reporter              |
| 7:45 9:45        | 10:45            | 10:45 Blue: Eileen Farrell                  |
| 8:00 10:00       | 11:00            | 11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News                 |

## Glimpse of Heaven

Continued from page 24

absently, because I was thinking how much I wanted him to hurry up and finish that sandwich so he could hold my hand under the table.

"Weather—or something," he agreed morosely. "Honestly, no man could be as sick as Joe Kinnard says he is and live. That guy's gone half the time, but he looks as healthy as a horse. I asked him about it last night, and he laughed and said, 'Well, a man's got to play hookey once in a while, Bill—get wise to yourself.'"

I looked up. "You mean he stays away when he doesn't really have to?"

Bill nodded. "Playing hookey—that's a cute little term for holding up production. We're not getting our quota out, and that means that for every fellow like Joe, two or three others have to work extra. It's too darned hard on us—makes me mad." He put down the remains of his sandwich. "Let's skip dessert, Pretty, and walk a while, before I start smashing dishes. Gosh, how I'm getting to hate this place!"

I FELT that way, too, so next day we tried something else. We went to a movie, trying to get out of the brightness of the sun, away from the eyes of so many people. That took the lunch hour, of course, and the fact that we were young and healthy and had to eat—people who say you can live on love don't make sense!—spoiled things right away. We went armed with chocolate bars, and munched through the first twenty minutes or so—there's romance for you! Then Bill slid his hand into mine, and a moment later I found that I was clinging to that strong, hard hand of his as if it were the last steady thing in a rocking world. I looked up at him and found that he was smiling down at me, too—a funny, solemn sort of smile, there in the half-dark. And I felt suddenly peaceful. . . .

But it seemed as if it were only a minute or two later that I looked at my watch, and then tugged at his arm.

"Bill! Bill, we've got to go. I've only five minutes to get to the office!"

The dream shattered around us—I swear you could hear the pieces fall—and we hurried up the aisle. And then it was awful. There was the sun again, and people with worry in their faces, and the breath-jamming hurry to the office, and the knowledge that those few minutes were a sort of sham, as if we'd stolen them, as if we had made day into night for a little while and were being punished by an even greater brightness and matter-of-factness afterwards in the world into which we emerged. It was—well, it was dreadful. I can't explain. But we didn't go to the movies again.

We kept experimenting, Bill and I. There was the Sunday we went on the picnic, for instance—well, not just "for instance," because it was a very special Sunday, and one I'll never forget.

According to the plans we'd made, I got up very early and packed a lunch in the boardinghouse kitchen from things I'd bought the night before. All the things that no picnic's complete without—sandwiches, and cheese, and deviled eggs, and potato salad, and fruit, and apple turnovers. And all the while I packed it I whistled because I was happy, but there was a funny little unhappiness at the back of my

mind, too—because I kept wondering if Bill and I would ever get to see a lot of each other. It wasn't just that I wanted to be with him, understand. I wanted him to see enough of me so he'd really fall in love with me, and so he'd ask me to marry him, and so we could have that little house he wanted, and, I finished the chain of my thought with a happy laugh, so that our picnic salads would come from our kitchen instead of the delicatessen and our picnic turnovers come hot and spicy straight from our own oven!

It was a beautiful day, and we were happy, even though Bill hadn't had enough sleep. We laughed and talked with some other people on the bus, and it was somehow all right because at least we were doing in the daytime something that was supposed to be done in the daytime. You expect sunshine and people on a picnic.

When we got to Merrill Park we found a lovely little knoll all to ourselves on the edge of a stream which laughed and chattered as gaily as we were soon doing. Bill spread out the old raincoat he had brought along for me to sit on, and threw his long length down on the grass, pillowing his head in my lap. I felt, for a moment, very still and strange, looking down at him, and I couldn't do anything or say anything. And then I put out my hand and touched his dark head tentatively, and the spell was broken up in our mingled laughter—laughter a little forced and embarrassed at first because of the tiny glimpse of heaven we had had in each other's eyes.

OH, that day *was* heaven. We sat and talked of little things—all the small, sweet things that a boy and a girl who are drifting into love want to know about each other—until hunger drove us to unpack the basket. Somehow, the food managed to taste better than food had ever tasted before, and we played a game as we sat opposite each other eating—we peopled the places between us with imaginary children. There was little Kathy, only two, who had to be helped with her food, and Bill, junior, who had brought along a slingshot and had to be lectured on not shooting birds.

Suddenly Bill stopped right in the middle of offering little Kathy a glass of milk, put down the remnant of apple turnover in his hand, and got swiftly to his feet, pulling me up with him. And then he kissed me, not as he'd ever kissed me before, but the kind of kiss that belongs only to people who belong to each other.

"Pat, honey—Pat, I love you!"

I didn't think that mere words could have so sweet a meaning. After a while I discovered that that voice which was half laughter and half tears was my own, and I stopped its foolish ringing to say, "Bill I love you, too."

We forgot all about the food spread out around us, and sat down, close together, feeling sort of solemn, clinging to each other like a pair of children.

"Let's make it real," Bill said, after a while. "Let's make it real—the children and a home and all the things that go with it. Patsy, honey—will you marry me?"

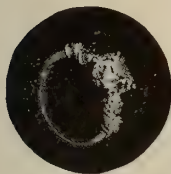
My laugh was still a little shaky when I said, "I wondered when you were going to ask me."

Continued on page 56



**M**ARTHA MONTGOMERY, popular daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Robert Montgomery of Clarksdale, Miss., is engaged to Lieutenant Herbert Slatery, Jr., of Knoxville, Tenn., now in the Army.

There's an enchanting sparkle about Martha's winsome face. Her blue eyes are so wide-awake, her complexion so fresh, so smooth. "Pond's Cold Cream is my one and only when it comes to complexion care," she says. "Nothing else seems to give my skin such a waked-up look, or to make it feel so clean and so soft."



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Continued from page 54  
He had to kiss me again before he said, “I’ll buy you a ring, Pretty—is that all right? I mean, can we make it official, and tell everybody?”

I thought about it for a minute. “Let’s keep it our own secret for a little while,” I decided. “Just a couple of weeks. Then you can give me a ring for my birthday—that’s two weeks from day-after-tomorrow.”

He nodded. “Two weeks—and then we’ll tell the whole world. But I can’t wait to pick out that ring. Not a diamond. A sapphire, just as blue as your eyes, with a star in it to bring us luck!”

Do you wonder that I can never forget that wonderful, that perfect, that heavenly Sunday?

That next day I hurried out of the office at lunch time, my heart singing, “I’m going to see Bill, I’m going to see Bill!” My feet seemed hardly to touch the ground, and when I got to the cafe, and sat down to wait, even the raucous voices of the counter boys sounded like a bright new tune.

**B**UT the tune faded, and the brightness went out of the day. Because Bill didn’t come. I knew the reason, of course, long before I found the note under my door when I got home that night. “Sorry, Pretty, but I slept right through. Hon, I’m a wreck—nearly went to sleep on the line last night. Guess we’ll have to cross all-day picnics off our list. See you tomorrow. I love you—Bill.”

I guess we’ll just about have to cross living off our list, I thought bitterly for a moment, and then I remembered Bill’s arms around me, and his voice, very soft, but very urgent, telling me of his love—and I knew that if I never saw him again I’d still wait until the end of the world for him.

The days between that wonderful picnic Sunday and my birthday were just like the days that had passed, except that we had a new restlessness now. We wanted to talk about the beautiful pattern of the future spread out ahead of us, but how can you scream your dreams in a busy cafe? So we went back to talking at noon about my work and Bill’s, about the people we’d seen, about anything and everything except the one thing that was everything to us.

“Joe Kinnard’s still taking his weekly sick-leave vacations,” Bill said on one of those days.

“You mean he’s still staying away from work when he doesn’t have to?”

Bill nodded. Then he hesitated a moment. “I almost feel like doing it myself,” he said, at last, a little defiantly. “I’d like to take a little time off and get acquainted with my future

wife.” He smiled a crooked smile.

I woke up, then. “Bill, didn’t you say that when one man stays out it throws the whole department out of gear—keeps you below your quota and makes the others work harder than they ought to?”

Bill nodded glumly. “Then you can’t,” I told him. And, after a minute, in a small voice, “We aren’t that important, Bill.”

He looked at me sharply. “You’re the most important thing in the world to me,” he said.

“And you are to me,” I told him. “But Bill—that’s just our world. The whole world, everybody’s world, is full right now of things more important than two people being together and—”

His smile stopped me. “Okay, Pretty—you win. Don’t worry—I’ll behave.”

But he spoke of it again, several times, in the days that crept closer to my birthday. Sometimes it was half jokingly, sometimes defiantly. “Think I’m developing a pain—a pain in the neck from overwork, Pretty. Need to take time off and let you nurse me back to health.” Or, “It’s a shame we can’t be together on your birthday, honey, except just at noon. Lord, I’d love to take you out for a big celebration!”

Mostly, though, those two weeks were happy ones. It’s hard to explain. I mean, I guess, that basically we were happy, but on the surface, at the moment, we were sometimes discontented and disappointed. I think I stood it better than Bill, because I was so excited about that ring I was going to get. I thought of what it would mean—that Bill had marked me for his own girl in front of the whole world. And woman-like, too, I planned how I’d show the ring to the girls in the office, and how envious they would be.

**A**LMOST before I knew it a week had slipped by, and it was Sunday again. No picnic this time—Bill slept late—but our walk in the park was different than it had ever been before. The sunshine was an aura of glory around us, and the birds had brought out all their best songs for our benefit.

Bill hadn’t said a word about the ring—not even whether he had bought it—and I began to tease him about it when we sat down on our favorite bench to feed the squirrels.

“Buy it yet?” I asked, very casually.

He looked up, a little muscle twitching at the corner of his mouth. “Buy what?” As if he didn’t know what I’d been thinking of all week long!

“The ring, silly—my ring.”

He made his face very solemn. “What ring? I don’t know what you’re talk-

Continued on page 58



## Say Hello To—

**WARREN SWEENEY**—a radio announcer with music in his ear. WOL, Washington, was the scene of Warren’s start in radio. Studying music in Baltimore he got a job playing the piano on the station. Then he took up announcing, and for seven years he worked on WJSV. In 1939 Warren came to New York, and his voice became familiar to millions of listeners as he called in the foreign correspondents nightly on The World Today. Last season he realized his ambition to announce the New York Philharmonic concerts when he got the job on the strength of his work with the CBS Summer Symphony. Warren Sweeney is the number one family man among announcers—at 33 he has six children. Ask him what his favorite recreation is and he’ll tell you, “Piano, piano—”



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Continued from page 56  
ing about." There was a bright twinkle  
dancing in his eyes, now, and he leaned  
over and kissed me, very lightly and  
foolishly, on the end of the nose. "Don't  
worry about your ring, Pretty—that's  
my worry." Then the happiness faded  
from his face, to be replaced by the  
look of nervous discontent that I was  
coming to dread, because it meant that  
he was unhappy. He got to his feet.  
"Come on, Pretty—we'd better get  
moving if we're going to have dinner  
before I have to go to work. You  
might as well be someone I met yes-  
terday," he added bitterly, "for all I  
see of you."

I hurried through my work Monday  
morning, anxious as a child is anxious  
for Christmas to get out of the office  
and meet Bill—because, after all, to-  
morrow was my birthday, and if we  
were going to make any kind of plans  
at all, we'd have to make them today,  
wouldn't we? But, just the way things  
always happen when you're in a hurry,  
some extra typing came in right be-  
fore lunch, and it was 12:20 by the time  
I got away. Bill was waiting for me,  
thank goodness.

THIS, I thought, was no time to be  
shy. I'd come right out and ask.  
"Bill, what are we doing tomorrow—  
about my birthday, I mean?"

Bill grinned, and that wicked twinkle  
brightened his eyes.

"Now, Pat, don't be snoopy," he ad-  
vised me solemnly.

"Bill! I'm dying of curiosity—I've  
been dying by inches for two weeks!"

The twinkle went out of his eyes,  
to be replaced by the sweetest tender-  
ness. He looked at me for a moment,  
and then he said, "Look, Pretty. I  
said we'd celebrate your birthday. And  
we will. Now, leave it to Bill, will  
you? Can't a fellow cook up a surprise  
for his girl?"

And that's all I could get out of him.  
Besides, I had so little time. I hurried  
through a sandwich and a glass of milk,  
and got to my feet. "Bill, I've got to  
go back now—will I see you at lunch  
tomorrow?"

He paused with a forkful of cherry  
pie in mid-air. "I'll try to make it,"  
he said, in a very unconcerned, nice-to-  
have-met-you tone. And that was that.

I got through the rest of the day  
somehow, and spent the evening wash-  
ing my hair and fixing my nails and  
pressing my blue dress that Bill liked  
so much—just in case.

Then, at last, it was my birthday.  
It was dreadful. The office, in the  
first place, was a madhouse. We had  
a very special program scheduled for  
that night, and there were a million  
things to be done—and that was for-  
tunate, for I was too busy even to  
think about anything else. But at  
lunch time I tore myself away and  
hurried to our little restaurant—to  
wait in solitary misery through the  
hour.

Bill didn't come, I kept telling my-  
self as I walked slowly, like a tired  
old woman, back to the office. Bill  
didn't come. Bill slept right through  
the moment he was to become engaged  
to me. But hadn't he told me not to  
worry? Hadn't he said, "Leave it to  
Bill?"

Resolutely I threw myself back into  
my work, determined to leave it to  
Bill if he said so, pounding the hours  
away on the keys of my typewriter.

It was my night to work, you know  
—and even if it hadn't been, I'd have  
been working extra, because my boss

was in charge of the big war program  
we had scheduled for that night. So  
at dinner time I hurried home to  
get a quick bite of food, change my  
dress, and get back to the station.  
Maybe there'd be a note from Bill, I  
thought, explaining everything.

I opened the door. And there was  
Bill, sitting on the old-fashioned hat-  
stand in the hall, waiting for me.

He jumped to his feet as I opened  
the door, and grinned a bit uncertainly.

"Bill, you're home," I said, foolishly.  
And then, "Is anything wrong?"

"Wrong? No, nothing's wrong. Not  
exactly. I mean, not now." He  
sounded like a small boy caught steal-  
ing apples.

I managed to catch his eye and hold  
it. "Bill, stop babbling! What on  
earth are you talking about?"

He assumed a tone one takes with  
a not very bright three-year-old. "I  
wasn't feeling well at the plant. Sort  
of dizzy. So I got the foreman to let  
me off." Then pleasure crowded into  
his voice to balance the funny little  
sound of guilt. "But I'm feeling swell  
now, Pat. So why don't you put on  
your best bib and tucker and we'll go  
out to celebrate this birthday of yours?"

I couldn't find anything to say to  
him for a moment, and I very nearly  
relented. He looked so terribly like  
a puppy who knows he's done some-  
thing wrong and is being particularly  
lovable to make up for it. But after all  
we'd said! Anger welled up in me.

"Bill Carey! You know as well as  
you know your own name that you  
didn't have a dizzy spell any more  
than I did! You—you're staying away  
from the plant when you don't have  
to. You're cheating—playing hookey  
like that Joe Kinnard. You had so  
much to say about him, and you're no  
better than he is when it comes right  
down to it. I'm ashamed of you—after  
all you've told me about men staying  
out slowing down production and cut-  
ting down the quota. After all you  
said about not being able to cheat  
when you're making wings for the  
army—"

BILL put out his hands to take me by  
the shoulders. "Now you look here,  
Pat! Okay, I did lie about being sick.  
But this isn't just something I hap-  
pened to want to do. This is our big  
day—yours and mine!"

I wanted to put my head down on  
his shoulder and cry, he looked so hurt  
and bewildered, but I couldn't back  
down—not when I remembered my  
brother Nick, not when I remembered  
those long lines of boys who didn't look  
old enough to exchange playing for  
fighting. I held my ground.

"This is my night to work, anyway,"  
I told him. "And I wouldn't think of  
not going back. We've got a big war  
program, and I've got to do my part  
for it. We can't have two people back-  
ing down on their jobs!"

And then I turned and hurried out  
without waiting for anything—I  
couldn't. I had to get out of there and  
get out right away. I heard the door  
jerk open again as I ran down the  
street, heard Bill's voice calling after  
me, but I didn't stop.

Thank heavens, there was plenty to  
do at the station to keep me from  
thinking about anything. It wasn't  
until the show was nearly ready to go  
on that there was a second's breathing  
time. Then my boss asked me if the  
audience was pretty well filled up,  
so I went out on the stage to peep  
between the curtains out into the au-

Continued on page 60



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Continued from page 58

ditorium. Well, I never did check to see if there were a lot of vacant seats, because right there in the second row was Bill!

And then everything happened at once. I was hurried off stage, and the curtains parted for the announcer to "warm up" the audience before the show went on the air. I was standing in the wings opposite my boss, checking the cast to make sure everyone was there. Suddenly there was that funny, breath-held hush that always comes, and we were on the air!

It was only then that I had time to think—to think: Oh, Bill, you shouldn't have come! Because, you see, I knew what this show was about, and how it would hurt poor Bill, already hurt by the things I had said.

There wasn't anything I could do. The music swelled up and died, and the voice of the announcer came in. And after his speech, the dramatized part of the program—the part which told about the slowing up of our great war effort caused by workers staying away from their jobs!

I LISTENED dully—listened to the voice of a factory worker telling a friend that he was going to take the day off to go fishing. And then the worker's employer, getting an order for a certain new submarine detector part which the particular worker was especially trained to make. After that, a scene of ships going out in a convoy—going out without those submarine detectors, because production on them hadn't met schedule. And then the drama of one of those ships being torpedoed in the blackness of the night and the cries of men with their eyes opened to the world for the last time.

All the while, one little corner of my heart kept crying, "Oh, Bill—oh, Bill!"

Remembering him, I almost forgot the program for a moment. I thought how foolish it had been of me to quarrel with him. He'd only wanted to please me, to make me happy. And after all, it was done now—he'd left work, and we might as well enjoy our stolen evening. Right after the broadcast, I told myself, I'd go out and just say, "Where are we going Bill? What have you planned?"

Then the voices of the actors forced themselves into my mind again. Now the scene was a little house, and a woman receiving a telegram telling her that her husband had died on that torpedoed ship. And her voice, crying, "There will be no tomorrow for us!"

I didn't know what to do—I didn't know what to think. My mind was a whirlpool of faces and words—Bill, and my brother Nick, and the plans Bill and I had made, and that voice, crying, "There will be no tomorrow for

us!"

Suddenly I couldn't stand it any longer. Cautiously I edged forward in the wings until I could see Bill. But he wasn't there, in his seat—he had risen, and under cover of the music which was filling the auditorium now, he was slipping out.

I ran then—off the stage, as fast as I could, down the corridor and to the lobby. And to Bill.

"Bill, darling," I cried, "it doesn't—I was going to tell him that I wasn't angry, but he didn't give me a chance to finish."

He came close, put his hands on my shoulders, looked down at me, and there was something in his eyes I'd never seen before—there, or in the eyes of any man.

"I don't know what to say," he said. "I don't know what to say. I can't say that I didn't know the work we all do is so important, because I did know it. I guess I just thought I was more important than that. But I'm not. And you're not."

My voice, answering him, was very small. "None of us is, Bill."

He went on as if he hadn't heard me. "I've felt—oh, like a traitor, ever since I played sick tonight, honey. And I guess I really know why, now. We're safe, you and I—but only as long as the men who are fighting for us keep us safe. They have our tomorrows to guard, and we hold their tomorrows in our hands. For us, there'll always be tomorrow. But for the boys—boys like your brother, Pat—there might not be any more tomorrows if men like me don't make every one of our todays count for something."

He turned swiftly on his heel. "I'm going back to the plant." He strode ahead, and then turned again. "But I can steal a minute, Pat—for this."

HE reached into his pocket and brought out the ring—the ring I'd wanted so badly, and which I'd forgotten about these past hours. "Here it is, Pretty—blue, like your eyes, and a star for luck."

Taking my hand in his, he slipped the ring on my finger, and we stood very still, as if for a precious second we were all alone in our special heaven.

A moment later, Bill dropped my hand. He caught me close to him, and kissed me as I've never been kissed before—and as I hope to be kissed all the rest of my life. And then he stepped back.

"Good-by, Pretty—you'll get home all right?"

The mist in my eyes kept me from seeing him clearly, but I raised a hand to his blurred retreating figure, and I made sure that my voice was steady as I called to him, "See you tomorrow, darling—tomorrow!"

## JUNE RADIO MIRROR

On Sale Friday, May 7th

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort we are scheduling coming issues of RADIO MIRROR to appear upon the newsstands at slightly later dates than heretofore. RADIO MIRROR for June will go on sale Friday, May 7th. On that date your newsdealer will be glad to supply you with your copy. The same circumstances apply also to subscriptions. While all subscription copies are mailed on time, they may reach you a little later than usual. Please be patient. They will be delivered just as soon as prevailing conditions permit.



RADIO MIRROR



# Let Me Dry Your Tears

Continued from page 21

about you, up in Chicago, so since I was passing through I thought I'd drop in and see you."

I hadn't seen Joe since I left the hospital. He was a salesman for a Chicago firm of farm-implement makers, and only came to our town once in a while. I didn't blame him for the accident, but I didn't want to be reminded of him, or to see any of his friends.

"Thank you," I said. "It's very kind of you, but I see very few people and I—" It was hard, faced with that smile of his which managed to be both friendly and subtly mocking, to tell him bluntly that I wished he'd go away. I concluded lamely, "I'm sure you understand."

He shook his head. "Nope," he said. "I don't seem to understand at all. What I thought was, if you weren't busy, we could take in a movie or something."

I WONDERED in dismay if he could possibly be ignorant of what the accident had done to me. I was standing in the doorway, with the light behind me, so he couldn't see the scar; and maybe Joe hadn't told him.

Sometimes, when you have suffered, you grow to love suffering. You hurt yourself on purpose. It was that way with me now. On an impulse, I turned so the light fell full on the left side of my face, revealing what was there in all its hideousness. Now, Mr. Jerry Regan, I'll see those merry eyes narrow and turn away, I'll see horror on your face!

I saw nothing of the kind. He went on smiling persuasively. "How about it?" he said. "Maybe tomorrow night, if you don't feel like going out now?"

So he *had* known, I thought, and being forewarned was able to pretend he wasn't shocked. "No, I'm sorry," I said. "I really couldn't."

"Honestly, Miss Valentine, I don't see why not. I'm a harmless sort of guy—I'm kind to my mother, and I've got a dog that loves me, and I earn an honest living. I've even got another suit of clothes I'll put on in your honor if you don't like this one."

Really, he was impossible! In my irritation I forgot to keep up a show of politeness.

"You don't want to take me out," I said scornfully. "Why do you keep insisting?"

"But I do!" he answered. "I never try to get anything I don't want. I want to take you out because—oh, because you're a friend of Joe Nelson's, and I hope of mine."

"I haven't any friends any more." I was trembling. I couldn't understand how this complete stranger had goaded me into revealing to him more of my inner feelings than I'd revealed to anyone since the accident, but I couldn't stop. "I never go anywhere—because I can't bear to have people stare at me!"

"Oh." He pursed his lips and nodded understandingly, as calmly as if I'd said I didn't ever walk in the rain because I didn't like to get my feet wet—as if I were mildly eccentric, but entitled to be so if I liked. "Well, since you don't want to see a movie, suppose I just drop around tomorrow night and we'll sit and talk?"

"No, Mr. Regan," I said, suppress-

MOM WON'T MIND  
—WE USE  
**FELS-NAPTHA**



Junior is a little optimistic, we're afraid . . . though it's true the ever-present evidence of dirt is less menacing to Mothers who have Fels-Naptha handy.

Take those two Turkish towels, for example—the Pride of the Linen Closet—to tell the awful truth. In some homes they'd cause a first-class 'conniption'. But not here.

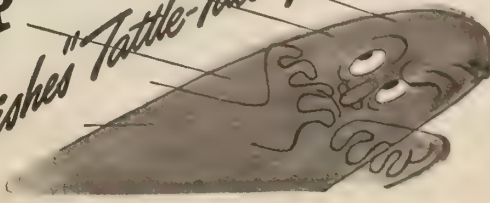
This Mother knows that no youngster can grind dirt in too deep for Fels-Naptha Soap to reach it. She'll soak those towels in rich Fels-Naptha suds. She'll let this grand, mild soap and gentle naptha go to work. Then, a light rub, a quick swish—and out they'll come, as fresh and white as the day they went in her hope chest.

Mother—have you a little 'Junior' in your home? Then you need a *lot* of Fels-Naptha, too!



**Fels-Naptha Soap**

*Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"*





# NONE OF YOUR LIP!

WHEN I CHANGE  
DRESSES—I BITE ON A  
**KLEENEX\* TISSUE**—IT  
PREVENTS LIPSTICK STAINS  
—SAVES CLEANING BILLS!

(from a letter by R. M. H., Alliance, Ohio)



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**WAR SAVINGS BOND**  
FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH  
WRITE NOW THE USE OF  
**KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY**  
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## Makes Good Cents

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OF HANKIES. WHAT I SAVE ON ONE WEEK'S  
LAUNDRY PAYS FOR A BIG SUPPLY OF  
**KLEENEX!** (from a letter by J. C. K.,  
Virginia Beach, Va.)



## Well I'll Be...

*said the Duchess!*

NOW I FURNISH GUESTS WITH **KLEENEX**  
TO REMOVE FACE CREAMS AND OTHER  
COSMETICS. IT SAVES MY GOOD LINEN  
TOWELS... SAVES ME MONEY!

(from a letter by E. G., New York, N. Y.)

## Remember Delsey? —soft like Kleenex

Hope there'll be more Delsey\*  
Toilet Paper after the war



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Your Choice: 8 regular-size prints,  
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month with —

# Kurb



COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE! Take **KURB** tablets  
only as directed on the package and see how **KURB** can help you!

ing a hysterical desire to laugh.

"The Regans are a terribly stubborn family," he said gravely, "and I'm about the stubbornest of the lot. I'll be here about eight o'clock. All you can do is slam the door in my face."

With a funny, bobbing little bow, he turned and went away, leaving me thinking that I wouldn't slam the door when he came again—I wouldn't even open it.

I was vexed at Joe Nelson for having given my name to this Jerry Regan. He should have known better. Oh, probably he'd meant well. No doubt my self-imposed exile was a fascinating topic of conversation among all the people who'd known me. Joe, feeling responsible for the accident, must have hoped that a stranger would be able to do what old friends couldn't. It was certainly foolish of him, though. I thought, to pick somebody like Jerry Regan. In the old days I wouldn't have looked twice at him, with his worn clothes and brash manners. If Joe had wanted to remind me that beggars can't be choosers, he couldn't have picked a more perfect messenger than Jerry Regan.

**I** WAS so busy being angry at Joe and his friend Mr. Regan, that I forgot the rest of that evening and the following day, to pity myself.

Father and Mother were home the next night at eight o'clock. It would have been easy for me to say, when the doorbell rang, "If it's someone to see me, tell them I've gone to bed"—and I fully intended to do so. What I said instead was, "I'll answer it, Mother." I was conscious of their amazed and delighted interchange of glances as I left the room.

I was glad it was a warm evening, and I needn't bring Jerry Regan inside where it was light. There were deck chairs in the yard, and it seemed natural to lead him there. I don't know why I didn't try to send him away. Partly because intuitively I knew it would do no good to try, but mostly because in spite of myself he fascinated me. I'd never met anyone who offered himself to you so much at face value. "If you like me," he appeared to be saying, "that's fine. If you don't, I'm sorry, but I guess I can get along all right anyhow."

What did we talk about that evening? Not about motor accidents, certainly. About jobs Jerry had had—apparently he had worked at a good many different jobs, but at the end of the evening I discovered rather to my surprise that he hadn't mentioned his current one. About things that had happened to us when we were children, about movies we'd seen, a little bit—not very much—about the war.

I could hardly believe it when he looked at his watch and announced that it was eleven o'clock. "It was nice of you to let me come," he said sincerely, without a trace of the half-mocking air I had objected to at first.

"You were the nice one to come," I admitted. "It—it couldn't have been much fun for you, after the way I talked to you last night."

He shrugged that off. "Then you'll let me come again?"

"I—No. I don't think you ought to." All at once I was on my guard again. What possible enjoyment could he get out of being with a girl who had been so terribly disfigured? It was pity that made him ask, and I would not take pity.

"I didn't ask what I ought to do. I asked if you'd let me."



It was exactly the right answer to allay my suspicions and make me think that perhaps he really did want to come again. I said, "I don't seem to be able to stop you from coming, once you've made up your mind."

"You know," he said, "you almost laughed when you said that. I wish you would laugh. I'd like to hear it." I stood up. "I guess I've forgotten how to laugh," I said.

Gravely—"That isn't right. We'll have to do something about that."

The softness of his tone brought back to me with a rush all that I had lost. He didn't mean it, of course, but for a moment he had spoken in a way I'd never expected to hear a man speak again. I looked around at the warm, purple-dark night, redolent with the smells of spring. It was a night for love and romance and beauty... not a night in which I could have any part.

"Why bother?" I said.

THERE was a pause, and then he said, "It might be because I'm stubborn—or it might be because I think you could be a darn swell girl, if you'd give yourself a chance."

I whirled on him angrily, but with a swift "Good night," he was already on his way to the gate. And when he arrived the next night he had once again taken on his air of good-humored, cheerful inconsequence, as hard to break through as a stone wall.

And as hard to oppose. He said that we'd go to a movie—and we went. He said that we'd drop into the drug store for a coke afterwards—and that's what we did. True, we went to a booth at the rear of the store, but still he had persuaded me to enter a place where

there were people who could see me and stare at me and talk about me. And it wasn't as much of an ordeal as I had feared—not with Jerry beside me.

Ours was a queer sort of companionship. I felt completely at ease with him—more so than I had felt with many men I'd gone out with before my accident, much more than I had ever felt with George Bailey. It was because there was no need to impress him, and no use trying to. I didn't care what he thought of me—or I told myself I didn't. Why should I? Before long he'd be leaving town, and then I'd never see him again. Meanwhile, he made me forget.

I even wrote to Joe Nelson, thanking him for telling Jerry to look me up.

It was a day or so after I'd written to Joe that Jerry succeeded in doing something which would have been impossible a bare week before. He persuaded me to go with him to a little fair and bazaar our church was giving.

Many of my friends were there—I had known they would be—and I entered the recreation hall with my head defiantly high to disguise the fact that my heart was hammering as if it were about to shatter my breast. Yet within a few minutes I was feeling better. I couldn't be entirely unconscious of my face, but the expressions of pleasure I heard from everyone were so sincere they brought me a warm glow of happiness.

Then, with a sudden catch of the breath, I saw George Bailey. He stared incredulously, before he smiled and came over to where Jerry and I were standing. "Nora," he said, "this is wonderful!"

After the first shock of seeing him, I

was blessedly calm. I introduced him to Jerry, and they shook hands. They made a strong contrast, these two men—Jerry quick and dark and merry, George so tall and correct.

As he turned away, George said tentatively, "Won't you let me come to see you sometime soon, Nora?"—and I answered, "Of course."

When he was out of earshot, Jerry said quietly, "That's the fellow you used to go around with a lot, isn't it?"

"Why—yes," I said in surprise. "How did you know?"

Jerry smiled. "I've been around town a week. I hear things."

FLUSHING, I said, "I suppose you've also heard that he stopped seeing me after—the accident."

"Yes. But nobody knows exactly why."

"That's obvious," I said. "He couldn't bear to look at me."

Jerry didn't answer at first. Finally he said, "Maybe. Or maybe it was because he didn't think you wanted to see him. You're pretty good at freezing people out, you know."

I smiled incredulously. But I had changed enough, in the last week, to make me wonder if Jerry might not be right.

Walking home with Jerry, I was happier than I had thought I would ever be again. I had braved the publicity of the fair, and had come away unhurt. I mused aloud, "It's funny, Jerry—I never could have gone there with anyone but you. Somehow, you bolster me up, make me brave."

"That's good," he said. "I'm glad I do." We walked along in silence for a while, my arm tucked through his. "I've got to be leaving town in a



**FEATURE  
ATTRACTION**

JANE WYATT, ALBERT DEKKER  
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in home scenes everywhere  
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the feature attraction at  
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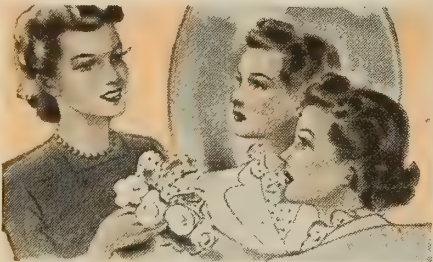
Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, New York. Bottled locally by Franchised Bottlers from coast to coast.



*The hats are all right but  
my hair is ALL WRONG!*



ANN: "No hat seems to look well because my hair's so dull and drab-looking! Oh dear! and I did want to look my best when Jim comes home."



MISS BETTY: "Why don't you try Nestle Colorinse? Many of the girls with the loveliest hair who come into my shop tell me they use it after every shampoo. It rinses away the dull soap film, you know. And it makes your hair actually radiant with highlights—so much softer and silkier, too...a perfect setting for the new Spring hats."



ANN: "Jim loved my new hat and he raved about my hair. Said he never saw it look so 'alive'—so full of sparkle and color. It's a million thanks from me to Nestle Colorinse. And here's something else I've discovered. Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing makes hair still lovelier."

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2 rinses for 10¢  
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couple more days," he remarked.

"Do you? . . . Jerry, do you know you've never told me much about yourself? I don't even know where you work, or why you came to town—or anything."

"Oh," he said with unusual moodiness, "I travel—and I'll have to be travelling on soon. I'll be sorry."

"So will I," I said—but I spoke abstractedly, thinking about George Bailey, wondering if Jerry was really right and I had sent him away myself.

"Are you really sorry?" Jerry asked eagerly. He stopped, forcing me to stop too, and face him. I couldn't see his face very well in the darkness, but his voice sounded urgent and excited. "Have these few days we've known each other been as—as wonderful for you as they've been for me?"

MORE wonderful than you could possibly imagine," I said, thinking gratefully of the way he had brought me out of my shell, had pushed my ever-present awareness of my scarred face into the background.

"Nora!" He touched my arms, then with a swift, demanding gesture held me close, pressing his lips to mine. All the breath left my body. I had never known a kiss like his. It was fire and tenderness, the fury of a summer storm and the sweetness of a lingered moment in moonlight. It awoke emotions in me I had never known I possessed, and it was all the more overwhelming because until then I had thought of Jerry Regan only as a friend, a stranger who had come out of nowhere to help me back to sanity.

Instinctively, I clung to him, giving him my lips fully. I could have done nothing else in the surprise and wonder of that moment.

But I was frightened, too. This Nora Valentine was standing on the street kissing a man she scarcely knew—this could not be the self-possessed Nora I'd been all my life! And I drew away a little.

Instantly Jerry freed me. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to do that."

I wonder why I didn't understand. But I didn't. Things had happened too fast for me to reason them out. I could only feel. And my heart, wiser than my brain, told me I wanted Jerry to be master. I wanted him to awaken slumbering, untouched emotions within me and to ride roughshod over the momentary shame which had made me draw away from him. I resented the sudden change in him from passion to apology. I felt let down, disappointed.

"That's all right," I said, starting to walk on. I spoke indifferently, even

curtly. "I know you won't let it happen again."

But you mustn't believe me! my heart was crying. It's only pride that makes me lie!

We went the rest of the way in silence, and at my door he said, "I'll see you tomorrow night?"

"Of course," I answered politely. "If you're not doing anything."

He couldn't have known from my tone that the anticipation of that next meeting was something I would hug close to me all night long.

But the next morning I got an answer to the letter I had written to Joe Nelson—an answer that turned me cold all over, except for the scar on my face, which seemed to burn like acid.

"This Regan fellow you wrote about isn't any friend of mine," the letter said. "And since he evidently hasn't told you who he is, I'd better. I don't know what he's up to, but the fact is he was driving the truck that hit us. I met him a couple of times, once at the hospital and once at the insurance company's office. That's all I know about him, but I thought I ought to tell you."

I read those words again and again—numbly, unable to put them together in any logical order. There was no meaning to them. There couldn't be. And then my hands lost all power to hold the sheet of paper and it fluttered to the floor while the full realization of Jerry Regan's deception burst upon me with staggering, terrible force.

The man I had kissed the night before—the man who had been making me count the minutes until I saw him again—was the one who was responsible for my hideousness!

OH, it was true—I knew it must be.

Joe Nelson would have had no reason to lie to me, and besides, this explained the things about Jerry that had puzzled me. My mind, released from the stunning effect of the first shock, began to race madly, conjecturing, piecing together, rearranging facts to suit this new knowledge.

No wonder Jerry had been so mysterious about his job! But why had he sought me out to begin with? It must have been, I thought, because his Irish conscience had hurt him. He was responsible for ruining an unknown girl's life, and in his cavalier way he'd set out to make amends. All the time he'd been insisting on seeing me, on taking me out, he'd been trying to buy off his own conscience.

Or—and now a horrible, evil suspicion grew in me, one I couldn't put aside. If Jerry was a truck driver, he couldn't have a great deal of money. He would know, naturally,



*Say Hello To—*

VICKI VOLA, who's heard as Miss Miller, secretary to NBC's Mr. District Attorney. A Denver girl, Vicki used her first earnings as a grocery store cashier to finance dramatic lessons. In 1933 she began her radio career in her home town, and the show in which she worked was moved to Hollywood—Vicki along with it. There, she landed roles in a number of shows until 1938, when she decided to try New York. Now, in addition to her part as Miss Miller, she is frequently heard on such programs as the Army Hour, the Kate Smith show, and a number of others. A girl of many interests, she's equally at home engaged in outdoor sports or in reading or listening to recordings by her favorite opera stars. Her proficiency as an outdoor girl was recognized this year when she was crowned Queen of Winter.



about the large sum the insurance company had paid me. Might he have thought that a disfigured wife wouldn't be so bad, if she brought with her all that money?

Jerry wasn't like that; part of me argued desperately. He was fine and honest. But the other part of me, the part that had been hurt and twisted by the accident, said that he wasn't honest. He'd lied once and he could lie again—and again.

I didn't know. I was too confused to be able to judge. Only one fact stood out in stark clarity—whether it was pity or greed that had brought Jerry to me, I did not want to see him again.

That evening, half an hour before he usually arrived, I went out. It was better that way. Mother was a poor liar, and Jerry was quite capable of walking past her into the house if he thought I was there. I went alone to a movie and sat through both parts of the double feature, seeing nothing at all of what went on on the screen. It was after eleven when I got home.

**BUT** all my efforts to avoid him had done me no good. As I came up the walk he emerged from the shadows of the porch. I stopped, and for an instant we faced each other like two adversaries.

Jerry spoke first. "I guess I know what's the matter," he said. "You've found out who I am."

"Yes, Mr. Regan," I said. "I've found out."

He took a step toward me, then stopped. "I wanted to tell you, but I knew you'd refuse to have anything to do with me."

"That would have been natural, wouldn't it?"

"Yes. I couldn't have blamed you."

"Why did you come?" I burst out in agony. "Why didn't you leave me alone?"

"I hoped I could—could make up a little for what my carelessness did to you. I was sorry—"

"Couldn't you see, right from the first, I didn't want your pity?"

I saw him nod, and he said, "Yes, I saw that. But by then it was too late. The minute I met you, I knew you were the girl I'd been looking for all my life."

I began to laugh—hysterically, helplessly. "The minute you saw me—all scarred and ugly—you knew—Oh, that's wonderful—it really is—" Still laughing, but with the tears running down my cheeks, I buried my face in my hands.

"Nora—"

At his touch I flung my head back furiously. "Get away! How can you think I'd believe such an obvious lie?"

"But why are you so sure it's a lie, Nora dear?" The sound of his gentle voice, so full of sadness and pity, angered me all the more. "Why should I lie to you?"

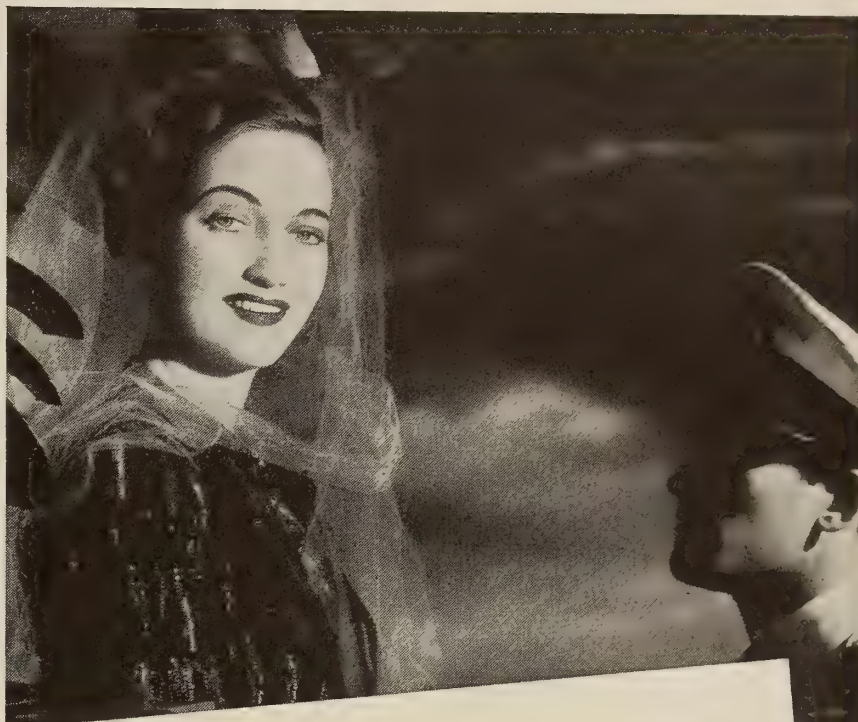
"I can think of one reason," I said. "The insurance money for the accident might seem like a fortune—to a truck driver."

He could have been no more stunned by the words than I was, in my secret heart. I knew, once I had heard them said, that I did not believe them, could not believe them. But I had wanted to wound him, and now I had succeeded.

"Nora, Nora," his voice broke the thundering silence. "Someday I hope you'll realize that you're not the one to be pitied, half as much as I am—for what I've done to you."

# "Want him to adore you? Try my\*W.B.N.C."

DOROTHY LAMOUR, STARRING IN "DIXIE", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



## Says Dorothy Lamour:

"Men hover 'round the girl whose complexion is lush velvet. So take my W.B.N.C. That means..."

### \*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap.

"All you need is Woodbury Cold Cream. And what grand things it does. It's my nightly beauty care."

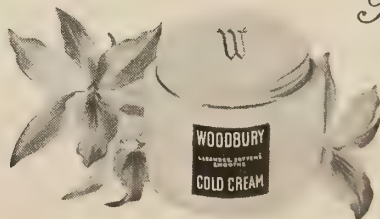
Cleanse with Woodbury Cold Cream. How fresh, clean, your skin feels! Pat on more cream—wipe again, leaving a trace of the fine oils all night—for new, morning glamour.

Four special ingredients in Woodbury make your skin softer, smoother. Another exclusive ingredient acts constantly to keep the cream in the jar pure to the last.

Tonight take the W.B.N.C.—he'll adore you more tomorrow.

## WOODBURY COLD CREAM

*Beauty Night Cap of the Stars*



**A Grand Surprise!** You get so much for your money. Big economy jars \$1.25, 75¢. Also sizes at 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



## A SPRAWL! A BAWL!



THEN—

## ANTIPHLOGISTINE!

Those youngsters of yours are bound to bring home sprains, bruises and wrenched muscles. When they do, be ready to apply **ANTIPHLOGISTINE**—comfortably hot.

That's the easy, effective way to relieve the pain, reduce the swelling and speed recovery. Because **ANTIPHLOGISTINE** is a ready-to-use, medicated poultice, it maintains "Moist Heat" for many hours.

This valuable moist heat *does* so much good—feels so good. Brings real comfort.

That's why it's also effective in relieving disturbing symptoms of **CHEST COLDS**—cough—tightness of the chest—and muscular soreness.

Apply **ANTIPHLOGISTINE** early.

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## RELIEVED QUICKLY



**WHEN** your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of **Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion** on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

**Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion** is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

## DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

"Jerry!" I called after him. "Jerry!" But he did not turn around.

I was like a sick person. In my delirium I had struck out against the one who had tried to help me. But in that delirium I had passed the crisis of my sickness, and it left me weak and indifferent—but sane. In the days that followed it didn't seem to matter any more that my face had been scarred. It didn't even matter when George Bailey called me up and asked me to go out. I accepted—because it didn't matter, either, what I did, or where I went, or with whom.

Father and Mother were pleased, because they believed I had come through the "bad time."

**I** DIDN'T ask George why he had come back to me. I was content to suppose that Jerry had been right—I myself had made him think I didn't want to see him.

It was the same when, in midsummer, George asked me to marry him. When your heart is dead, it can neither ache nor leap with joy. I felt about George exactly as I had always done. He was kind, handsome, practical. We would have a good life together, since he was seemingly willing to overlook the scar. Probably, I thought, that scar had never been important to anyone but me . . . I told him I would marry him.

Mother and Father, in their happiness, insisted on giving a party to announce the engagement. To them, I think, it was to be a kind of symbol, a sign of victory. Scarred as I was, I still was the beloved of the town's best-looking young man. They always had approved of George, and now was their hour of triumph.

I came downstairs early on the night of the party. Everything looked nice—a buffet supper laid in the dining room, the rug rolled away in the living room for dancing. It wasn't to be a large party, just the people I had known since high-school days. I stood in the midst of the empty, waiting rooms, and it seemed to me that all this must be only a dream. It couldn't be happening. I didn't love George Bailey—how could it be that I had promised to become his wife? And yet I had. How could I smile, a few hours from now, and listen to people's good wishes? And yet I would.

"Jerry!" I whispered.

But I had sent Jerry away.

The doorbell rang, and I started almost guiltily. It was George, and he'd hardly come in before I realized to my amazement that he had been drinking—something I'd never known him to do, except very moderately. "I don't like liquor," he'd said once. "I don't like the feeling that I don't know exactly what I'm doing, all the time."

"Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" he announced, in a voice that was just a shade too loud, and laughed. I smiled in return—it wasn't like him to be in such high spirits, any more than it was like him to drink, but I was glad that he was happy. I wanted him to be happy. That was the least I could give him.

And yet, looking at him more closely, I could not be so sure that he was happy. The smile on his lips did not extend to his eyes—they were dark and desperate-looking, and did not meet mine. He bent down to kiss me—and impulsively, wildly, acting on some deep knowledge, I turned to his lips my ravaged cheek.

I felt him stop, shuddering. "Don't,"

he said thickly. "Don't, Nora."

As quickly as all that, I knew.

The knowledge did not destroy me, as it would have once. I felt, at this moment, strong and unafraid. Nothing could ever hurt me now.

"Why did you ask me to marry you, George?" I asked, stepping back a little and looking at him calmly.

He stammered confusedly, "Why—I've always wanted to—I—"

"Was it because of all the money I got from the insurance company?" I asked—but not fiercely, as I had asked Jerry the same question. Because this time I knew the answer.

"Of course not! How can you—" But he knew that no matter what he said I would not believe him. He could not lie to me.

"There won't be any announcement tonight," I said. I turned at the sound of Mother coming downstairs. I could even smile at her. "George and I have decided it's a mistake to be engaged," I said. "We'll have the party, but no announcement." Quickly, before I had a chance to do more than glimpse the shocked dismay on her face, I ran past her and upstairs.

Still I did not feel desolate. I could see the road straight before me, and although it was a lonely road, it was open and clear.

**M**ECHANICALLY, I re-powdered my face, touched up my lips, and finally, composed and calm, went downstairs. The guests had begun to arrive, and I went from one to the other, shaking hands, smiling, making unimportant remarks. George had left, but I found that I was adept at saying lightly he'd hoped to come, but had been prevented by a business engagement.

No doubt everyone there knew that this was to have been a party to announce my engagement, and they were all wondering what had happened. Well, I thought, free at last, let them wonder!

Suddenly there was a hush. I was standing with my back to the door which led into the hallway, and everyone was looking past me, wide-eyed. I whirled—to see Jerry standing there, dusty in work clothes, cap clutched in his hand.

No, I thought, this can't be real. Prayers aren't answered like this. But Jerry's gaze found me, and he took a step toward me, and a whisper ran around the room.

Without my volition, my feet carried me across the room—to Jerry, out into the hall, out of sight of all those peering eyes.

"I was taking the truck through tonight," he said. "I saw Bailey down on the street—he told me you'd broken your engagement with him. I wanted to see you. I knew how you'd feel—"

"Oh, no, Jerry," I cried. "You didn't know—you didn't know at all!"

"No," he said slowly, "I can see that. I can see that now. I—I'm sorry I broke into your party—"

He turned to go, but I seized his arm, half-laughing, half-crying. "Oh, Jerry, Jerry," I said, "don't you realize that without you there'd never have been a party—or that the party doesn't mean a thing to me when you're around?"

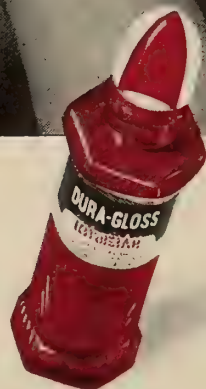
Unbelievably, he searched my upturned face—but only for an instant before his own lit up with relief and gladness. There may have been people watching us when he took me in his arms, but if there were we neither knew nor cared.



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## C A R E E R F O R T W O

SEVERAL years ago, a young man sat in a movie theater watching a Paramount short which featured a girl named Harriet Hilliard. The young man was a band leader named Ozzie Nelson and he decided, then and there, that Harriet was the girl he'd like to have sing with his orchestra. Friends told him not to waste his time, that Harriet was being groomed by Hollywood for big parts in pictures.

Ozzie, however, was a very stubborn fellow. "I'll ask her, anyway," he said. "What have I got to lose?" Nobody was more surprised than Ozzie when Harriet accepted his offer. A few months later, in October, 1935, to be exact, he was still more surprised when she quickly accepted his proposal of marriage.

Shortly after they were married, Hollywood beckoned again, offering Harriet a big part with Fred Astaire in "Follow The Fleet." She didn't want the part, but Ozzie made her take it. She made that picture and three others, missing Ozzie, who was on the road with the band, more every day. She finally wrote him that she was quitting pictures because there was soon going to be an addition to the family. That brought Ozzie on the run and ever since then they've been inseparable. They agreed, on the day David Ozzie Nelson was born that they



**Harriet Hilliard—foil for Red Skelton's comedy sketches on his Tuesday NBC show, is also wife of Ozzie Nelson and mother of two sons.**

would somehow manage to keep together.

Harriet Hilliard is so identified with Ozzie Nelson that not many people know much about her life before they were married. The singing-acting star of the NBC Red Skelton show began her career in a

stock company at the age of six weeks in "Heir to Hoorah," a presentation of the North Brothers. Her father was a theatrical director and her mother was an actress.

Harriet was alternately star and bit player in her parents' stock company for several years until it was decided that she ought to have some formal schooling. She entered St. Agnes Academy in Kansas City, finished in 1928, and immediately returned to the theater. Within a year, she was billed with such stars as Bert Lahr and Ken Murray.

Harriet and Ozzie were an immediate hit on their first radio program, the Baker's broadcast. They stayed on that show for five solid years, then joined the late Joe Penner's show. They've also appeared together on Robert Ripley's program and are now on their second year with the "I Dood It" boy, Red Skelton.

Just two and a half years ago, Eric Hilliard, another boy, joined the Nelson household. Young, lovely, a star in her own right. Harriet says she is one of the happiest women in radio. She and Ozzie spend most of their spare time at home and neither of them will accept an engagement unless the other is included. In fact, they are so attached that Harriet would rather sing a duet with Ozzie than a solo.



# Take a Chance on Happiness

Continued from page 35

Steele. It never occurred to me.

Michael's wife, Michael's wife . . . Suddenly I turned on Kenny. "You told me all this about Michael's private life because you're jealous! Well, I don't care, do you hear? He's never lied to me—never told me he *wasn't* married. He's never proposed . . ." I talked fast and indignantly, but even as I invented them the arguments I used sounded just that way—invented.

Kenny said, "I wonder if an old-fashioned spanking would help."

I felt the way I used to when we were eight and had fist fights. We weren't as evenly matched now as we had been then. "You get out of my house," I ordered. And Kenny, with a hopeless sort of shrug, left me. And it was only when I was by myself that I stopped to think. And those thoughts sent me to crumple, a frightened, weeping, forlorn heap, on the davenport.

**M**ICHAEL found me that way. I let him in, around midnight, out of sheer surprise. I let him stay because I did not know how to send him away. When he took me in his arms I objected, but he kissed me until I stopped objecting.

"Well, sweet," he said right off, "so now you know it all. To tell the truth I'm rather relieved—I've wanted so many times to tell you myself. But you're such a sweet innocent I was afraid I'd frighten you. Now I'll explain, since everything is out in the open. . . ." How can you explain marriage? I thought dully. But Michael could. He did not even have to try hard. Just told me about it—how he'd met Helen, who was considerably older, while working his way through college. Her father was the man who started him in the lens business, and Helen helped a lot. The marriage, on his side at least, had been mostly gratitude and friendship, not real love.

Helen was a smart business woman, a career woman. She had wanted children, of course, but when none came she let the business engross her. "We have no real home life," Michael said. "We hardly ever see each other. So. . ." So he would ask for a divorce, and if he promised to give Helen the business he felt certain he'd get it. I began to feel less guilty. I was picturing him married to a shrewd, hard, middle-aged brain-truster, capable of neither passion nor warmth.

"Just the same," Michael continued, and he was smiling with one corner of his mouth, "I wish I could have figured a way of keeping you out of this. I've known right along I should, but—I simply couldn't help myself. You see, darling, I'm the sort who, when I want something badly enough, will tear down walls to get it. Helen once said I was a kid always crying for the moon. What would you call me?"

If I'd had any resentment in me it would have melted under the charm of that twisted smile, that disarming confession. Yet even later, thinking about it, I was to know that according to his lights Michael was sincere. . . .

The weeks slipped by and became a month. The strangest month of my life. Michael came to see me almost every night. He made ardent love to me, yet somehow he was gentle enough so that I was never frightened.



## The Man you're going to Marry is asking your Help...right now!

**H**ELP HIM! Of course you're going to help him! After you're married—didn't you say you'd give half your salary towards that house you planned together—those curtains and flowered rugs?

Of course you did! But you can't wait 'til you're married to start. The time to help him is now—right now!

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Do you and Pop  
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Always in the back of my mind there was that divorce Michael had sworn to me that he would ask his wife to give him. I kept hoping for definite news of it, but it didn't come. There was always an excellent reason. Helen had the flu. She was in Washington. She was on the West Coast. She was visiting an airplane plant where a new bombsight was being tested. But by next week we'd be sure to have news. Next week, for sure . . .

The old restlessness returned, the old unhappiness. Sometimes I'd go home for a week-end visit, and the clean relaxed atmosphere of home was like fresh air and sunshine after darkness—I couldn't take it; it hurt. I'd run back quickly to my own place. To Michael's arms, to his more and more ardent lovemaking. I felt trapped.

Michael said he knew the cure for the state I was in. Love, and more love. He wanted me, as he put it, to take a chance on the future. "Gamble with me, darling. Forget those silly scruples about a marriage license—it's only a slip of paper!" And when I'd still keep him at arms' length, he began to sulk. I suppose for the first time in his adult life he wasn't getting what he wanted, and he did not know how to take it.

**I** SUPPOSE, too, that was what made him want me so much—so much he decided to stop at nothing. Maybe Helen was right—all his life Michael would be like a kid who could not bear not to have the moon. He'd climb beanstalks for it . . . Funny, but even now, thinking about it, I can't be bitter about it because I understand him. Michael never meant to hurt anybody.

Anyway, one night he burst into my apartment as excited as a child with a new toy. He had the answer to everything! The commanding officer of Camp Reading had sent for him, to supervise some work which must be done on the spot with tanksights. He said he had been hoping for some such break. While there, he would try to convince the army he ought to be given a commission—that as an expert he'd be more useful in uniform than out.

"You want to enlist?" I asked rather blankly, not seeing what that had to do with our difficulties. "But your plant . . ."

"Shucks! Helen can run the plant, you know that. It's—it's the divorce I'm thinking about, darling. Once in the army—well, it'll be up to me."

I still did not understand until he explained. "Army regulations on divorce are very specific. Only the man can get it. So . . ." He made it sound as if everything were already settled. "If Helen wants to be difficult"—this was the first time I heard Helen was being difficult—"we'll get around her this way. So pack your bags, sweet. Tomorrow we start on our honeymoon."

I tried to tell him that a honeymoon, for me, meant something very different. That it came *after* the wedding ceremony, not before. Michael laughed at me, he begged, he pleaded.

At last he convinced me. Don't ask me what exactly tripped the trigger, but something did. Maybe deep down I was beginning to see that this was the only way I could hold him.

I'm not proud of that decision. I'm not proud of the night I spent worrying, nor of the fact that with morning I still hadn't changed my mind. Instead, I tried, a little forlornly, to pretend the honeymoon would be just as



real . . . I packed carefully—my best nightie, my new mules and satin house-coat . . . Irrelevantly, in the midst of packing I thought, "Camp Redding. Kenny is at Camp Redding . . ." My heart was heavy.

Only when Michael came for me, only when he kissed me, did the heaviness lift. On the way, we stopped for a wedding ring, and on the train people smiled at me. Michael said, "See, they all know just by looking at you you're a bride!" And then, "Smile, darling. Don't look that way!" He flicked an eyelash from my cheek and at his touch I really did smile.

Then we were at the right station, and Michael was hunting for a cab. Waiting for him beside our bags, I thought I recognized one of the soldiers milling around the platform. Those shoulders could belong to no one but Kenny . . . I turned away quickly, preferring not to make sure.

Michael did things in style. There was a suite reserved for us. Once there, with the bell-boy gone, I felt a wave of panic. Eagerly, Michael caught me in his arms, and I fought him. He laughed tenderly. "My little sweetheart."

**I** SPARRED for time, and won. Michael thought he might as well go up to camp right away, get the business end of the trip over with. "In the meantime you can bathe, change, relax. And by the time I'm back, who knows—I may have some real news. Then won't you be ready to welcome me, darling! If it's good news," he was working himself up to a pitch of boyish excitement, "we'll celebrate, I promise you."

I did bathe and change, but I could not relax. What we were about to do seemed terribly shoddy. Suppose something went wrong and the divorce did not go through and my family found out. It would just about kill them. In a flash of honesty I added, yes, and it would just about kill me too.

An hour went by, and I was ready to scream. Another thirty minutes. How much longer until Michael came back? Like a kid in a nightmare I wanted him. Michael would convince me all over again this was not shoddy!

When at last I heard the door open, I almost wept with relief. "Michael! Oh Michael . . ." Only it wasn't Michael at all. It was Kenny!

There was a woman with him whom I did not know. Some sixth sense told me who she was, though, even before I heard her name. Before Kenny said, "Well, there she is, Mrs. Wayne. You talk to her. She'll listen."

She looked at me strangely—without anger, without malice. "So you're the girl," she said at last.

She sank into a chair opposite me, and suddenly, although she still sat very straight, although she held her hands tightly calm in her lap, she seemed to crumple, as a piece of paper is carelessly crumpled. When she spoke it was to herself, half aloud. "Maybe he means it this time. I'm afraid he means it. Oh, my God—" And then she caught herself, and was very still.

Helen Wayne. Michael's wife. Not at all the woman I had pictured. Not hard, not shrewish, certainly not middle-aged. A woman in her late thirties, with a strong, lovely, infinitely tired face. One thing she had said hammered at my mind. "Maybe he means it this time." *This time!* Had there been other times?

Kenny said in the silence, "Jan, I want you to understand . . . I wasn't

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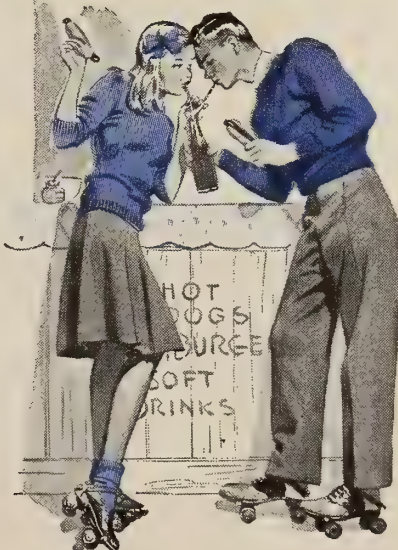
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with the red oval*

spying on you—but I saw you at the station, and afterwards, well, there must have been some misunderstanding because when I got to the C. O.'s office there was Mrs. Wayne. Seems both the Waynes had been sent for... After the conference about the tank-sights, Mr. Wayne had some other business with the commanding officer. So I just took a chance and brought Helen here."

No one answered him. He said, "Guess I'd better go and leave the two of you alone." He walked out and closed the door. I just stood there, unable to say a thing, unable to move.

I began to tremble. Helen Wayne noticed. She must have seen my eyes fixed hopefully on the door, for she said, "Don't wait for Michael—he isn't coming." Then her assurance broke. "At least, he's not coming until much later. Before I came into this room I could have sworn he wouldn't come at all. Now that I've seen you, I don't know."

Somehow that gave me courage. "Of course Michael's coming. He loves me and I love him. You know that. Why don't you give him a divorce? You can't hold him much longer. If you try, he'll only enlist and divorce you. That's what he's seeing the Commander about now..."

"You're telling me the truth, aren't you, Janice?"

IT was strange, her using my name. "Of course."

Suddenly her fine face crumpled and she went to pieces. She began to cry.

"I wish I'd had the courage to let him go long ago," she sobbed. "Then maybe I'd have found peace of sorts..." For a moment she seemed to forget me. "I could have stood it..."

She looked at me again, with a sort of detached curiosity. "Maybe I ought to be grateful to you for taking him from me. I think you have, you know. When I first came here I did not think so. I thought you were just another of his crushes." She smiled bitterly. "He gets them regularly, you know."

I could feel the blood flow slowly, agonizingly, up my neck and face and forehead. I wanted to drop through the floor to escape her words. "He gets them regularly..." Michael's wife said. "And just as regularly I fight. Don't ask me why, except that I love him. He's my man. Can you understand that?"

"Yes," I said. But I didn't, really. Love? Was this love, this naked torture a woman was going through? This denial of self? This saying without any pride at all, "It wasn't any accident that I turned up today at camp. I got suspicious when I heard about his trip and went after him. He likes being gone after. He likes being yanked back from the perilous edge of nowhere. That's why he's stayed married to me this long—because I keep all his other loves from overwhelming him..."

"Oh no," I whispered. "No..." "Of course that's what I do. Only," she was relentless, "that will be your job now. For just about a year you'll be ideally happy. Then one day Michael won't come home... and you'll find him going after someone else... but if you're like me, if you use your head, you'll get him back."

"No," I whispered again.

"You might as well know what you're up against, Janice."

I shouted at her, "Stop it! I know perfectly well what you're up to! You're trying to scare me..." Then,

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suddenly, I was no longer shouting. I was saying humbly, "You've succeeded too . . . though that's not true, either. I was scared to begin with. I'm not going to fight for Michael. The truth is—I don't love him enough."

I said that without knowing whether or not it *was* the truth. All I wanted in that moment was to rid myself of the accusation that was Helen Wayne, sitting there humble and pleading, all her pride gone.

What had I felt for Michael that I had thought was love? The blindest kind of infatuation, childish worship, physical hunger. It had been all these things, but these were not enough . . .

Love—real love—was between him and Helen. It was she who belonged here with him in this room. Let me get out fast, so that when Michael came back, his wife would be the only one he'd find. And between them let them work out salvation—or disaster.

**QUICKLY**, without looking at this woman to whose burden of pain I had so needlessly added, I said, "Thanks for showing me what's real marriage, Helen. I'll try never to forget." Then I stuffed my things back into the bag I'd half unpacked and walked out.

On my way through the lobby towards the street, I looked around cautiously, afraid of meeting Michael. Luckily there was no sign of him. I wondered idly whether what Helen had said was true—that he really was waiting until he was sure she'd yanked him back from the perilous edge of nowhere. Or whether he'd miss me, blame her, and make her miserable. I'd never know.

A man's voice beside me said, "Taxi, lady?" and I jumped, because once Michael had used that phrase.

I said wearily, "Kenny, don't. Kenny, leave me alone. I want to crawl off by myself, Kenny. I feel so . . . dirty. How can I ever look you and the folks in the face again . . .?"

He just said, "You crawl right into this car." And took my bag. It was an Army car, and he said he was driving it to the depot. "We might as well kill two birds with one stone, Jan. We'll find out about trains home. That's what you want, isn't it—to go home?"

"Home?" I repeated. And then, "Yes, Kenny, home—Rosedale and Mom and Dad . . ."

And then I was crying, violently, against Kenny's shoulder. And he was holding me, there on Main Street in the parked car. He was saying, "There,

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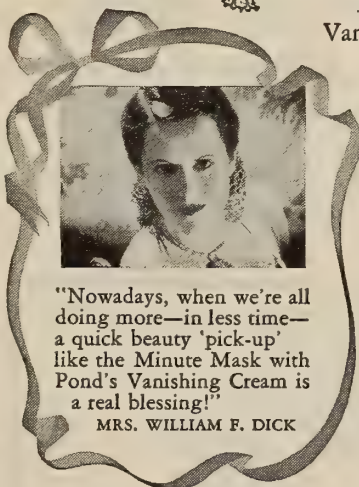
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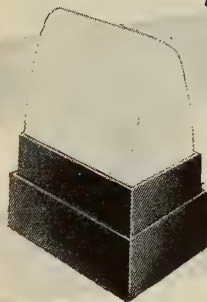
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hon, there, it's going to be all right."

I kept repeating, "Kenny, it was so awful, so awful. . . . That woman—she's so unhappy. She loves him so . . ."

"Yes," he said soberly, "I know." And he was very serious now, concentrating hard on the words he chose carefully, slowly. "That was why I brought her, instead of coming alone. I banked on your soundness, on your innate decency, Jan. I knew if you talked to her, you'd never go through with . . . taking away her man . . ."

It was the kindest, sweetest thing anyone had ever said to me. It was the only thing he could have said to help me make contact with my self-respect again. My decency, my soundness! Because Kenny believed in them, suddenly I myself began to believe they were still intact.

**BUT** Ken," I said shyly, "I'm going to need a lot of help to . . . to believe again. Can I count on you?"

"You can always count on me, Jan." He was back to short sentences, but I knew everything he meant.

I knew, because at last I was through with the sham of false romance. At last I understood what love was all about. It wasn't trembling and delight, but something solid, made of friendship and loyalty and common experiences that shaped two people. Of disappointments and — yes — compromise . . .

"Kenny . . ." I'd whispered his name without knowing.

"Yes, dear?"

"Nothing. It's just so good to know you're here."

For the first time that day I saw him grin. "This is more like it, Jan. You're making me wish I could get on that train with you and start talking . . . But I won't go AWOL, not even for you. And anyway, maybe you're not ready to listen. But you just wait till my next furlough comes along . . ."

We left it at that. Kenny was right — the time hadn't come yet to talk of what was in our hearts. Mine needed healing first. But when you're young and busy, you heal fast. I'm young. As for keeping busy, well, you can figure that out when I tell you I'm getting trained for another defense job, that'll keep me busy for the duration.

Kenny's furlough is in two weeks. I'm counting the days—fourteen to go. Then one night when I come home he'll be waiting on the porch. He'll say, "Well, Jan?" And I'll say, "Well, Ken . . ." And we'll be slow and shy about starting to talk. But we'll say what we want to say, in time.

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## A Dream to Share

Continued from page 47

dress. When she came down again, she would look almost like her old self, like the gay, if rather flighty, girl who'd married Steven. Her high heels would carry her out of the house in little dancing steps, with a breath of perfume and a flash of summer pastels and a backward wave for me. "Evelyn, darling, I'll be home for dinner—"

Whether she went out or stayed at home during the day, she was invariably irritable at night, and the three of us would have an uncomfortable dinner, with Isabel visiting her pettishness on either Steven or me, or on both of us. Steven was patient with her. He ignored her small thrusts; no matter how tired he was, he always asked her if she wanted to go out for the evening. Isabel usually refused, and sat idly turning the pages of a magazine, or listening to dance music on the radio.

I TOOK to going to bed early to avoid witnessing the scene which always put a period to the evening. Isabel would yawn and rise, and Steven would hastily put down his book or his paper and get up to kiss her goodnight. The kiss would land on her cheek as Isabel turned her head to avoid it. I could not bear the look on Steven's face at those times—his eyes suddenly bleak and lonely.

Long after Isabel had gone to her room—we no longer thought of it as the guest room at all, but as Isabel's permanently—and long after I had gone to bed to lie stiff and wakeful in the darkness, I could hear Steven below stairs, moving aimlessly through the silent rooms. I knew when he went to the window and stood looking out—for hours, it seemed; I knew when he climbed the stairs, paused at the top for a long moment, and then with a slow step turned into his own empty room.

In spite of the warmth and fragrance of the summer night, there would be a coldness in the household. I kept remembering the lost, lonely look on Steven's face, the—yes, the animosity—of Isabel's, and I would lie awake for hours sometimes, longing to drive away the chill and the unhappiness which pervaded the place, and knowing that I was powerless to do it.

On the morning that I inadvertently overheard a part of one of Isabel's telephone conversations, I began to suspect that more than mere childishness and self-indulgence was behind the atmosphere she had created in the house. Usually I was upstairs with Gregory while Isabel telephoned; this morning I had returned to the kitchen for a forgotten bottle cap, when a few words of Isabel's froze my hand on the banister and my foot on the stair. "Oh—we'll say Brighton City, Miles."

Her voice was exultant, flirtatious, provocative—and conspiratorial. A few words, but Isabel's tone, and the name—Miles. Quietly I retreated up the stairs, not wanting to admit even to myself that there was reason for stealth, that Isabel would not have wanted to be overheard. Miles—there was another part to the name, a part I had known once and had long since forgotten. Then Gregory demanded my attention, and some cautious shutter of my mind closed down over all possibility of remembering the rest of the name.

I had forgotten the incident completely when a few days later the lack

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Portrait by Maria de Kammerer

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of a skein of yarn took me downtown at an hour when I was ordinarily at home. I had been knitting an afghan for Gregory's crib, concentrating on it in order to refrain from thinking of all of the things which troubled me in this unhappy household, when I ran out of rose yarn. Suddenly the acquiring of that bit of wool became terribly important—I was determined, in the midst of my failure to cope with bigger problems, to finish as much of the afghan as I had allotted myself for the afternoon. Isabel was out, lunching with her women's bridge club group, and I called Mrs. Ames in from next door to stay with Gregory.

The yarn shop is on Eighth Street, in the heart of the city, and above it on the second floor is the Chez Nous, the one expensive and "intimate" little restaurant our town has to offer. At the street, its entrance is parallel to that of the yarn shop. I came out of the shop, my skein of yarn tucked safely in my bag, turned left, and nearly collided with a couple who had just turned right into the sidewalk from the Chez Nous entrance.

"I beg your pardon," I began, and stopped. The woman was Isabel, and the man—I remembered now the last part of the name I'd heard the other day. Miles Forsythe. Before her marriage to Steven, Miles Forsythe had squirmed Isabel around for two or three years; they had quarreled, and he had been out of town when she had met and married Steven. It was all clear now, terribly clear—the liveliness of Isabel's voice during her morning telephoning, her assiduous attendance of the "bridge parties" and "luncheons with the girls."

**I**SABEL saw me. In the instant in which we met and passed, I saw a flash of shock, of dismay in her eyes, and then, as I did not speak—I could not—her face went blank, and like strangers we went our opposite ways.

She returned home early—about an hour after I reached there. It had been a wretched hour for me, during which I fought to remain calm, to think things through, to resist the impulse to pack my grip and flee the house forever.

Isabel was shaken but defiant. "What brought you downtown, Evelyn?"

I had picked up the afghan to give my trembling hands something to do. I did not look up from it to answer her. "Does it matter?"

"I suppose not. Do you intend to tell Steven?"

"You ought to know me better than that." Then my anger and disgust erupted in my voice. "I want nothing to do with it! I wish I hadn't seen you! You are playing the oldest, cheapest trick in the world upon a fine man!"

She whitened at that, and her eyes went hard with fury, and, as she stared at me, with something else, too—with a sudden shrewd, intuitive knowledge. When she spoke, her tone was controlled, almost amused. "No, you wouldn't tell on me, Evelyn. You wouldn't tell, and I know why. You wouldn't like to see Steven hurt, would you—because you're in love with him yourself."

I didn't deny it. I couldn't.

Her eyes narrowed. She seemed to be pondering. "Do you intend to leave us, Evelyn?"

She didn't give me time to answer. "I don't think you do," she said. "If you left suddenly, Steven might wonder and suspect that I had something to do with it. I wouldn't want that, and neither would you."

Again she stopped, waiting for me to



speak. But even then I didn't see what she was driving at.

"You wouldn't want that," she went on, "because then I'd have to tell Steven the truth—that you'd left because you were in love with him."

She was safe enough. I was trapped. Of course I did not want Steven to know that I loved him, and to pity me for it. That would have been the final humiliation.

"I won't leave right away," I told her coldly, "but you'll have to find someone else—really, seriously try to find someone. I don't want to stay any longer."

"No, under the circumstances I should think you wouldn't." I flinched at the mockery in her laughter. "I'll look for someone, Evelyn—next week, after I come back from Brighton City." Her eyes twinkled wickedly. "I'm going there at the end of this week to visit a girl I used to know in school. I'm glad you're staying a while. I don't know whom else I'd get to take care of Gregory."

**S**HE whirled on her high heels and ran lightly up the stairs.

I stared after her with growing horror, slowly realizing the meaning of what she had just said. Brighton City—Brighton City was the place Isabel had mentioned when I'd heard her talking to Miles on the telephone! I knew then that she was not going to visit a friend she'd known in school. Steven's wife was spending the weekend with Miles.

The next few days I cannot bear to remember, even now. There was Steven, big, trusting Steven, unhappy but still believing that things would somehow come out right. There was Isabel, and there was I, who was helping her—however passively—to deceive him. Sometimes I wondered if I ought to tell him, and then I remembered Isabel's threat, and I knew that I could not, no matter what was right and what was wrong. A woman is unhappy enough in loving a man who doesn't love her, but the knowledge that her feeling may make him uncomfortable and embarrassed, and—worse—that he pities her—that she cannot endure. I was so ashamed for Isabel and for myself that I could not meet Steven's eyes, could not speak to him with the old easy camaraderie.

I was glad when Friday came and Isabel packed her bag and taxied to the station to take the train for—well, supposedly for Brighton City. Whatever her destination, I was glad that she was gone, that I would be alone for a while with time to think.

I didn't count—and certainly Isabel had not counted—on Steven's calling shortly after she left to say that if she had not already gone, he would take her to the train himself. "I've got to meet the mother of one of my boys," he said. "She's coming in on the noon train, and he's tied up on a job."

"Isabel's already left, Steven," I said, while my mind struggled to sort the tangle of events. The noon train! Isabel's train was to leave around noon; Steven could hardly miss seeing her. And if she were with Miles, as I was sure she was.

"Steven," I offered breathlessly, "can't I meet the train for you? I mean, you probably don't want to leave work—"

"You, Evelyn! Why in the world should you?" After all, this man works for me—"

I might have found a stronger reason, had I had time to think. As it was, I said feebly, "Well, it's a nice day, and

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I'd like to get out for a while. And I wouldn't mind meeting her—"

"Oh, Evelyn!" His hearty laugh roared over the wire. "Go out if you want to, but do it up right. Leave Greg with Mrs. Ames, and use the whole day for yourself, for a change. But let me take care of this errand."

Then he hung up, and I was left to wait in a paralysis of dread and half-hope that time would pass safely by without anything happening.

But I didn't wait long. Not three-quarters of an hour later there was the sound of a motor outside, Steven's step on the walk, and then Steven himself stood in the doorway. The light was behind him so that I could not see his face; he was only a powerful black shadow against a background of porch and green lawn, a menacing shadow. He took a step into the room. His voice was quiet, too quiet, a dead voice. "I found out why you wanted to meet the train, Evelyn."

THERE was nothing to say. Nothing at all. Then he turned a little, and I saw his face, saw the suffering in it, and the misery. Involuntarily I rose, went toward him. "Steven, oh, Steven—" My heart was in my voice, and all of the love and comfort I had so longed to give him.

"Evelyn—" His blue eyes were black, and in just that one word he shut me away from him completely, said that I was not worthy of being in his world. "How long have you been at this, Evelyn? How long have you been helping to—to—"

I could not defend myself. I was guilty, and there was no use. Some last bit of pride made me turn without speaking, sent me upstairs to the nursery. I packed quickly, my numb brain somehow sending messages to my flying hands, telling them what to do.

I picked up my bag, went quietly down the stairs. I was crossing the hall when I heard a tattoo of high heels on the porch, and Isabel burst through the doorway. At sight of me, her already furious little face went livid, and I thought for a moment that she was going to throw herself at me.

"You!" she screamed. "You thought you'd show me up, did you? You guessed that I was going with Miles, and you fixed it so Steven would see me with his own eyes—"

"Isabel!" I exclaimed, and then, in an attempt to stem the tide of her hysteria—"Isabel, shut up!"

"I won't shut up!" Her strident voice raced on. "What did you think you'd gain by exposing me? You and your

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precious, secret sneaking love for my husband! Did you think you'd win him by—"

"Isabel!" This voice did silence her, and it turned my whole being cold. Steven. I thought he had long since left the house. He came through the living room doorway, took Isabel by the shoulders, shook her roughly. "Be quiet, Isabel!"

I left the house then, ashamed, beaten, humiliated as I had never been humiliated before.

The week that followed was the most miserable I had ever known. I had no heart for the ordinary interests of life, no energy to look for a job, to attempt to pick up the pieces of the life I had known before. I tried only not to think, tried to forget the look on Steven's face, the flaying of Isabel's tongue.

Late one afternoon I was sitting at the window, staring out at the shadowy lawn lighted by a few bars of fading sun which cut through the trees. On just such a twilight Steven had come up the walk a few short months ago—Steven, with his free gait and the sunlight turning his hair to copper. . . .

**T**HEN I saw that Steven was coming up the walk as he had come before, and I thought that my imagination was tricking me, that I was dreaming the old dream I had dreamed for so long. But there was his step on the porch, and his voice calling, softly but urgently, "Evelyn, Evelyn—"

I went to the door. Steven was real enough, and the words he was saying were more wonderful than any dream.

"I'm not coming in, Evelyn. I've come to take you with me, to take you home, if you will come," he said humbly. "Evelyn, can you forgive me?"

"Steven—" I put out my hand, touched his bent head. "Steven, what—what do you mean?"

He caught my hand, pressed it to his cheek. "I mean that I love you, and that I was too blind to realize it until today. Until today I didn't realize how much meaning you'd put into my life, how empty it had been before—"

"But, Isabel—" I said faintly.

He raised his head, looked at me with the eyes of a man who has suffered too much and who has at last seen the end of suffering. "Isabel and Miles have gone away together, not for a weekend, but for good. And I did nothing to stop them. It's better that way. Miles belongs to the kind of life she likes. I've known for a long time that she wasn't happy with me, but I felt that it was up to her to make the first move. You see, Evelyn—" His hands were on my shoulders, and his eyes held mine, entreating me to understand, to believe. "You see, Evelyn, I might have made a scene in the station today, for the sake of my pride, to let her know that the game was up. But I couldn't. It didn't matter that much. All I could think of was that you had failed me. I know now, from the scene Isabel made at home, that you were forced— Oh, Evelyn, please say you'll forgive me!"

"Forgive you," I murmured. "Forgive you, Steven—" As in a dream I heard his next words.

"I'm moving out of the house until Isabel gets her divorce. Someone will have to be there to care for it and for Gregory, and there's just one person who can do it, one person who belongs there. Evelyn, will you come home now? Will you come home and take care of Gregory—and wait for me?"

As in a dream I felt his arms around me, heard myself crying, "Will I? Oh, Steven, Steven, Steven. . . ."

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## I'll Wait Forever

Continued from page 39

dread, "if you're lucky enough to be able to fight for it."

"But you're fighting! Just as much as the boys with the guns. You're giving them something to fight with—horses for the cavalry and—"

He laughed harshly. "That's just words and you know it. I feel like a slacker stuck up here playing nursemaid to a lot of four-legged beasts, and trying to keep house and cook—work that any halfwit could do. Don't try to sell me any stuff about being the man behind the man behind the gun, because I'm not!" He sent his cigarette arcing out into the blackness with a sudden, violent gesture and turned in the saddle to face me. When he spoke again, his voice was quieter. "I'm sorry, Ann. I shouldn't snarl at you like that. I guess I've become a boor along with everything else. I was a boor not to see you before we left, not to write, or anything. I don't know why you want to see me any more—why you wanted to come up here."

"I think you know," I said unsteadily. "I came because I love you. But it looks as if you didn't love me any more..." I turned my horse and started him back down the trail.

Instantly Ross was beside me, his hand on the reins. I could see his dark eyes blazing under the shadow of the big-brimmed hat. "Don't say that! Don't ever think it. I'll always love you, Ann—more than anything. But I won't see you tie yourself down to a guy like I am now. I don't believe in what I'm doing—I don't seem to believe in anything any more. When that doctor said what he did up in Phoenix, something went out of me and I'm empty. I'm no good to you, myself, or anybody."

"But, darling, I believe in you. Remember what you said about our faith in each other? That's still there—"

He shook his head. "You say that because you feel sorry for me. Just like what you said the other day, about our getting married now. Well, I won't take pity, and that's final! And I wish you wouldn't come up here again. I can't see you any more until I know where I am and what I am—besides a worthless heel!"

And he dug his boot into the horse's flank and was off down the steep trail as if a devil were after him.

After a while I followed, slowly, picking my way in more ways than one. It wasn't faith in me that Ross had lost. It was faith in himself. Somehow I had to give it back to him. I had to make him see I still believed in him for himself alone and not for what he did. Somehow... By the time I got back to the corral where he was waiting to unsaddle, I knew what I must do.

The next afternoon I asked Ross to drive me down to Rincon Corners. It was just a weatherbeaten store at the crossroads, where neighboring ranchers called for their mail and bought a few supplies. It was the only place in miles that boasted a telephone.

We bounced along on the rough

road, making conversation, carefully avoiding any reference to last night. When we got to the Corners I left Ross outside and went in alone. I made two telephone calls to town—one to my mother, the other to my boss.

On the way back to the ranch I said casually, "I just called my mother and asked her to send me some clothes. And I also called Mr. Ackers and gave up my job at the store. I'm going to stay up here, Ross."

The truck swerved violently. "You're going to what? Ann, are you crazy?"

"I know what I'm doing," I said serenely. "And it won't be showing old-fashioned Western hospitality if you try to send me back. In these parts, pardner," I drawled in an imitation of Buck Turner, "a visitor stays till he's ready to go."

Ross didn't laugh. He just looked tight-lipped and grim. "If you think you'll change anything by staying, you're wrong. I meant what I said last night. And another thing. You're not going to like it up here. The shack was swell for weekends, but living in it day after day is something else—heat and flies and no conveniences—"

"You can't scare me," I said and laughed. "I've got pioneer blood."

WELL, I needed it during those next few weeks. Day after day, the sun beat down on that unprotected little adobe house until even the furniture was hot to the touch. The sun glared ceaselessly until your eyes ached from it, and there was no shade anywhere except the meager strips under the mesquite along the dry-washes in the hills. It was so hot at noon, even the lizards didn't move.

Ross was up at four-thirty every morning—and so was I. I fixed his breakfast—flapjacks and bacon and coffee. He was gone all day, working at Buck's place, and home again ravenous for his supper at six. I spent hours in the stifling little kitchen preparing our meals in a blasting heat that made even the outside seem cool—for a moment. And I thought wistfully of the air-conditioned bookstore in town, of ice-cold lemonade, of fresh, cool linen dresses.

Mrs. Coleman was wonderful. She was so glad to have me there, and she helped all she could, never complaining. Not even when the sandstorms came and covered our clean house and everything in it with a fine coating of grit mixed with tiny particles of cactus.

I didn't complain either. I would have endured a thousand more discomforts to prove my faith in Ross. Only by showing it to him, every day in little ways, would he ever come to believe in himself again. On that I pinned all my hopes. If this didn't work—then nothing would.

We were seldom alone. Hard at work all day and exhausted by the heat, we kept early hours. And the few leisure times we had, he seemed almost to avoid me. Sometimes I felt him watching me with a look I couldn't read.

NEXT MONTH:  
SEE YOUR FRIENDS OF  
SNOW VILLAGE  
IN LIVING PORTRAITS



Was it smouldering resentment under that expression? Was I driving him further from me? I didn't know and I didn't dare ask. All I did know was that he was like a stranger to me—this man whose kiss could send my pulses pounding and who once had seemed to share every thought and feeling.

Late one Sunday afternoon Buck drove over for supper. Afterwards the three of us sat out in front of the house, feeling the relief that always came with sundown. Buck rolled himself a cigarette and broke the long silence.

"I've been thinking, Ross. You ought to be in business for yourself. What's the use in your working over on my place, breaking horses, when you could just as easy be selling them to the government yourself? I reckon I'm a plumb fool for talking myself out of a prime hand this way, but—"

"THANKS, Buck. I appreciate your thinking of it like that. But when we get this last bunch ready to turn over, I'm quitting. I'm going away."

It was like a heavy, cold weight had suddenly been laid over my heart. "Going away!" I cried. "But—but where?"

"I reckon it doesn't matter much, does it? Both of you have been swell but—it just didn't work. I'm sick of this place, sick of doing something that doesn't make any sense. I've got to get away!" A desperate urgency drove behind the words, like a man goaded by defeat beyond endurance.

"What are you figgering on doing, son?" Buck said quietly.

"I don't know. Anything! I'll put Mother back at the boarding house where she'll be happier and sell this place and just clear out."

"Sell this place? Why, boy, you can't do that. This land belonged to your father, it belongs to you—and you belong to it."

"I don't belong anywhere! When you've lost your place in the world, land doesn't mean anything."

I got up. I was trembling. "Then you're a quitter!" I said. "You couldn't do what you wanted to, so you won't do anything. You'd rather just become a bum than—than fight."

He looked at me then for the first time. The desperate recklessness in his face was frightening. "Calling names won't get you anywhere. Ann, I told you a long time ago you were free of me. You didn't believe me. You thought you'd change things by staying up here. Well, you haven't. I won't let you marry a failure and that's what I am." His voice rose. "I can't stand seeing you here, having you near—and knowing I can't have you. I can't stand it, I tell you—"

"Wait a minute." Buck's voice drowned out the last words. "What's that?"

We looked where he was pointing and we all three froze—like children playing a game of "statues." Half a mile away, a pin-point of light was flickering low against the earth. Even as we looked, it seemed to leap upward and the short, stubby arms of a cholla were outlined in flame against the sky.

"Brush fire!" Ross yelled. And the sound of that dread phrase sent a thrill of terror through me. With the dryness, with the wind, the whole desert would soon be in flames. The house would go, the windmill with its precious water, everything—

"Ann, get brooms and as many gunny sacks as you can find. Get 'em wringing wet and bring 'em to the water

wagon. Buck, there're tubs and buckets in the saddle shed. . . ."

Both men were running before the words were out of his mouth. In the house I gathered the sacks the feed had come in and soaked them in the water-bucket standing at the back of the stove. I answered Mrs. Coleman's frightened call. "Just a little brush fire," I said. And inwardly I was saying, "Now Ross will go. There'll be nothing to hold him now if this place burns. . . ."

I ran out to where Ross was backing the truck out of its shed. Buck was loading heavy washtubs in the back. I jumped on the running board. We tore along the rutted, sandy road. The fire had made incredible headway in that short time. Flames leaped from one dry clump to another.

"Spread out and start beating," Ross ordered as we jumped from the truck. "I'll fill the tubs from the tank." Automatically he had taken command and automatically Buck and I obeyed.

I GRABBED up a gunnysack, heavy with water and began to beat at a clump of cactus. It hissed under the blows and began to smoke. I ran to the next. Somewhere to my right I could see Buck flailing with both hands. I ran back to the truck, dipped the sack again. Ross was nowhere to be seen. I could hear him shouting through the smoke—a sort of wordless, angry cry.

Spines from the cactus clung to the sack, and thence to my hands, digging in cruelly. I paid no heed. How many times I ran back to wet my sacks, how many countless blows I struck, I'll never know. All I knew was that the flames were everywhere—you thought you had one place out and then dis-

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covered a new patch of fire spreading behind you. Slowly, inexorably, we were being beaten back. None of the flames were high—they crept along the ground in a thousand tiny tongues.

I looked back. Buck was moving the truck. That meant we'd been forced to beat a retreat, inch back toward the house. If it got there, we were lost.

I HEARD Ross's voice, saw his smoke-begrimed face close to me. "Good girl!" he yelled. "We'll get it yet!" Then he was gone again, and I heard only his voice, calling encouragement.

It seemed hours. It seemed days. Smoke half-blinded me and my breath came in gasps. Finally Buck called, "Looks like we're done, Ross. Better take the truck back and get your mother—we'll get out the north trail. . ."

Then I heard something that filled me with the fiercest pride I've ever known. It was Ross' answering shout. "We're not done! Keep on fighting. Wait—I'll show you. . ." He leaped for the truck. He opened the spigot on the water tank and a trickle ran from it to the ground. He jumped behind the wheel, started the motor. Then he wheeled it directly into the fire.

"You crazy fool! Come back here," Buck cried. "If that fire gets to your gasoline—"

Ross waved one arm exultantly. "It's the only way. Keep Ann back!"

He drove the truck blindly through everything that stood in his way, up and down, up and down, in front of the fire. The trickle of water hissed on the flames, soaked the ground. As Ross wheeled and turned and plowed ahead, slowly the space of moistened earth widened, slowly—almost unbelievably—the flames were checked into impotent smouldering.

I stood beside Buck, waiting for any new outbreak. None came.

Finally Ross brought the truck to a stop beside us. He climbed out and grinned at us. I hadn't seen him look like that in weeks. Buck slapped him on the back.

"You did it, son! You fought and you won."

"Yep, we fought and we won." Then he stopped, and the grin slowly faded. He turned to me and grabbed my hands. "Ann, you hear that? I fought and I won. This land was mine and I believed in it and so I fought for it. It ought to be like that with everything—like you've been saying. No matter what it is—an ideal, a person—if it's yours enough to fight for it, then you believe in that and you believe in yourself." His eyes widened as the full impact of his words struck him, and he gazed at me hungrily as if he hadn't seen me for a long, long time. "Glory!" he said. "I feel good!"

And then we were clinging together, oblivious of Buck, of smoke and grime and blistered hands. Oblivious of everything but that we two had found each other again.

After a long time Buck cleared his throat. "Reckon we better get back to your mother. She's likely to be worrying. . ."

Ross bundled us into the truck, with me close beside him. "Reckon we ought," he shouted happily. "And I'm going to take up that little suggestion of yours, Buck, I'm going to start in the horse raising business for myself. If you'll just do one little thing for me. If you'll be best man at my wedding. My wedding tomorrow." He looked down at me. "Okay, Ann?"

"Okay," I said happily. And we drove up to our house.



## If Love Were All

Continued from page 27

this afternoon, since there's no repair work to do."

Not even in my thoughts did I add that I had been afraid of another bitter quarrel if I showed any opposition to Gene's leaving.

I was glad that a car drove up just then, but not so glad when the customer proved to be Mrs. Chandler. She was a strange old lady, who lived on a farm but drove to town nearly every day. I had never met her, but once Gene had pointed her out to me, and there was no danger of forgetting that weatherbeaten face whose wrinkles contrasted so startlingly with the deep, dull black of her hair.

"Well, young woman," she greeted me tartly when I came up to the car, "are you in charge here today?"

I mustered a smile and said that Gene was in town, and she sniffed.

"A good thing for him that he is. After what he said to me one night last week, I swore I'd never come in here again. But I can't stand those ladi-da stations in town, so thought I'd give him another chance and see if he'd learned better manners... Have a cigarette?"

"No, thank you," I said, and watched her while she stuck one into her wide mouth, flipped her thumb-nail against a big kitchen match, lit up and puffed vigorously.

THE car was as ancient as she was—a big, top-heavy Cadillac with a gas-tank top that hissed air at you as you took it off. It was new to me, and in my nervousness and inexperience I fumbled so that she got out of the car and showed me what to do, grumbling under her breath and holding her lighted cigarette between her lips in reckless disregard of the danger that she might blow us both up.

Yet, somehow, I liked her. In spite of her eccentricity and gruffness, I felt that she was kind. And she smiled suddenly, showing incredibly even teeth. "You're probably thinking that if I had any sense I'd get rid of this old disgrace and buy myself a decent car," she said. "Well, you're right."

She kept me busy for the next ten minutes, checking oil and tires and putting distilled water in the battery. Just before she drove away, she eyed me keenly and remarked:

"You tell that hot-headed young husband of yours he's lucky to have you for a wife. . . . So long."

When she'd left, with a great clashing of gears, I felt better. I didn't know exactly why, then, but now I think that without my realizing it she must have given me some of her own courage and philosophy. Just by looking at her, listening to her talk, you knew that life hadn't been easy for her but she'd always stood up to it and given as good as she'd taken.

It was easier, the next time Gene left me at the station alone, to accept the fact that he needed a few hours of freedom: freedom from the station and, perhaps, from me.

This was a lesson I guessed every wife had to learn—that love and a home may be enough for a woman, but they are not enough for a man. I always tried to remember that when Gene was irritable, and on the increasingly frequent occasions when he was gone all afternoon.

It seemed to me that Gene had a good reason for being irritable, too.

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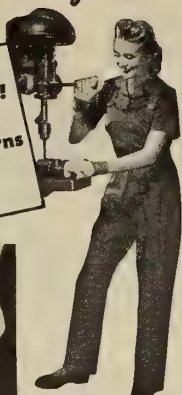
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We just weren't making much money. The profit on gasoline and oil wasn't large, when you didn't sell any more of it than we did; and the repair jobs didn't come in. I couldn't understand why. Gene was clever; he could find out the trouble with any car and put it right, but these days the repair shop was empty more often than it was full. So when Gene said, "I'm going uptown for a while—if I don't get away from here I'll go crazy," I couldn't help sympathizing.

Until I found out, quite by accident, why there was so little repair work for him to do.

It was early afternoon, and I'd just come downstairs and gone into the tiny office, moving quietly on my rubber-soled shoes. I didn't know where Gene was at the moment, but then I heard his voice coming through the half-open door into the shop.

"No, I'm sorry, Mr. Littleton," he was saying curtly. "But I've got my hands full and I wouldn't be able to finish your job up for a couple of days. Better not count on me."

After a silence that I somehow sensed was incredulous, an older man said in tense irritation, "All right, Gorman, if that's the way you feel about it." Heavy footsteps crunched the gravel as the unseen speaker moved away.

AFTER a moment I went to the shop door and looked in. Gene was beside the work-bench, lighting a cigarette. Even to my amateur's eyes, it was obvious that there was no work there for him to do.

Still I couldn't believe—not even when Gene's face became guarded as he looked up and saw me standing there. I said in bewilderment, "You—you weren't turning down a job, were you, Gene?"

He flipped the match onto the littered and greasy floor. "If you could call it one," he said in a voice that was meant to be careless but sounded strained and defiant instead.

"But—I don't understand, Gene." "Littleton wanted me to adjust the brakes on that old heap of his. I'd fuss all afternoon on the job and he'd think he was being overcharged if I wanted a dollar. It isn't worth it, that's all."

I was beginning to know the Gene that was speaking now—a hard Gene, one ready and even anxious for a quarrel, confident that in one he would be the victor. But I found courage in myself, too.

"It seems to me it's better to earn even a dollar than nothing at all," I said. "Particularly when things are so bad."

"Sure, it seems that way to you—but you don't have to do the work."

"Gene, that isn't fair! I do my share by coming down here and waiting on customers so you won't be interrupted in the shop."

"That's about the least you could do." He was almost shouting now. "Just remember that I wouldn't be stuck here now if it hadn't been for you and Tim!"

There it was again—the same thinly veiled insult he had thrown at me in our first quarrel. I couldn't believe it—and yet I understood perfectly. I knew, beyond any hope of deluding myself, what was in Gene's mind. He was sorry that he was married to me. He resented being tied down, and he resented Tim and me because between us we had imprisoned him.

He could never have loved me, very much. Probably, left to himself, he would never have asked me to marry

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him. I remembered, with bitter clarity, that he had never once mentioned marriage until after Tim had brought matters to a head by offering us his share of the inheritance.

I sank back against the rough plank wall, my hands pressing against it to support myself. I couldn't speak. Gene flung the cigarette on the floor and ground it out under his heel, then went out without saying a word. I heard his car start up with a roar, and knew that he had gone uptown.

It was over. Our marriage was over. It had to be, if Gene meant what he'd said—and he must have meant it, for he'd said it twice. Oh, both times he had spoken in anger, but I couldn't make myself believe that made any difference. The love which meant so much to me was only a burden to him, and that was intolerable. When he came back I'd tell him I was leaving him.

Someone in a trim tan uniform stepped off the highway and came toward me—someone who smiled and saluted with a brisk military flourish. "Tim!"

"Corporal Gorman to you," he said.

I WAS so amazed by the suddenness of his appearance that I could not stammer the first words that came into my mind: "But you—you look so different! I hardly recognized you."

Laughing, he said, "It's the uniform."

But that wasn't true. It wasn't just the uniform. He was no longer the slow-moving, diffident, slightly stooped Tim I'd always known. He carried himself with a proud assurance, as if he knew at last where he was going in the world, and why.

He'd received an unexpected three-day leave, he explained, along with his promotion to Corporal, and had come home to see how Gene and I were.

"Gene's uptown," I said, and added quickly, "on business. He'll be so glad to see you!"

"No gladder than I'll be to see him." He looked around the station and then at me, and a puzzled little frown appeared between his eyes. "Don't tell me you're waiting on trade—I thought you had a kid to do that."

It might not be easy, I realized, to hide things from Tim. He was quick and observant. I said lightly, "Oh, we did have one, but we didn't really need him. And I like to take care of the place when Gene has to be away for an hour or two."

Tim made no comment, but a few minutes later, when a car drove up, he said firmly, "I'll wait on 'em. Didn't anybody ever tell you gasoline was bad for the hands?"

In one way, I was very glad to have him busy for a few minutes. I hurried to the telephone and called Burger's. Gene was there, as I had expected.

"Hello?" He was cold and pointedly non-committal.

"Gene—Tim just got here. He has a three-day leave. Will you be home soon?" I could be non-committal too.

"Oh." Just that—flatly. Then—"All right. I'll be there pretty soon."

I hung up, frowning, hoping that Gene would say or do nothing to disturb Tim or spoil his visit.

But I needn't have worried. Gene arrived fifteen minutes later, and was all smiles when he saw Tim—joking admiringly about the uniform and the new stripes, asking about life at camp, insisting that Tim stay with us throughout his leave. Tim was doubtful about this last.



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"Well, I don't know," he said. "It'll be sort of—I mean, I don't like to make a lot of trouble for you."

"It won't be," I backed Gene up, for now that he had suggested it I saw what a blessing it would be to have Tim here for a little while. With him in the house, we couldn't go back to our quarrel. We would have to pretend that everything was as it should be—and I realized how much I wanted that, even though it was only a pretense. "You can sleep on the couch in the living room," I said.

I tried not to let happiness steal back into my heart. But while we were talking to Tim, Gene had put his arm carelessly, lightly, around my shoulders. Had it been his way of telling me he was sorry? Or had it only been for his brother's benefit?

THE night before Tim left, while Gene was downstairs servicing a car, Tim said, "You don't know how good it makes me feel to see you and Gene so happy together, Arda."

I glanced at him, afraid he'd sensed something wrong. "I'm glad, Tim," was all I said.

"I always figured Gene was the sort of kid that needed a wife to—well, sort of to set him square with himself," Tim went on thoughtfully. "He's always been too full of energy—not lazy, ever, but he'd see so many things he wanted to do he'd never stick long enough at one of them to get anywhere. And he's so smart, it'll be easy for him to do almost anything, once he puts his mind to it."

"And I suppose you couldn't?"

"I can," he said, "but I have to work for it."

"Maybe you need a wife, too."

"No," he answered slowly and rather gravely. "No, I don't think so. I don't need anything to settle me down. The Army's better—it's unsettling," he concluded, once more half-laughing.

After Tim had gone, I thought over what he'd said. Perhaps he *had* been giving me advice, in a subtle sort of way. Perhaps he'd been telling me that I mustn't worry about Gene's tempers, because they were nothing but the result of too much energy; and that in time Gene would "settle down," as he'd put it. Meanwhile, couldn't I go on, making things as pleasant for Gene as I could?

That was my resolution, but in another week I learned that it would have made no difference what I resolved. I could not leave Gene, whether I wanted to or not.

We'd never talked much about having children, Gene and I. I wanted some, of course, but when I'd mentioned the subject, once or twice, Gene had only laughed and said there was time enough for that later, so that I knew he really preferred not to have any. But now—

Well, now, I thought, mentally setting my chin, he'd simply *have* to like it. He probably wouldn't take to the idea at first, but once the baby had come it would make all the difference in the world to us. It would bring us closer together—because once he'd held his baby in his arms, of course he'd not be able to resist it.

That was the way I argued with myself, but I refused to admit one other reason why the thought of having a baby filled me with happiness. It was because in spite of everything I tried to think, I knew now that Gene did not love me as much as I had once loved him—and would love him still, if he would only let me. I needed some-

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thing that would be mine, taking all the love I had to give it and then returning it to me, multiplied again and again.

As long as I could, I put off telling Gene, but after all, that wasn't very long. If I hadn't told him when I did, he would soon have guessed.

It was just as I had expected. He listened to the news blankly, as if he couldn't believe it; he wanted to know if I were sure, and when I said I was his face darkened with a kind of hopeless anger.

"A baby!" he said. "That's just what we need!—when there's hardly enough room in this place for two, or enough money coming in to feed us! Good Lord, Arda—and you even act pleased."

"I am," I said stoutly. "And you will be too, after the baby's here. You will—I know you will!" I had to keep repeating that hope, to him as well as to myself, so that I would be sure to believe it—as if repetition would make it true.

Gene shoved a hand through his thick, dark hair. "Oh, sure," he said, "you bet. I'll be just crazy about falling over a crib every time I come into the house, or being kept awake all night after working down in the station fourteen or fifteen hours. That'll be wonderful."

I WANTED to cry, but I forced the tears back. Gene wasn't as selfish as he sounded—I knew, because if he were, how could I have loved him so?

"I'm sorry," I said gently and sincerely. "I mean, I'm sorry the baby's coming just now, when other things don't seem to be going along just right, and I'm sorry you—you don't want it as much as I do. But—well, there's nothing we can do about it anyway."

"Nope," he said glumly. "I guess there isn't."

Neither of us mentioned our standing arrangement whereby I took charge of the station in the afternoons. Pride kept me silent. If Gene himself wasn't going to suggest that naturally I couldn't continue, I wouldn't say anything. I could go on for a while, anyway, I told myself. I always felt well enough in the afternoons, and exercise was supposed to be good for you. And I passionately wanted to do nothing that would interfere with Gene's freedom. I couldn't stand another clash with him.

Not, I thought often on those long, sunny autumn afternoons, that it made much difference whether I tended the station or stayed upstairs. There weren't many customers to wait on. One by one the regulars had stopped coming to us, until only old Mrs. Chandler and a few others were left. I asked Gene to bring down one of the comfortable chairs from the living room and put it in the office, and for hours at a time I would sit there, doing nothing, trying not to think.

Something terrible had happened to Gene and me. Something—I didn't know what. We didn't quarrel actively any more; we seemed to have reached an understanding, but it was a bad understanding. Gene no longer kept up any pretense of doing repair work. He had lost all interest in the station—and in me. As long as I made it possible for him to get away for long periods of time he was content to drift along. But he couldn't drift forever. In another month or so I would have to stop waiting on cars. It had been a mistake to start, really. Gene's half-hearted objection when I first suggested the plan had been right—it made

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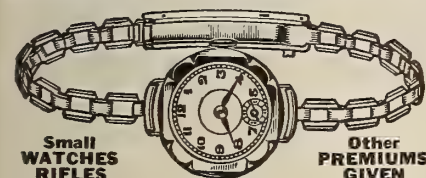
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And yet do you realize that many women who once took this very same attitude have had the entire picture changed for them by using **SIROIL**? So why don't you try **SIROIL**? **SIROIL** tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of **SIROIL** will help keep them under control. Applied externally, **SIROIL** does not stain clothing or bed linen, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. And remember, it is sold to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

**SIROIL** FOR SALE AT ALL  
DRUG STORES

Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Dept. M-18, Detroit, Mich.  
Siroil of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.  
Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

## W-A-R-N-I-N-G

Paper restrictions now in force make it utterly impossible the great demand that exists for it. This means that many ask for them at the newsstands. Do not risk disappointment. To reserve your copy of next month's and succeeding issues, it will take only a moment of your time and will assure you of receiving your copy of **RADIO MIRROR** each month as issued. In your own best interests attend to it today!

Reserve Your Copy of Next  
Month's **RADIO MIRROR** Today!

**Most Amazing Offer**

Ever Made to Readers of  
**RADIO MIRROR**

Who Want More

**PEP  
VIGOR  
ENERGY**



that additional  
Vitamins and  
Iron may supply

DO evenings find you dull and tired, peopless, without energy? Do minor aches and pains, nervousness, irritability, take the fun out of life? Are you just half alive?

How glorious life can be when you're feeling energetic, young, up to par! When you awake each morning refreshed, peppy, ready for a long, full day! Don't rob yourself of the joy of living—because you're tired, run-down, irritable. Check up on yourself; you may not feel sick, but like thousands of people, your system may be starving for Vitamins and Minerals.

### VITAMINS PLUS IRON

Try **IRONITED VITAMINS**! Each tablet contains Vitamin A equivalent of 6 raw eggs (for better sight, vigor, growth, resistance to infections); Vitamin B1—the energy vitamin—equivalent of one and one-half loaves of bread (for better appetite and digestion, steadier nerves); Vitamin D—the sunshine vitamin—equal to 6 servings of beef liver (adds energy); and **IRON**—the good, rich, red-blood builder. One tablet gives you full daily minimum requirement of all four. Full three weeks' supply costs only \$1. direct from us. Try **IRONITED VITAMINS** on Money-Back Guarantee! Get started—clip coupon today!

#### SEND NO MONEY! MAIL COUPON!

Ironited Vitamin Products, Dept. 31  
6605 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Send me 3 weeks' supply of **IRONITED VITAMINS**. I will try them for 10 days. Then if I do not feel 100% satisfied, I will return balance of tablets for refund; I will pay Postman \$1.00 plus a few cents postage.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Does  
Gas Keep You  
Awake Nights?

**GAS** often seems to be at its worst during the night. Frequently, it seems to work up into chest and throat when one lies down, which makes one feel smothered and breathless in bed. Some people try to sleep sitting in a chair. Others keep rising out of bed to get their breath easier. Try **KONJOLA**, the medicine which acts in 3 ways to help ease gas misery. Sluggish digestion often promotes the accumulation of gas in one's intestinal tract. Bowel constipation may help to hold the gas inside to torment one with awful bloating. So **KONJOLA** not only contains Nature's herbs to help bring up gas from stomach, but also contains pepsin to aid digestion, and mildly helps to open constipated bowels and release gas.

Many users write their thanks and gratitude for the satisfactory results it produces. So when you feel bloated "clear through"—when stomach expands, intestines swell and bowels "balloon" way out, due to gas accumulating from slow digestion and sluggish bowel action, try this medicine and see what relief it can give. Be sure you get the genuine **KONJOLA** Medicine—read the directions on the package and take exactly as directed thereon. **KONJOLA** is sold by every druggist in America on a strict guarantee of money back if not completely satisfied.

#### SEND FOR SAMPLE

You can prove its action by sending 10c for trial sample to **KONJOLA**, P. O. Box 206, Dept. AW, Port Chester, N. Y.

people, particularly men, uncomfortable to have a girl checking their tires or soiling her hands with their oil.

One afternoon one of the gasoline tanks ran dry, and when I telephoned the oil company for some more they told me politely they couldn't deliver it unless I had the cash to pay. When Gene came home and I told him, he said angrily that they'd made a mistake. I knew they hadn't, but I was too sick at heart to contradict him, or even to make an effort to find out how much we really owed.

I felt as if I were caught in a web of weariness, under some kind of spell which made it impossible for me to exert myself. I should have told Gene I couldn't take care of the station any more, I should have insisted on talking over our financial affairs, I should have seen a doctor . . . but I did nothing.

"Tomorrow," I said, and the next day—"Tomorrow."

**T**HAT tomorrow came at last, but it held tragedy for me.

It was an afternoon like any other. Gene was gone and I was downstairs. I hadn't been sleeping well at night, and I must have been dozing in my chair, because a car had driven in before I heard it. When the driver blew his horn impatiently I started to my feet, twisting my ankle, not painfully but just enough to make me clutch the back of the chair to save myself from falling. I hardly thought of the incident as I went quickly outside.

But five minutes later, after the customer had driven away, I knew with sudden, horrible certainty that something was wrong. Terror-stricken, I started up the stairs to the apartment. If I could only lie down for a minute, perhaps I'd be all right. . . .

The stairs towered endlessly above me. I took the rail in both hands, but I couldn't pull myself up. Circular waves of darkness flowed in upon me and burst into deeper darkness. I couldn't move, couldn't open my mouth to call out, and I felt myself falling.

It was old Mrs. Chandler who found me there some time later.

The memory of those hours is dim and twisted, made up of voices that one minute were far away and then terrifyingly close, of movement and lights and hurrying footsteps and a strange sensation of floating. Through it all, one fact stood out in starkest clarity—I had lost my baby.

No one had told me. I simply knew.

At last I fell asleep—they must have given me a sedative—and when I woke up sunlight was streaming into the window beside my hospital bed. I was weak, but I felt comfortable and relaxed . . . for a moment, until I remembered. Then I just lay there, looking up at the smooth white plaster of the ceiling. I didn't move when a nurse came in and bent over me, smiling and taking my pulse. I think she spoke and I answered her, but I didn't really hear her until she said:

"Mr. Gorman's waiting outside. You can see him for a few minutes."

I turned my head away from her.

"I don't want to see him," I said. "I don't ever want to see him again."

Is it only sorrow and disappointment speaking, or does Arda really mean that she never wants to see Gene again? Have these two still a chance for happiness? Be sure to read the exciting third installment of "If Love Were All" in the June **RADIO MIRROR**, on sale at all newsstands April 7.



# Charm-Kurl

## PERMANENT WAVE

COMPLETE HOME KIT *Only* **59¢**



**JUNE LANG**

Glamorous movie star, praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

### SO EASY EVEN A CHILD CAN DO IT

Charm-Kurl is easy and safe to use; no experience required; contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia; requires no machines or dryers, heat or electricity. Desirable for both women and children.

### USERS Praise IT

Here are excerpts from just a few of the many letters of praise received from Charm-Kurl users:

#### GIVES NATURAL WAVE

"I've been a user of Charm-Kurl for some time. I like it very much. It gives me a nice, natural wave." Mrs. B. Maina, Ill.

#### LASTED 9 MONTHS

"I have used Charm-Kurl before and it is really wonderful. My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a ten dollar permanent." Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio.

#### MAKES HAIR LOOK NATURAL CURLY

"I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft." Carolyn Fleet, Penn.

#### CHARM-KURL IS WONDERFUL

"I am sending for my Charm-Kurl kit. I have already bought one and I think Charm-Kurl is wonderful." Miss Betty Johnson, Ohio.

#### PERMANENT FAR ABOVE EXPECTATIONS

"The permanent which I gave my little girl was far above expectations and her hair which is soft and fine was not harmed in the least but looked like a natural wave." Mrs. W. E. Williams, Maryland.

#### THRILLED WITH CHARM-KURL

"I have tried the Charm-Kurl and was greatly thrilled with its results." Phyllis Schwensen, Neb.

#### DELIGHTED WITH RESULTS

"I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl permanent. It is soft and fluffy and it was the most 'painless' permanent I ever had." Mrs. W. J. Stites, Utah.

#### PRETTIEST PERMANENT I EVER HAD

"I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I've ever had regardless of the cost." Miss Betty Moulton, Washington.



**FAY MCKENZIE**

starring in "Remember Pearl Harbor," a Republic Production, is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave, pictured above.

### EACH KIT CONTAINS 40 CURLERS SHAMPOO & WAVE SET also included

There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo and wave set are included in each Charm-Kurl Kit. With Charm-Kurl it is easy to give yourself a thrilling machineless permanent wave in the privacy of your own home that should last as long as any professional permanent wave. You do not have to have any experience in waving hair. Just follow the simple instructions.

### MAKE THIS NO-RISK TEST

Prove to yourself as thousands of others have done, without risking one penny, that you, too, can give yourself a thrilling permanent at home the Charm-Kurl way. Just follow the simple, easy directions and after your permanent wave is in, let your mirror and your friends be the judge. If you do not honestly feel that your Charm-Kurl permanent is the equal of any permanent you may have paid up to \$5.00 for, you get your money back.

### FREE Up to \$1.00 WORTH OF WAVE SET

In addition to the wave set included with the kit, you will receive with each kit an extra supply, sufficient for 16 oz. of the finest quality wave set that would ordinarily cost up to \$1.00... enough for up to 12 to 16 hair sets.

### SEND NO MONEY

Just fill in coupon below. Don't send a penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be rushed to you. On arrival deposit 59c plus postage (or \$1.00 plus postage for two kits) with your postman with the understanding if you are not thrilled and delighted with results, your money will be cheerfully refunded. We pay postage if remittance is enclosed with order. You pay nothing to risk and a beautiful permanent to gain so take advantage of this special offer. Send today!

Charm-Kurl Co., Dept. 421, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

#### MAIL THIS NO-RISK TEST COUPON TODAY

Charm-Kurl Co., Dept. 421, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

You may send me a Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit with Shampoo and Wave Set, or two kits, with the understanding if I am not thrilled and delighted with results, your money will be cheerfully refunded. We pay postage if remittance is enclosed with order. You pay nothing to risk and a beautiful permanent to gain so take advantage of this special offer. Send today!

If you desire 2 kits send \$1.00 plus postage. Check here.

NAME .....


ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

If you send remittance with order, we will pay postage.

Canadian orders: Please add 10% to above and include money order.





**U. S. RANGERS . . .** Hand-picked and especially trained, they're a swift-moving, hard-hitting outfit. Here's one in his "business-suit," camouflaged and invisible at thirty feet.

*But there's no hiding*  
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**BETTER TASTE**

Here's real smoking ammunition tucked in the pockets of our fighting men, ready for instant service. Where a cigarette counts most, Chesterfield serves smokers well with its *Right Combination* of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

**For Mildness . . for Better Taste  
and Cooler Smoking . . make your  
next pack . . .**

**CHESTERFIELD**  
**RECOGNIZED EVERYWHERE**  
**THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES SMOKERS**  
**WHAT THEY WANT**



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LIGGETT & MYERS  
TOBACCO CO.

DON'T HIDE YOUR DOLLARS ★ ENLIST THEM WITH UNCLE SAM ★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY



# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

JUNE  
15¢

CONNIE  
HAINES



Exciting Color Pictures of  
HOW VILLAGE • THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE • MOTHER AND DAD  
SOMEONE TO CLING TO—A Story of Love and Faith



# PERMANENT WAVE Complete Home Kit 59¢



**June Lang** Glamorous movie star praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave. Why not give yourself a lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave at home?



**Ann Gillis** Hollywood's cute "teen-aged" starlet shown with her stunning Charm-Kurl Permanent. Mothers why not beautify your daughter's hair with a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.



**Tina Thayer** Mickey Rooney's lovable new screen star sweetheart in M. G. M.'s "A Yank at Eton" is pictured above with her lustrous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.



**Lillian Elliott** One of the screen's loveliest mothers is thrilled with her Charm-Kurl. Monogram features her in "Road to Happiness." A Charm-Kurl Permanent enhances the attractiveness of older women.



**Fay McKenzie** The star of Republic's "Remember Pearl Harbor" is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave as shown in the above photograph.

## So Easy Even a Child Can Do It

Charm-Kurl is easy and safe to use; no experience required; contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia; requires no machines or dryers, heat or electricity. Desirable for both women and children. **WAVES DYED HAIR AS BEAUTIFULLY AS NATURAL HAIR.**

## USERS PRAISE IT

Here are excerpts from a few of many letters of praise received from Charm-Kurl users:

**Gives Natural Wave**  
"I am so proud of the Charm-Kurl Permanent I gave my 2 little girls. It's soft, natural." Mrs. W. P. Van Deusen, Minn.



**Lasted 9 Months**  
"I have used Charm-Kurl before and it is really wonderful. My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a \$10 permanent." Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio.

**Makes Hair Look Natural Curly**  
"I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft." Carolyn Fleet, Penn.

**Permanent Far Above Expectations**  
"The permanent which I gave my little girl was far above expectations and her hair which is soft and fine was not harmed in the least but looked like a natural wave." Mrs. W. E. Williams, Maryland.

**Delighted with Results**  
"I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl. It's soft and fluffy, and it was the most 'painless' permanent I ever had." Mrs. W. J. Stites, Utah.

**Prettiest Permanent I Ever Had**  
"I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I ever had regardless of cost." Miss Betty Moulthrop, Wash.

## Each Kit Contains 40 Curlers Shampoo and Wave Set also included

There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo and the wave set are included in each Charm-Kurl Kit. With Charm-Kurl it is easy to give yourself a thrilling, machineless permanent wave in the privacy of your own home that should last as long as any professional permanent wave. You do not have to have any experience in waving hair. Just follow the simple instructions.

## MAKE THIS NO-RISK TEST

Prove to yourself as thousands of others have done, without risking one penny, that you, too, can give yourself a thrilling permanent at home the Charm-Kurl way. Just follow the simple, easy directions and after your permanent wave is in, let your mirror and your friends be the judge. If you do not honestly feel that your CHARM-KURL Permanent is the equal of any permanent you may have paid up to \$5.00 for, you get your money back.

## FREE UP TO \$1.00 WORTH OF WAVE SET

In addition to the wave set included with the kit, you will receive with each kit an extra supply, sufficient for 16 ozs. of the finest quality wave set that would ordinarily cost up to \$1.00 ... enough for up to 12 to 16 hair sets.

**SEND NO MONEY** Just fill in Coupon below. Don't send a penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be rushed to you. On arrival deposit 59c plus postage (or \$1.00 plus postage for two kits) with your postman with the understanding if you are not thrilled and delighted with results, your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. We pay postage if remittance is enclosed with order. You have nothing to risk and a beautiful permanent to gain, so take advantage of this special offer.

## CHARM-KURL CO.

Dept. 459, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

## Mail This NO-RISK TEST Coupon Today

**CHARM-KURL CO., Dept. 459, 2459 UNIVERSITY AVE., ST. PAUL, MINN.**

You may send me a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit complete with 40 Curlers, Shampoo and Wave set. On arrival I will deposit 59c plus postage with my postman, with the understanding that if for any reason I am not satisfied, you guarantee to refund the purchase price immediately. I am to receive FREE with each kit an extra supply of material, sufficient for 16 oz. of wave set.

If you desire 2 kits sent C. O. D. for \$1.00 plus postage, check here ☐

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

If you send remittance with order we will pay postage. Canadian orders must be accompanied by an International money order.





# Making plans to Win his Heart?



**It's a gala date!** He's your extra-special hero! You start with a refreshing bath, but you don't stake *all* on that! One step more is needed to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come!*



**You know a way to stay appealing**—you use Mum after your bath. Mum guards charm—prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin or harming clothes.



**Romance is in the groove.** The evening is thrilling—he hates it to end. Lucky you! Mum keeps you fresh, appealing all evening long! No wonder romance flowers in his heart!



**Make sure of charm! Every day, after every bath, use Mum!**

For a bright beginning and a happy ending to your days and evenings—make Mum after your bath your rule for charm! Quick Mum takes only 30 seconds to apply. Everyone likes Mum's speed and

certainty—Mum won't let daintiness down all day or all evening. Millions of women prefer Mum's *dependability* and gentleness. You can use Mum even after underarm shaving—even after you're dressed. Guard charm! Get Mum today!

**For Sanitary Napkins**—Mum is ideal for this purpose—it's so gentle, dependable, safe!

## Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

Mum is a Product of Bristol-Myers





Speaking of  
Calf Love



What could be neater  
than a NEET CALF?

In the Spring (or any season), a young man's...well, eyes...turn to shapely calves. For every male is versed in the art of husbandry...and his love of calves has been cultivated since Adam.

Look to your own calves, lady. See that they're "smooth" calves, free from glamour-stealing hair, whether stockinged or fashionably bare. Give your legs that self-assurance that comes with the knowledge that they're perfectly groomed...are truly NEET looking!

"Better get NEET today"! This cosmetic hair remover will, in a few moments, literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm-pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin silken-smooth and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when never-failing NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of NEET today, at drug, department, or ten cent stores.



JUNE, 1943

VOL. 20, NO. 2

# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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# Overheard

## WATCH THE WATCH DOG'S HEALTH

Dog owners can now have their pets protected against distemper by a new vaccine, adding another form of treatment to the immunization methods used against this widespread disease. The vaccine is prepared by passing live distemper virus through 50 to 60 ferrets. A single injection is claimed to give a dog lifetime protection against distemper.—Adventures in Science, heard over CBS.

## BAKE AND DIVIDE BY 150

Asked to give his recipe for apple pie, an Army cook, lecturing to a home-economic group of women, replied: "Certainly, for the crust, take 168 pounds of flour . . . 84 pounds of shortening . . . 28 ounces of salt . . . and 21 pints of water

"For your filling, take 970 pounds of apples . . . 82 pounds of sugar . . . 82 lemons and 21 ounces of cinnamon."—The Woman of Tomorrow, with Nancy Craig, WJZ.

## FOR THE SWEATER GIRL

For sweaters that seem to take forever to dry, try basting them on a towel, and then hanging the towel on the clothes line . . . Your sweaters will dry much more quickly, and will really hold their shape.—Mrs. Dena Hoffer's prize-winning household hint—heard on Meet Your Neighbor, with Alma Kitchell, over the Blue Network.

## WAR WORK VS. WAR NERVES

War work is an effective buffer against the development of upset nerves. In England the percentage of nervous breakdowns among war workers in bombed cities is very small, while among those doing hazardous war work, like the fire fighting brigades, nervous casualties are almost unknown.—Dr. Edward S. Strecker, professor of psychiatry, University of Pennsylvania, speaking on Highways of Health, heard over CBS.

## MEAT TAKES A NURSEMAID

Unwrap butcher's package as soon as you get home . . . put meat in a clean platter . . . top it lightly with a piece of waxed paper (that is, of course, unless you have a special meat compartment in your refrigerator).

Now, with the meat covered, put it in the coldest part of your refrigerator. Whatever you do, cook fresh meat within twenty-four hours after buying it. If it's chopped meat, use it at once. When meat is ground, it exposes not just top and bottom but millions of tiny surfaces to bacteria.—Richard Kent, the Travelling Cook, heard over the Blue Network.

# "I was a good wife...or was I?"



YOUNG WIFE REVEALS HOW SHE  
OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT"  
THAT SPOILS SO MANY MARRIAGES

1. At housekeeping and cooking, yes, I was A-1. And at first, John and I were blissfully happy. But slowly, John grew moody, neglected me. I grew jumpy, tearful.



2. One day, at the movies with my chum, I began to cry, and couldn't stop. She was wonderful! She got me alone, wangled it all out of me, then she opened my eyes. "Most men can't forgive one neglect, darling. A wife can't be careless of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal daintiness*). Then she explained . . .



3. "Today, many thousands of women use Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. My doctor advises Lysol." And she told how it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she advised. "Lysol deodorizes, cleanses thoroughly. No wonder this famous germicide is so widely used!"



4. Nowadays I use Lysol disinfectant regularly. It's easy to use and so inexpensive. And these days we're deliciously happy again. John says I'm the best wife a man ever had!

### Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



Copyright, 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet R. M.-643. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★



# WHEN TWO ARE SINGLE-HEARTED

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

**M**EN from Georgia, so they say, are single-hearted. Through some instinct bequeathed them by their sires who, with one woman, ploughed the land, reaped rich harvests, built great houses and raised large families, Georgians seem to know the simple constant lover is happier by far than the fanciest Casanova.

When Parks Johnson, son of a poor Methodist preacher down in Georgia, lost his first love he turned his face to the road. He wanted the heady wine of success. It, he thought, might eventually repay him for the suffering he was bound to know in the meantime.

Parks went straight to Texas. For two years he worked ceaselessly. The only girl he ever thought about was the girl he had left behind him. It wasn't long before he made a name for himself, of course, with this singleness of purpose. It wasn't long before he had a name in the cotton business; before he had surpassed all the men his own age and many who were older too.

When war came he was sent to Houston for officer's training.

Lee Hester, his camp buddy, often got after him. "It isn't reasonable, Parks," he insisted, "for anyone who looks like you and thinks like you and laughs like you to forego girls—the way you do."

"You find a girl for me," Parks challenged. "A girl so beautiful I won't be able to resist her . . ."

It wasn't that Parks thought much about the girl he had loved back home any more. But, out of the habit of squiring girls, well content with men friends and his work, he saw no earthly use to go out and look for trouble.

One day Lee stopped Parks on the drill grounds.

"Three of us fellows have four girls coming to luncheon in the mess today," he announced. "After luncheon we're going to drive into San Antonio to a show. We want you to fill in. The fourth girl's a beauty, Parks."

Parks grinned, slapped Lee on the back, and went to mess early so he would be out and away when the party arrived. But Lee, suspicious, piloted his crowd into the mess hall well ahead of the appointed time.

The odd girl, meant for Parks, was beautiful indeed. Parks scarcely saw her, however. He found himself laughing and talking with Louise Johnson, the red head, who was supposed to be Lee's date. Louise wasn't beautiful at all. But she was so warm, so natural, so friendly, so downright *nice looking* that Parks was convinced she was a knockout. Soon enough he had to admit that the thing he had believed

impossible had happened, that he had fallen in love at first sight.

He didn't try to analyze or understand his emotions. He was too busy being happy again; with a happiness born of greater maturity and a richer, deeper love than he had ever known.

Week-ends usually meant leave. Leave always meant a sixty mile drive to San Marcos where Louise lived in a big pillared mansion surrounded by great oaks, magnolias and mimosa, fragrant jasmine vines, and acres upon acres of lawns and gardens.

Parks loved Louise more because she was such a fine companion. She had been brought up out-of-doors. None of the boys could outride her. When they went hunting she bagged as many doves and quails as any man among them. When they fished for trout and bass in Crystal Creek she knew the bunks where the fish waited in the shadows under the rocks.

Louise's father gave a week-end party at his ranch on Crystal Lake the week-end after his son and Parks and Lee were graduated. Parks, commissioned First Lieutenant right off, was gloriously happy the morning he and Louise sat on the bank of the creek, not far from her youngest sister who was casting.

"You know," Louise told him "you ought to give my sister more time."

Parks' voice was tense and low. "I'm not aiming to spend any time with anyone but you," he said. "That's how it is with me. I hoped you knew. I hoped this was how it was getting to be with you too, furthermore."

She stood up, smoothed down her breeches. "It's possible," she said slowly "that if you should spend more time with my little sister I wouldn't like it at all. But I didn't honestly realize this before. . . ."

After that there was a quickening in the way they looked at each other and in even the trivial things they said to each other. And several weeks later when Parks told Louise he was being sent to Georgia and it was likely he would go overseas from there her smile and her words were brave but her eyes were misty.

Swiftly their last hour ran through the glass of Time leaving them in the final moment both had tried to put out of their thoughts all evening. In the big hallway they stood within the double circle of each other's arms whispering "I love you . . . I love you . . . I love you . . ." those eternal words that always are so bright, so exciting.

The gentle strength of her hand against his cheek, the tremble of her smile, the possessive pride with which she brushed back his thick brown hair, the breathless warmth of her voice . . . all these things bespoke her love too.

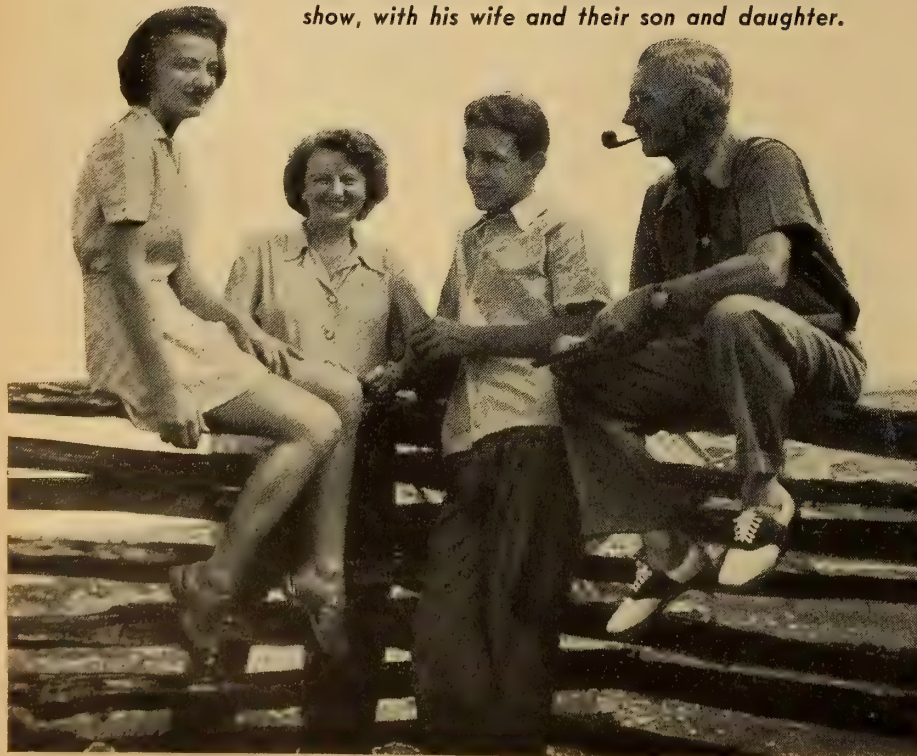
"Go away as if this was any evening," she begged softly, "as if tomorrow would find you back again. That way it will be easier."

He knew when he walked into the sweet southern night under a sky spanned with stars that this hour would be a cherished memory forever.

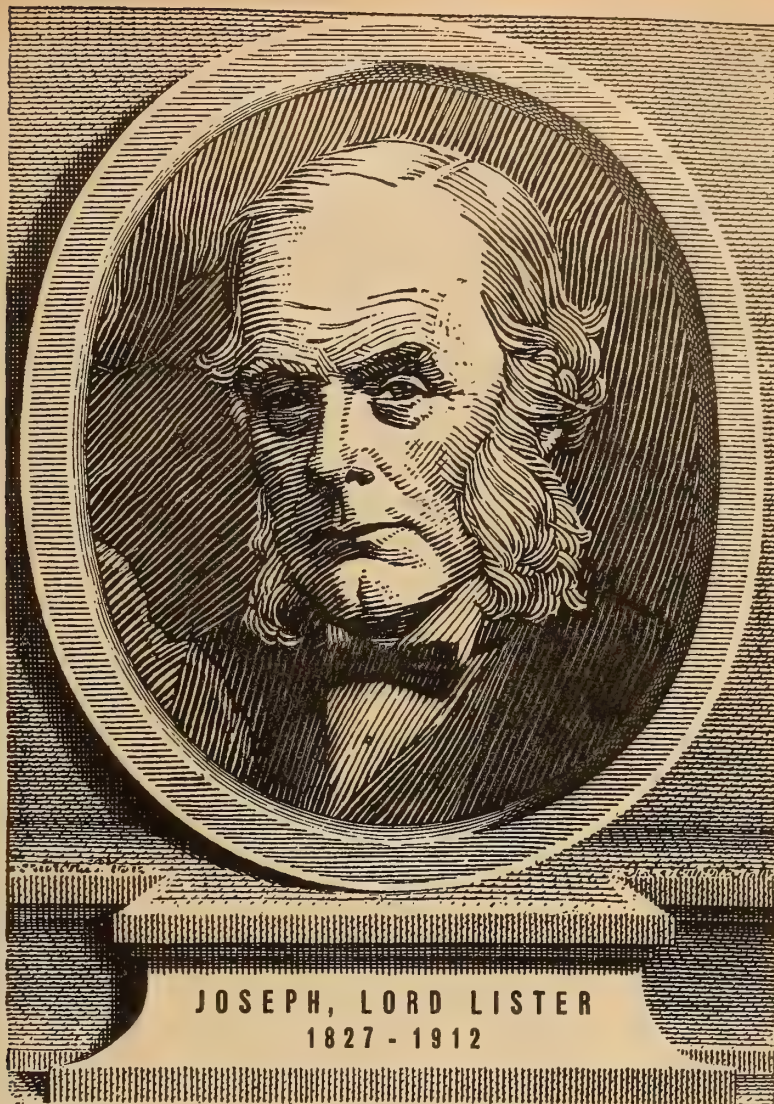
Then, as early as the next morning, he began to fear Louise's emotion had not been for him but rather for a soldier going away, maybe never to return. He wished he had asked her, point-blank, to marry him. Then at least he would have known. But, being aware of what might happen to him, he knew he couldn't have done that. If he should come home blind or

(Continued on page 60)

*Parks Johnson, of CBS's Monday night Vox Pop show, with his wife and their son and daughter.*







## THE FATHER OF ANTISEPTIC SURGERY

*In service more  
than 60 years*



*The safe antiseptic  
and germicide*

*and the antiseptic which was named for him*





## FIRST CALL!

YES! ... America's soldiers, sailors and marines are getting "first call" on delicious Beech-Nut Gum.

And like you, we feel that serving our men in the services is a privilege that comes ahead of everything else.

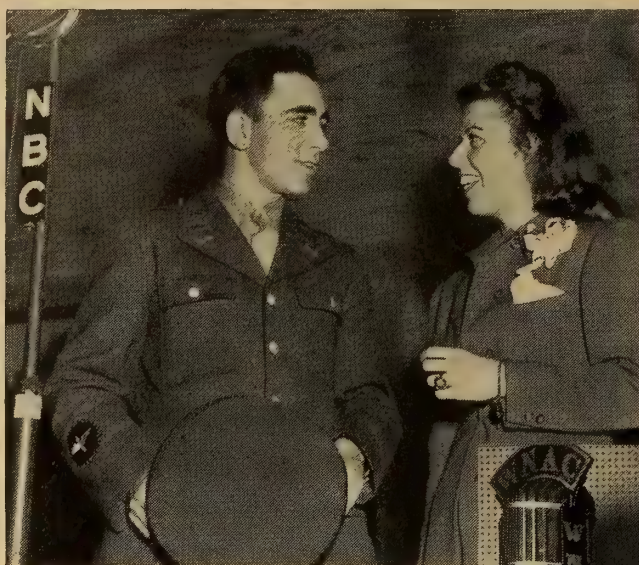
So if there are times when your dealer can't supply you with your favorite Beech-Nut Gum, we know you will understand the reason why.



# Beech-Nut Gum

*The yellow package ...  
with the red oval.*

# What's New from Coast to Coast



Trudy Brown, left, of WSM's Grand Ole Opry, interviews soldiers on each broadcast of the familiar show on NBC. Below, Ted Cole is the sweet-voiced singer who is heard daily over Mutual on Yankee House Party.

By DALE BANKS

THE story behind the sale of Jack Benny's violin is both amazing and interesting. The violin went to Julius Klorfein, who is now its proud owner because he pledged one million dollars in War Bonds. Klorfein told an NBC man to tell Benny that the violin was in good hands. "I can't use it myself," he said, "but the children will play it." Klorfein is a New Yorker, has three children. His boy, Arthur, is in the Coast Guard. Klorfein is a Benny fan, but not nearly as fanatic about Jack's program as his children are. After winning the fiddle, he wanted to turn it back and have it sold all over again just to make more money. "But the children—they made me keep it," he added. What very few people, Benny included, know is that Julius Klorfein is a sponsor and president of the Garcia Grande Cigar Company. His ambition is to some day have Jack Benny on the air for his product.

Lou Costello, who looks like Mayor LaGuardia, is one of the Mayor's best friends. The Mayor was quite surprised not long ago, when Lou called and said, "Please, Mayor, will you marry one of my friends." The Mayor thought it was a gag and said, "I'm already married, Lou." Lou then explained that the producer of his show, Marty Gosch, wanted the Mayor to marry him to Joen Arliss, an actress. LaGuardia agreed and Bud and Lou were best men at Marty's wedding, which took place in City Hall with LaGuardia presiding. The boys did not pull any gags during the ceremony, even behaved like gentlemen after it was over. In fact, they were



so solemn that the Mayor had to make jokes after the wedding to put the bride and groom at ease.

NASHVILLE, TENN.—The way she looks at it, a soldier away from home is as much interested in what the home folks are doing as they are in him. So every Saturday night on the Prince Albert Grand Ole Opry broadcast from WSM in Nashville and over NBC, Trudy Brown interviews two soldiers from the Grand Ole Opry audience. It's really a two-way interview, for Trudy not only finds out all about what the soldiers have been doing, but also tells them about the folks at home. This latter information she gleans from a long distance telephone call to the home folks made before the broadcast.

Trudy is a superstitious lass, so superstitious that she refuses to divulge anything about her birth date beyond the bare fact that the auspicious occasion occurred in the month of September. One of her pet superstitions has to do with a distinct aversion to being touched with a broom. To ward off the bad luck that impends when this calamity takes place, Trudy insists that the broom must be spit on. And as for putting a hat on a bed—my, my! that just can't happen. It's



no wonder that she faced with trepidation her thirteenth appearance on the Prince Albert Grand Ole Opry last March 27. However, whatever good luck charm she had handy did the work . . . All went well.

Trudy spent her childhood in Cookeville, Tennessee, where her parents moved shortly after Trudy was born. She took her first peek at light of day in Springfield, Missouri, but stayed there only a short while. She graduated from David Lipscomb Junior College at Nashville. After graduation she won a scholarship to a dramatic school at Asheville, North Carolina, but she had her eye on Broadway.

She saved up enough money to go to New York, and so she was off. Trudy well remembers those hectic days in New York. Her sole guide was a book she had bought dealing in advice to would-be actors. Just when it seemed she would have to make the ignominious trek homeward, she landed a job with a stock company. She toured New England for eight months, playing character parts, and finally becoming leading lady. Then one day there came a letter from Nashville . . . her father had been injured in an auto accident. So back to Nashville she came.

One of the local papers wrote a story about this local girl who had made good in the big city. Jack Stapp, program manager of WSM, saw the story, and called her to take an audition at WSM for a part in a soap opera the station was then airing. She landed the job, and became the star of the show. Then came the opportunity to do her own show. For the next two and a half years she wrote "Let's Shop Around with Trudy Brown."

Trudy's not married—a subject which she is too superstitious to discuss. And as for Radio, she loves it.

\* \* \*

It seems that just about everybody in the world wants to get in to see Ralph Edwards' Truth or Consequences program. The Radio City studio which houses this funfest accommodates 450 people. Just a few weeks ago, the request for tickets for one week's program reached an all time high of nineteen thousand and fifty one! Word has got around that the half hour pre-broadcast shenanigans are wonderful, so Edwards expects even more requests. And to think that before the program started, Ralph Edwards was an almost unknown announcer!

\* \* \*

Charlie McCarthy is all steamed up about his recent trip to Mexico City. Bergen tells us he wanted to stay down there because of the urgent "senorita situation." The Mexican people loved Charlie and he's had over a hundred fan letters from people down there. Bergen says they asked most about a movie star named Donald, last name of Duck. Charlie ought to invite Donald to join his program, that should be quite a battle of wits. Charlie tells everybody he'd like to go back to Mexico again—sans Bergen.

\* \* \*

THE YANKEE NETWORK . . . A product of that old New England town of Salem is Ted Cole, the sweet-voiced singer heard coast to coast daily over the Mutual Network in The Yankee House Party.

This youngster has plenty on the ball. He is classed as a romantic tenor and not only sings like one but looks

Continued on page 48

# The art of making

## a date

by Bob Hope



**1. It's easy to make a date.** If you're a man, the logical thing to do is to make it with a girl. So first, call the most beautiful girl you know. Then, if you have another nickel, call one who will go out with you. When she answers, speak to her in a voice that's inviting and pleasant . . . like the swell, cool taste of Pepsodent.



**3. Now, it's not patriotic to go driving in the car.** That wastes gasoline. Also, there might be a blackout. So turn out the lights and sit in the dark praising Pepsodent for making her teeth so bright. Then all you have to do is follow the beam and you'll never miss her kisser.



**5. Always look neat.** If you have a two-pants suit, wear the least shiny pair outside. Shiny teeth are okay, though . . . because you'll rate better with a sparkle on your teeth. So before going out, brush with Pepsodent to put a gleam in your smile. Naturally, later on you can move the gleam up to your eye.

See you Tuesday Night on NBC.



**2. At her house, ring the front doorbell.** Then rush around and catch her escaping by the rear door. Once I caught nine fellows dashing out. From the way their teeth flashed in the dark, I guess they just dropped by to use my girl's Pepsodent. In fact, I'm sure of it. One fellow had a brush.



**4. Later, if you go for a walk, tilt your hat at a rakish angle.** This makes you look debonair. It also blocks her view of all the smiling soldiers and sailors you pass. Their smiles have plenty of "come-on" these days—they're buying and using more Pepsodent than any other brand.

Remember . . .  
**DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT**



Pepsodent with Irium is so safe, so effective . . . It takes Only a Little to Brighten Your Smile.

**Only Pepsodent Contains Irium**



## SALLY HAD TO BE COAXED...



**EVELYN:** "What a funny girl Sally is about anything new! She didn't know a thing about the comforts of Tampax."

**ANNE:** "My older sister couldn't see Tampax either till I came home from college—happy as a lark any time of the month, without a belt or pin or sanitary pad to my name."

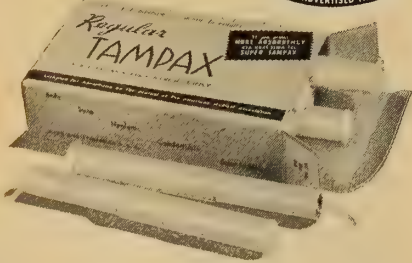
**EVELYN:** "But your sister did try it after you told her... Sally on the other hand really had to be coaxed about it. This is her first Tampax month."

**ANNE:** "Well, I hope it'll make her less self-conscious on such days. She always wore such a tell-tale expression."

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn internally for monthly sanitary protection. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into one-time-use applicator. No pins, belts or pads. No odor, no bulging. Easy to change, easy disposal. Millions of women now use Tampax. It is modern and dainty. Easy to insert; the hands need not touch the Tampax at all. And when in place, you cannot feel it. Three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40's is a bargain buy!

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Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping  
IF DEFECTIVE OR  
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



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Palmer, Mass.

MTWG-63-M

Please send me in plain wrapper the trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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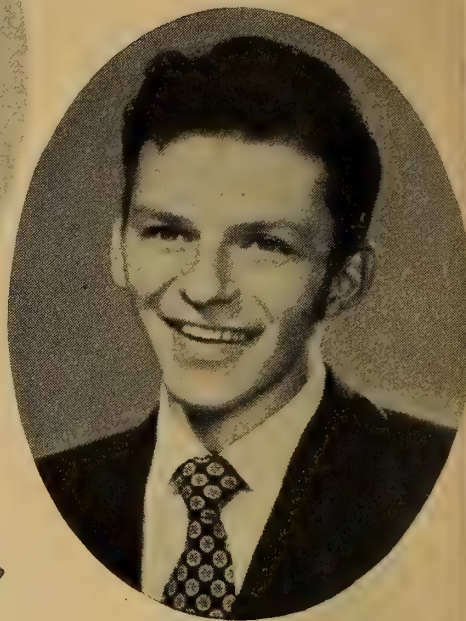
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Carmen Cavallaro, left, piano-playing band leader, is a favorite of dancers coast to coast. Below is Frank Sinatra, star of the Hit Parade and his own program, Songs by Sinatra, on CBS.



## Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN

**T**HE musicians' union offered the phonograph record manufacturers and broadcasters a plan for settlement of their dispute but the proposition was turned down. At press time any hope for an immediate truce vanished. The record ban is now eight months old.

Because the record supply has almost reached bottom, the desperate disk makers are dusting off ancient disks and re-issuing them. One of these is an oldie by Rudy Vallee, "As Time Goes By" which got extensive plugging in the film "Casablanca" and has become popular again.

Rose Blane celebrates her ninth year as Abe Lyman's vocalist. The dark-haired songstress is one of the better band warblers.

Harry James and his band are back east at the Hotel Astor in New York after Hollywood movie making.

Alyce King of the famed King Sisters has named her new bouncing baby boy, Alexer.

Dick Barrie, a veteran band leader who for the past few years has played in other orchestras, is organizing his own six piece outfit.

Bobby Byrne is expected to join the U. S. Army Air Corps. Art Jarrett and Will Osborne have dates with their respective draft boards, too.

Bob Allen will succeed Jimmy Dor-

sey at New York's Hotel Pennsylvania in May, utilizing the CBS and Blue network wires there.

Wayne King has been promoted from captain to major in the U. S. Army. The waltz king is now stationed in Washington.

Skinney Ennis, Bob Hope's musical thin man, will have a straight speaking role in Universal's new film, "Trombone in Heaven."

Mert Curtis, formerly with Guy Lombardo, has joined Blue Barron's band as a vocalist.

Ethel Smith, the rumba-samba Hammond organist, featured on both The Hit Parade and The All-Time Hit Parade, came upon her present style of playing while touring South America. In Rio de Janeiro she met a Latin bandleader who was eager to learn how to play American swing music. Ethel wanted to learn the authentic Latin rhythms. They exchanged lessons. Now the Pittsburgh-born organist is known in radio as the leading exponent of Latin American music while the Latin bandleader is the new rage of Rio because of his swing music.

One of the newer bands catching public favor is Jimmy Carroll's outfit, broadcasting over Mutual from New York's Hotel Astor.

Ben Bernie who has been critically ill has passed the crisis. The Olé Maestro's ailment has been a heart condition.



Another big Broadway movie theater, the Capitol, has switched from straight film fare to band stage shows and movies to compete with the Paramount, Roxy, and Strand.

Barry Wood may be groomed as a movie singing cowboy to succeed Gene Autry, now in the Army.

Helen O'Connell, Jimmy Dorsey's former vocalist, is now featured in her own Blue Network show.

Several months back NBC aired a tune written by Joe Trapani, a victim of infantile paralysis. Joe composed the tune in his mind, because he knew no music and was physically unable to write. An NBC staff arranger, Fred Weper, took the tune down as Joe hummed it. The tune clicked on the air, and has been played several times on the networks. This week Joe got another break. BMI published the song. Here's hoping it goes places. It's called, "It Isn't My Eyes That Cry."

#### MANHATTAN LATIN

THE dance band managers, song publishers, agents, and other members of the Tin Pan Alley family have a habit of gathering in Lindy's famous Broadway bistro and arguing for hours over who should take credit for discovering radio's latest dance band favorite.

After witnessing one of the more heated debates during which the counter claims reached an all time new low, one weary veteran said, "These 'I-told-you-so' and 'I-knew-him-when' guys make me sick with their boastful statements about discovering Harry James when he was just a circus trumpet player or scouting Freddy Martin before Tschaikovsky did. Don't they realize that it's the public who discovers all real talent? Give a newcomer with something on the ball a couple of breaks, a little time to learn the ropes, and John Q. Public will spot him for sure."

Best proof for the wisdom of that statement is olive-skinned, slick-haired Carmen Cavallaro, now the dark-eyed piano-playing favorite not only of New York's smart dancing set which pays high tariffs to see him in

*Continued on page 66*



Pretty Ethel Smith, organist, plays Latin American rhythms on both the Hit Parade shows.

# My "30 second" secret

## keeps me *Fragrantly Dainty* all evening....



"MAYBE YOU are like I used to be...never dreaming that something as simple as body staleness might wreck a romance, and leave you lonely! But I was lucky and discovered a secret...and now, in just 30 extra seconds, I make sure I'm fragrantly dainty for hours! And it's so easy..."



"FIRST, after my bath I dry myself ever so gently—barely patting those places that might chafe.

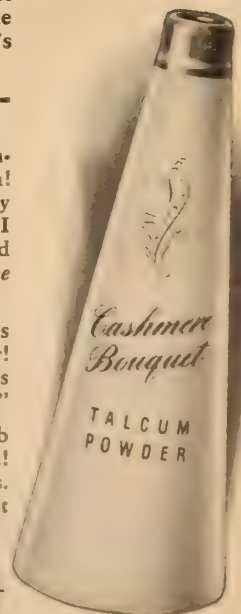


"NEXT, I treat my whole body to the cool, soothing delightfulness of Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! From top to toe its silky-smoothness caresses my skin...absorbs the little traces of moisture I missed. And there I stand, delicately perfumed all over...now I know why they call it—the fragrance men love!



"AND NOW, I slip into my clothes. How luxurious they feel...no chafing or binding, now or later! For Cashmere Bouquet's smooth protection lasts all evening...and so does the fragrance men love!"

See for yourself why Cashmere Bouquet Talcum's superb quality has made it the largest selling talcum in America! You'll love its alluring fragrance and long-clinging softness. Make Cashmere Bouquet *your* daintiness secret. You'll find it in 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters!



# Cashmere Bouquet

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE



# Right Face!



*Pretty radio singer Helen O'Connell recommends a careful study of your facial contours, so that your make-up will bring out your best points, minimize your worst.*

**W**HAT kind of a face have you? Oval, round, square, oblong, triangle, inverted triangle, or diamond? Brush your hair back from your face—remove all make-up—and study your reflection in the mirror. Decide which of the seven basic types you are before you so much as powder your nose, much less use rouge, lipstick, or eye make-up. Otherwise your cosmetic kit may well detract from your loveliness.

If you have an oval face you'll need no rouge at all provided your eyes and hair are fairly dark; you do not require the camouflage shadows which rouge provides. If, however, your eyes and hair are light, a little rouge is wise—for emphasis. Place the rouge in the center of your cheek and work it up over your cheekbones lessening the color gradually until it is very light under the eyes. Use lipstick lightly. Your eyebrows should follow a natural line.

If your face is round, invest in a make-up base, powder and rouge that is a little darker than your natural complexion. Place your rouge on the outside of your cheeks, blend it up to your temples and down to lend a bit of shade to your jawline. Keep your mouth as wide as possible so the distance between your mouth and jawline will appear less.

If your face is square, brush your eyebrows upward and curve them just

a little higher than they would curve normally—to make your face look longer. Get a graceful curve to your lips, with an upward tilt at the corners. Keep your mouth as wide as possible. Begin your rouge under the center of your eyes and carry it back toward your ears and down to bring a faint flush to your jawline.

If your face is oblong you'll be lovelier if you will use the lightest rouge that complements your complexion, applied in a circle in the center of your cheeks and gradually merging with your skin tones. Don't have your eyebrows too long. Keep the distance between your eyes and eyebrows the width of your eyes.

If your face is triangle be careful about your rouge. Place it on the sides of your face blending it faintly toward the temple and to the jaw. You'll be more attractive, too, if you'll indicate the widest possible mouth, following your natural outline. Your eyebrows should arch slightly and be on the narrow side. If your chin recedes a little—as frequently happens in this type face—use a lighter make-up base from the line where this begins.

**RADIO MIRROR** ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

If you have an inverted triangle face, your eyebrows, beginning over the inside corner of your eyes, should curve naturally and not be too thin. Your rouge, darkest at the high point of your cheekbones, should blend lightly to your temples and your jawline. Your mouth should arch a little and have soft curves.

If you have a diamond face make sure your eyebrows do not extend beyond the outer corner of your eyes. Your rouge, deepest at the highest point of your cheekbones, should blend up to the receding concave of your temple and down to the receding concave of your cheek—but it should never color the hollow in your cheeks. Apply your lipstick so your mouth will be moderate in size.

It's the woman who recognizes her individual make-up problem and meets it intelligently who is loveliest—every time!

## BE BEAUTY WISER

**W**HEN you use lipstick be sure your lips are dry or the salve will cake.

If your hair doesn't take a wave easily use a setting lotion following your shampoo. Use it generously. When your wave is set and dry, spray it with brilliantine. Then emphasize the grooves in your waves with a warm—not hot—marcel iron.

Thin hair frequently results from poor circulation. Brush your hair with a good hair-brush. And massage your scalp.

Blonde hair has a tendency to grow dull. It isn't necessary to have a rinse when this happens. You can counteract the dullness with a soapless shampoo.

Is your skin dry? Wash it with soap, dab it generously with cold water, and apply a make-up base—to keep your skin from the air and, at the same time, to keep it moist and flexible.

Liquids and solids introduced into your system at the same time produce fat. So, if you want to slim down, drink nothing with meals or for one hour before or after meals.

You want to reduce in a big way? Eat normally for six days a week and on the seventh day confine your diet to three pints of skimmed milk, half a head of raw lettuce without salt, and black coffee.

Make sure, if you're on the pleasingly plump side especially, that your girdle isn't too tight. A too-tight girdle produces bulges which are unsightly in themselves and give a general impression of greater girth.

Sparkling eyes are greatly to be desired; it is a miracle, however, that anyone has them. For eyes are badly neglected. How often, for instance, do they get the baths they require to be their healthiest and look their loveliest. Once a day—or oftener if you've been in the wind or sun or driving—bathe your eyes in warm water, not hot water, mind, and not cold water either. Or use boric acid—half a teaspoon to a glass of water.

When you don't wear stockings, your feet stick to the lining of your shoes and pull them loose. Also, your feet can actually feel hotter than if you wore shoes. To avoid these difficulties, get the habit of using a good foot powder. Before you put on your shoes, sprinkle some powder between your toes and inside your shoes, thus checking perspiration and protecting your shoes.





*What is it gives a girl most "flair"?  
Why... lovely, gleaming lustrous hair!*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous  
... and yet so easy to manage!\***



FRESH AND YOUNG as Spring itself . . . this simple, lovely hair-do . . . so well suited to her smart draw-string gingham blouse! Yellow satin bow accents the pale yellow of the blouse. Special Drene deserves the credit for the shining smoothness of her hair!

**For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!**

No fol-de-rol a girl can wear, has such allure for men as shining, lustrous hair! Even the loveliest dress, the smartest hat won't help you much if your hair looks dull and dingy! So don't let soaps or soap shampoos handicap you this way!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth,

shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soapings!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

\*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.



*Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!



**Special Drene**  
with  
*Hair Conditioner*



MAUREEN O'HARA in RKO-Radio's "This Land is Mine"



TRY

# Tru-Color Lipstick

...the color stays on through every lipstick test

THERE'S A THRILL awaiting you when you try this remarkable lipstick...when you see how the wonderful lifelike red gives your lips an alluring color accent.

There are lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds...all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on a new patented\* color principle discovered by Max Factor Hollywood. Tru-Color Lipstick is smooth in texture, and non-drying, too...so it safeguards the soft, smooth loveliness of your lips. Remember the name...Max Factor Hollywood TRU-COLOR Lipstick...try it today...One dollar



BLONDE



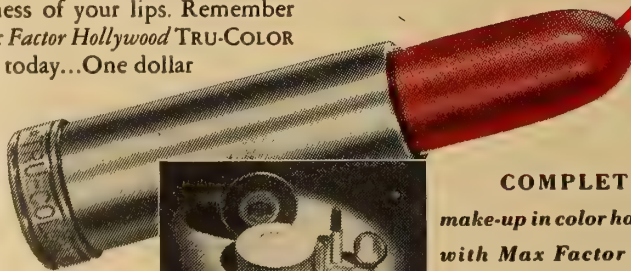
BRUNETTE



BROWNETTE



REDHEAD



\*U.S. Patents  
No. 2,157,667  
2,211,463

COMPLETE your  
make-up in color harmony  
with Max Factor Holly-  
wood Powder and Rouge

# Max Factor \* Hollywood

Did you know?

In planning meals from your Victory Garden, attention should be given to using the fullest supply of green and leafy vegetables and tomatoes, because your family will thereby be assured of adequate daily supplies of Vitamins A and C and the important minerals lime and iron.

\* \* \*

Sister, you and your 40 million civilian sisters represent the hardest-fighting woman-power in the country. The Army, Navy, the Nurses, the factories depend upon YOU. If you don't make it your business to get in ALL the scrap, war factories will close down for lack of vital materials. SCRAP IS THE BACKBONE OF A FIGHTING WAR! MAKE SALVAGE A HABIT IN YOUR HOME!

\* \* \*

Mary Margaret McBride who conducts a very popular program has received many letters from women whose homes are the center of war activities. One woman writes her rules for helping:

1. I'm not buying a thing which isn't necessary.
2. I'm planning and buying food very economically.
3. I'm using meat less often.
4. I'm going without lots of things so that we can buy more than 10% worth of War Bonds.
5. I'm not quoting rumors. Rumors are Axis propaganda.
6. I'm walking to save rubber and gas.
7. I'm making a special effort to be cheerful to keep up the morale of the family.
8. I'm not hoarding.

\* \* \*

The fattest pocketbook in the country won't buy you more than your share of rationed foods. And don't expect your grocer or butcher to wink an eye at you, and say how he understands why you happened to forget to bring your ration book to market. He has to turn in all the stamps you pay him, or he won't be able to stock up again. He's rationed on his supplies, just as you are rationed on your purchases.

\* \* \*

It's a good idea to budget your "points." You've been budgeting your food money since the beginning of time. Now, start to have two kinds of budgets—a money budget and a points budget. Just remember this: your stamps have to last so long. If you spend them fast, you'll run out of them. And that's just as bad as running out of cash. Just as you have to wait for pay-day, you'll have to wait for stamp-day.




# LET ME HAVE ROMANCE

**F**OR three years I had wanted nothing but to look up one day and see Bill Jamieson's big figure coming toward me. And then when the day came, when I did look up and see him, and saw the smile of welcome on his face, I wanted to turn and run away and hide.

A girl can wait too long, you see. She can hope too long. And there is nothing truer than that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." And makes the mind a little crazy, too, perhaps. So that a girl can get a mad impulse and go through with it, thinking it is a great and wonderful adventure.

That was what I did. For three years I had taught school in my home town of Big Boulder, ever since I had to quit college and support my mother. At first I heard often from Bill, long letters telling me that college wasn't much fun without me. Then they changed, they were brief, they told of graduation, of getting a job, and after a while they became postcards. I

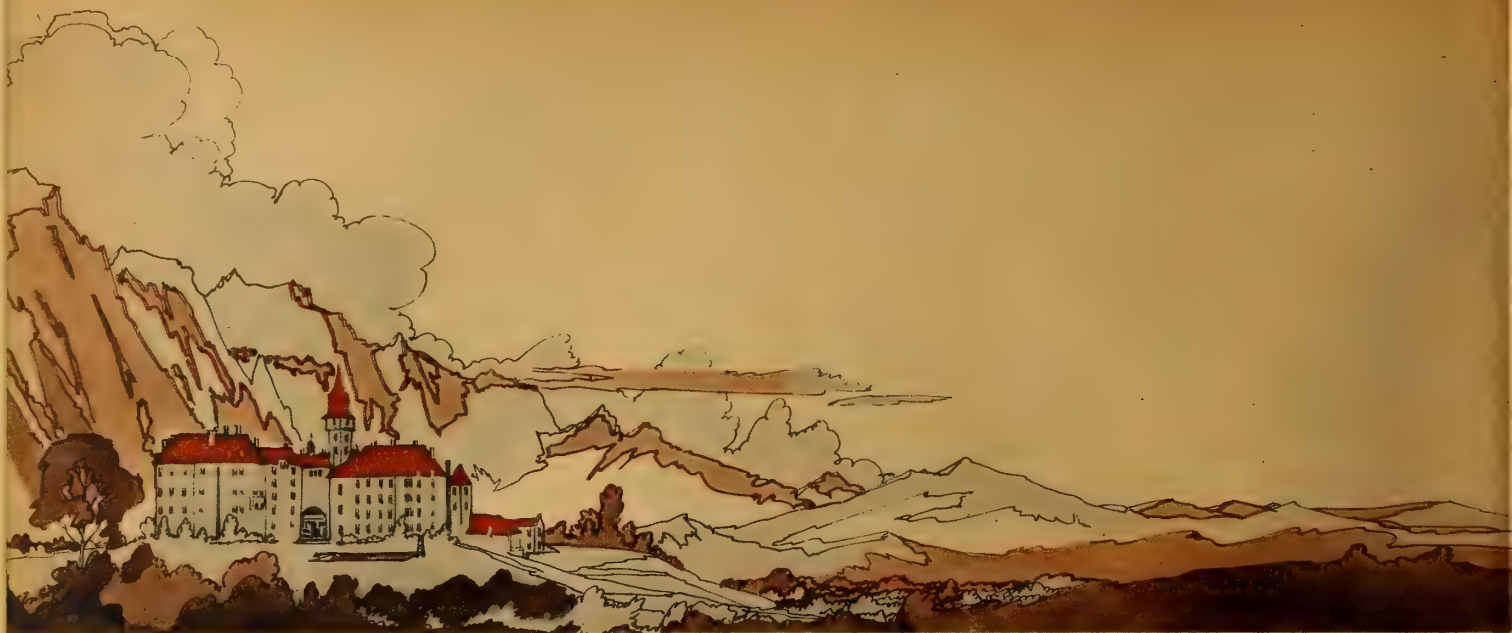


Stefan would spell romance for any girl, with his delightful manners, his promise of shining adventure. No wonder Lisa forgot Bill at last!

*From a Case Heard*

*on A. L. Alexander's Mediation Board*





could understand that he wouldn't have much time for writing letters, now that he was a reporter on a Chicago newspaper. But it wasn't long before I was getting my only news of Bill the same way millions of other people were getting it—by way of syndicated dispatches from Europe under his by-line.

**I**T was all gradual, sickeningly gradual. But one day, three weeks before I was to begin my fourth year of teaching ten-year-olds the same lessons in long-division and geography, I was sitting in a teachers' meeting listening to a little speech from our superintendent, Mr. Gleason, about the year that lay ahead of us, and I knew quite suddenly that I could not face it. In that moment I rebelled. I might seem to Mr. Gleason the ideal modest mouse of a fifth-grade teacher in my neat brown twill with its immaculate cream-colored linen collar, my ashblond hair drawn tidily up into a knot, my smoke-blue eyes well hidden by the spectacles I needed for deciphering the scrawls of children's spelling papers. But that wasn't me. Not the real me. Inside there was someone different, someone with urges, fiery longing for fun and happiness. Yes, and for romance!

The idea of going to the Springs came to me then. Just fifty-eight miles away was a town that might have been a foreign country dropped into the middle of our state, where people from all over the world came, ostensibly for their health. Everybody went there—everybody but people like me. It was a sort of unwritten law that the Springs and the rest of the state didn't mix. But what was to stop me from breaking that law?

But I was to find that the kind of courage it takes to draw one's money out of the bank to toss away on one mad gamble is not enough to help a girl face a world in which she does not belong.

I don't know whether I would have got off that train at the Springs at all if I had not looked out the window and caught a glimpse of Stefan Denenyi. Only a glimpse, just a flash of white teeth in a lean brown face as he bowed over the hand of the luscious red-head who had been on the train. But it was enough. I seized the little rawhide dressing case that matched the two big bags which the porter had taken to the vestibule, and I jumped off the train just as the wheels began to move.

After that it was very simple—and very unreal. I walked to the limousine marked the Farmstead, into which the dark man was helping the red-haired girl, and no one questioned my right to be there. No one seemed to find me anything to laugh at as I walked across the broad veranda of the hotel and into the lobby to sign the register. The clerk behind the desk looked at my signature and did not question it: Lisa Maryott Davies, High Ridge, Kentucky. I had a perfect right to make any modifications I liked in my own name, and after all, I really had visited my uncle once in Kentucky. It seemed so innocent, that little device, then.

The queer thing, the surprising thing, was that my plans worked. After not too many bad moments, without too much deep and abject fear, I really met and danced with Stefan Denenyi. That was not too much of a miracle, either. For when we sat at cocktails that first night before dinner, he told me of his official position in the hotel as Coordinator of Recreation.

"Though sometimes," he told me bitterly, looking at a group of large-

bosomed, complaining-voiced women entering the bar, "I have the suspicion that my title should be—oh, well, never mind!"

His brown eyes were velvet-dark with shame. I was sorry for him. I could imagine the sense of degradation a job like this would give a man who had been the respected student son of a respected doctor in his own country. But he shrugged fatalistically. "Why should we mourn a life that is gone—how do you say—on the wind? One has gratitude merely to exist in this so great country of the free air—" He drank the last of his cocktail with a gesture so debonair that I knew I had not been wrong when I recognized in him the very essence of the romance I had come to seek. "But let us talk of you," he said. "I see a picture in the eye of my mind. You are astride a horse, your so lovely hair blowing in the wind, looking very small and slight up on the back of the great animal who is held in subjection by your little hand. Do I see correct?"

I had to laugh, thinking of the only time I ever rode a horse. Certainly I had been small, not over seven, and certainly the horse had been so great an animal that I had pretended he was an elephant and not a plowhorse being led home from the field. I said, smiling, "There are points of resemblance."

He nodded in satisfaction, and I thought nothing more of it until he introduced me to Maris Garveau.

We had stopped beside the roulette table where her red head was bent intently, watching the tiny dancing ball as it came to rest at last on the number 17. All her chips, and they were hundred dollar ones, were on that number, but when she looked up and saw Stefan Denenyi watching, she seemed to lose all interest in the game. She turned away carelessly as the croupier began raking in the losers' chips and shoving them with deft speed to make an enormous pile beside

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This story, by Hope Hale Davis, was suggested by a true case history presented on A. L. Alexander's Mediation Board, the great human interest program on Mutual, Mondays at 9:30 P.M.



*For a moment I felt lonely. Then Bill's arms were around me, his cheek against the top of my head.*



mine, lightly, had straightened out my fingers, one by one. - Then he had cupped my head beneath his hands and drawn my lips to meet his in a kiss so light, at first, so gentle, that I hardly knew when the quality had changed to something very different from gentleness. But before my mind could catch up with the beating blood from my heart, he had released me and said good-night.

I did not see him till after lunch when we met on the terrace. He had time only to tell me that he must spend the afternoon riding with Maris Garveau. "Yesterday I liked best of my day to ride the trails. But today, without you, the scene shall be so flat as desert sand. Tomorrow you shall ride with us."

I did not have time to answer. It was at that moment that I looked up and saw Bill Jamieson. Bill, who for so many years I had wanted to see—and who was the last person in the world I could have asked to see at that moment.

At first I did not know why I got the funny empty sensation inside as my eyes passed idly over the group of people on the porch. It was habit, I suppose. For years I'd felt it every time I saw a man who carried his broad shoulders just that way, sort of swinging as he walked. But this man limped, I observed with that part of my mind that always seemed busiest with details when I am deeply absorbed in something else. And then he turned, and I knew. Even with his limp, this man was no stranger. It was Bill! For an instant I felt a surge of gladness, before I realized what this meant. He would give me away! I whirled abruptly.

But it was too late. Bill was coming up the walk and his blue eyes were alight with recognition. In a minute he would say, "Why, Bets, what brings you here? Why aren't you home in Big Boulder (Continued on page 53)

her place. She looked up at Stefan and her green eyes grew very bright. She said, "Cash my chips, will you darling?"

"But with pleasure," he told her. "And now the two most beautiful ladies in the hotel must meet."

She turned and gave me the most brilliant smile I ever received, and—as I realized after a moment—in some odd way the deadliest. She was seeing right through me, I thought desperately, straight to the school teacher from Big Boulder. And Stefan was saying, "Miss Dahvees is of what you call the land of Blue Fields, is it not?"

I tried to laugh. I said, "I'm afraid it's a long time since I've seen the blue grass of Kentucky."

Maris Garveau eyed me from head to foot and said, "But once a Kentuckian, always a horsewoman. You

must ride with me tomorrow."

I had never even owned a pair of riding breeches. I would not know how to mount a horse. I looked her in the eye and said, "I'm afraid not. Not tomorrow." And I shut my lips firmly on the hasty nervous excuses that wanted to come out.

When I went to my room that night, I dared to hope that I had wop the first round. For Stefan had kissed me as we stood watching the tiny crescent moon slip down behind the hills out past the golf course.

It was not a thing that I intended to have happen on the first night I had met a man. But nothing I had ever experienced could prepare me for the skill and delicacy of Stefan's approach. A moment before he had been telling me of a view from a hilltop over the Danube. One of his hands had taken



# I'll Love You Again



**I**T had been a day like any other. That, I thought resentfully as I dressed for the dance, was just the trouble. All days lately were like any other. Wasn't there ever anything new, anything exciting to look forward to? Had life so soon lost the flavor of expectancy? What was the matter with me?

Heaven knows, I had most of the things that could make a woman happy. Carl loved me, and for the five years of our marriage he had been the finest, most generous husband anybody could have. I had a lovely home, filled with gracious living; I had money enough in a modest way to buy what I wanted. I was twenty-five, healthy, and—some people said—pretty. It wasn't a question of time on my hands, because with a house to manage and three commitments on war work, my days were busy and active. Then what was it? Why did I have this sense of missing and unfulfillment?

In sudden impatience at all my unanswerable questions, I got up from the dressing table and turned to the new dress spread out on the bed. That dress had been sheer, criminal extravagance but I hadn't been able to resist it. And as I slipped the gossamer silk folds over my head and turned to the full-length mirror, I knew why. It was made for me. It was fashioned of lamé, with a low-cut neckline and tiny sleeves; from the slim bodice, yards and yards of tulle skirt swept to the floor. It was the dress blondes dream of, that brings out the gold highlights in your hair and makes your skin creamy. You felt like a Hollywood glamour girl in it.

I turned from the mirror and laughed a little wryly. Carl wouldn't even notice it. He never seemed to notice

what I wore. And when I asked him if he liked it, he would say "Very nice, my dear," and that would be that. Carl wasn't one for pretty speeches.

Downstairs, the doorbell rang. I sighed. That would be the new efficiency expert Carl had told me about at dinner. "He's said to be brilliant," he explained. "With him, we can double the output at the factory in six months and make our former war production look sick. I asked him to come along to the dance tonight, Laura. Be a good chance to get acquainted."

I knew what he'd be like. Dry, and stuffed with facts and figures, and he and Carl would talk shop all evening. I knew what the evening would be like, too. Carl gave a dance for his employees every six months—a lovely one that they attended because they wanted to and not out of duty. It was at the ballroom of Carleton's one big hotel, and there were two orchestras that played all night so that everybody on all the shifts could come. And Carl would dance once, dutifully, with me—he hated dancing, and danced as if he did. Then there'd be a sedate turn or two about the floor with the other executives. And the rest of the time I would sit and watch the youngsters have the time of their lives until Carl would say solicitously, "Getting tired, Laura? Want to go?" And we'd come home like a doddering old couple and go to bed.

That's the way it would be, I thought, as I walked down the stairs toward the voices below. A night like any other. And then just inside the living-room I stopped with a gasp as if a blow had driven the breath from my body.

The man with Carl . . . he turned slowly as his startled eyes bored into mine. They were dark brown, nearly

black, in a face that was lean and tanned and laughter-loving. There was assurance in that face, but some thing else besides—some intensity that caught and pulled you.

"This is David Agnew, Laura," Carl was saying.

In a daze—I was conscious only of the wild beating of my heart—I stretched out a hand grown suddenly cold and murmured, "How do you do—Mr. Agnew."

He seemed about to speak as his fingers grasped mine, to speak some special word for me alone. But he only said, "How do you do—Mrs. Ober."

Somehow I found a chair and sat down, keeping my eyes on Carl as he picked up a cigarette and lighted it. "Have a drink, Agnew?" he said. "I've a phone call to make, if you'll excuse me a moment."

I kept my eyes fixed on the glowing end of the cigarette until Carl left the room. When I raised them, David Agnew was beside me. "After all these years—Laura, I never dreamed—I had the shock of my life when you walked in that door. You're lovelier than ever, even more than I remembered."

"It was a shock to me, too," I said as easily as I could. "Carl hadn't mentioned your name. In fact," I laughed a little, "it was such a shock, I couldn't even say I'd known you before. Silly of me, wasn't it?"

"Was it? Maybe it's always better to forget what might have been and just start fresh with what is." His voice even more than the words, pulled at me as it always had, bringing back that old, sharp sense of excitement. "I've thought about you oftener than you'd ever believe, Laura, wondering where and how you were. I never expected





*She knew she must break*

*Carl's heart or her own, this*

*wife who cherished a dream all*

*these years, for David was the*

*dream come alive once more.*

*It was heaven to be with him*

less and—yes, and haunted. Almost as though something were missing that you should have . . .”

My breath caught. He'd seen it—the thing I'd felt upstairs only a few moments ago, the thing I'd tried to pin down and couldn't. “Nonsense,” I started to say, and then Carl came into the room.

I don't know what we talked about in those next few minutes. Mercifully, it was mostly about the plant, I think—talk the two men shared, which left me without necessity for joining it. As soon as I could, I excused myself and went upstairs to get my wrap.

I was conscious of the effect I made, coming down the long flight of stairs—I felt as if I were floating down toward the two men who were waiting for me at the foot.

“Well,” Carl said, in his hearty, bluff voice, “Ready to go?”

Some imp of perversity made me say it. To this day I don't know why. “Carl—how do you like my dress?” I said. “It's new.”

He gave it an appraising glance. “Very nice, my dear. Very becoming.” Just as I knew he would.

All during the drive to the hotel I sat silent between the two men. Why was I acting in this foolish fashion? Why on earth hadn't I said, “Carl, isn't it funny? David's an old friend of mine—an old sweetheart I had in college. Isn't it nice to see him again after all this time?” Why hadn't I said it when we met—or say it now, casually?

Because, I told myself honestly, I didn't feel casual. David had stirred something in me, something that had lain asleep since that night so long ago. The night of the Junior Prom way back in '36. . . .

that the lovely Mrs. Ober I've heard so much about in the two days I've been here would turn out to be—the love of my life.” He said those last words lightly, as any man might to an old sweetheart he hadn't seen in years. But they clung caressingly.

“Tell me about yourself.” I was struggling for self-possession. “Are you married?”

“No. Maybe I could never find the girl who would make me forget the one I took to the Junior Prom way back in '36. There's not much to tell. I got into this business a few years ago and have been plugging away at it, here and there, ever since. Then your husband offered me this chance here and—

well, that's all there is to tell. Now about you—are you happy, Laura? Has life been good to you?”

“It's given me Carl,” I said. “And Carl's the finest man in the world. And it's given me—all this.”

He followed my gesture around the living room, with firelight glowing on the polished old antiques I loved so much, on the rows of well-read books, on the phonograph in the corner beside its shelves of recordings. “It's a lot,” he said slowly, “but—” And then he took my arm gently, turned me toward the mirror above the mantel—“but look at yourself, Laura. Your face is the same—only lovelier, as I said. But your eyes—they look rest-



I was eighteen, and in my second year at the little college in Weston, across the state. All life lay ahead, an adventure to be savored to the full, bright with the magic that doesn't exist except in the dreams of the young and eager. I was dancing with David whom I'd met only an hour before, and the piece was that old one of Noel Coward's, "I'll See You Again," and David was singing the words softly—and then suddenly we were looking at each other with new eyes and David said, "This is it."

He led me out on the porch, and our kiss was to each of us like none other that had ever been or could be. It was a breathless, precious moment, caught in time—to be held, we thought, forever.

All during that spring the breathlessness lasted. Every free hour we spent together, reading poetry and finding ourselves in it, seeking beauty where only youth can find it, laughing with the careless joy of being alive and in love. There'd never been a love like ours, we told ourselves solemnly.

And then, the very last day of the school year, we quarrelled. Over what I don't remember. All I remember is the bitterness of it, and the violence. We'd never quarrelled before. Each was too proud to take the first step toward reconciliation, and all that summer I waited for the letter that didn't come, and wrote a hundred of my own that were never sent.

**M**Y father died in late August, and I didn't go back to college. David did. My friends wrote me that he never mentioned my name and he was dating practically every attractive girl on the campus. "But never the same one twice," they wrote. "It's easy to see he's trying to forget you, and can't." Then suddenly, on the offer of a job—David was brilliant even then—he dropped out of college, and I never heard from him again. I knew other men, had other dates, and realized that what we had had was a college romance. But there was a sense of unfinished about it that kept me from ever completely forgetting him.

About a year later I met Carl Ober. I'd heard about him long before we met. Everybody talked of him when he came to Carleton. "He's a great guy," the older men said, "quit school at fourteen and worked his way up and look at him now. Twenty-nine and owns his own business. Got a heart as big as all outdoors, too." Mothers with marriageable daughters gave little dinner parties and whispered to their intimates, "A wonderful catch, my dear. So steady and dependable, and there's a good deal of money, I hear." And the girls my own age reported, "Definitely not the romantic type, darling, but definitely not a drip either. He's swell."

And so he was. All of that, and more. For others didn't know him as I grew to, and didn't recognize that quiet strength and granite-like integrity for what it was. Carl was a big man, strong, and loosely built; you expected him to be awkward but he

moved like a cat, for all his size. He was quiet and untalkative—at first I thought because he had little to say. Later, I discovered he was inarticulate from shyness. "You see," he told me once, "I always feel like a fool when I open my mouth. I've never had much education, or any social advantages as a kid, and—well, the things I feel don't sound right when I say 'em, so I don't say 'em. Just a dumb cluck, I guess."

He was terribly wrong about that. He may not have had much formal schooling, but in his quiet way he was deeply intelligent, deeply wise. And he couldn't have done anything mean if his life depended on it.

When he asked me to marry him, two months after we met, there was never any doubt in my mind about what to say. I loved Carl, and respected and admired him more than anyone I'd ever known. And in his quiet, inarticulate way, I knew he'd give his life for me. The first years of our marriage I was completely happy.

Then, all of a sudden—well, it was like going to bed one night with everything normal and fine, and waking up the next morning to find life gone flat like a leftover glass of champagne. The sparkle was gone, the enchantment. I didn't know why, or what was missing, until the night I walked into the living room and looked again at David Agnew.

It was at the dance I really knew.

By the time we reached the ballroom, the party was in full swing. The prize for the jitterbug contest was just being awarded to the flushed and triumphant couple of youngsters who had won it. At every dance, Carl authorized a small war bond to be given to the best jitterbug couple and the best waltzing couple. "Good for morale," he said. When the applauding, whistles and cheers died down, the band leader announced the beginning of the waltz contest.

David slipped his arm through mine. "Will you waltz with me, Mrs. Ober?" he said, his eyes teasing.

I looked at Carl. "Go ahead," he said. "I've got to see Hunter."

With an excited gaiety I hadn't felt in

years, I let David lead me out on the floor. In the old days he'd been the best dancer I'd ever seen. I soon found out he still was. Our steps, our bodies, fitted perfectly. Soon everybody had been eliminated besides one other couple and ourselves. I looked up at him and laughed.

"You haven't forgotten how," I said. "We're good!"

"Listen. Listen to what they're playing . . ."

The orchestra had gone into "I'll See You Again." Suddenly the years fell away. I was eighteen, in David's arms, dancing on the threshold of magic.

He was singing the words softly, close to my ear, for me alone . . . "Time may lie heavy between, But what has been—Is past forgetting . . ." The same as before—yet now, it seemed, with new significance. Had he not forgotten, either? Was he being pulled by the romance of this moment as I was? And then I knew. I knew that what I missed was romance—someone to hold me with possessive arms as we danced, to whisper a love song in my ear; to make me feel desirable and beloved once more . . .

I was jerked up sharply by the sudden burst of applause, the awareness of the smiling faces all turned in our direction. And then I saw we were the only couple left on the floor! We'd won the contest—the boss' wife and the efficiency expert.

The music from the orchestra stopped, but the soft music of David's humming in my ear went on. We were caught, like the children in the fairy tale who had to go on dancing forever. I tried to slow my steps, but David whirled me in the intricacies of his inspired waltz still—and we turned and dipped and glided away from the crowd, through the open French windows and onto the terrace, to stand there transfixed in each other's arms for a moment, hushed in a magic of our own making.

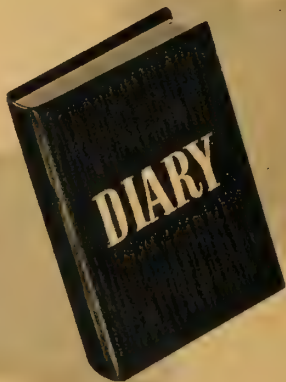
Laughter behind us, from within the room, broke the spell. I pulled out of David's arms. "We must go back inside," I cried. "They're waiting for us—David!"

**H**E laughed as he caught my hand and pulled me back through the doorway.

Flushed and embarrassed, we went up to the band leader to receive our prize. I wanted to sink through the floor, as the applause doubled. How much had people seen, in that dance? Had they read my feelings in my face? Almost beseechingly, my eyes sought Carl's. He was standing beside Mr. Hunter, politely applauding and looking a little embarrassed, but his face told me nothing.

We didn't stay much longer. I pleaded the excuse of being tired, but I had to get away. I couldn't have danced with David again, couldn't have acted as if that moment on the floor had never been. . . .

At home, getting ready for bed, Carl said suddenly, "You and young Agnew seemed to get along well. You danced together as if (Continued on page 79)



Helen Irwin Dowdey's "I'll Love You Again," was suggested by an original radio script, "Old Love," by Robert Wetzel and Robert Arthur, and heard on Mutual's Just Five Lines series.



A woman with dark, wavy hair is seated at a dark wooden desk. She is wearing a white short-sleeved blouse with a small floral brooch at the waist and a grey skirt. She is looking down at a piece of paper she is holding in her right hand. On the desk, there is a typewriter and some other papers. The scene is framed within a large, circular vignette.

# Tears

## ARE SO REAL

*Just the sound of footsteps, and a voice humming a song—but they set free the tears and anguish Lila thought she had locked away in her heart forever*

**A**CTUALLY, this is the story of just one day out of my life—the most important day of all the days I've ever lived or ever will live. It was the day I—well, let's say it was the day I woke up, when I finally got a clear look at myself and at my life. But the roots of the story go far back, of course, far back to the beginning of my life with Jeff, my husband, and to the beginning of my love for him—and to what I once thought was the end of my love for him, too.

The day started badly. Everything

went wrong that morning. Ralph Clark, the continuity director of radio station WKKL—I was his secretary—had been home with a cold the day before, and as a consequence, the script for his show, "A Word From The Wise," wasn't ready. Furthermore, he had taken all of the mail on which the show was based home with him the night before last to read—but he hadn't touched it, and that meant that I had all the reading and sorting to do before we could get to the job of actually putting the show together.

To make matters worse, I hadn't pulled out the button on the alarm clock last night, and so, of course, I had overslept. I was acutely conscious of the fact that my hair wasn't as neat as usual, that the chipped polish on two fingernails hadn't been repaired.

So there I was, seated behind my desk, on which was spread out all of the mail which had come to "A Word From The Wise" in the past week, reading and sorting frantically, and wishing for the millionth time that I hadn't been persuaded to return to WKKL.



This was the second time I had worked for WKKL, you see—well, perhaps I had better go back and explain the whole thing, so that you'll really understand how I felt that day. Explain the whole thing—if there's any way to put magic into words, to commit laughter to paper, to tell about heaven, and about the opposite of heaven, too.

**T**HE first time I worked at WKKL had been three years before. There wasn't anything out of the ordinary about my going there. I had been working for a much smaller station, and when I saw WKKL's ad for a secretary for the continuity director, I went up and applied, and waited with a lot of other girls in the lobby. Right up through that point it was very ordinary—just like applying for any other job. But then, when I was shown into Jeff's office, that job suddenly became the most exciting, the most wonderful thing in the world.

Jeff had stood up, and though until that moment I'd always thought of myself as the perfect, well-poised secretary, I couldn't for the life of me find a word to say in the face of his long, lean strength, the wonderful masculine beauty of him. He was very tall, and you knew by the way he walked how the muscles would move in perfect coordination under the covering of his tobacco-smelling tweed suit. He was handsome in a funny, *new* sort of way. Laughter had spread a fine network of little lines from his eyes to imprison the devil in them; laughter had shaped his mouth so that now it curved always a little upwards at the corners. He was—but what's the use of trying to describe anyone like Jeff? He was just Jeff—and there was no one like him anywhere in the world, never had been, and never would be again.

Jeff hired me, and I went to work the following Monday, a slim, efficient shadow, completely overawed by this big, gloriously good-looking man, whose laughter seemed to make the very walls laugh with him, whose eyes plainly said that the whole world, that life itself, was a delightful, ridiculous joke. I don't have to tell you that I fell in love with him. You can tell by the way I talk about him that I was in love with him from the moment I answered his buzzer the first time that first morning until the day, six months later, when I answered his buzzer again to be greeted with "Take a memo to my secretary. Ask her if she'll marry me first thing tomorrow morning." And then, of course, I loved him so much more that the feeling I'd had for him before seemed only a feeble liking by comparison.

But I couldn't say yes to that memo. I couldn't send myself, unquestioning, into Jeff's arms. We were so different, Jeff and I . . . I was afraid.

I didn't know then that a man's laughter could dissolve a woman's will, but I found it out during the few weeks that followed, when I watched my constant "no" change to a final, frightened "yes" under the barrage of Jeff's sweet, tender, laughter-filled urging.

Even when I was standing at the altar with him, when my lips were saying "I do," my mind was saying "I shouldn't."

That's no way to start a marriage. But for a while there was that other part of the beginning—so sweet to be in Jeff's arms, so wonderful the miracle of belonging to him, so heady the delight of being one half of the perfect whole that our marriage was for a little while, that I forgot my fears. It was like being on a vacation, that beginning. On a vacation you try to get away as far as possible from the ordinary routine of your life. You do the things that for the other fifty weeks of the year you never dream of doing. You spend money in a way that you don't spend it at any other time. Laughter comes so easily, and nothing seems quite real. Pretty soon, you tell yourself, I'll be going back to my normal

life, but right now I'm not even going to think about it. Pretty soon there'll have to be an end to all this, but I'm not going to believe it until I have to.

But that "pretty soon" never came for Jeff and me. Because Jeff's way of life, his way of looking at things, was like one long vacation. And to me that was like being doomed to live on a diet of cake à la mode—sweet and delightful and rich and unusual for a while—







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It wasn't that any of these things were wrong, or that Jeff meant them to be the prelude to anything wrong. It was my own eyes that saw a strangeness in his actions. To me, you see, black was black and white was white, and there was no room for any gray.

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But I do remember what we last quarreled about. A silly thing, I suppose you'll say, to base the ruining of two lives upon, but to me it was not just the action itself, but the fact that it epitomized Jeff's way of doing things, of looking at things, so foreign to my way of doing and looking at them.

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But we didn't get the slip covers. Because Jeff bought a dog. A huge, lop-eared, big-footed dog. Oh, it wasn't that I don't love dogs, or that I wouldn't have wanted one—but to take the money, without consulting me, and use it to buy a dog we couldn't possibly keep in a city apartment—well, that was just like Jeff, and it was more than I could stand. I looked at the dog, and I looked at Jeff, and I looked at what I knew our life was going to be, always,—and I simply couldn't stand it.

I packed my clothes that night, and left. And I hardened my heart against the picture that stayed in my mind long after I had gone—the picture of Jeff, sick and hurt, sitting in his favorite chair with one hand buried in the ruff of that ungainly mutt he'd bought. It didn't even occur to me that he'd bought the dog for me, not for himself, until I had said all the irrevocable things I said that night, and had gone away from him—nor did I let myself remember, then, when I was crying out my grievances against him, how wonderful, how secure it felt to be Jeff's wife, to be the woman Jeff loved.

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It was easier, (Continued on page 61)







This was the second time I had worked for WKKL, you see—well, perhaps I had better go back and explain the whole thing, so that you'll really understand how I felt that day. Explain the whole thing—if there's any way to put magic into words, to commit laughter to paper, to tell about heaven, and about the opposite of heaven, too.

**T**HE first time I worked at WKKL had been three years before. There wasn't anything out of the ordinary about my going there. I had been working for a much smaller station, and when I saw WKKL's ad for a secretary for the continuity director, I went up and applied, and waited with a lot of other girls in the lobby. Right up through that point it was very ordinary—just like applying for any other job. But then, when I was shown into Jeff's office, that job suddenly became the most exciting, the most wonderful thing in the world.

Jeff had stood up, and though until that moment I'd always thought of myself as the perfect, well-poised secretary, I couldn't for the life of me find a word to say in the face of his long, lean strength, the wonderful masculine beauty of him. He was very tall, and you knew by the way he walked how the muscles would move in perfect coordination under the covering of his tobacco-smelling tweed suit. He was handsome in a funny, new sort of way. Laughter had spread a fine network of little lines from his eyes to imprison the devil in them; laughter had shaped his mouth so that now it curved always a little upwards at the corners. He was—but what's the use of trying to describe anyone like Jeff? He was just Jeff—and there was no one like him anywhere in the world, never had been, and never would be again.

Jeff hired me, and I went to work the following Monday, a slim, efficient shadow, completely overawed by this big, gloriously good-looking man, whose laughter seemed to make the very walls laugh with him, whose eyes plainly said that the whole world, that life itself, was a delightful, ridiculous joke. I don't have to tell you that I fell in love with him. You can tell by the way I talk about him that I was in love with him from the moment I answered his buzzer the first time that first morning until the day, six months later, when I answered his buzzer again to be greeted with "Take a memo to my secretary. Ask her if she'll marry me first thing tomorrow morning." And then, of course, I loved him so much more that the feeling I'd had for him before seemed only a feeble liking by comparison.

But I couldn't say yes to that memo. I couldn't send myself, unquestioning, into Jeff's arms. We were so different, Jeff and I... I was afraid.

I didn't know then that a man's laughter could dissolve a woman's will, but I found it out during the few weeks that followed, when I watched my constant "no" change to a final, frightened "yes" under the barrage of Jeff's sweet, tender, laughter-filled urging.

Even when I was standing at the altar with him, when my lips were saying "I do," my mind was saying "I shouldn't."

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It was easier. (Continued on page 61)



PRESENTING, IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

# Snow Village

See in interesting close-up photographs the delightful rural folk you've been listening to daily over NBC, sponsored by P. & G. White Laundry Soap



HIRAM NEVILLE, right, is one of Snow Village's leading citizens. When asked about himself, he'll say, "I was born on a farm in this village 62 years ago and the first word I said was 'No.'" Hiram is frugal, honest, suspicious and as New Hampshire as a stone wall. He shows an ornery surface, but underneath he's got a heart of gold, and when he does a generous act he doesn't want anyone to know about it.

(Played by  
Parker Fennelly)

YOUNG WILBUR AND MARGIE are the young 'uns in love. He's Carrie's son; she's Dan'l and Hattie Dickey's niece. Young Wilbur has been spoiled by his mother for all his eighteen years and, considering this fact, has turned out pretty well. He is Margie's first beau. Hattie has brought Margie up to be smart and capable and nature made her pretty. She can twist Uncle Dan'l round as she pleases, but not Hattie.

(Wilbur played by  
John Thomas)  
(Margie played by  
Jean McCoy)









**GRANDSIR**, otherwise known as Wilbur Z. Knox, is the male half of the oldest couple in Snow Village. Although in the middle eighties, he is as lively as a terrier and as unreliable as New England weather. The oldest inhabitant can't remember when he and his venerable spouse agreed on anything. In spite of 50 years of domestic storms, they just celebrated their Golden Wedding day.

(Played by  
Arthur Allen)



**GRAMMIE** is the distaff side of the family. She still does her own housework and spends at least half her energy trying to make Grandsir do his share of the work. She is a lady of great firmness of mind, and yet has a very kind heart. She looks sweet and fragile, but nobody can push Gram around. Gram claims she is only sixty-nine years old, but Grandsir has other ideas on that.

(Played by  
Elsie Mae Gordon)



**CARRIE**, their daughter, who lives across the Maine line in Brownfield, shows very little resemblance to either of her parents. She is a woman with whom appearances count a great deal, and is the only one who can manage the old couple sometimes!

(Played by Katharine Raht)





DAN'L DICKEY would never acknowledge that anyone managed him, although both Hattie and Margie do that. He is quick-tempered, generous, and impulsive, the complete opposite of Hiram Neville, with whom he has been at swords' points for the past fifty years. (Played by Arthur Allen)

HATTIE, left, manages her husband, Dan'l, without raising her voice. She typifies the women of Snow Village—civic-minded, proud of her responsibilities and normal in her contentment. She's devoted to her husband and home, but is not convinced that men ever make sense. (Played by Agnes Young)



# Love is not

*Circumstances had made Barry Morgan her enemy. But when Jennie's mind told her heart that she must hate him, her heart could only answer, "Remember the moon that night you danced together—remember the feeling of his arms around you!"*

I DON'T usually listen to Mayor Tolan's speeches on the radio. When you're as unimportant a member of the community as I am, you don't take much interest in what the important ones say. You know that whatever it is, it's not going to do you any good—you'll still be working from nine to six in Greer's Dollar Store, still be tired at night when you come home, and lonely most of the time.

It just happened that this particular Friday night I left my room while dance-music was coming over the air, and when I came back from taking a bath down the hall, the Mayor was talking.

I was going to tune in some other station when I heard it. My own brother's name.

"... and last night one of these young hoodlums, Michael Rae, broke into a neighborhood candy store..."

The room spun around me, and the Mayor's next words got all mixed up into a jumble. "Mike!" I heard myself whisper, far off. "Oh, Mike!"

It had happened—the trouble I'd been afraid of for all the months since Pop went away to work in Detroit and left Mike and me alone in Weston. But I'd hoped it wouldn't be this bad.

Then the room stopped swaying, and the words from the radio made sense again, and I was listening with my heart hammering inside me.

"It must be stopped, and it will be stopped," the hard, angry voice said. "There must be no leniency, no soft sentimentality. It is the duty of your City Attorney, Barrett Morgan, to prosecute this criminal, Michael Rae, with all the energy of his distinguished office. I call upon him, in the name of this city, to do so..."

There was more, but it was all the same—loud and vengeful and cruel. "Oh, shut up, shut up!" I cried out in helpless fury. But when he stopped at last it was almost worse than ever, because then I was left alone with the knowledge that I'd failed in doing what Pop had asked me to do when he left town—take care of Mike.

I didn't cry. Years ago, when I was

twelve and my mother died, I started learning not to cry. There had never been time to waste on tears. In their place had come a slow, burning anger. Anger was all we'd had to live on, sometimes, Pop and Mike and I, when Pop was sick and out of a job. Later, anger had taken the place, for me, of high school books and good times, while I went to work in Greer's store. And it might have been anger, again, that sent Mike to break into a candy store.

Because I knew he'd done it, all right. I never doubted it for a minute. It was the kind of wild, daredevil thing Mike *would* do. But it wasn't fair to blame him, it wasn't fair to hound him and spit out his name over the radio!

I couldn't sit still any longer. I got up and walked around the tiny room where I lived, and I ran my fingers through my short yellow hair until it was all rumpled. I'd have to do something—I'd have to make them see that it wasn't Mike's fault—or that even if it was, they were taking away his last hope of being decent by treating him this way!

I'd go to the Mayor... But I knew that wouldn't do any good. Just listening to him on the air told me that. They probably wouldn't even let me in to see him. The City Attorney—what was his name? Morgan or something—maybe I could talk to him.

All night long my brain raced around and around—endlessly, miserably. I'd have to see Mike... Why hadn't he let me know? ... and there was Pop... I must write him... It was going to be bad enough for him as it was, but it would almost kill him if he found out from the newspapers or the radio...

THE City Attorney's secretary kept me waiting, the next morning, for an hour before she'd let me in to see him. I sat on a hard chair, wearing my good tan gabardine suit—which wasn't so very good, at that—and tried not to be intimidated by the cool impudence of the way she'd said, "Mr. Morgan's busy just now. He'll see you as soon as he's

free if you want to wait." Wait! I couldn't afford to lose any time at the store, but I'd wait forever if I had to!

At last the secretary nodded and said, "Mr. Morgan will see you now," and I went through the glass-paneled door into a big office where a man was sitting between a wide, flat-topped desk and windows which looked out over City Hall Square. The light behind him was so intense that at first I couldn't see him clearly, but when I did the breath went rushing out of my lungs in a gasp, while memory carried me back through the months to a night I'd tried my best to forget.

No matter where you live, you've been in Brewer's Park on a summer evening. It has an open-air dance floor where a four-piece band plays, and a bar where you can buy soft drinks or maybe beer, and electric lights strung between the branches of the trees, giving the leaves a mysterious kind of green they never have in the daytime.

Mary McConnell and I had gone out on the bus because it had been too hot in town—and because we were bored and restless. For the same reasons, I guess, as the two young men who watched us a few minutes and then came over and asked if we'd dance.

Yes, I know—I knew then—that even if there was nothing actually wrong about it, it was common and cheap to let myself be "picked up" that way. But sometimes you hunger for a little laughter—a little adventure, even if it isn't the right kind. You think, "Why not? It doesn't matter. A dance or two..."

Only this time it did matter. It mattered terribly.

I wouldn't know the boy who paired off with Mary if I saw him face to face this minute. I hardly looked at him. But the one who danced with me, and who gave me his name simply as Barry, brought me the feeling that I had known him always. In my dreams, I guess, I had. Not his red hair, that went so oddly with his darker eyebrows and lashes, nor his quick smile with its flash of white, even teeth—but surely I'd known the firm sure-



# for me

*Suddenly he caught me close to him. "Don't, oh please don't," I cried, but he only laughed at me.*

ness of his dancing, the warmth of his hand against my back, through the thin cotton of my dress, the clean, fresh smell of the linen jacket he wore.

Between dances we talked, and had some soda pop, and then we danced again. And with every minute that passed I told myself, "This is wrong, all wrong."

It was so easy to see that this was just fun for him. He wasn't the kind of boy—not boy, either; he was twenty-eight or nine—who ever had to pick up a girl in a public amusement park. Every word he spoke, every movement of his body, told about good schools and money and an assured way of living.

At midnight I knew the four-piece band would pack up its instruments and go home; and then this Barry whose last name I did not know would do one of two things—and I did not think I could stand either of them. He might smile and say, "Thanks, Jennie, for dancing with me. It's been fun." And then he and his friend would offer to drive Mary and me home, and they'd see the dingy gray rooming house on the dingy gray city block where I lived, and Barry would know all over again what he'd known well enough before—that I was just a pick-up girl, good for a few dances and a few laughs but not anyone he'd ever want to know better or to bring into his own so-different world.

Or he might try to make love to me. And that would be worse—oh, so very much worse.

I didn't think all this out. I just knew I had to leave him, run away, before the band stopped playing. So when I guessed it was nearly time, I asked him to excuse me and slipped away, under the trees to the bus terminal, and went home alone.

Mary was angry when I saw her the next day. "A fine thing to do!" she complained. "My fellow—Jimmy—was going to take us all to a swell place to eat, but when you sneaked out on the party, it just sort of broke up. What got into you?"

"I'm sorry," was all I could say. "I just—wanted to go."

"And they were so nice!" Mary sighed. "Plenty of money, and even if they'd tried to get fresh we could've





handled them all right."

But I was glad. By running away, I had kept something lovely and sweet . . . kept it untouched until this moment when I faced Barry again in the office of the City Attorney.

He got half out of the swivel chair and then stood, bent over, staring.

"Jennie!" he whispered. "The little girl at Brewer's Park—you're Mike Rae's sister!"

Mike Rae's sister. Yes, that's who I was. And he was the City Attorney. Because of that evening in Brewer's Park, he might be more willing to help me—and yet I found myself wishing sadly that the City Attorney had been someone else—anyone else.

I came slowly into the room. "I didn't know—"

**H**E interrupted me, "Why did you run away like that? I thought you liked me—I thought we were having fun together—and then all of a sudden you were gone."

I met his eyes, hurt and bewildered, and then looked quickly away again. It wasn't possible—it simply wasn't possible that it had meant anything to him. Such things didn't happen. It had hurt his masculine pride, that was all. And anyway, it couldn't matter now, because now I was Mike Rae's sister, and I'd come here to ask for his help—not as Barry, the boy I'd danced with on an enchanted summer night, but as the City Attorney of Weston.

"I'm sorry," I murmured. "It wasn't polite." I tried to smile. "If I'd known you were the City Attorney, maybe—"

"I wasn't then," he said absently. "I was elected this spring." He paused, then drew a breath and squared his shoulders. "Well," he said in a different voice, more matter-of-fact and yet somehow still faintly distressed, "I suppose you came to see me about your brother."

With that, reality came back. Brewer's Park was gone, and we were just the City Attorney and the sister of a boy who'd been arrested.

I sat down, and I tried to tell him all that I had rehearsed so carefully beforehand—how my mother had died

when Mike was only nine, how Pop had been sick so long and so badly that now the only job he could get was as a watchman in a Detroit factory, where living conditions were too crowded for Mike and me to join him, even if I could have afforded to give up my job. I tried to make him see how Mike wasn't really bad, just wild and restless and bitter because there didn't seem to be anything for him to do.

"Your brother has been living with you?" he asked, and although I would rather not have told him this, I had to say:

"He was, until a few days ago. He had a room next to mine, and I used to fix breakfast and supper for him on the gas plate. But he—he didn't like it. He didn't like having me know when he stayed out late at night." Spying on him, was what Mike had said in that last ugly, unhappy scene between us, but I wasn't going to tell Barry Morgan that. "So he left, and I didn't know where he was staying. I didn't even know about—his trouble—until I heard the Mayor talking about it on the air."

Barry picked up a pencil as he listened and turned it in his fingers, keeping his eyes on the rubber tip; and then, when I stopped, he dropped the pencil onto the clean surface of his blotter. It fell with a muffled little click, and Barry didn't look up.

"I wish there was something I could do," he said. "But there isn't. Not a single thing. Your brother was caught in the act of robbing the store. He admits he did it. A law has been broken, and it's my duty to prosecute. It's my job. All I can do is suggest that he plead guilty, and I'll ask the judge to be lenient. But—I can't promise that he will be."

I heard him in a kind of incredulous daze. I don't think I really understood, until that minute, how much I'd counted on being able to convince him. I said desperately:

"But if he's sent to jail—don't you see, he'll never get over it! He'll come out, and he'll hate the whole world. He almost does now, and that would finish it!"

"I didn't make the laws, Jennie."

Maybe it was his use of my first name that set off the spark of fury in me. I don't know. But suddenly I saw him as smug and self-righteous and unsympathetic. In spite of the gentle, regretful way he'd given me his refusal, that was how I saw him, because I was sure the regret was only an act. I'd been right from the very first. I could love him, but that didn't stop me from knowing that he and I came from different worlds. He didn't know anything, anything at all, about being poor and rootless and watching the good things of life pass you by; and he didn't want to know anything of all that.

"So you won't do anything?" I asked, short and hard.

"I can't, Jennie—"

"As far as you're concerned, a boy sixteen years old can be sent to jail and thrown in with a lot of real crimi-

nals who'll teach him how, next time, not to get caught!"

He said miserably, once more, "It's my job."

"Yes—but I only wonder if it'll still be your job, next time some rich kid gets drunk and runs over someone, to throw him into jail, too!"

His head jerked back as if I'd struck him, and rage to match my own blazed in his eyes. "You can be sure it will!" he snapped.

I didn't answer. I turned and almost ran for the door, but I hadn't quite reached it when he called:

"Jennie!"

I stopped, my hand on the knob. "Yes?" I said.

"You'd like to see Mike, wouldn't you?" he asked stiffly. "I'll tell Miss Taylor to call the jail and say you're coming over. It's right next door."

My shoulders sagged. Even then, I'd still hoped—

"Thank you," I said, and went out.

I wished afterwards that I hadn't gone to see Mike just then. I was still too shaken from meeting Barrett Morgan to be able to help Mike as much as I should have. His face, still with some of its childish roundness in spite of his sixteen-and-a-half years, was sullen. The shame of being in jail had bitten into him already. He was sorry he'd tried to rob Corelli's candy store, but he wouldn't say so. All he'd say was that they could do anything to him they wanted to—he didn't care.

"But Mike, why did you do it?" I pleaded.

"I dunno," he muttered. "Could've sold the cigarettes and candy to a place the fellows know about. All I was goin' to take didn't amount to much—but I guess that doesn't make any difference now."

It was only eleven o'clock when I left the jail, but I felt as if I'd been there for hours—days, weeks. I was so tired and heartsick that I could hardly put one foot in front of the other. There was nothing to be done—nothing. Barrett Morgan—I had stopped calling him Barry, even in my own mind—had said so. When you broke the law you were punished. It was as simple, and as stern, as that.

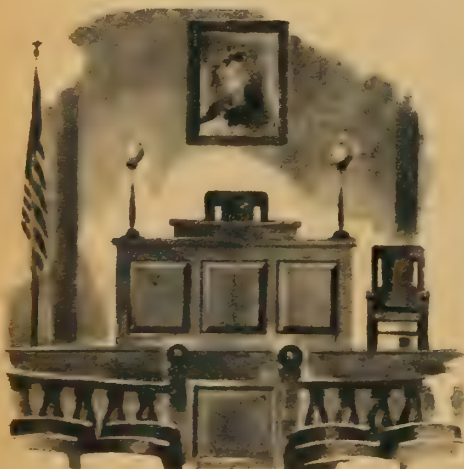
And when you allowed yourself to think that someone like Barrett Morgan was kind and sweet, just because he had danced with you one summer night, you were being foolish. He might be kind and sweet to the people in his own world, but that was a world to which I didn't belong.

My old friend, anger, was with me again, bringing me what twisted comfort it could.

I went to the store and put in the rest of the day working.

They'd told me at the jail that Mike was to go into court on Monday to enter his plea, and this was Saturday. I sat down, that night, to try to write my father a letter, but it wasn't easy. I had made half a dozen false starts when Mrs. Mecinski, my landlady, called up the stairs that there was someone in the living room to see me.

The pen slipped from my fingers and made a blot of (Continued on page 67)



"Love Is Not For Me" was adapted by Norton Russell from an original radio drama by Millard Lampell, heard on the Green Valley U. S. A. series on CBS.





# Your Own BATTLEFRONT

By Dr. Robert Graham  
Dr. Bob of Bachelor's Children

*Dr. Bob of Bachelor's  
Children brings a mes-  
sage of inspiration and  
common sense to wo-  
men whose war work  
centers in the home*

**W**E are at war! On battlefronts all over the world men are dying so that a new and wonderful world may be born—a world for our children to share in happier days to come. Women are taking the places of men in the factories, joining women's branches of the fighting forces, sailing overseas to nurse the wounded, heal the sick and do their part in winning that ultimate victory.

But there are millions of women who will have to fight the fight by carrying on at home. And part of that fight for every woman who is guarding the home is to learn to rely on herself alone in the emergencies which arise. For some women, the man of the house is away at war. For others, he is busier than ever, working longer hours in defense jobs, coming home more weary than he has ever been before. And another man

upon whom women have relied so much in the past is no longer so quickly at their beck and call—the family doctor. His work has quadrupled, for many of his fellow doctors are in the service, and it is a part of every woman's war work to learn to guard the health of her family so that she may not make unnecessary claims on the doctor's time and energy.

It's up to the women, whose long days are filled with the many unexciting but highly essential tasks of maintaining the institution upon which this world of ours is predicated—the American home.

Building morale at home includes keeping children and husbands happy, well fed and relaxed. Sharing work and play makes a closer bond between the various members of the family group—and lightens the work.

Outdoor exercise and work can be combined if you have a Victory Garden, for example. Father and the kids dig it up and plant the seeds. Then mother and the kids weed, water and watch it grow. Father does any heavy work necessary on workless weekends—and before you know it it's time to pressure pack and can! Everyone picks and cleans fruits and vegetables. Mother and sister cook and pour. Father and brother, seal and store.

Women will have to learn to cope with broken down plumbing, odd carpentering jobs, gardening, simple electrical repairs—because almost all the handymen are now employed in war industry, or are actually at war.

A mother's opportunity to mould the characters of her children begins when they are born. Self-sufficiency is something everyone has to learn early these



days. Little boys love to perform miracles with hammer and nails. Show him how once—and you'll see how quickly your son will catch on. Little girls will be thrilled to play at house-keeping, to assist with bed making, dusting and table setting. Simple mixing and even cookery done by your eager-to-learn daughter will help lift the burden a little—and give you more time for Red Cross and USO activities.

Save up the simple, easy tasks for the too-tired-to-do-much mornings. Sit quietly and mend, or darn, or knit. Don't tire yourself out with all of the big jobs at one time. Make a schedule of what has to be done each week and break it down with one big chore a day. Clean thoroughly on the days you don't have to wash or iron. Bake cakes and cookies and custards at once—it's easier to wash a lot of bowls and pans at once than to do a few several separate times, and "wholesale" baking

saves precious gas, too.

Conservation is another thing that all housewives will have to practice. The value of your pots and tools and rubber hose will become apparent only when you try to replace them. When you buy clothing—keep the labels that tell the fiber content and the best way to clean or wash the garments. Send the labels along to the cleaner—or follow the washing instructions at home yourself. Woolens are worth their weight in precious metals these days. Treat them gently, brush them often, air and store them with plenty of moth-killing crystals.

Food rationing makes shopping a problem to be thought out beforehand. Plan meals for a week—buy wisely, get the best, not only the most for your money. Body building and health maintenance is all important. Study the food value charts obtainable at your local CVDO headquarters.

Learn the approved methods of cooking, cleaning and storing food to preserve valuable vitamins and minerals.

Naturally, you won't be expected to cope with illness without a good doctor's care. But there is no doubt in my mind that it will become increasingly difficult to obtain a doctor's service immediately. Right now doctors are being taken into the armed services of our country at the rate of one out of every four. This means a larger proportion of medical officers and a smaller group of doctors covering the home front. Case work will increase—and districts formerly served by several medical men will have to depend on the services of one man. Of course, he will be able to take care of everyone—but it may take him time to get to you, or you might learn to do without calling him as often as you have in the past.

One important thing for every woman in America to do is to set aside either a chest or closet for medical supplies. Keep it locked, or make it a strict family rule that everything behind that door is untouchable. Stock it with adequate supplies of sterile gauze and absorbent cotton, adhesive tape in several sizes, a good pair of sharp scissors, iodine, aspirin, bicarbonate of soda, a good ointment for burns, a clinical thermometer (teach someone else in the house to read it also), and a simple, concise, first aid booklet. Keep some clean linen (old sheets or napkins) there as well, and an ice bag and hot water bottle. Then learn the easy, routine rules for first aid in emergencies.

It's every woman's duty to devote some of her leisure time to regular war work. There's plenty of it to be done—and a crying need for women to do it. The Red Cross is begging, pleading for women to enroll as Nurse's Aides and yet they've only got sixty percent of the number that are needed to help out in the hospitals.

I'm a doctor. Every day I see patients, desperately sick people, lying in their beds in the hospital lacking the care which could be given them, if every woman who has a few free hours would enroll. Maybe you don't know that our trained nurses are being taken into the service at the rate of 3,000 a month. The few nurses who are left in each hospital can't possibly give the care their patients need. That's why Nurse's Aides are needed so desperately. Because while the regular nurses are perhaps busy in an operating room, there are still sick children crying for a drink of water, and old people to whom just a little personal attention means more than life itself. There are men being brought into our hospitals racked and broken from injuries—and no nurses to give them the immediate care which they should have while waiting for the doctor's attention. There are baths to be given, beds to be made, instruments to be cleaned and sterilized, food trays to be carried.

That's the kind of help we need and no one has a right to sit back and live his or her own life while men are dying by the thousands all over the world.

## I, A WOMAN IN WAR TIME, PROMISE

To guard the health of my family, and, in order to do so, to learn proper and hygienic methods of caring for the sick at home, and to provide a medicine chest in my home, filled with supplies to meet emergencies.

To aid my doctor, whose burden has quadrupled, by not calling him to my home to attend minor hurts and illnesses.

To feed my family wholesome, nutritious, balanced meals, to prepare food appetizingly, and to make sure that the meals for my war workers follow these rules, too, whether their food be packed in lunch boxes or served at odd times of the day.

To find time to spend with my children, no matter how pressing other demands on my time may be, and to teach them to be helpful, useful citizens.

To plant a victory garden, if it is at all feasible, both for the food it will provide and for the healthful outdoor work it will give my family, and to can and preserve for future use the produce of the garden.

To learn how to do minor household repairs for myself, so that I need not call upon other members of my family after their day's work, or upon professional repairmen who are needed elsewhere.

To plan my day well and use my time wisely, to husband my strength and care for my own health.

To offer a part of my time to the service of my country, as a volunteer worker.

To avoid disquieting rumors and never to be a defeatist in thought, word or deed.





Dr. Bob is the typical family physician—the kind women trust in times of illness and trouble, in whom they confide their problems, knowing they will get a wise, kindly answer. Bachelor's Children is heard Monday through Friday on CBS, brought to you by the bakers of Wonder Bread.

(Dr. Robert Graham is played by Hugh Studebaker)





# Someone to

*She had hundreds of dates—was everybody's girl—until she met Donald, who taught her love and heartbreak too*

**I** THINK now that deep down underneath I knew all along what was wrong with me, what I lacked, what I was seeking so persistently—and in such foolish ways—but I didn't actually realize it until I met Dr. Donald Brennon. It was almost too late when I met him—I was seventeen, and I had been grown up for two years in which I had lived not wisely but too rapidly, so rapidly that I was

not aware of the direction my life was taking.

Before I knew that there was a Donald Brennon, had anyone asked me what I most wanted, I would have answered—if I'd paused long enough to answer at all—"a good time."

And I think that at first a good time was all I did want. I'd had too few good times in all the long years it took to reach high school and the social life that went with it. There were nine in our family—nine Derrys, all living in a too-small house on too little money. My father died when I was ten, but long before that I had learned that when a family is too large for its pocketbook, you do not always share with your brothers and sisters—often you compete with them. You compete with them for clothing, for the infrequent extra bit of change which means candy or a movie, for the occasional jobs children can pick up to make a little money.

My whole world changed during my sophomore year in high school. Overnight, it seemed, there were any number of people who wanted to show Priscilla Derry a good time—boys who took me to movies, to football games, to dances, boys who took me riding in cars which rolled smoothly and sweetly along the highway on summer evenings. It didn't matter that my clothes were hand-me-downs, because my figure was good, and almost anything looked well on me. It didn't matter that my shoes were left over from last season, because I was a better dancer than most girls. It didn't matter that my hats were bits of faille and ribbon that I put together myself, because my features were regular, my eyes and hair very dark against my white skin, my mouth naturally red.

When I was sixteen, and able to leave school to take a job at Marley Munitions, I was really happy for the first time in my life. My salary was large enough to help my family considerably with something left over for myself, and for myself I needed very little. The same conditions which had prevailed in high school carried over in my job. There were still boys—men—who were more than willing to see that I was entertained. The only difference was that the entertainment was on a grander scale.



# cling to

It was fun to be driven home from work while the other girls took the company bus, fun to bathe and put on a pretty dress and to be taken to dinner at a good restaurant, fun to go dancing after the show. The dancing I loved most of all. To move in rhythm over a polished floor, with the beat of the music and the swelling harmonies and the colors of the shifting crowd.

The mood would carry over after we had left the dance floor, when we were on our way home with the car moving smoothly through the night, the sound of the motor blending with that of a far-away orchestra on the radio. Sometimes then, when we stopped the car, when the cessation of motor and movement made the radio music pour in around us, clear and magically compelling—sometimes then, when strong arms would reach out to draw me close, when clean-cut masculine features bent over mine, when a voice murmured huskily in my ear and a mouth pressed mine, gently at first, experimentally, and then with greater firmness—sometimes I came close to the answer. I would almost know what it was I sought, and yet—a word, a gesture would break the spell, and the moment of knowledge would evade me.

**T**HERE was no one man. I liked Tim, the young engineer, for his laughing blue eyes and his lean, hard grace; I liked Pinky, the production foreman, because he was funny and nice, always laughing and always making others laugh; I liked Jerry, the test expert, for his seriousness and his ambitions; I liked Michael for his dancing. . . .

There was no one man until the morning a piece of metal flew off a moving belt and sliced my hand, and I went to see Dr. Brennon.

We were busy that morning. Sue Falk, next to me on the line, saw it happen and offered to go with me, but without me the line was already one short, and I shook my head. Without intending to, I made a dramatic entrance into the doctor's neat, sunny office, blood soaking through the clean waste I'd wrapped around my hand, dripping down my blue work trousers. Miss Watkins, the nurse, was talking on the telephone. I had never been in the office

before; certainly I didn't recognize the young man who stood facing her, his back toward me, as Dr. Brennon.

At sight of me Miss Watkins broke off in the middle of a sentence, put down the phone and hurried around the desk to take my arm.

"It isn't bad," I reassured her. "It's just bleeding a lot."

She gave me a queer look, and asked me to lie down on the cot while she unwrapped the makeshift bandage. My hand began to throb, and I closed my eyes, waiting for the spasm of pain to pass. Then I was aware that someone was working on my hand, so gently that he seemed not to be touching it at all, but the pain was gone as suddenly as it had come.

After a few minutes a masculine voice said, "You can sit up now."

I sat up and opened my eyes, to a series of small surprises. Dr. Brennon was young—and for some reason I always expected doctors to be old. And he was extremely handsome, with

dark brown eyes and dark brown hair with just a hint of wave at the temples. His chin was strong, and its shallow cleft and his short, straight nose gave a boyish look to a face which otherwise might have been severe.

I looked at my hand and exclaimed aloud at the bandage. "Why, it's done!" I cried. "I didn't realize you'd done anything to it—"

"Miracles," he replied, his eyes twinkling. "Are you disappointed that it wasn't more complicated?"

"No, I—" I stopped, suddenly confused by his intent look, more confused by the realization that I wished that it had been more complicated, that I would have had an excuse for being with him longer. "It's just that I didn't feel any hurt," I finished.

His eyes twinkled again, and then turned darkly serious. "You're Priscilla Derry, aren't you?"

"Why—yes," I stammered, too surprised and pleased that he knew my name to ask how he knew it.

*I liked Tim, the young engineer; I liked Pinky, the foreman; I liked Jerry too.*





He appeared to be studying me, weighing me, although in what measure I couldn't guess. He said finally, "You're brave. That was a nasty cut, and you came in here under your own power—alone. Most women would have fainted at the sight of it."

That simple compliment pleased me more than had any number of ardent assurances from other men. "The girls on the line didn't," I answered with some spirit.

He laughed, and helped me off the cot. "You're generous, too, I see. Bring that hand in tomorrow, and we'll have another look at it."

**I** WALKED out of his office as if wings had suddenly sprouted on the scuffs I wore at work, blessing the accident which had sent me to him. Dr. Brennon—Donald Brennon—liked me. I felt it. Somehow, in the small exchange of conversation, he had made me seem more important than had anyone else. He would ask me for a date—I knew that, too—and of the hundreds of dates I'd had, it would be the one that counted.

The next day we talked again, just a little and no more personally than we had before. He asked me about my work and seemed pleased that I liked it and knew enough about it to talk intelligently.

He changed the bandage on my hand every day that week, and although we talked longer and more freely each time, he still did not suggest that we meet anywhere else. And I was still not disturbed. Other men had never hesitated to ask me out, but I felt that Donald Brennon moved in his own time, and surely. Nor did I try to flirt with him, try to coquette him into asking me, as I might have with another attractive man who hesitated. The bond that was growing between us was at once too strong to need forcing, too delicate to risk spoiling by the wrong word.

It was a happy week for me, spent in the anticipation that every woman knows at some time in her life—of being with the man she loves, of hearing the things she knows are in his heart. In one way my outward life was changed. I, who hadn't spent an evening at home in months, unless it was to go to sleep immediately after dinner to make up for a too-late night before, stayed at home every night that week, went to bed at the decorous hour of ten.

My family, and the people at work noticed the change. Sue Falk commented on the new color in my cheeks and asked if I had gone on a diet of cod liver oil. Tim, the handsome engineer, who hadn't asked for a date in weeks, came out of his office three times in as many days to suggest dinner and a show. I refused him, a little

surprised at myself, because I liked Tim more than the others. But after meeting Donald, after the talks in Donald's sunny office, the very thought of spending hours with him was tiresome; the thought of his kisses, of his hands touching me, was revolting.

The following Monday Donald removed the bandage for the last time. He turned the palm for me to see. He said, "I'm sorry to report that you can get along without me from now on. You've been a very pleasant patient."

I knew the next lines, but I couldn't say them. I couldn't smile archly, say that he'd been a pleasant doctor, that I was sorry, too, and hint that he do something about it. I could only go on staring at my hand, caught up in a sudden numbing fear that this might be our last meeting.

I wonder now if he contemplated just that for a moment, because a little silence fell before he spoke again. Then he closed his hand ever so slightly over mine. "But I don't want to lose my patient completely. Will you have dinner with me, Priscilla—say tomorrow night?"

You would have thought that it was the first time I'd been asked for a date. I blushed and stammered and looked at him only long enough to say, "Yes, thank you," and looked quickly back at the scar on my hand, fearful that he might see in my eyes some evidence of the song of joy and triumph that rose within me.

The next day I hurried home from work in order to have a few extra minutes in which to dress. Mother came in while I was putting the finishing touches on my hair. "Out again, Pris?" she asked.

I smiled happily at her by way of my reflection in the mirror. "Out again," I affirmed.

She sighed. "I don't know, Priscilla. You've always been a level-headed girl in most ways, and I've let you do pretty much as you pleased. But I've kept hoping that out of all these fellows who come calling for you, you'd meet one you'd stick to. Of course, you're so young—"

I continued to smile, without speaking. "Don't worry, mother," I assured her silently. "I've met him, finally. And I know you'll like him."

I was proved right when Donald came for me. Mother had always been polite enough, but rather brief, to my friends. With Donald, however, after one covert, measuring look, she was warmly friendly.

"Your mother," Donald said as we left the house, "is remarkable. Any woman who manages single handed to raise nine children, and who still has a cheerful word—"

I drew a deep breath of the scented summer evening, sweet as the taste of happiness. The night was beginning well.

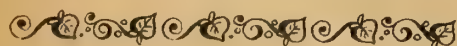
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But we could dance together. I could have that much of his arms, feel that much of the deep, strong rhythm of him, know that much of closeness to him.

We had intended to go dancing. Donald had mentioned that he liked sweet music, and we decided upon the Shorewood, a summer pavilion not far from the inn where we were to have dinner. We never did get to the Shorewood. The inn was almost deserted—apparently people preferred livelier things than good food on that summer night—and the quiet and the emptiness of the place gave it an air of intimacy which encouraged conversation. We talked—about everything, about Donald's work and the practice he hoped to have after the war, about



Adapted for Radio Mirror by Helen Christy from an original radio drama, entitled, "Wherever You Are I Love You," broadcast on My True Story, heard Monday three times in as many days to suggest dinner and a show. I refused him, a little





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Regretfully, we rose to leave. "No dancing tonight, I'm afraid," Donald said. "You have to get up as early as I do, and I won't be responsible for your coming to work looking as if you'd been run through a mixer. I'm sorry if you're disappointed."

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His hand tightened on my arm. "That's the way I feel about it."

We drove silently at first, contented with ourselves, with our time together. Then I remembered that I'd wanted to ask him more about a case he'd mentioned.

"It's a long story," he answered, "and complicated. He began to slow the car, looking for a side road. "Half an hour more won't hurt, will it? If we'd gone dancing, we'd have been much later—"

My mind reviewed the pattern to me—the lonely little road and the tree-guarded spot where we could park, the moment after the car stopped in which we sat decorously apart, our talk

*Donald, kneeling beside the woman, gave brief orders. He looked at me. "You were with him?" he asked. I heard it as an accusation.*

becoming less conversation than the preliminary moves in a game, then the first spontaneous move toward one another and the first tentative kiss, the small flame touched to a tinder pile.

But this time, I knew, it wouldn't be like that. This time was different; I was with Donald. I settled myself comfortably in my own corner, waiting while he parked the car, while he tightened the brake and shut off the motor and headlights.

"About that case," I prompted him. "You said the man had come to you the year before—"

He did not answer. His eyes were upon me with that weighing, measuring look I had seen the first day in his office, and my own voice fell away to silence.

His gaze moved to my mouth and lingered there, and then he did exactly what I had not expected him to do. He reached for me suddenly, demanding, holding me close against him, fitting his mouth to mine and holding it there, hard and hungrily.

At first I was too surprised to respond, surprised and vaguely disappointed. It took a moment for me to realize that Donald's were the arms around me, Donald's the lips on mine, that I was exactly where I had ached to be since my first sight of him.

Then my arms crept around his shoulders and fastened tightly, and I kissed him as I had longed to kiss him, offering all that I was or ever would be, offering him a devotion far greater than I.

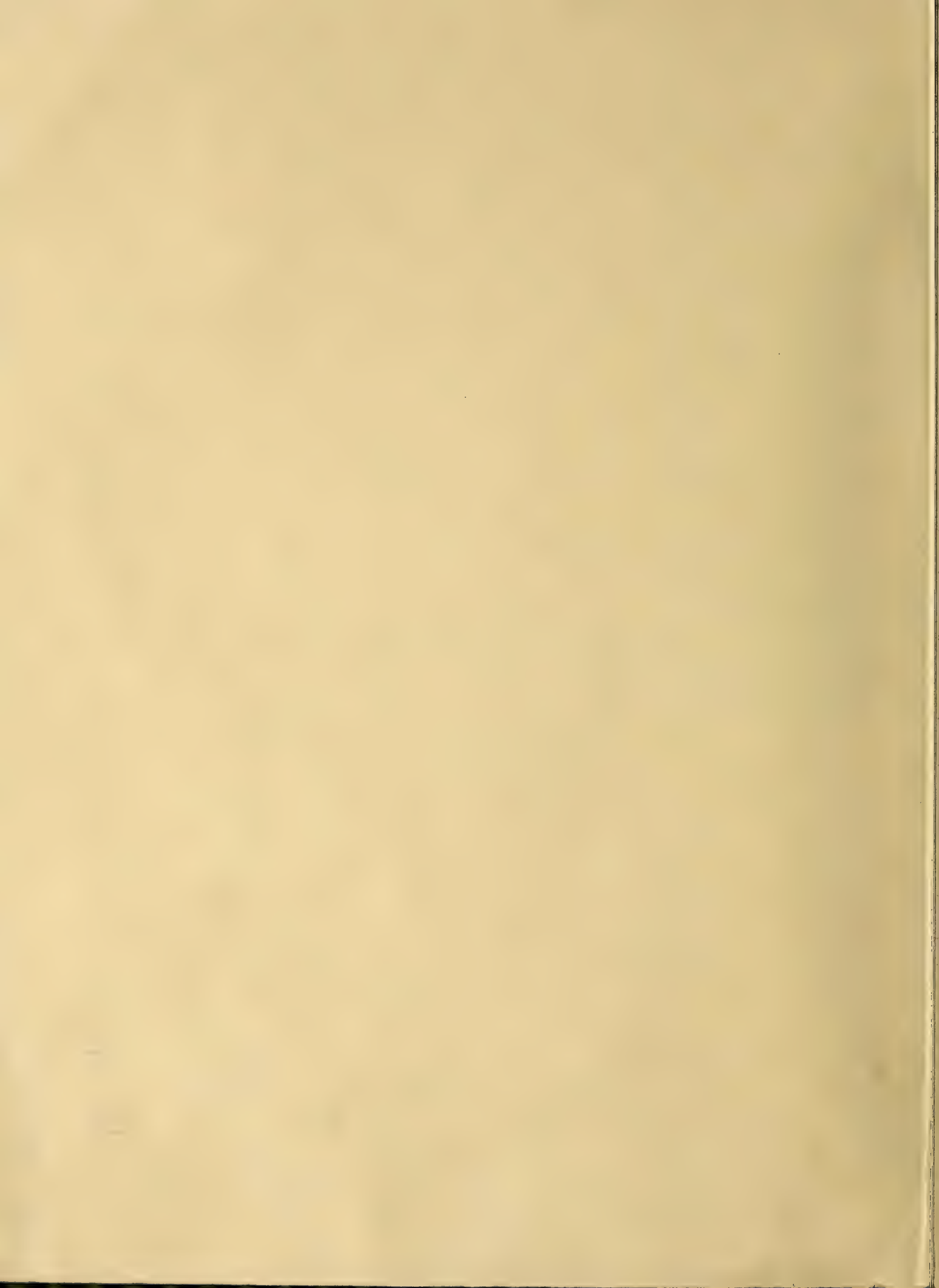
For a blind, ecstatic moment we were one, bound together, seeming suspended over space, before Donald took his lips abruptly away and put his hands on my wrists to remove my arms from his shoulders, roughly and definitely. There was a brief, sharp silence, like an exclamation. Then he said, "It was my fault," and added in a queer, tight voice, "You are easy, aren't you?"

I turned white. I felt it, felt the blood recede to a cold, hard lump in the center of my body. Then reaction sent it flooding back, and with it hot, honest anger.

"You fool!" I cried, and the contempt I felt was in my voice. "You fool—if you can't tell the real thing—"

He shook (Continued on page 50)







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"It's a long story," he answered, "and complicated. He began to slow the car, looking for a side road. "Half an hour more won't hurt, will it? If we'd gone dancing, we'd have been much later—"

My mind reviewed the pattern to me—the lonely little road and the tree-guarded spot where we could park, the moment after the car stopped in which we sat decorously apart, our talk

Donald, kneeling beside the woman, gave brief orders. He looked at me. "You were with him?" he asked. I heard it as an accusation.

becoming less conversation than the preliminary moves in a game, then the first spontaneous move toward one another and the first tentative kiss, the small flame touched to a tinder pile.

But this time, I knew, it wouldn't be like that. This time was different; I was with Donald. I settled myself comfortably in my own corner, waiting while he parked the car, while he tightened the brake and shut off the motor and headlights.

"About that case," I prompted him. "You said the man had come to you the year before—"

He did not answer. His eyes were upon me with that weighing, measuring look I had seen the first day in his office, and my own voice fell away to silence.

His gaze moved to my mouth and lingered there, and then he did exactly what I had not expected him to do. He reached for me suddenly, demanding, holding me close against him, fitting his mouth to mine and holding it there, hard and hungrily.

At first I was too surprised to respond, surprised and vaguely disappointed. It took a moment for me to realize that Donald's were the arms around me, Donald's the lips on mine, that I was exactly where I had ached to be since my first sight of him.

Then my arms crept around his shoulders and fastened tightly, and I kissed him as I had longed to kiss him, offering all that I was or ever would be, offering him a devotion far greater than I.

For a blind, ecstatic moment we were one, bound together, seeming suspended over space, before Donald took his lips abruptly away and put his hands on my wrists to remove my arms from his shoulders, roughly and definitely. There was a brief, sharp silence, like an exclamation. Then he said, "It was my fault," and added in a queer, tight voice, "You are easy, aren't you?"

I turned white. I felt it, felt the blood recede to a cold, hard lump in the center of my body. Then reaction sent it flooding back, and with it hot, honest anger.

"You fool!" I cried, and the contempt I felt was in my voice. "You fool—if you can't tell the real thing—"


He shook (Continued on page 50)






# The Great


*Meet that pompous but lovable windbag  
and his supporting cast, who greets you  
with a villainous laugh Sunday on NBC,  
sponsored by Kraft's Parkay Margarine*



LEILA RANSOM  
(Played by Shirley Mitchell)



MARJORIE FORRESTER  
(Played by Lurene Tuttle)



JUDGE HOOKER  
(Played by Earle Ross)

**T**HROCKMORTON P. GILDER-SLEEVE is Mr. Average Citizen of Summerfield. Since Gildy has taken over the care of his orphaned niece and nephew, he's always in hot water. If he isn't being too indulgent with his wards, he's having a friendly spat with Judge Hooker, or he's unhappy over his romance. Leroy Forrester, his nephew, teases his sister, plagues his uncle and is always hungry. Marjorie, Throcky's lovely niece, is in love, and even her loyal devotion to her uncle plays second fiddle to her new romance. The love interest in Gildy's life is Leila Ransom, the widow next door. With her sweet ways she has turned him into a love-sick swain. Judge Hooker, that irascible old goat, would rather pick a fight with Gildy than eat.

It's Birdie, the cook, who usually brightens up one of Gildy's bad days.



# Gildersleeve

THROCKMORTON P.  
GILDERSLEEVE  
(Played by Harold Peary)



LEROY FORRESTER  
(Played by Walter  
Tetley)



BIRDIE LEE COGGINS  
(Played by Lillian  
Randolph)



# LAST NIGHT IT HAPPENED TO ME

Words by GRACE MAXINE BOURET

Music by ARTHUR TURKISHER

## Refrain

*allegretto*

You're so won-der-ful and gay. One look took my breath a-way!

Love was a mys-te-ry of mad-ness, Now it's a mir-a-cle of glad-ness!

I saw heav-en in your eyes, I was tak-en by sur-prise!

Once in a life-time it can hap-pen, LAST NIGHT IT HAP-PENED TO ME!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'allegretto'. The lyrics are: 'You're so won-der-ful and gay. One look took my breath a-way! Love was a mys-te-ry of mad-ness, Now it's a mir-a-cle of glad-ness! I saw heav-en in your eyes, I was tak-en by sur-prise! Once in a life-time it can hap-pen, LAST NIGHT IT HAP-PENED TO ME!'. There are triplets indicated by a '3' over a bracketed group of notes in several places. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some melodic lines in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand.



*You'll like this new romantic song, featured by orchestra leader  
Jerry Wald. Add it to your collection of Radio Mirror hit tunes*

Won - der - ful you! I'm a slave to your com - mand; This is your

The first system of the musical score for 'Wonderful You'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'Won - der - ful you! I'm a slave to your com - mand; This is your'.

cue, I'm in love, and love is grand! You are part of me it seems,

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics are 'cue, I'm in love, and love is grand! You are part of me it seems,'. There are triplets marked with a '3' over the notes.

You are bor-rowed from my dreams! Once in a life - time it can

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics are 'You are bor-rowed from my dreams! Once in a life - time it can'. There are triplets marked with a '3' over the notes.

hap - pen, LAST NIGHT IT HAP-PENED TO ME! ME!

The fourth system of the musical score. The lyrics are 'hap - pen, LAST NIGHT IT HAP-PENED TO ME! ME!'. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs. There are triplets marked with a '3' over the notes.

RADIO MIRROR'S  
HIT OF THE MONTH



# *If love were all—*

*It came simply and clearly—*

*the knowledge that she loved*

## THE STORY:

**T**HE first happiness of my marriage to Gene had faded, for I had begun to see my husband as he really was—selfish, a man of little honor. It became obvious that he cared very little for me, that he had no intention of repaying his brother Tim for his help in starting us out when we were first married. However, when I learned that I was going to have a baby, I felt that our child would surely find a place in Gene's heart, that the baby would be the basis on which we could rebuild our love and our marriage.

But Gene's reaction to my news was anger. He left me alone to tend the oil station more often than before, disappearing into town on unexplained errands. It was on one of those days, when I was alone, that I hurried down the stairs to service a car, and, going up again, fell, sick and dizzy, down the steep staircase. When I awoke, hours later in the hospital, it was to learn that I had lost my baby. When they told me that Gene was outside to see me, I cried, in my disappointment and bitterness, "I never want to see him again!"

**I** KNOW how you feel, Arda," Mother said. "Any woman would. That's why you mustn't blame Gene."

The bright sunlight streamed in through the two big west windows of the house where I had been born. Everything in the room—the worn carpet, the comfortably sagging old leather easy-chair that was Dad's favorite, the books in their dull-colored bindings behind the glass shield of the built-in bookcase—all this was as familiar to me as the feel of the ground under my feet. As familiar—and yet as strange, somehow, as if that very ground had fallen away into emptiness.

It was several weeks since I had left the hospital, several weeks since I learned I had lost my baby. (Such a small thing to hurt so, that I would never know whether it would have been a boy or a girl!) It had been Gene's, my husband's, fault that the baby was gone. His entirely, I kept telling myself. If he had taken better care of me, if he hadn't left me to run the service station and wait on customers alone, if he had been less selfish . . . Over and over again, if, if, if. But here was Mother telling me

*Gene's brother. Somehow*

*Arda managed to make her*

*kiss sisterly though she ached*

*to throw her arms about him!*

gravely, in sorrow and in love, that I mustn't blame him, and that I must go back to him.

"Marriage isn't all laughing and making love and having fun," she was saying. "In fact, it isn't any of those things, hardly at all. It isn't even cooking meals and making beds and doing your share of the work. Mostly, it's just getting to know that your husband isn't perfect and then not caring if he isn't."

I twisted impatiently in my chair. Words were all very well, and Mother was doing her best to help me find happiness, but—I voiced the rest of my thought aloud. "But why go back to Gene when I know I'll never again love him the way I did when we were married?"

"You wouldn't anyhow, no matter what happened," Mother said surprisingly. "I guess I've loved your father about a dozen different ways in the twenty-four years we've been married. And some of those ways were when I thought I couldn't stand the sight of him another minute."

"You couldn't—" I stared at her and then laughed scornfully. "As if I didn't know you and Dad have always been crazy about each other!"

"That's what we always meant you to think," she answered with some tartness. "As a matter of fact, when you were about six we might very easily have separated, except that neither of us wanted to give you up. I can't exactly remember what the trouble was—probably a combination of several things . . . Anyway, we stuck it out together, and I've never stopped being glad we did. I'd have been the most miserable person on earth if I'd left your father—just as miserable," she concluded, looking at me hard, "as you've been the last two weeks, deciding you wouldn't go back to Gene."

"I haven't—" I began, but I stopped.

So much of what Mother had said was true. You couldn't look for perfection in anyone, and marriage wasn't all fun. I'd known both these things long ago—or I'd thought I did. Then why couldn't I simply put my knowledge into practice? Was it pride because in the first shock of knowing the baby was gone I had said I didn't ever want to see Gene again? Surely not entirely, since I had, after all, seen him several times. Was it—and here I tried to be perfectly honest—because I wanted to put all the blame on Gene for what had happened? Did I think that thus I could make myself forget that I should have seen a doctor as soon as I knew the baby was coming, gotten advice from him on how to take care of myself and then followed it? Well, I admitted uneasily—perhaps.

Mother must have seen the conflict in me, for she suddenly leaned forward and put one hand lightly on mine. "Dear," she said, "there's nothing so important as giving marriage one more chance."

A warm mist came suddenly to my eyes. "Yes," I said. "Yes, I know"—and realized as I said it that I was almost happy, in a tired kind of way.

Mother hadn't mentioned, but both of us knew, that the road to reconciliation with Gene would be easy. I had been too weak and too unsure of myself to talk things out with him since leaving the hospital. Moving to my parents' home, it had been tacitly understood between us, was only temporary. Naturally, I would be more comfortable there, with Mother to take care of me, than I would have been in the apartment over the service station, with Gene busy downstairs most of the day.

**SO** there had been no open break.

Gene had brought me flowers at the hospital, and he'd come to see me at home nearly every night, after closing the station. He knew, of course—how could he help it?—that something had gone out of my love for him, and without admitting this openly he was trying to win me back.

But tonight this hidden tension would be brought out into the open. For better or for worse—in the so-true words of the marriage service—I would tell Gene I was ready to come back to him.

He arrived at the house a little before nine, still dressed in the white duck trousers, (Continued on page 73)



*There was the night Tim proudly displayed the dress he bought me. I tried to be grateful—but I was thinking of the men who were dying.*



*A Stars Over Hollywood Story*





# Mother and Dad

*Join your radio neighbors  
at home for a good old-fashioned song fest*







**M**OTHER and Dad are the kind of people you would like to know, and their house is the kind of house you'd like to visit.

The Mother and Dad program has gained thousands of regular listeners all over the country for those very reasons—friendly people who feel that the gatherings around the fireplace at the home of Mother and Dad are like informal get-togethers in their own homes and the houses of their friends,

and lonely people to whom listening to the program is almost the next thing to being back home themselves.

Here's what happens when Mother and Dad and their friends get together. There's singing of the old, familiar songs around the parlor organ, with Polly playing the accompaniment and everybody joining in on the chorus. Letters, sent in by listeners, containing bits of poetry and philosophy are read, everyone taking turns. Mother's

refreshments are always welcome—especially that wonderful, spicy gingerbread.

Mother and Dad is heard over CBS, Monday through Friday at 5:15, EWT. Mother and Dad are shown above. On the opposite page are Polly and Mother, seated, and, left to right, Joyce, Gordon, Katherine, Willard, Helen, Adrian, Norman and Dad. In circle, some of the neighbors leaving after a song fest. Harry Herman writes the scripts.



Next time you buy a chicken buy a pound of macaroni too. That's for this attractive casserole you'll make for the next evening's meal.

## What We USED TO WASTE

**W**RITING in the New York Post, Neal O'Hara said recently, "If every American wasted as little as half a slice of bread each day, it would aggregate 3,750,000 loaves." The U. S. Government, in urging housewives to conserve and salvage the millions of pounds of kitchen fats wasted annually, points out that one pound of salvaged fat is sufficient to fire four 37 mm. anti-aircraft guns.

Not even to the most economical of us, half a slice of bread and a teaspoon or so of fat thrown away each day doesn't seem very wasteful, but added up, the figures above indicate that we are pretty extravagant; they indicate, too, that if we waste bread and fat we probably waste other things as well. And since today none of us can afford, either economically or patriotically, to be wasteful I'd like to give you some pointers this month on how to make use of things we used to throw away, and how to make our food, both rationed and unrationed, go as far as we can make it.

Take the saving of bread, for instance. The best way I know to save that is to be sure never to slice

more bread than will be eaten at one meal, to keep the loaf wrapped closely in oiled paper in the refrigerator between meals and to plan your menus so as to use up stale bread in puddings, stuffings and so on. You can even save on the butter you use on bread by making honey or marmalade butter for spreads. Simply cream butter as you do when making cakes and work in honey or marmalade (one part butter to two parts honey or marmalade).

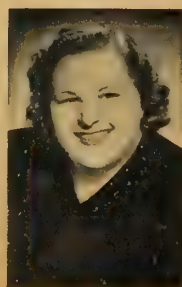
Even bones have their food value, especially chicken and duck carcasses.

Most of us eat the choice parts of fowl, and think that such bony sections as necks, backs, breastbones and even wings are more trouble than they are worth. But by planning ahead, we can turn these unpopular portions into a next day's meal which is just as tasty as the original. As a starter, the next time you buy a chicken for fricassee, try this savory recipe and buy a pound of macaroni, too—that's for the leftover dish.

### Savory Fricassee

- 1 chicken
- ½ cup flour
- 3 tsps. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper
- Bacon or other drippings
- 1 clove garlic
- 2 green peppers
- 4 tomatoes
- 1 onion
- ½ lb. mushrooms (optional)
- ½ tsp. rosemary (optional)
- 2 cups boiling water

Have the chicken disjointed and dredge each piece in flour, to which the salt and pepper have been added. Brown the garlic in (Continued on page 84)



**BY**  
**KATE SMITH**  
**RADIO MIRROR**  
**FOOD COUNSELOR**

*Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.*



# INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

## SUNDAY

| PACIFIC WAR TIME | CENTRAL WAR TIME | Eastern War Time                            |
|------------------|------------------|---|
|                  |                  | 8:00 CBS: News and Organ                    |
|                  |                  | 8:00 Blue: News                             |
|                  |                  | 8:00 NBC: News and Organ Recital            |
|                  |                  | 8:30 CBS: Musical Masterpieces              |
|                  |                  | 8:30 Blue: The Woodshedders                 |
|                  |                  | 8:45 CBS: Village Chapel                    |
|                  | 8:00             | 9:00 CBS: News of the World                 |
|                  | 8:00             | 9:00 Blue: World News                       |
|                  | 8:00             | 9:00 NBC: News from Europe                  |
| 8:15             | 9:15             | CBS: E. Power Biggs                         |
| 8:15             | 9:15             | Blue: White Rabbit Line                     |
| 8:15             | 9:15             | NBC: Commando Mary                          |
| 8:30             | 9:30             | NBC: Marcia Neil                            |
| 8:45             | 9:45             | CBS: English Melodies                       |
| 9:00             | 10:00            | CBS: Church of the Air                      |
| 9:00             | 10:00            | Blue: Fantasy in Melody                     |
| 9:00             | 10:00            | NBC: Radio Pulpit                           |
| 9:30             | 10:30            | CBS: Wings Over Jordan                      |
| 9:30             | 10:30            | Blue: Southernaires                         |
| 10:00            | 11:00            | CBS: Warren Sweeney, News                   |
| 10:00            | 11:00            | Blue: Tony Pastor's Orch.                   |
| 8:05             | 10:05            | 11:05 CBS: Egon Petri, Pianist              |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30 MBS: Radio Chapel                     |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30 Blue: Josef Marais                    |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning           |
| 8:45             | 10:45            | 11:45 NBC: Olivio Santoro                   |
| 9:00             | 11:00            | 12:00 CBS: Transatlantic Call               |
| 9:00             | 11:00            | 12:00 Blue: News from Europe                |
| 9:00             | 11:00            | 12:00 NBC: Emma Otero                       |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | 12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle        |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | 12:30 Blue: Stars from the Blue             |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | 12:30 NBC: That They Might Live             |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | 1:00 CBS: Church of the Air                 |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | 1:00 Blue: Horace Heidt Orch.               |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | 1:00 NBC: Morgan Beatty                     |
| 10:15            | 12:15            | 1:15 NBC: Labor for Victory                 |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | 1:30 CBS: Quincy Howe                       |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | 1:30 NBC: We Believe                        |
| 10:45            | 12:45            | 1:45 CBS: Stoopnagle's Stooparoos           |
|                  |                  | 1:45 Blue: Martin Agronsky                  |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00 CBS: Those We Love                     |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00 Blue: Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.           |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00 NBC: University of Chicago Round Table |
| 11:30            | 1:30             | 2:30 CBS: World News Today                  |
| 11:30            | 1:30             | 2:30 NBC: John Charles Thomas               |
| 11:50            | 1:50             | 2:55 CBS: Aunt Jimima                       |
| 12:00            | 2:00             | 3:00 CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.          |
| 12:00            | 2:00             | 3:00 Blue: Moylan Sisters                   |
| 12:00            | 2:00             | 3:00 NBC: Reports on Rationing              |
| 12:15            | 2:15             | 3:15 Blue: Wake Up America                  |
| 12:15            | 2:15             | 3:15 NBC: Upton Close                       |
| 12:30            | 2:30             | 3:30 NBC: The Army Hour                     |
| 1:00             | 3:00             | 4:00 Blue: National Vespers                 |
| 1:30             | 3:30             | 4:30 CBS: Pause that Refreshes              |
| 1:30             | 3:30             | 4:30 Blue: Green Hornet                     |
| 1:30             | 3:30             | 4:30 NBC: Lands of the Free                 |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | 5:00 CBS: The Family Hour                   |
|                  |                  | 5:00 Blue: Gunther & Vandercook             |
| 2:15             | 4:15             | 5:15 Blue: Ella Fitzgerald                  |
| 2:15             | 4:15             | 5:15 MBS: Upton Close                       |
| 2:30             | 4:30             | 5:30 Blue: Musical Steelmakers              |
| 2:30             | 4:30             | 5:30 MBS: The Shadow                        |
| 2:45             | 4:45             | 5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer                 |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00 CBS: Edward R. Murrow                  |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00 Blue: Arch Oboler Dramas               |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00 MBS: First Nighter                     |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour                     |
| 3:15             | 5:15             | 6:15 CBS: Irene Rich                        |
| 3:30             | 5:30             | 6:30 CBS: Gene Autry                        |
| 3:30             | 5:30             | 6:30 Blue: Joseph Stopak's Orch.            |
| 3:45             | 5:45             | 6:45 NBC: The Great Gildersleeve            |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00 CBS: Soldiers With Wings               |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00 MBS: Voice of Prophecy                 |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00 Blue: Drew Pearson                     |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00 NBC: Jack Benny                        |
| 4:15             | 6:15             | 7:15 Blue: Edward Tomlinson                 |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30 MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain      |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30 CBS: We, the People                    |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30 Blue: Quiz Kids                        |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30 NBC: Fitch Bandwagon                   |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | 8:00 CBS: Only Yesterday                    |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | 8:00 Blue: Roy Porter, News                 |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | 8:00 NBC: Charlie McCarthy                  |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | 8:00 CBS: Crime Doctor                      |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | 8:00 Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery            |
| 5:30             | 7:30             | 8:30 NBC: ONE MAN'S FAMILY                  |
| 5:45             | 7:45             | 8:45 MBS: Gabriel Heatter                   |
| 5:55             | 7:55             | 8:55 CBS: Eric Sevareid                     |
| 6:00             | 8:00             | 9:00 CBS: Radio Reader's Digest             |
| 6:00             | 8:00             | 9:00 MBS: Old-Fashioned Revival             |
| 6:30             | 8:30             | 9:30 Blue: Walter Winchell                  |
| 6:30             | 8:30             | 9:30 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round          |
| 7:45             | 8:15             | 9:15 Blue: The Parker Family                |
| 8:30             | 8:30             | 9:30 CBS: FRED ALLEN                        |
| 8:30             | 8:30             | 9:30 Blue: Jimmie Fidler                    |
| 8:30             | 8:30             | 9:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music  |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It              |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00 Blue: Goodwill Hour                   |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes                   |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm                    |
| 7:30             | 9:30             | 10:30 CBS: The Man Behind the Gun           |
| 8:00             | 10:00            | 11:00 CBS: Eric Sevareid                    |
|                  |                  | 11:10 Larry Lesueur                         |
| 8:15             | 10:15            | 11:15 CBS: Tommy Tucker Orchestra           |
| 8:15             | 10:15            | 11:15 NBC: Cesar Saerchinger                |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30 CBS: Benny Goodman Orch.              |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30 NBC: Unlimited Horizons               |



## UPSIDE DOWNEY...

When Morton Downey came back on the air to do his five-afternoons-a-week show over the Blue Network at 3 p.m., EWT, there was great rejoicing, particularly among the Irish.

You might not think it from listening to Downey, but he is quite a disturbing fellow. All his life he's made a specialty of doing the unexpected. Morton was born in Wellingford, Connecticut, where his father was the local fire chief. Downey wanted nothing to do with fire engines. He wanted to be a singer. Instead, he became a candy butcher on the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad at the age of fifteen. He was then offered a job higher up in the company servicing the trains. Instead he got another job on the railroad at the helm of a donkey engine. He was fired for speeding! He tried to sell insurance and was fired. He still wanted to be a singer, so he went to work selling phonograph records.

Downey then came to New York to be a singer in his own right and got, of all things, a job as a song plugger, selling other singers the popular songs of the day. Then Morton got the one job he thought would be perfect, a job with Paul Whiteman's orchestra. As a singer? Oh, no. He came to be known as that personable young saxophone player, who glammed out the sax section. That was all he did, too. He couldn't play the saxophone.

Eventually, Whiteman let Downey sing, but he never cared very much for the tenor's voice. Downey left Whiteman and struck out on his own, singing in nightclubs all over America and Europe.

When he came back from Europe, Downey went to Hollywood to be in one of the first talkies, "Syncopation." He got to be quite a star in pictures, but decided not to stick around but to go into radio. Later he was lured back into pictures.

He left pictures and radio a few years back because somebody told him that singers who could not make jokes or act as an emcee were washed up in the night club business. Downey wanted to turn that theory upside down. Within one year, he had broken records in such notable night-eries as Cafe Lounge of the Savoy Plaza in New York, the Copley Plaza in Boston and the Mayfair room in Chicago.

In private life, Morton Downey is just as upside down as his professional career has been. He looks athletic, but he is exactly zero when it comes to strenuous sports. He calls himself a bathtub singer, but he prefers showers. He buys hundreds of hats, but rarely wears one. Young girls think he is a sophisticated man of the world, but actually most of his time is spent with his five kids.

## MONDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time                       |
|--------|--------|--|
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: News                         |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB              |
|        | 8:15   | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air            |
|        | 8:45   | 9:45 CBS: This Life is Mine            |
| 8:30   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady                |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson      |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John, News       |
| 8:45   | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle                 |
| 9:00   | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills                |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill              |
| 7:30   | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: The Baby Institute         |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate                   |
| 2:45   | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children         |
| 7:45   | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn               |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America          |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: The Captivators             |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's       |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life                |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband              |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade                |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon              |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 Blue: Jack Baker, Songs          |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 NBC: Snow Village                |
| 1:15   | 10:45  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories        |
|        | 10:45  | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little         |
|        | 10:45  | 11:45 NBC: David Harum                 |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS           |
| 9:15   | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister                  |
| 9:30   | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent      |
| 9:30   | 11:30  | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour         |
| 9:45   | 11:45  | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday              |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful        |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking            |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins                   |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh              |
| 10:30  | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade                 |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs                |
| 10:45  | 12:45  | 1:45 Blue: Vincent Lopez Orch.         |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News         |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone             |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World           |
| 12:30  | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.           |
| 11:15  | 1:15   | 2:15 Blue: Mystery Chef                |
| 11:15  | 1:15   | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women                 |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn            |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light            |
|        | 2:45   | Blue: Stella Unge                      |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family        |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches        |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum                  |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 Blue: Morton Downey               |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 NBC: Mary Martin                  |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: Landt Trio & Curley          |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins                   |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 Blue: My True Story               |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: Pepper Young's Family        |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 Blue: Columbia Concert Orch.      |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness           |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 Blue: Ted Malone                  |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                         |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee                |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife               |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas                |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 Blue: Green Valley, U. S. A.      |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 CBS: Joe and Ethel Turp           |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 Blue: Men of the Sea              |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones                |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: Off the Record               |
|        | 4:45   | Blue: Sea House                        |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown           |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads      |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan                |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries          |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad               |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy                  |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life            |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius             |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong              |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill              |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Superman                     |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell           |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 Blue: Keep the Home Fires Burning |
| 3:00   | 5:00   | 6:00 CBS: Captain Midnight             |
| 3:00   | 5:00   | 6:00 Blue: Paul Sullivan, News         |
| 3:00   | 5:00   | 6:00 NBC: Terry and the Pirates        |
| 3:15   | 5:15   | 6:15 CBS: Eric Sevareid                |
| 3:30   | 5:30   | 6:30 CBS: Mary Small, Songs            |
| 3:45   | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing   |
|        | 6:45   | Blue: The World Today                  |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 CBS: Lowell Thomas                |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 Blue: I Love a Mystery            |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 NBC: Victor Borge                 |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 CBS: Fred Waring's Gang           |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 Blue: Ceiling Unlimited           |
| 4:30   | 6:30   | 7:30 CBS: Blondie                      |
| 4:30   | 6:30   | 7:30 Blue: The Lone Ranger             |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn             |
| 5:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 CBS: Vox Pop                      |
| 5:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News           |
| 5:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 NBC: Cavalcade of America         |
| 5:15   | 7:15   | 8:15 CBS: Lum and Abner                |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: GAY NINETIES                 |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 Blue: True or False               |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone           |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 MBS: Buildup Drummond             |
| 5:55   | 7:55   | 8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown                  |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER                  |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Counter-Spy                 |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter              |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 NBC: The Telephone Hour           |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands             |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 NBC: Doctor I. Q.                 |
| 6:55   | 8:55   | 9:55 Blue: Dale Carnegie               |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players        |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 MBS: Raymond Clapper             |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing         |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Contested Program           |
| 7:30   | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: Gracie Fields              |
| 7:30   | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Information Please          |
| 7:30   | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Three Ring Time             |
|        | 10:30  | Blue: Alec Templeton                   |



# TUESDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time                            |
|--------|--------|---|
|        | 8:30   | Blue: Texas Jim                             |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: News                              |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB                   |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Everything Goes                   |
| 1:30   | 2:30   | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air                 |
|        | 8:45   | 9:45 CBS: This Life is Mine                 |
| 8:30   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady                     |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson           |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John, News            |
| 8:45   | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle                      |
|        | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: News                            |
| 9:00   | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills                     |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill                   |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: Baby Institute                  |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate                        |
| 12:45  | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children              |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn                    |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America               |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor                  |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's            |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life                     |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband                   |
|        | 10:15  | 11:15 Blue: Vic and Sade                    |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon                   |
|        | 10:30  | 11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights           |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 NBC: Snow Village                     |
| 11:15  | 10:15  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories             |
| 8:45   | 10:45  | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little              |
|        | 10:45  | 11:45 NBC: David Harum                      |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks                |
|        | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister                       |
| 9:15   | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent           |
|        | 11:30  | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour              |
| 9:45   | 11:45  | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday                   |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful             |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking                 |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 NBC: Air Breaks                        |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins                        |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh                   |
| 10:30  | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade                      |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs                     |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News              |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone                  |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World                |
| 12:30  | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.                |
| 11:15  | 1:15   | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women                      |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn                 |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 Blue: Victory Hour                     |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light                 |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family             |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches             |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum                       |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 Blue: Morton Downey                    |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin                       |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: Sing Along—Landt Trio             |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 Blue: My True Story                    |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins                        |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: David Mannes School               |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family             |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 CBS: Right to Happiness                |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 Blue: Ted Malone                       |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                              |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee                     |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife                    |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.            |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas                     |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones                     |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 Blue: Men of the Sea                   |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 NBC: Joe and Ethel Turp                |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record               |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 Blue: Sea Hound                        |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown                |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: Madeline Carroll Reads            |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan                     |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries               |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad                    |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy                       |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life                 |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Are You A Genius                  |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong                   |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 NBC: Superman                          |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Just Plain Bill                   |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 Blue: Keep The Home Fires Burning      |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 NBC: Captain Midnight                  |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Front Page Farrell                |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 Blue: Frazier Hunt                     |
| 3:00   | 5:00   | 6:00 CBS: Terry and The Pirates             |
| 3:15   | 5:15   | 6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill                     |
| 3:30   | 5:30   | 6:30 CBS: Bill Stern                        |
| 3:30   | 5:30   | 6:30 Blue: John B. Kennedy                  |
| 3:45   | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: The World Today                   |
|        | 6:45   | Blue: Lowell Thomas                         |
|        | 6:55   | Blue: Meaning of the News, Joseph C. Harsch |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 CBS: Victor Borge                      |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 Blue: Fred Waring's Gang               |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 NBC: I Love A Mystery                  |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 CBS: Harry James                       |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 Blue: Men, Machines and Victory        |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 NBC: European News                     |
| 4:30   | 6:30   | 7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour              |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn                  |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 Blue: Lights Out                       |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 NBC: Earl Godwin, News                 |
| 5:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 CBS: Ginny Simms                       |
| 5:15   | 7:15   | 8:15 CBS: Lum and Abner                     |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: Al Jolson                         |
| 5:45   | 7:45   | 8:45 CBS: Duffy's                           |
| 5:55   | 7:55   | 8:55 CBS: Horace Heidt                      |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Cecil Brown                       |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Burns and Allen                  |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Gabriel Heatter                   |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Famous Jury Trials                |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Battle of the Sexes              |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 CBS: Suspense                          |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands                  |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 NBC: Murder Clinic                     |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 CBS: Fibber McGee and Molly            |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Dale Carnegie                    |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 NBC: John B. Hughes                    |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing               |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 NBC: Bob Hope                          |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 CBS: Jazz Laboratory                   |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Gracie Fields                    |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 NBC: Red Skelton                       |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 CBS: Talks                             |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Mary Small Sings                 |



# SMALL PACKAGE . . .

That's Connie Haines, our cover girl—and she is a small package, a five-foot-tall, one-hundred-pound package of dynamite.

Connie's real name is Yvonne Marie Ja Mais—a big name for a little girl—and she was born in Savannah, Georgia. Her mother was then giving singing lessons and little Yvonne Marie came in for her share of the lessons. By the time she was four, she was ready for her debut. Yvonne Marie appeared in a "Saucy Baby Show," at Savannah's Bijou Theater, with Pick Malone, of radio's Pick and Pat team. That was the beginning.

A few years after that, her family moved to Jacksonville, Florida. Her talent and her desire to sing soon made her parents give her their consent to audition for a children's program and it wasn't long before she blossomed forth as the "Little Princess of the Air" on a sponsored broadcast over a Jacksonville station. This was when she was ten years old.

Four years later, Yvonne Marie travelled to New York City—and she wasn't traveling to see the sights. She worked around a bit and finally hit an engagement at the Roxy Theater. When that was over, she returned to Florida, headed for Miami, and did fairly well for herself in that resort's most exclusive night spots.

It was after this whirl that she joined Harry James's band as featured singer and her name was changed for reasons of billing and pronunciation to Connie Haines. Her tour with the band lasted three months, after which she went back to Miami and more night club engagements. Then, Tommy Dorsey heard her sing and immediately engaged her as his featured songstress.

Her work with the Dorsey band, on and off the air, kept Connie plenty busy for some time. This year, she left the band to join the Blue Network's artist staff in Hollywood. Her appearance last summer as the featured singer on the John Nesbitt-Meredith Willson show brought her to the attention of the producers of the new Abbott and Costello series on NBC. She auditioned. And there she was with Abbott and Costello until Costello's illness. She's now singing on the Comedy Caravan, Friday evenings at 10 p.m., EWT, over CBS.

But are rehearsals and shows enough for Connie? Certainly not. She does a special job for the War Department, making recordings of songs for our boys overseas. Two nights a week, Connie serves at the Hollywood Canteen, dancing one evening and singing the other. One day a week, she gives over to an appearance at a California camp or hospital. Oh, yes, sometimes she works in the movies, too.

As you can see from our cover this month, none of this has hurt Connie's pert looks or zestful well being one bit. She keeps in trim by swimming and playing golf and, for relaxation—when she has time—she collects animal miniatures in china and glass.

# WEDNESDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time                            |
|--------|--------|---|
|        | 8:30   | Blue: Texas Time                            |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: News                              |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club                   |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Everything Goes                   |
| 1:30   | 2:30   | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air                 |
|        | 8:45   | 9:45 CBS: This Life is Mine                 |
| 8:30   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady                     |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson           |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John                  |
| 8:45   | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle                      |
|        | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: News                            |
| 9:00   | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills                     |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill                   |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: Baby Institute                  |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate                        |
| 12:45  | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children              |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn                    |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America               |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Food News Roundup                |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's            |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life                     |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband                   |
|        | 10:15  | 11:15 Blue: Vic and Sade                    |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon                   |
|        | 10:30  | 11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights           |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 NBC: Snow Village                     |
| 11:15  | 10:15  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories             |
| 8:45   | 10:45  | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little              |
|        | 10:45  | 11:45 NBC: David Harum                      |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks                |
|        | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Words and Music                  |
| 9:15   | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Big Sister                       |
| 9:30   | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent           |
|        | 11:30  | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour              |
| 9:45   | 11:45  | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday                   |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful             |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking                 |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 NBC: Air Breaks                        |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins                        |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh                   |
| 10:30  | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade                      |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs                     |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News              |
| 10:45  | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone                  |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World                |
| 12:30  | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.                |
| 11:15  | 1:15   | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women                      |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn                 |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 Blue: James McDonald                   |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light                 |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family             |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 Blue: Stella Unger                     |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches             |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum                       |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 Blue: Morton Downey                    |
| 12:00  | 2:00   | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin                       |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: Sing Along—Landt Trio             |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 Blue: My True Story                    |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins                        |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: Columbia Concert Orch.            |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family             |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 CBS: Right to Happiness                |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 Blue: Ted Malone                       |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                              |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee                     |
| 1:00   | 3:00   | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife                    |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas                     |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 NBC: Green Valley, U. S. A.            |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 CBS: Joe and Ethel Turp                |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 Blue: Men of the Sea                   |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones                     |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: Sea Hound                         |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 Blue: Off the Record                   |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown                |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: Madeline Carroll Reads            |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan                     |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries               |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad                    |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy                       |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life                 |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Are You A Genius                  |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong                   |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 NBC: Superman                          |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Just Plain Bill                   |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 Blue: Keep The Home Fires Burning      |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 NBC: Captain Midnight                  |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Front Page Farrell                |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 Blue: Frazier Hunt                     |
| 3:00   | 5:00   | 6:00 CBS: Terry and The Pirates             |
| 3:15   | 5:15   | 6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill                     |
| 3:30   | 5:30   | 6:30 CBS: Bill Stern                        |
| 3:30   | 5:30   | 6:30 Blue: John B. Kennedy                  |
| 3:45   | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: The World Today                   |
|        | 6:45   | Blue: Lowell Thomas                         |
|        | 6:55   | Blue: Meaning of the News, Joseph C. Harsch |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 CBS: Victor Borge                      |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 Blue: Fred Waring's Gang               |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 NBC: I Love A Mystery                  |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 CBS: Harry James                       |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 Blue: European News                    |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 NBC: Easy Aces                         |
| 4:30   | 6:30   | 7:30 CBS: The Lone Ranger                   |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn                  |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 Blue: Lights Out                       |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 NBC: Earl Godwin, News                 |
| 5:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 CBS: Cal Tinney                        |
| 5:15   | 7:15   | 8:15 CBS: Mr. and Mrs. North                |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: Lum and Abner                     |
| 5:45   | 7:45   | 8:45 CBS: Dr. Christian                     |
| 5:55   | 7:55   | 8:55 CBS: Manhattan at Midnight             |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Tommy Dorsey                      |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Cecil Brown                      |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: The Mayor of the Town             |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Gabriel Heatter                   |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: John Freedom                     |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Eddie Cantor                      |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Milton Berle                      |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Spotlight Bands                  |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: M. De Fidi                        |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Dale Carnegie                     |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Great Moments in Music           |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: John B. Hughes                    |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Kay Kyser                         |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing               |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Gracie Fields                     |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Corliss Archer                    |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Alec Templeton                   |



# THURSDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time                       |
|--------|--------|--|
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Texas Jim                   |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: News                         |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club              |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Everything Goes              |
| 1:30   | 2:30   | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air            |
|        | 8:45   | 9:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine            |
| 8:30   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady                |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson      |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John             |
| 8:45   | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle                 |
|        | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: News                       |
| 9:00   | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills                |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill              |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: Baby Institute             |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate                   |
| 12:45  | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children         |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn               |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America          |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor             |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's       |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life                |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband              |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade                |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon              |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights      |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 NBC: Snow Village                |
| 11:15  | 10:45  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories        |
| 11:15  | 10:45  | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little         |
| 11:15  | 10:45  | 11:45 NBC: David Harum                 |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks           |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 NBC: Words and Music             |
| 9:15   | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister                  |
| 9:30   | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent      |
| 9:30   | 11:30  | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour         |
| 9:45   | 11:45  | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday              |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful        |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking            |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 NBC: Air Breaks                   |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins                   |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh              |
| 10:30  | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade                 |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs                |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News         |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone             |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World           |
| 12:30  | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.           |
| 12:30  | 1:15   | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women                 |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn            |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 Blue: James McDonald              |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light            |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family        |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 Blue: Stella Unger                |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches        |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum                  |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 Blue: Morton Downey               |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin                  |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: Landt Trio and Curley        |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 Blue: My True Story               |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins                   |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: Eastern School of Music      |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family        |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 CBS: Right to Happiness           |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 Blue: Ted Malone                  |
|        | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                         |
|        | 3:00   | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee                |
|        | 3:00   | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife               |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.       |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas                |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 CBS: Joe and Ethel Turp           |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 Blue: Men of the Sea              |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones                |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: Off the Record               |
|        | 3:45   | 4:45 Blue: Sea Hunt                    |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown           |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads      |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan                |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries          |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad               |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy                  |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life            |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius             |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong              |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 NBC: Superman                     |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Just Plain Bill              |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 Blue: Keep The Home Fires Burning |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 NBC: Captain Midnight             |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: The Good Old Days            |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 Blue: Frazier Hunt                |
| 3:00   | 5:00   | 6:00 CBS: Terry and The Pirates        |
| 3:15   | 5:15   | 6:15 CBS: Don't You Believe It         |
| 3:15   | 5:15   | 6:15 Blue: John B. Kennedy             |
| 3:30   | 5:30   | 6:30 CBS: Bill Stern                   |
| 3:45   | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: The World Today              |
|        | 6:45   | 7:00 CBS: Lowell Thomas                |
|        | 6:45   | 7:00 Blue: Meaning of the News         |
|        | 6:45   | 7:00 NBC: Victor Borge                 |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 CBS: Fred Waring's Gang           |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 Blue: I Love a Mystery            |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 NBC: The Good Old Days            |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 CBS: Harry James                  |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 Blue: European News               |
| 4:30   | 6:30   | 7:30 CBS: Easy Aces                    |
| 4:30   | 6:30   | 7:30 Blue: Bob Burns                   |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen                     |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 Blue: Earl Godwin, News           |
| 5:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 CBS: Coffee Time                  |
| 5:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 Blue: Grapevine Rancho            |
| 5:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 NBC: Lum and Abner                |
| 5:15   | 7:15   | 8:15 CBS: Death Valley Days            |
| 5:15   | 7:15   | 8:15 Blue: Meet Your Navy              |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: ALDRICH FAMILY               |
| 5:55   | 7:55   | 8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown                  |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Major Bowes                  |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Gabriel Heatter             |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: KRAFT MUSIC HALL             |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: The Door Canteen             |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 CBS: Spotlight Bands              |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Rudy Vallee                 |
| 6:55   | 8:55   | 9:55 CBS: Dale Carnegie                |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: The First Line              |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Raymond Clapper            |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: The Good Gram Swing         |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Gary Moore                  |
| 7:15   | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: Gracie Fields              |
| 7:30   | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: March of Time               |
| 7:45   | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Talks                       |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News            |



# BUSY BODY...

Claudia Morgan has every right to claim that title, although we cannot take the credit for having thought of it first. She has already appeared in more plays, movies and radio shows than her famous father, Ralph Morgan, and her equally famous uncle, Frank Morgan, put together. Right now, you hear her as Nora Charles in the CBS Thin Man series, heard Friday nights at 8:30 EWT, and as the lead in We Love and Learn and The Right to Happiness.

Claudia was born in New York City and educated at Ely Court in Greenwich, Connecticut, and Miss Dow's at Briarcliff, New York. Her first ambition was to become a painter and she did study. There must have been something contagious about the smell of greasepaint, however, because, in the summer before her last year at school, she just had to talk her way into a part in Margaret Anglin's production of "Gypsy April." Papa Morgan was very put out indeed, when he discovered that his daughter had signed a contract to play opposite him—he was to play the romantic lead—without his even suspecting what was in the air. Claudia changed her name to Claudia Wright and played the part, but in the end, Papa won, because she had to go back to school at the end of summer.

Luckily for her, Papa was out on the road with Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," when she was graduated and she had time enough to land herself a Broadway role before he got back. It was in this play "Top O' the Hill," that she worked with Lester Vail, who now directs her in occasional radio plays. After that first day, she served time in stock in Philadelphia, where David Belasco saw her and signed her to appear in the last play he ever directed, "Dancing Partner."

Since then, she has played in 33 Broadway successes, some of the best known of which were, "Accent on Youth," "On Stage," "Call it a Day," and "The Man Who Came to Dinner," playing opposite Monty Woolley, Alexander Woolcott, George Kaufman and Clifton Webb, when these actors replaced one another.

Five feet, six inches tall, with hazel eyes and chestnut hair, Claudia is glamorous, smart and sophisticated as Nora Charles sounds. She leaves nothing she can do herself to others. For instance, her lovely, new apartment was furnished and planned and decorated entirely by her.

After that first play about which Papa knew nothing, Claudia has appeared with him on the stage again. She played in "Strange Interlude," in the London company with him. She has also worked on the radio with her uncle Frank. They ought to know all about her work by now. The Morgans, however, take nothing for granted. They don't give her a chance to do any backsliding. Both her father and her uncle listen to every one of her broadcasts and send her their criticisms.

# FRIDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time                       |
|--------|--------|--|
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Texas Jim                   |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: News                         |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club              |
|        | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Everything Goes              |
| 1:30   | 2:30   | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air            |
|        | 8:45   | 9:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine            |
| 8:30   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady                |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson      |
|        | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John             |
| 8:45   | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle                 |
|        | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: News                       |
| 9:00   | 9:15   | 10:15 NBC: The O'Neills                |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill              |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 Blue: The Baby Institute         |
|        | 9:30   | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate                   |
| 12:45  | 9:45   | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children         |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn               |
|        | 9:45   | 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America          |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 CBS: Food News Roundup           |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's       |
| 8:00   | 10:00  | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life                |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband              |
| 8:15   | 10:15  | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade                |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon              |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights      |
| 8:30   | 10:30  | 11:30 NBC: Snow Village                |
| 8:45   | 10:45  | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories        |
| 8:45   | 10:45  | 11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little         |
| 8:45   | 10:45  | 11:45 NBC: David Harum                 |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks           |
| 9:00   | 11:00  | 12:00 NBC: Words and Music             |
| 9:15   | 11:15  | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister                  |
| 9:30   | 11:30  | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent      |
| 9:30   | 11:30  | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour         |
| 9:45   | 11:45  | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday              |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful        |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking            |
| 10:00  | 12:00  | 1:00 NBC: Air Breaks                   |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins                   |
| 10:15  | 12:15  | 1:15 Blue: Vic and Sade                |
| 10:30  | 12:30  | 1:30 CBS: The Goldbergs                |
|        | 12:45  | 1:45 CBS: Carey Longmire, News         |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone             |
| 11:00  | 1:00   | 2:00 NBC: Light of the World           |
| 12:30  | 1:15   | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.           |
| 12:30  | 1:15   | 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women                 |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn            |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 Blue: James McDonald              |
| 11:30  | 1:30   | 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light            |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family        |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 Blue: Stella Unger                |
| 11:45  | 1:45   | 2:45 NBC: Betty Crocker                |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 CBS: David Harum                  |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 Blue: Morton Downey               |
|        | 2:00   | 3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin                  |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 CBS: Landt Trio and Curley        |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 Blue: My True Story               |
| 12:15  | 2:15   | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins                   |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 CBS: Indianapolis Symphony        |
| 12:30  | 2:30   | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family        |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 CBS: Ted Malone                   |
| 12:45  | 2:45   | 3:45 Blue: Right to Happiness          |
|        | 3:00   | 4:00 CBS: News                         |
|        | 3:00   | 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee                |
|        | 3:00   | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife               |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.       |
| 1:15   | 3:15   | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas                |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones                |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 Blue: Men of the Sea              |
| 1:30   | 3:30   | 4:30 NBC: Joe and Ethel Turp           |
| 1:45   | 3:45   | 4:45 CBS: Off the Record               |
|        | 3:45   | 4:45 Blue: Sea Hunt                    |
|        | 3:45   | 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown           |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads      |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan                |
| 2:00   | 4:00   | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries          |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad               |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy                  |
| 2:15   | 4:15   | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life            |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius             |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong              |
| 2:30   | 4:30   | 5:30 NBC: Superman                     |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: Just Plain Bill              |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 Blue: Keep The Home Fires Burning |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 NBC: Captain Midnight             |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 CBS: The Good Old Days            |
| 2:45   | 4:45   | 5:45 Blue: Frazier Hunt                |
| 3:00   | 5:00   | 6:00 CBS: Terry and The Pirates        |
| 3:15   | 5:15   | 6:15 CBS: Don't You Believe It         |
| 3:15   | 5:15   | 6:15 Blue: John B. Kennedy             |
| 3:30   | 5:30   | 6:30 CBS: Bill Stern                   |
| 3:45   | 5:45   | 6:45 CBS: The World Today              |
|        | 6:45   | 7:00 CBS: Lowell Thomas                |
|        | 6:45   | 7:00 Blue: Meaning of the News         |
|        | 6:45   | 7:00 NBC: Victor Borge                 |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 CBS: Fred Waring's Gang           |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 Blue: I Love a Mystery            |
| 4:00   | 6:00   | 7:00 NBC: The Good Old Days            |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 CBS: Harry James                  |
| 4:15   | 6:15   | 7:15 Blue: European News               |
| 4:30   | 6:30   | 7:30 CBS: Easy Aces                    |
| 4:30   | 6:30   | 7:30 Blue: The Lone Ranger             |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen                     |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 Blue: H. V. Kaitenborn            |
| 4:45   | 6:45   | 7:45 NBC: KATE SMITH                   |
| 5:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 CBS: Earl Godwin, News            |
| 5:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 Blue: Cal Tinney                  |
| 5:00   | 7:00   | 8:00 NBC: Cities-Service Concert       |
| 5:15   | 7:15   | 8:15 CBS: Dinah Shore                  |
| 5:15   | 7:15   | 8:15 Blue: The Thin Man                |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 CBS: Meet Your Navy               |
| 5:30   | 7:30   | 8:30 Blue: All Time Hit Parade         |
| 5:55   | 7:55   | 8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown                  |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Philip Morris Playhouse      |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 Blue: Gang Busters                |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 NBC: Gabriel Heatter              |
| 6:00   | 8:00   | 9:00 CBS: Waltz Time                   |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 CBS: That Brewster Boy            |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands             |
| 6:30   | 8:30   | 9:30 NBC: Double or Nothing            |
| 6:55   | 8:55   | 9:55 CBS: People Are Funny             |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 CBS: Dale Carnegie               |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 Blue: Camel Caravan              |
| 7:00   | 9:00   | 10:00 NBC: John Gunther                |
| 7:15   | 9:15   | 10:15 CBS: Tommy Riggs, Betty Lou      |
| 7:15   | 9:15   | 10:15 Blue: Gracie Fields              |
| 7:30   | 9:30   | 10:30 CBS: Alec Templeton              |
| 7:45   | 9:45   | 10:45 Blue: Elmer Davis                |



# SATURDAY

# What's New From Coast to Coast

Continued from page 7

| PACIFIC WAR TIME | CENTRAL WAR TIME | EASTERN WAR TIME |                                 |
|------------------|------------------|------------------|---------------------------------|
| 8:00             | 9:00             | 10:00            | CBS: News of the World          |
| 8:00             | 9:00             | 10:00            | Blue: News                      |
| 8:00             | 9:00             | 10:00            | NBC: News                       |
| 8:15             | 9:15             | 10:15            | CBS: Music of Today             |
| 8:30             | 9:30             | 10:30            | CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping     |
| 8:30             | 9:30             | 10:30            | NBC: Dick Lebert                |
| 8:30             | 9:30             | 10:30            | Blue: Texas Jim                 |
| 8:45             | 9:45             | 10:45            | CBS: Bert Buhrman Orchestra     |
| 8:45             | 9:45             | 10:45            | Blue: News                      |
| 8:45             | 9:45             | 10:45            | NBC: News                       |
| 9:00             | 10:00            | 11:00            | CBS: Press News                 |
| 9:00             | 10:00            | 11:00            | Blue: Breakfast Club            |
| 9:00             | 10:00            | 11:00            | NBC: Everything Goes            |
| 9:15             | 10:15            | 11:15            | CBS: Red Cross Reporter         |
| 9:30             | 10:30            | 11:30            | CBS: Garden Gate                |
| 9:00             | 10:00            | 11:00            | CBS: Youth on Parade            |
| 9:00             | 10:00            | 11:00            | Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson     |
| 9:00             | 10:00            | 11:00            | NBC: NBC STRING QUARTET         |
| 9:30             | 10:30            | 11:30            | CBS: U. S. Navy Band            |
| 9:30             | 10:30            | 11:30            | Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights     |
| 9:30             | 10:30            | 11:30            | NBC: Nellie Revell              |
| 9:45             | 10:45            | 11:45            | Blue: Betty Moore               |
| 8:00             | 10:00            | 11:00            | CBS: Warren Sweeney, News       |
| 8:00             | 10:00            | 11:00            | Blue: Game Parade               |
| 11:05            | 12:05            | 1:05             | CBS: Let's Pretend              |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30            | CBS: Ration for Fashion         |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30            | Blue: Little Blue Playhouse     |
| 8:30             | 10:30            | 11:30            | NBC: U. S. Coast Guard Band     |
| 9:00             | 11:00            | 12:00            | CBS: Theater of Today           |
| 9:00             | 11:00            | 12:00            | Blue: Music by Black            |
| 9:00             | 11:00            | 12:00            | NBC: News                       |
| 9:15             | 11:15            | 12:15            | NBC: Consumer Time              |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | 12:30            | CBS: Stars Over Hollywood       |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | 12:30            | Blue: Farm Bureau               |
| 9:30             | 11:30            | 12:30            | NBC: Golden Melodies            |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | 1:00             | CBS: Commandos                  |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | 1:00             | Blue: Vincent Lopez             |
| 10:00            | 12:00            | 1:00             | NBC: Beverly Mahr, vocalist     |
| 10:15            | 12:15            | 1:15             | NBC: Melodies for Strings       |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | 1:30             | CBS: Adventures in Science      |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | 1:30             | Blue: Washington Luncheon       |
| 10:30            | 12:30            | 1:30             | NBC: All Out for Victory        |
| 10:45            | 12:45            | 1:45             | CBS: Highways to Health         |
| 10:45            | 12:45            | 1:45             | NBC: People's War               |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00             | CBS: News                       |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00             | Blue: Metropolitan Opera        |
| 11:00            | 1:00             | 2:00             | NBC: Roy Shield and Co.         |
| 11:05            | 1:05             | 2:05             | CBS: Country Journal            |
| 11:30            | 1:30             | 2:30             | CBS: Spirit of '43              |
| 1:45             | 1:45             | 2:45             | NBC: Nat'l Parents and Teachers |
| 12:00            | 2:00             | 3:00             | CBS: Of Men and Books           |
| 12:00            | 2:00             | 3:00             | NBC: U. S. Air Force Band       |
| 12:30            | 2:30             | 3:30             | CBS: F.O.B. Detroit             |
| 12:30            | 2:30             | 3:30             | NBC: News                       |
| 12:45            | 2:45             | 3:45             | NBC: Lyrics by Liza             |
| 1:00             | 3:00             | 4:00             | CBS: Report from Washington     |
| 1:00             | 3:00             | 4:00             | NBC: Matinee in Rhythm          |
| 1:15             | 3:15             | 4:15             | CBS: Reports from London        |
| 1:30             | 3:30             | 4:30             | CBS: Calling Pan-America        |
| 1:30             | 3:30             | 4:30             | NBC: Minstrel Melodies          |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | 5:00             | CBS: Cleveland Symphony         |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | 5:00             | Blue: Joe Rines Orchestra       |
| 2:00             | 4:00             | 5:00             | NBC: Doctors at War             |
| 2:30             | 4:30             | 5:30             | NBC: Three Suns Trio            |
| 2:45             | 4:45             | 5:45             | NBC: News, Alex Drier           |
| 2:45             | 4:45             | 5:45             | Blue: Country Editor            |
| 2:45             | 5:00             | 6:00             | CBS: Frazier Hunt               |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00             | Blue: Dinner Music              |
| 3:00             | 5:00             | 6:00             | NBC: Gallicchio Orch.           |
| 3:15             | 5:15             | 6:15             | CBS: People's Platform          |
| 3:30             | 5:30             | 6:30             | Blue: Message of Israel         |
| 3:30             | 5:30             | 6:30             | NBC: Religion in the News       |
| 3:45             | 5:45             | 6:45             | CBS: Bobby Tucker's Voices      |
| 3:45             | 5:45             | 6:45             | NBC: Paul Lavalle Orch.         |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00             | CBS: Report to the Nation       |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00             | Blue: Strange Dr. Karnac        |
| 4:00             | 6:00             | 7:00             | NBC: Noah Webster Says          |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30             | CBS: Thanks to the Yanks        |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30             | Blue: Danny Thomas              |
| 4:30             | 6:30             | 7:30             | NBC: Ellery Queen               |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | 8:00             | CBS: Crummit and Sanderson      |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | 8:00             | Blue: Roy Porter, News          |
| 5:00             | 7:00             | 8:00             | NBC: Abie's Irish Rose          |
| 5:15             | 7:15             | 8:15             | Blue: Boston Symphony Orchestra |
| 5:30             | 7:30             | 8:30             | CBS: Hobby Lobby                |
| 5:30             | 7:30             | 8:30             | NBC: Truth or Consequences      |
| 5:55             | 7:55             | 8:55             | CBS: Eric Sevareid              |
| 6:00             | 8:00             | 9:00             | CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE            |
| 6:00             | 8:00             | 9:00             | NBC: National Barn Dance        |
| 6:15             | 8:15             | 9:15             | Blue: Edward Tomlinson          |
| 6:30             | 8:30             | 9:30             | NBC: Can You Top This           |
| 6:30             | 8:30             | 9:30             | Blue: Spotlight Band            |
| 6:45             | 8:45             | 9:45             | CBS: Saturday Night Serenade    |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00            | Blue: Gunther or Vandercook     |
| 7:00             | 9:00             | 10:00            | NBC: Bill Stern Sports Newsreel |
| 7:15             | 9:15             | 10:15            | Blue: Blue Ribbon Town          |
| 7:15             | 9:15             | 10:15            | NBC: Dick Powell                |
| 7:45             | 9:45             | 10:45            | CBS: Eileen Farrell             |
| 8:00             | 10:00            | 11:00            | CBS: Ned Calmer, News           |

the part as well.

Ted may be young in years but he has had plenty of experience with the big name bands. His type of singing is just what the doctor ordered for young people. He can croon like nobody's business and when he sings a romantic ballad all the girls get sentimental.

Ted started his singing career back in his high school days. No local festival in Salem was complete unless he did some warbling before the neighbors.

Then he began to get invitations to appear in the surrounding towns. He attracted the notice of a theatrical agent who signed him up for a road company of "the Music Box Revue." Ted went on tour and had a grand time until the show closed.

Ted decided that he would like to sing with an orchestra again. Raymond Scott's orchestra was then at the height of its fame. Ted wrote Scott asking him for a job. Scott answered the letter immediately. He arranged to give Ted an audition and two weeks later Ted was hired.

Then followed engagements with Frank Dailey, Joe Venuti, Ruby Newman and other well known orchestras.

At a room, five years ago, a certain girl haunted the bandstand. She kept pleading with Ted to sing "Stardust" and "Night and Day." He's still singing them for her and the audience includes little Jerry Cole, now six months old, who may not be as well trained as his father but is considerably louder.

Ted was captured by the Yankee Network a year ago and has been a daily feature on the Yankee House Party ever since. The Yankee Network then built a show in which the Yankee Starlets are featured and Ted is the master singer in this delightful program in the early evening.

\* \* \*

Believe it or not, almost every member of the David Harum cast, heard on NBC, is an actual farmer. Craig McDonnell, the big, genial fellow who plays David, lives in a small town on the Hudson and is a favorite local "caller" for square dances. The show's director owns a large dairy farm in Pennsylvania and gets up at 5 A.M. every morning to do chores before coming to New York. Ford Bond, the announcer, also has a farm in the country. Arthur Maitland, who plays the villainous Zeke Swinney has several cows, chickens and horses on his country place. Peggy Allenby, who you know as Susan, has a farm near Maitland's. We just thought you'd like to know that radio people are as influenced by radio as you sometimes are.

\* \* \*

RADIO AND THE ARMED FORCES \* \* \* The Six Hits and a Miss of the Burns and Allen show have just received a letter from Hawaii telling them that a U.S. bomber in action in the South Pacific has just been named for them. They wrote back saying, "Get another one and call it 'Seven Hits and We've Stopped Missing.'" . . . Lieut. William F. McClintock was one of the bombardiers who flew in one of the planes over Tokio with Major General Doolittle's Air Force. Lt. McClintock was a former NBC page boy before enlisting in the air force! . . . Recent visitor to The Goldbergs program was Private Alfred Ryder. Until his induction, he was known to all of you as

Sammy Goldberg . . . It's not very pleasant to report, particularly since we know most of them, but here is the list of Radio's Correspondents who have been killed, missing or captured: *Missing:* Frank J. Cuhel. *Captured:* Bert Silen, Ed Ward, Eric Davis, Royal Gunnison. *Killed:* Don Bell. Ed Beaudry . . . Red headed Paul Mills of the Marine Corps wrote a poem called "What Makes A Marine." He wrote it while under fire in the Solomon Islands and sent it to his dad, music publisher Irving Mills. Composer Joe Myrow set the poem to music and Kate Smith is now singing it every chance she gets. It's one of the year's finest songs . . . Young Rush Gook of Vic and Sade, or William Idelson as he is known outside the studios, is now in the Navy . . . We still haven't forgotten that swell Eddie Cantor show which featured Barney Ross, who had just returned from duty with the leathernecks on Guadalcanal. Barney was even tougher out of the ring than in, knocking off twenty-two of the enemy before being hit by shrapnel . . .

\* \* \*

NEWS NOTES . . . Kay Kyser and Edgar Bergen, with Charlie, of course, are going to co-star in a new movie for RKO. The title now is "Keep 'em Singing." . . . Bandleader Alvino Rey and the male members of his orchestra are now all war workers in a plane factory near Los Angeles . . . Andre Kostelanetz getting that worried look again as he plans for his summer outdoor concerts . . . That tune "Hi Ya, Chum" ought to go places . . . Gertrude Berg getting "Potash and Perlmutter" ready for a radio series . . . Just as soon as "Duffy's" leaves the air for the summer, Ed Gardner will go to Hollywood to make a movie about his famous tavern . . . Because of Duke Ellington's rising popularity, especially since his recent air shots, he will probably be nabbed for a commercial show featuring his band—we hope so . . . Joan Tetzel, star of "A Woman of America," heard over NBC, is now enjoying a run in the Helen Hayes play . . . Valiant Lady just passed its fifth year on the air and is going strong . . . That's all 'till next month. Happy listening.



Fashions in Rations is the name of Billie Burke's new show heard Saturdays at 11:30, EWT, on CBS.





#### FROM COLLEGE TO WAR INDUSTRY

—Phylis tests tensile strength of fabric for parachute bags, tents, summer uniforms for the armed forces. She is one of 6 college girls being trained in a big Textile Company, to replace young men called to the services.

### Phylis Gray

Another charming Pond's engaged girl—daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Henry Gray of Great Neck, New York. Her engagement to Ensign Allen Hughes Jones of Chevy Chase, Md., now with the United States Coast Guard Reserve, was announced September 15th.



**PHYLIS AND ALLEN ARE SAILING ENTHUSIASTS:** Her blue-green eyes are changeable as the sea. Her soft-smooth Pond's complexion has a delicate, rose-fresh beauty.



**HER RING** is exquisite—a shining solitaire with 3 smaller diamonds deep set each side in the platinum band.

# She's Engaged!

*She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*

"I GUESS girls all over the country are feeling extra grateful for Pond's these busy days," Phylis says. "A war job certainly doesn't leave you much time for fussy beauty care—so it means a lot to have a luscious, soft-smooth cream like Pond's to help keep your face bright and fresh, and soft-to-touch. It's the *grandest* cleansing and softening cream I know."

*Here's how Phylis uses Pond's for soft-smooth cleansing!*

She slips Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat and pats—gently, quickly,

to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Then—tissues it off well. She "rinses" with more Pond's for extra cleansing and softening. Tissues off again. "It's a joy," Phylis says, "how made-over my face feels!"

Use Pond's as Phylis does—every night, for daytime clean-ups, too! You'll love it. And you'll soon see why war-busy society beauties like Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt are Pond's users—why more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream.

At beauty counters everywhere—all sizes popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.



**IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!**



# Someone to Cling To

Continued from page 35

his head, staring straight before him over the steering wheel. "It's no good, Priscilla. I thought it might be; I hoped it would be. But it's no good."

Pride would not let me question him, kept me from answering at all.

He wrapped his arms around the wheel, hunching his shoulders forward. "You see, Priscilla, when you first came to my office, your reputation had preceded you. I'd heard about you—I don't think there's a man in our section of the plant who hasn't. Things like that get around, and you were put down as being a sure thing for a good time. And then, when I saw you, you didn't seem to be that sort at all. You were not only one of the prettiest girls I'd ever seen; you had sweetness and fineness. What I'd heard and what you seemed to be just didn't fit."

"So you had to find out for yourself," I was pleased to see him flinch.

He said slowly, "No, Priscilla. It wasn't entirely that. I admit I wanted to kiss you, more than I've ever wanted to kiss anyone. I admit I lost my head for a minute. I said it was my fault, and I'm sorry."

I adjusted my hat with shaking hands. "Please take me home."

HE turned his head, and in the light from the dashboard I saw unhappiness and a kind of weariness in his eyes. "Not yet, Priscilla. First I want to say something to you. Not that I've a right to, but I want you to hear it, and remember, and maybe some day realize the truth of it. You're cheapening yourself by giving your kisses to too many men. You're wasting your youth and your good mind and your fine body. You owe it to yourself to get hold of yourself—"

Fury swept me. That he would dare, after behaving none too well himself, to preach to me! That he would dare to try to tell me how to live— But I was sick, too, with disappointment and frustration. I had felt safe with Donald, had sensed in him that haven that every woman has in the man who really loves her. And then after seeming to offer me that haven, he had not only snatched it away, but he was telling me to go on alone, to take care of myself. My anger died of its own violence, and my composure with it, and it was the sick, disappointed part of me that cried out, "How can I? A woman has to have something to live for, something to cling to—"

"A man has to have something to cling to, too," he answered, "and that's his belief in a woman's integrity."

It was the last word between us. We drove home in silence. The car had hardly stopped before our house when I let myself out and ran up the steps and in the front door.

I know now how much Donald taught me. He taught me what love was, and what hate was. He taught me what it was like to lose life and yet to go on living. And he had given me—too late—an objective picture of myself as I had been before I met him. That last scene between us burned in my memory for days, obscuring everything else. It explained a great many things I had only vaguely wondered at before—why men who were so anxious to date me the first time were quite casual when they called again—if they called again at all—why they had no

compunctions about asking for a date at the last minute, why they talked so freely of their other girls, the girls they really cared about and hoped to marry someday.

I was ashamed, and my shame fed my hatred of Donald, because it was he who had shown me to myself. Hating him made it easier to stand the loss of him; hating him was all that made the next weeks bearable, that gave me strength to go to work as if nothing had happened, that carried me through our infrequent, accidental meetings at the plant without a flicker of expression, with my pride intact.

As I learned what it was like to be seventeen and healthy, with years of living ahead of me, and to know at the same time that all I wanted to live for was past, I found a way to dull the ache and to fill the emptiness of the days. I discovered that if I stayed tired, so tired that I knew only the physical desire for sleep, I did not feel. Two days after that evening with Donald, I accepted an invitation from Tim. I made myself be bright, made myself appear interested in him, and afterward, after the drinks and dancing, when we were on our way home, I forced myself to accept his kisses until the revulsion against them abated a little, until I could pretend, a little, that Donald didn't matter.

After that I went out every night—it didn't matter where, or with whom.

My mother worried about me, as did Sue Falk, who, although hardly an intimate friend, was closer to me than any of the other girls at work. "You look terrible," she said one morning. "You ought to take time out for one night's sleep, at least, Pris. When the new boss sees you, he'll have you hospitalized."

I didn't care. I didn't feel as much as the smallest sense of triumph when the new production boss arrived, and turned out to be young and quite good-looking, and, instead of declaring me unfit for work as Sue had predicted, seemed quite attracted to me. His name was Edward Lyons; he had been at the plant for less than a week

when he asked me out, and I accepted.

The evening with Edward began badly. I was tired, even more so than usual, and it was a real effort to pretend that I was enjoying myself at the shabby roadhouse where we went for drinks, chosen only because it was close to the plant and to my home.

We didn't find much to say to each other. I was so tired—not just tired in my body, but tired in my heart, too. I was sick of shabby, shoddy little taverns like this one, of noise and smoke and cheapness. It was cheap—all of it. It was—it was as cheap as I was.

I'D lost track of the passage of time in my infinite weariness, when all of a sudden Edward seemed to come really alive. We were dancing to the tinny, three-piece orchestra, when I felt him stiffen, saw his head lift sharply as he stared toward the bar near the door. Automatically, my gaze followed his, and I had a glimpse of a woman, hatless and with a paper-white face, whose eyes in their deeply cut, tragic-looking sockets met Edward's in the moment before she turned and disappeared out the door.

"Who was that?" I asked.

"Eh?" He struggled to pull his shell around him again. "No one—that is, I wouldn't know her. Come on, let's get a drink."

We went back to our booth, signalled to the waitress. Before she could bring us our drinks, however, there was a commotion at the bar. A second later the orchestra stopped suddenly, and the leader spoke into the microphone. "If there's a doctor in the house, will he please go to the bar. There's been an accident down the road—"

"An accident!" Edward half rose, as the excited waitress came hurrying back with our order. "An accident—who—"

"I don't know, sir. Are you a doctor?"

I heard my own voice interrupting, speaking a name I hadn't mentioned even to myself. "If there's no doctor here, call Donald Brennon at Marley Munitions. It's close by—"

"Brennon, Marley Munitions," the girl repeated, and turned away, flinging over her shoulder an impatient response to Edward's demand for more information. "We don't know the woman, sir. She tried to drive a green coupe through a fence at the turn of the highway."

Edward was on his feet, his face gray. "A green coupe—I knew—Priscilla, will you call Dr. Brennon, or make sure that they get someone?"

I nodded, and as I rose, he ran, pushing past the crowd like a crazy man, flinging himself out the door.

At the bar I found that they were already calling Donald, and that he would come. Assured of that, I ran outside and down the highway to the accident—the wrecked car, the headlights of other cars, the gathering crowd of people. I pushed past them roughly, sensing something of what lay behind the accident, guessing my part in it. I shall never forget the scene—the circle of people held back by the highway policeman, the woman on the ground, her eyes closed in their deep sockets, showing no sign of hurt but the trickle of blood which ran from the corner of her mouth.

Edward knelt beside her, moaning,

## One-Minute Prayer

Almighty God, it comforts us to know that Thou art concerned with all that concerns us and that, in Thy hands, not ours alone, are the issues of history. We bring before Thee all who have been the victims of war's devastations—for those who have lost loved ones, for the soldiers of all nations, for the homeless of all lands. Help us, O God, to do our part in bringing peace and justice that brotherhood and happiness may cover the earth. Amen.

Submitted by:

The Rev. Dr. A. Carl Adkins, Minister  
of the Dauphin Methodist Church in  
Mobile, Alabama

Broadcast over Mutual



Many expensive luxuries are gone, but the good, basic things remain — richer and more valuable still. The moments we enjoy with intimate friends, the quiet, unhurried hours spent in places we love, these are solid treasures to store in our memory. For millions of Americans their richness is enhanced by another of life's finer things, a glass of friendly SCHLITZ... truly the beverage of moderation... brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.



*Happy Swallows!  
No bitterness*



*Just the KISS of the hops..*



—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. Once you taste America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew. You'll always want that famous flavor found only in Schlitz.

*In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!*

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



# For Contented Calves!

AFTER APPLYING LIQUID STOCKINGS, I USE KLEENEX\* TISSUES TO GIVE MY LEGS A SMOOTH, EVEN TONE!

(from a letter by J. W., Olympia, Wash.)



P.S. BARE FEET IN SHOES NEED SOFT, ABSORBENT KLEENEX AS AN INNER SOLE FOR COMFORT!

(from a letter by R. S. P., San Jose, Calif.)

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FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH

WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR.

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PICNICS AND WIENER-ROASTS NEED A SUPPLY OF KLEENEX TO WIPE GREASY CHINS AND FINGERS. SAVES CLOTHES AND HANKIES!

(from a letter by G. J. E., Great Falls, Mont.)

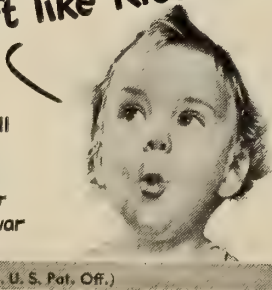


ON A SUB IT'S VITAL TO SPOT THE ENEMY FIRST! OUR LOOKOUT SAYS YOU CAN'T BEAT KLEENEX TO KEEP BINOCULARS CLEAN AND DRY!

(from a letter by M. B. F., U. S. Navy)

**OH BOY! Remember Delsey? —soft like Kleenex**

Hope there'll be more **DELSEY\*** Toilet Paper after the war



(\*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

"Martha, Martha, open your eyes. Martha, it's Edward—your husband. Martha— Oh, my God! Martha, why did you do it—"

"Edward!" I called sharply, trying to penetrate his grief, "Dr. Brennon's coming. We'll have help soon."

THEN Donald appeared, and a few seconds later the ambulance arrived with a wail of sirens. Donald, kneeling beside the woman, gave brief orders to the stretcher-bearers, and then looked at Edward, and at me. "You were with him?" It was a question, but I heard it as an accusation.

"Yes."

"Come along, we might need you."

I rode to the hospital in the ambulance with them, while one of the orderlies followed us in Donald's car. Edward had stopped groaning—he seemed dazed.

"Come looking for me in the joint," he mumbled. "Didn't like me to step out on her, but I kept on doing it. Always seemed fun before, thought it would keep on being fun. I didn't know she'd—" he stopped, and pain twisted his face. "Maybe she went through that fence on purpose," he whispered. "Oh, God, she tried to kill herself—on account of me!"

I felt Donald looking at me, and I did not try to meet his eyes, as I did not try to hide my shame and my remorse. I could not summon my old anger against him. Indeed, I had no wish to; letting him see how ashamed, how bitterly sorry I was was almost as relieving as a confession.

At the hospital it took all of Donald's persuasion and mine to prevent Edward from following his wife and Donald into the receiving ward. After what seemed hours Donald came out again, drew Edward aside for a short conversation, and then disappeared with one brief word for me—"Wait."

"What—what is happening?" I asked Edward through stiff lips.

He barely glanced at me. "He's operating on her." Edward was changed again. He no longer seemed half-crazy from shock, but clear-headed and tense, and I knew that he did not want to see me nor to be reminded of my presence.

But Donald had told me to wait. I huddled as unobtrusively as I could in the corner of the leather sofa, and I prayed—for Martha Lyons' life, for forgiveness for myself, for mercy for Edward, for sureness for Donald's hands. My prayers were not only an appeal. They clarified things for me, and I saw the four of us—Donald and Edward and his wife and I—and our relationship to each other in what had just happened. I thought of Martha Lyons, of the husband who loved her and still made her unhappy. I thought of what had driven her to try to smash herself by smashing her car. Martha Lyons had needed something to lean upon, and because she had not had it, she had nothing to see her through when things went wrong.

It was a long time before Donald came back. My body was stiff and cramped and cold when I heard him come in and cross the room to where Edward stood. "You can go in now."

Edward left the room, and Donald came over to me, his face tired and as white as the surgeon's apron he wore.

"Will—will she be all right?" I whispered.

He did not answer, but stood looking down at me, and this time I could meet his eyes. "Wait until I change,

Priscilla, and I'll take you home."

Later, when he came back dressed and led me out to the car, I asked again, "Will she be all right?" Again he did not answer. After one glance at his stern profile, his taut mouth, I did not repeat the question.

As he stopped the car before our house, I hesitated a moment, then opened the door to let myself out.

"Wait, Priscilla." He turned his face to me, a strange look in his dark eyes. "You asked if Mrs. Lyons would be all right. She will—in time, and with care. Her husband is with her now, and I don't think he'll leave her again—ever. She'll be all right—but will you?"

RELIEF flooded over me, breaking the tension my nerves had held against uncertainty, breaking my self-control. I put my head in my hands and cried as I hadn't cried since I was a little girl, letting the tears wash out all of the bitterness of the past weeks, all of the strain of that night. I couldn't stop crying—not even when Donald's arms closed around me, when he rested his cheek tenderly, protectingly, on the top of my head.

"Priscilla—" his voice was hoarse, as if he had been crying silently with me. "Priscilla, would it help to know that I realize I'm to blame, too?"

My tears stopped; I jerked away from him to look at him. "You, Donald!"

"I." He opened his arms to me. "I need you, Priscilla. Will you come?"

Then I was close against him, and he held me tightly, stroking my hair, rocking me ever so gently. At length he said, "I need you, dearest, and I need your forgiveness for being blind and stupid and selfish—"

I pressed my face against his coat, and he went on, "You see, that night I took you out, and we parked, I couldn't think of anything but my own disappointment in you. I was hurt and I felt cheated, and I took it out on you. I didn't stop to realize that you were completely right in what you said—that a man who didn't know the real thing was a fool. I didn't realize that all I'd heard about you added up only to mean that you were very young and too full of life and without a definite direction. I couldn't believe, either, that you really cared about me. It was after I saw the change in you, after—" he stopped and then continued determinedly—"after I'd been so rotten to you, that I knew you'd been sincere and that I'd spoiled something which might have been good and fine."

"Donald, don't!" I pressed the back of my hand against my mouth to forestall further tears. "Please don't! Don't you think I've learned, finally—"

He caught me to him, quickly, contritely. "Pris, dearest, I'm sorry. I should talk, when I'm as much to blame and more. Can you forgive me, Priscilla?"

"If you can forgive me—"

He didn't let me finish. "No more of that. Pris, do you still need someone to cling to?"

It was my turn to draw away, to look gravely at him. "No, I don't, not any more. You must believe that, Donald. I'm a person now. But—it would help." He understood. I would tell him some day, but I knew that I did not have to tell him then, exactly what had happened to me while I waited in the hospital operating room. He felt it.

This time I could not hold him away, and I didn't want to. Our lips met in a completeness of understanding that had no need of words.



## Let Me Have Romance

Continued from page 15

teaching your school?" And the whole perfect fabric of my shining adventure would be ripped right across.

For a moment he did not speak, just stood there with the wind ruffling his brown hair, his firm mouth moving a little at the corners in a wondering smile.

Stefan looked from me to Bill and said, "Is it that you have already the acquaintance of Mr. Jamieson, Lisa?"

"We've met," Bill said. That was all. His eyes did not leave my face, he still smiled that strange, studying smile.

"We're old friends," I could say, now that I had my breath.

"Then I may leave you the time to pass with Mr. Jamieson," Stefan said and bowed over my hand, his lips just barely touching it in that graceful way of his, and walked quickly down the path.

"He surely can leave you the time to pass with Mr. Jah-mee-son," Bill said. "He gave out with the facts when he said it is that you have already the acquaintance of Mr. Jah-mee-son."

**B**ILL, you idiot," I protested, laughing. Relief made me feel warm toward him. Four years seemed to roll away from between us and leave us together on the steps of the library at State College.

"That sounds like home," Bill said and he put his hands on my shoulders. "Thanks for being here to meet me."

It bothered me to feel his hands on my shoulders, out here where everyone could see us. I felt confused. "Of course I didn't come to meet you," I told him stiffly. "I didn't know you were coming."

I could have added that I didn't know anything about him, because he hadn't bothered to tell me for a long time. But if I had said it, I would have said it bitterly. And I didn't want to be bitter now. I had left bitterness behind in Big Boulder. I was here to find happiness and I had made my start at finding it. I wouldn't let anything interfere with that. So I smiled brightly at Bill Jamieson and moved from under his hands.

He said, "Let's pretend you knew and came to meet me." And he smiled the coaxing smile I knew so well.

I shook my head. "No, Bill. I don't think I'm very good at pretending, any more."

He said, "Okay. But will you pass the time with me like the monkey said?"

I felt quick hot irritation. "Please don't call Mr. Denenyi that," I said. "He's very nice, and I like him a lot."

Bill's grin disappeared, leaving him looking different, sort of tired and not very young. For the first time I saw how the almost chubby solidness of his face had changed to the hard flat planes of maturity, and in the sunshine I could see what looked like short silver wires mingled with his hair. He said, "Okay again. Bet—I mean Lisa. By the way, I like the name. It suits you."

He was sweet. He had always been like that, understanding and sympathetic, even with a small girl's aversion to the name of Bess and all its variations.

I said, "Bill, I'm popping with questions to ask you. I'd love to pass that time asking them."

He said, hesitantly, "Would you walk

# What's all this about hands?



Seems to me there's been  
a lot of fuss recently about  
women's hands. I read about  
this woman's red hands. Or that woman's  
rough hands. Or some other woman's ugly hands.

And more often than not the cause of all the  
trouble turns out to be . . . soap!

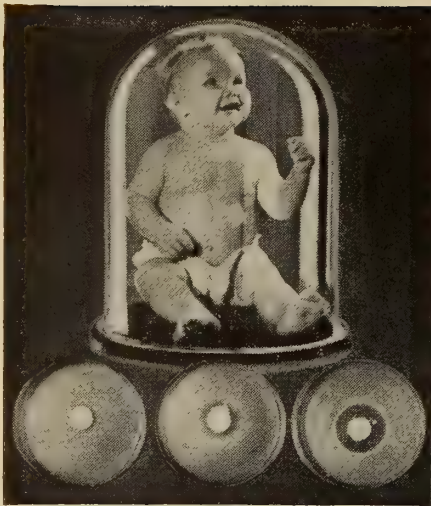
Somehow, that doesn't make sense. I do all  
my own housework and my own laundry. And I know  
I've never had any of these hand prob-  
lems . . . I think American women can  
have the best soap in the world.

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with me? I mean, I'm here on doctors' orders, to take the baths in the morning and spend the afternoon trying to walk the stiffness out of my leg."

"Of course I will," I told him. "I'm ready for anything up to mountain climbing."

He looked from my new jacket dress down to my spectator pumps and said appreciatively, "You're looking smart, Lisa. You always knew how to wear the right thing."

How funny. My costumes did not seem like a masquerade to him. They were what he expected me to wear. I could feel natural, with him. But did I want to feel natural? Didn't you have to take risks, tread dangerous ground, for anything worth while?

"You won't be climbing mountains with me for a while," he went on. "I'll have to work up to that."

**W**E walked slowly that first afternoon looking into the windows of the souvenir stores that lined the main street opposite the stone buildings of Bath-house Row, listening to auctioneers selling hand-embroidered linen and imitation Oriental rugs, and even watching a horse race that was reproduced in electric lights on a board for people to bet on. Walking up the hill back to the hotel he told me how he had picked up the shrapnel fragments while he was attached to the British troops in Libya as a correspondent. They had invalidated him home and now he was getting into shape to be sent on a mission for the American Army. What sort of mission I could only try to guess.

There was no use wondering, and besides, time was slipping away. I wanted to get back to the hotel and dance with Stefan.

Dancing, with him, became something lifted beyond what I had ever known dancing to be. Every movement he made was so full of art, of grace, that somehow the rhythm was communicated to me, and without conscious effort I took my part in its perfection. We never talked when we danced, and I talked little when we sat at our table or walked in the garden together. Instead I drew him out, made him tell me of Europe, of the cafes in Budapest where gypsy fiddlers could play with a magic that really changed the hearts of the people who listened. All this he told me in his soft deep voice, his strange foreign intonation, his precisely constructed sentences with their amusing mispronunciation, and I hardly cared what it was he said because the sound of his

voice was music so new and so intoxicating that I was enchanted.

But he was busy for long hours with his duties. I could not bear to watch him, to see his charming manners with the rich, overdressed women, to hear his soft voice when he talked to Maris Garveau.

I felt better, getting away with Bill, away from the hotel, on our walks over the countryside. It was a relief to be free from the strain of acting my role. And even in the hotel, dining with Bill, I no longer felt like an outsider. Bill's newspaper experience had given him *entre anywhere*; he could talk to anyone with assurance, and plenty of people wanted to listen.

Maris Garveau was always in the group that listened. One night she said to Bill, loudly, with her green eyes glancing from him to Stefan, "I've been trying so hard to get Lisa to give us an exhibition of Kentucky horsemanship, but she is the first Kentuckian I ever met who seems to have lost her taste for riding."

I saw Bill look at me, with those clear blue eyes of his, and I wondered if he was disgusted with me. I could hear him laugh and ask, "Lisa, when were you ever in Kentucky?"

**H**E turned to Maris and I held my breath. "Well, maybe you never knew a girl so kindhearted," he told her in his easy drawl. "Maybe you never met a girl who'd give up all her free time helping a fellow loosen up a crippled leg."

I let my breath out slowly. I knew how he hated to talk about his injury, and I felt a deep sense of gratitude. When we were walking up Blue Hill the next afternoon I thanked him.

He said gruffly, "It's true, isn't it? I'd never have pushed this far by myself. You've been a darned good scout to bother with a guy who's only half a man."

"Why, Bill, it's been fun," I told him.

"Has it?" He stopped on the path and looked at me.

"Of course it has. And you're practically well. I bet you'll be climbing Old Baldy before we're through."

He laughed harshly. "Not a chance. It would take a full day just to get to the top at my speed." His voice sounded heavy and tired. I had never heard it that way before. For the first time I realized what he must have gone through, what it must have done to his pride to lose his physical perfection.

"I'm sure we could do it," I told



Bess McCammon, heard on CBS' *Romance of Helen Trent*, is one of radio's gold star mothers. There's two on her flag—Bill, her older son is in Officers Training School while Tom is in an aeronautical school



him eagerly. "We could take the whole day for the climb, have a picnic lunch, and come home some other way."

He stared into my face and then his smile flashed. "That's a bargain. Wait till I get hold of the doc!"

But legs don't get well that fast. I was afraid his plan wouldn't work out after all. Friday night came and there was only Saturday and Sunday left. Important days, for me. Saturday night was to be the most momentous one of my life, I thought.

For on Friday, as Stefan and I had stood in our corner of the veranda behind the big pillar looking at the moon, we were interrupted in a most important conversation.

The music and the rhythm of our dancing were still singing through my nerves. He said in his soft voice, "I wish that I might never dance with anyone but you. You are the loveliest person that I have ever held in my arms."

"The loveliest?" I asked him, a little breathless beneath my light tone. I had so little time to bring things out into words.

**H**E kissed me then, lightly, beautifully, and went on—"You were meant to dance and laugh the days through, and the nights—"

I thought of the days of long-division problems ahead of me and I guess I shivered. He said, "What is it? What is it, my little Lisa?"

"It's just that I am going so soon," I told him. "I'm leaving, Sunday."

"No!" His tone was genuinely shocked. "Oh, no, that cannot be!"

It was then that the doors opened, light flooded the pillar behind which we stood, we heard Maris Garveau's high shrill call. He had only time to whisper, "It shall not happen, my dear, that separation. We must talk of how to solve this problem. Tomorrow night, at the *Bal Equinoxe*—"

I slipped away to my room. I was unwilling to face anyone's eyes. I was too excited, too full of anticipation, too—well, yes, too happy, that was it. I took a lot of time before I went to bed, to plan the day tomorrow, all the beauty treatments I would get, the preparations I would make. I took the lovely white and gold evening dress out of my closet, the one I had bought for just such an occasion as this: the biggest occasion of all, the climactic night of my adventure, the night to change my whole life.

I was wakened in the morning by the phone. It was Bill. "The doc says today's the day, honey," he said eagerly. "We climb old Baldy."

"That's fine, Bill," I cried out in genuine gladness. "Why, Bill, that's swell!"

"I've ordered the lunch. Can you be ready in half an hour?"

"Of course!"

It wasn't till I had hung up that I remembered. This was the day for the beauty shop, the preparations. I picked up the phone to call him back. But I asked for Room Service instead and ordered coffee.

Bill was waiting at the foot of the last flight, his eyes alight as he watched me come down the stairs.

"When will we be back, Bill?" I asked him.

His grin left his face. "Around six," he told me. "We're going to catch the bus from Arlingtonia at the pass about half-past five." Then he asked quietly, "Why?"

"Nothing important," I told him. "I just wondered if I'd have time for a



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wave before the dance."

He said, "I guess not." His tone was very strange, very grave. "Is it worth staying home for?"

I said, "Of course not."

He was suddenly gay again. "You look better to me the way you are than any hairdresser could ever make you look."

**M**OUNTAIN climbing was different from what I expected. More exciting, more fun. We took ten-minute rests every time we reached a new elevation, and looked at the view. We made bets on how many layers of blue distance we would see from the peak where we would have our lunch. I have never felt anything so good as the sun on my back as I lay and looked down at the whole world spread out below me that afternoon. We had reached the top and could really relax and enjoy it with that ineffable sense of completion and accomplishment that the end of a hard climb can give you.

"I'd like to build a house right here," I told Bill.

"I was thinking the same thing," Bill said. And the way he looked at me made me turn my eyes back to the landscape.

I said quickly, "But this must not seem much, after all the mountains you've seen. You've been so many places. . . ."

"You sound wistful," he said. "But let me tell you, honey, that it's not much fun, no matter how many places you see, if you see them alone."

His voice was so sad that I looked at him in surprise. He was staring off at the horizon, his mouth curiously bleak.

"Why did you go alone, then?" I asked in a small voice.

"It's hard to say," he answered. "At first, of course, a man has to try his legs to see if they'll carry him, and then—"

"And then, of course—" Bitterness came into my voice this time, in spite of myself—"And then, of course, he travels fastest who travels alone—"

"That's what I figured," he said, still staring at the distant mountain range. "And it's true, too. But what they don't tell you is that maybe you don't want to travel so fast. Maybe there's no special point to it. Maybe the only way you can get any fun out of the trip is to go slow and share the sights."

I felt the blood pulsing hot in my throat. And before I knew what I was saying, I had blurted out, "At least the sights were more interesting than the blackboards of the McKinley Grammar School."

I had never dreamed that I would say such a thing. I was shocked as I heard the words echoing between us. I had told him what I never wanted him to know. I had stripped myself of the one thing I had left—my pride.

He said, "Elizabeth—Lisa, listen. You don't know how sorry—"

But I had sprung up and was giving him a smile that I hoped was bright and cool. "Why should you be sorry? Plenty of people have been bored with teaching before this—" I looked at my watch as I said, "That's all water under the bridge. And the bridge is a long way back."

"Too long?" He was close behind me. "Elizabeth, could we—"

I could not let him tell me that he was sorry for me! I said, though I had not yet seen the figures on my watch dial, "Oh, it's late. We must get started!"

Then I heard his exclamation. "Late!

We'll never make that bus." And his voice changed. He asked me, "Do you care, Lisa? I mean, is the dance so important?"

"Of course it is," I told him wildly. "I've got to get back." And that was the way I felt. I had to get away from the softness in Bill's eyes, the pity.

Bill said, "Then here's what you do. You go ahead. Alone you can make it. With me you can't."

But I couldn't. I felt sick, but I knew that I couldn't leave him. The path down the mountainside was sheer, and the rock of a crumbly shale type that gives way treacherously under your feet. The chill early mountain darkness was coming down already and I could not possibly leave him to make that trip alone.

**W**HEN he was convinced, he did not argue. We did not talk at all. The last part of the time he had to brace himself with one hand on his cane and the other on my shoulder. By the time we reached the little cabin shelter at the roadside we were both exhausted. Probably it was because we were both so groggy that our control deserted us.

I had made him lie down on the narrow bench that was built against one wall, and I covered his leg with my sweater. Then I built a fire opposite the open side.

He said, "That makes it pretty cozy. Are you sure you're sorry I fixed it so you missed the dance?"

I whirled on him. "You fixed it? Are you saying you planned this, that it was just a trick?"

I have often wondered what would have happened if he had said, "Yes, I planned it. I didn't want you to go and dance with Stefan Denenyi." Maybe underneath my hot anger I wanted



it to be true.

But of course it wasn't. I should have known him better. He said in a tone of utter cold fury. "Don't worry. I don't go in for tricks. And I wouldn't interfere with yours, no matter how cheap and despicable they are."

I flared back wildly. "Are you calling me cheap and despicable?"

"No," he said. "But you are posing as someone who is."

"Cheap?" I cried out at him. "Is it cheap to want a little more out of life than I could get, stuck in Great Boulder?"

"No," he said quietly. "I know what a town like that can do to you, how it can force you into a rut and keep you there—"

"You couldn't stand it!" I cried. "You had to get away to prove yourself!"

"To prove myself, yes," he said. "But what self are you trying to prove? Not *yourself*. You're playing the part of someone very different from yourself, to get the attention of a man who wouldn't even want to see you as you really are."

"Stop!" Maybe his words came too near my own fears. "You've no right to talk this way! I love Stefan and he loves me. He loves me for myself. You'll see!"

Bill lay rigid on his bench, so quiet that I wondered if he had gone to sleep. I sat hunched up close to the fire, stiff with cold.

I don't think we spoke a single word until at last a car came over the pass and picked us up. It must have been nearly four by then. When we got back the hotel was quiet. The dance was over.

But in the dawn light I saw a figure

standing beside the great white pillar where Stefan and I had always stood. Stefan had waited for me.

To me, in my state of emotional exhaustion and ruined pride, the fact stood out as a wonderful refuge, a proof of something that I was too tired and confused to analyze. I ran to him and he took me in his arms. Behind us Bill was thanking the farmer who had brought us. But I didn't care. I wanted him to see us!

"My dearest," Stefan was murmuring tenderly. "My dearest, I have been full of fear."

"We were all right," I babbled out an explanation. "But I was so terribly sorry to miss the dance. I wanted—" I looked up at him, my voice failing. "I wanted to hear what you were going to tell me," I whispered.

The farmer's car chugged away while I waited for Stefan's answer. Somewhere back there Bill must be standing. And Stefan said, quite simply, in his beautiful voice, "I have waited to tell you. I have held my courage to ask for the honor of making you my wife."

Strange how much I felt like crying. Strange how slowly my words came, the words I had dreamed of saying. But when I went into the hotel I had promised to marry Stefan Denenyi.

ALL I felt then was utter weariness. I wondered where I would find strength to take off my clothes and climb into bed. But there was another ordeal ahead of me.

I opened my door and saw Maris Garveau.

She laid down a book she was reading before she rose to meet me. She said, "You have made me wait a long

time."

I asked sharply, "How did you get in here?"

She waved a languid hand. "Let's not bother with details, if you don't mind. I'd like to get my piece spoken and go to bed."

"What can you possibly have to say to me?" I asked, trying to keep my voice steady. I was trembling all over with queer apprehension.

"Not much," she answered. Her diamonds flashed as she lit a cigarette. "I merely wanted to tell you why Stefan Denenyi is planning to marry you. In case you have any delusions."

First Bill—and then Maris Garveau. I drew a long breath and I don't know how I managed my voice. "I do not want to know anything you can tell me," I told her.

YOU shall, though," she said, and her tone was not so flippantly casual any more. Anger narrowed her eyes and flushed her skin so that it lost its pale gardenia distinction. "Do you think," she asked me shrilly, "that Stefan would bother with you a minute if marriage was not the one thing I could not give him? But," she added, "an American marriage is the one thing he must have within a month if he is to stay in this country."

I stared at her for a full minute, too shocked to speak. Then slowly my breath came back, and my reason. Of course she was lying. She had hated me since I had come to the Springs, and for one reason: jealousy.

I said, "If that is all, we can say good-night."

She left, and the look she gave me was an odd one, almost admiring. For once I had kept my dignity when she

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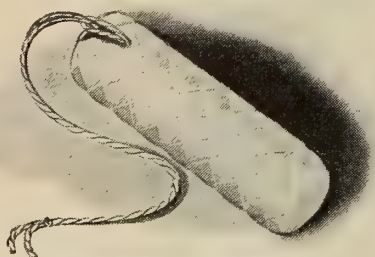
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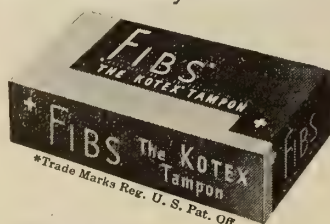


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had clearly lost hers. But now I didn't care. I guess I was learning a sense of values.

When she had gone, I started my packing. When I had called the bell-boy to take my bags, I sat down at my desk and wrote a note. "Dear Stefan: I have thought things over, and decided you should not take such a step in haste. There are things to be made clear between us. If you want to see me, you will find me at home." I gave him my real address. And I caught the early morning train.

I do not like to remember the next few days. I went back to school and faced a new class of rosy clean children who were eager to begin. My heart ached to look at them. Why I loved them! Why had I ever left them?

**T**HE days went by without my hearing from Stefan. Or from Bill. But naturally I would not hear from Bill. Why should I?

Then Stefan came.

Seeing him come in the door of my school room that Friday afternoon gave me no sense of triumph. It gave me no sense of anything at all. I stood there watching, with a sponge in my hand, water dripping from my elbow, as I washed my blackboard.

I said, "Hello, Stefan. Want to help? There's another sponge over there."

"Lisa, please," he said as if actually in pain. "It has been a shock sufficient without your joke."

"Joke?" I raised my eyebrows. "This is my job. It is no joke."

His shoulders moved in an actual shudder. "No, in that you are right. It is not a joke, though I am yet incapable of comprehending the entire truth—" He broke off, helplessly.

All the week I had been afraid he would not come. And when I had thought that he might, this was what I had dreaded: his disillusion. But now I saw the facts on his face, and I felt a calm that was almost relief.

"It's perfectly simple, Stefan," I told him gently. "I'm not the sort of person you thought I was. I deceived you. But now you know the truth. I'm just a provincial school teacher."

He frowned, for a moment. Then he shrugged and held out his hand. "Come away," he said. "Let us talk in some less depressing atmosphere."

"All right," I told him. "I'm through here, anyway. You can walk home with me."

I thought that he would finish what he had to say to me, and be gone, long before we got there, but he only said, when we got outside, "We will not talk of this on the streets, of course." And so we walked the three short blocks to my boardinghouse in silence.



When we entered the shadowed coolness of the living room, I turned to face him. "Let's finish what we have to say to each other—get it over with, Stefan."

"Finish?" He grasped my hand and held it tightly. "Lisa, do not use that word." He looked really alarmed.

"But Stefan," I protested, "you needn't be chivalrous. I understand how you feel. You are free to go."

"But I do not wish to go," he said, and put his arms around me.

He still wanted to marry me! I waited for the flush of elation, of triumph, which should have come over me. But I felt only still and cold.

Stefan's hands on my shoulders made me lose my calm. I felt trapped and panicky. "Stefan, don't you see I can't?" I faltered. "Don't you understand that I couldn't be just a legal convenience for anyone? You see, Stefan, I know."

I had expected him to deny it. I was not even sure that what Maris had said was true.

I was wrong on all counts. He did not deny it, but it did not make things easy. He said, "Then we are—what you call—'square.' You deceive me, I deceive you. It is all clear, as you said it should be. We can make a sensible marriage."

"I'm sorry, Stefan," I almost gasped, struggling to free myself from his arms. "I've told you I can't. My job and my home may seem unattractive to you, but right now they are all I want."

**B**UT they might be most difficult to keep," Stefan said smoothly, "under certain circumstances."

"What are you saying?" At last I twisted out of his arms.

"I have the understanding," Stefan said, "that in your cities the teacher of children must be above reproach."

I stared at him, uncomprehending. "But I am. I mean, I have done nothing wrong."

He shrugged. "I believe that, too. I should hate that they should hear tales of certain happenings at the Spring."

I looked at him, unbelieving. He was threatening me. And I realized that a malicious tongue could tell stories that could sound very ugly. There was the night, for instance, that I had spent in the mountain shelter when we missed the bus. "Stefan," I said, almost in a wail, "you wouldn't—"

"No." He took me in his arms again and I was too numb to struggle. "No, I would not, because I shall be married to a sensible woman, who is also a sweet and charming—"

I pushed away, crying out, "No! Tell them anything you want! If they believe it, I'll go away. I don't care how far I have to go, but I'll never do

## Say Hello To-

WALTER CASSEL, who is featured on the Keep Working—Keep Singing America program heard Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:30 P.M., EWT, over CBS. In 1933, in a town named Council Bluffs, Iowa, this handsome, blond baritone kissed his wife good-by and hopped aboard the caboose of a cattle train headed for New York, with the praise and encouraging words of the noted Lawrence Tibbett still ringing in his ears. Once in the big city, Walter obtained a radio audition and within a few weeks his excellent voice was featured on a sustaining show, and shortly after he was singing on the Hammerstein Music Hall of the Air and others. He sent for his family and settled down in a quiet suburban Long Island home.



another false thing in my life. I'll be true to *myself*, anyway!"

I stopped, breathless and amazed at my own eloquence.

And Stefan laughed.

But not for long. As he stood there, with that smile on his face that made me hate him for the first time, I heard someone say, "That isn't very funny, Denenyi."

It was Bill. And Stefan stopped laughing.

Bill went on in his easy voice, "Denenyi, you want to stay in this country, I gather. Well, one reason you like it here is because we have freedom. And that means a girl can marry the man she wants to marry."

"I need no lecture on American Government," Stefan said.

"Still, I thought you ought to know," Bill said.

"There's a law, for instance, that carries rather severe penalties. You might almost say painful penalties. It's an unwritten law that says, 'No man steals another man's girl.'"

Bill's face wasn't smiling, his voice wasn't an easy drawl any more. He was standing over Stefan and his hands were clenched. They were big and wicked looking fists, I realized. Stefan apparently thought something of the same sort. He preserved his dignity, though. He even said good-by to me with perfect courtesy, and he kept his grace as he walked from the room.

I'D been brave enough a moment before, but now that the danger was past my knees gave way beneath me. I sank into a chair, and the tears which had been smarting in my eyes overflowed. For a moment I felt alone and frightened, and then Bill's arms were around me, his cheek against the top of my head.

We sat there in silence for a little, and then I wiped my eyes determinedly, and tried to substitute a shaky laugh for the tears.

"It was clever of you to tell him I was your girl," I said, "but you shouldn't have done it."

Bill's hand tilted my head up, so that my eyes met his.

And then he kissed me. "Aren't you my girl?" he asked, and kissed me again. But he gave me no time to answer, and I could not think of words, anyway, with his hungry, searching mouth against mine. When at last he let me go, it was only long enough for me to say, "Yes—oh, yes, Bill. I'm your girl."

He has gone now, on his mission. I don't know when I'll see him again. We didn't have a honeymoon, really. We had only a few afternoons and evenings and nights, outside my teaching hours, until his call came.

But I can face the rows of smiling, scrubbed faces in my schoolroom now, for as long as I have to wait.

A. L. Alexander's Mediation Board carefully considers problems which arise in your daily life and in the lives of your neighbors, which require wiser solutions than troubled persons are able to find for themselves. The anguish in human hearts which makes a question seem to be without an answer leads people from every walk of life to lay their troubles before this impartial group of experts in human relationships. For drama that is all the greater because it is real, listen to A. L. Alexander's Mediation Board, 9:30 P.M. EWT, Mondays on Mutual.

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## When Two Are Single Hearted

Continued from page 4

shell-shocked or crippled he didn't want her to feel bound to him. He wanted her to come to him with a heart as eager as his own.

HER letters delighted him. One came written on odd scraps of paper, the back of a sales slip, a page torn from the "Z" section of a small address book, the white space bordering a monthly church calendar, the envelope in which his last letter had gone to her; whatever scraps she had been able to salvage from her bag. She was, she wrote, downtown making train reservations for Battle Creek, Michigan. "I'm going to take a course in dietetics," she explained. "Lee's wonderful Jeanetta is going too. I must keep busy. The Red Cross work I've been doing isn't enough any longer."

They didn't send him overseas. They held him, much against his will, in Georgia. He wrote her of his disappointment. He would, he promised, do his utmost to train the boys bound overseas so they would do a good job and quickly. He told her he had been promoted and hoped she would be proud of the two bright bars he even then was wearing on his shoulders.

She answered enthusiastically on a brown paper bag she found on a park bench. Her next letter, however, scribbled on the back of blank checks was brokenhearted. "I can't bear it," she wrote, "that you're not able to come to Battle Creek with Lee, be his best man when he marries Jeanetta."

When Lee and Jeanetta returned to Georgia they were, of course, full of stories about Louise, of how well she looked, of how much she missed him—really, and of how tirelessly she was working so she wouldn't be too lonely.

Then the wonderful, wonderful letter came. It was waiting for him one summer evening when he came in from the rifle range. "I'm accepting Jeanetta's invitation to visit her and Lee and see their apartment—AND YOU!" Louise wrote.

Promptly Parks took Lee aside. "I'll thank you and Jeanetta to leave Louise and me alone just as quickly as possible," he said. "I've got something to say to Louise that just can't wait any longer!"

Lee and Jeanetta, knowing how little Parks had to worry about and how much he worried, saw to it that he and Louise were alone under a soft gold moon fifteen minutes after they

reached home. He had planned all he wanted to say with elaborate care. Marching out to the rifle range, drilling, doing his paper work, falling to sleep at night he had strung fine words together and rearranged them over and over, like a jeweler matching priceless pearls. But when he stood alone with Louise he forgot all this, and grabbed her, and fairly shouted "Louise, do you love me enough to marry me, Honey?"

"It's about time!" she told him. "Why," he protested, "I've told you a hundred times and in a thousand ways how much I love you. . . ."

"That you loved me, yes," she said laughing. "But never has one word of marriage escaped your lips. I should know! I've been waiting a long time to hear it!"

He would not, however, marry her until peace came. He would not chance coming home broken and permitting her to be bound to him. So it was following the Armistice that they were married in the Methodist Church at San Marcos. It was crowded to its white doors, with family and friends and all the Mexicans and negroes who worked for the Johnson family.

The cellars of the big house yielded wine stored years for this occasion. The three-tiered wedding cake ornately iced towered above the silver and china and crystal on the flower bedecked table. And under the wedding veil which her mother and her grandmother had worn before her Louise's hair was a shining halo.

Parks and Louise are single-hearted. Even that time Parks' business failed and they counted the coins that were left, refusing to let her people know . . . Even when they built their ranch house on Crystal Creek and saved until they could buy Joe's Hill where they first held hands and looked out upon the world in sunset . . . Even as Parks tours the land with his radio show, Vox Pop, which has made him wealthy and famous and, true to her word, Louise always goes along . . . Even now that their children, Betty and Bill, are grown and they wait daily, concerned but proud, to hear that Bill, in the reserve, has left his university for active service. . . .

For through all the years Parks and Louise Johnson have placed each other before everything else, even themselves. "Which is," they say "all any man and woman need to do to be as happy."



## Say Hello To-

LYN MURRAY, whose radio choral group, the Lyn Murray Singers, has been praised by outstanding critics as the equal of the great English Singers. Murray's talented vocalists are heard on the All Time Hit Parade Fridays on NBC and on the Hit Parade, Saturdays on CBS. In addition to this work, Lyn Murray writes and conducts the special orchestral mood music for the Sunday night CBS Radio Reader's Digest. Born in London, Murray, as a child, wanted to be a sailor, a newspaperman or an actor. His father, a violinist, wanted him to be a businessman, but he taught his son music. Lyn tried all three of his childhood ambitions, and then broke into radio in its very early days, in Newport News, Virginia. Despite a heavy schedule, he still finds time to compose some music for his own enjoyment.



## Tears Are So Real

Continued from page 21

I told myself, to lose Jeff than to lose my sense of values. So I left him, never having known him at all.

I found myself one day possessed of a document which read, "... on motion of attorney for plaintiff, it is hereby adjudged and decreed that the bonds of matrimony heretofore existing between Lila Baudry Mason and Jefferson Kern Mason be, and the same are, hereby dissolved, and said parties absolutely divorced from each other."

That document, and a new job, and no Jeff and no laughter anywhere in my world. Only the memory of how sweet his kisses had been, how great a haven his arms; only the memory of one momentary glimpse past the laughter in him—the look his face had worn when I told him that we had come to the end of us.

IT wasn't any part of Jeff's character to try to see me when I had told him I didn't want to see him, so that all I knew of him after that was what I heard. Heard, with a little stab of pain, that he was growing thin. Heard, and hated hearing it, that he was dating the script girl. Heard, at last, and with a wave of unreasonable resentment against him, that he had enlisted in the Army—resentment because, this being months before Pearl Harbor, and I was certain that we would never get into the war, I was sure that he considered being in the Army just another new and fascinating game to play.

It was only a few days after I was told that Jeff had enlisted that the manager of WKKL called me.

"Like your new job?" he asked.

"Why, ye-es."

"Would you rather have your old one back?"

Work alone where once I had worked with Jeff? No!

"I—I—no, I don't think so."

An urgency came into the manager's voice. "I wish you'd think it over very seriously, Lila. Ralph Clark has been promoted to continuity director, and he very badly needs someone to help him out—someone who really knows the ropes around here. The girl we hired when you left to get married just hasn't panned out. There's a good raise in it for you, and we really need you."

It was partly the money, partly the feeling of importance it gave me to know that I was really needed—and partly, I suppose, that way women have of torturing themselves. Anyway, I went back to WKKL. And that's how I happened to be sorting letters for "A Word From the Wise" that awful, everything-going-wrong morning when I heard footsteps in the corridor outside and a sound I hadn't heard for too long.

He never could remember the words of a song. . . .

The footsteps came briskly along in march time to the meaningless syllables which replaced the words of the song. "Pum-pum-pum-pum, pum-pum-pum-pum, good-by, my lover, good-by. . . ."

Jeff.

Very slowly I put down the letter in my hand. The familiar footsteps were

just outside the door. And then they had gone beyond.

"Pum-pum-pum-pum—"

The closing of a door put an end to the footsteps and the song alike. I sat very still until I could convince myself that they had never been. And then Ralph Clark's buzzer sounded. I gathered up the sheaf of letters and my notebook and pencils and went into his office.

Ralph's round, pleasant face creased with a brief smile of greeting. And then he hid the smile in a handkerchief and mopped miserably at his nose.

"All set?" he asked. And then added unnecessarily, "Wretched cold I've got."

I let one nod serve as answer for both and pulled up a chair, my pencil poised. But Ralph wasn't quite ready to go to work. "Have a good time Tuesday night?" he asked.

For the life of me I couldn't remember right then where I'd been Tuesday night or what I'd done. I could just remember footsteps and . . . "Yes," I said. "Oh, yes!"

RALPH glowed. "I thought you'd like that place," he said. "Pretty good food—and not expensive."

Of course I remembered then. Ralph had taken me to dinner. Ralph had taken me to dinner rather a lot lately. I liked Ralph. He was the sort of man I'd always had in the back of my mind, I guess, when I thought of the future—of a home and a husband.

"Dinner again tonight?" It was more a statement than a question.

# How MUCH\* are YOU smoking?

\*Government figures show smoking at all-time peak.

**WHETHER** you are smoking *more*—or smoking *less*—note this:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely or definitely improved!

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FOR YEARS, I used to dose myself with a terrible-tasting medicine whenever I needed a laxative. And *what* that stuff did to me! I'd feel the effects for a whole day afterwards. It was just *too strong*!

THEN I TRIED another laxative which I thought would be easier on me. But, instead of giving relief, it only stirred me up and left me feeling worse than before. It was just *too mild*!



I WAS A "DUMB BUNNY" for not having discovered Ex-Lax sooner! How pleasant it is to take! You eat a little tablet that tastes just like chocolate — and that's all there is to it! Ex-Lax works so well, too. It's not too strong, not too mild... *it's just right!*

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**THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE**

—it's not too strong!

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I shook my head. "Why—why—" I improvised, "no, Ralph. No, I wouldn't think of keeping you out tonight. You'd better stay home and nurse that cold."

Ordinarily I enjoyed dinner with Ralph, enjoyed our talks together. I couldn't understand why the refusal had leaped so quickly to my lips.

But Ralph was pleased by my solicitude. "I guess you're right," he said. "I wish I could get out of here early, but I've got to do the show."

He shuffled the pack of letters. "We'd better get the script done," I suggested.

Ralph nodded. "Okay, go ahead." I picked up the first letter and began to read it aloud. When I had finished, Ralph dictated an answer. That was the way the show went on the air—Ralph reading first the letters and then the answers.

WE went on, diminishing the pile of letters, but my mind was only half on my work. Part of it was full of footsteps. . . .

"This is the last one," I said at length, picking up the final letter. But I didn't read it. I didn't read it because a door had opened down the hall, and there were footsteps again—familiar footsteps coming closer. And the humming of a song. And a hand on the door of Ralph's office—and the door opening.

Had my life depended on it, I could not have turned around.

The voice still had laughter in it. The laughter had a new steadiness. "Hi, Ralph. Hello, Little One."

Ralph looked up. There was no pleasure in his face. "Hello, Jeff. Come on in."

There was a heaviness in my body that made my turning seem to take a thousand years. There he stood, looking just as he had always looked, handsome with the old laughter in his face, handsome still because of a new purpose that was there, too. His uniform was obviously very new. It gave his lean strength a new solidity; his cap was set at a jaunty angle; single gold bars glistened on his shoulders.

"Hello, Little One," he said again. That silly name he'd always called me—I, who wasn't particularly little, who wasn't the sort of person at all to be called Little One.

My heart was thudding so that I was sure it would give my answer a beating rhythm. "Hello Jeff. You—you look wonderful."

For that one moment I could forget all that I held against him and remember only all that I had found dear in him.

Ralph cleared his throat impatiently. "So it's Lieutenant Mason now is it? Congratulations, Jeff."

Jeff tendered him a mock salute. "Thanks. And congratulations to you, too—you've got yourself a mighty fine secretary."

Ralph nodded briefly. "I certainly have. Say, Jeff, sit down somewhere for a minute, will you, while Lila and I finish up the last of this script, and then we can talk. I've had quite a job trying to fill your shoes here."

"Sure." Jeff took a straight chair from the corner and swung it around to sit down facing wrong-side-to, his crossed arms on the back of the chair forming a rest for his chin.

There was a tiny silence before I realized that Ralph was waiting for me to read the last letter. I picked it up and began in a voice that sounded strange and far-off.

"Dear Mr. Clark:

For a while I was engaged to a boy I loved very much. But he had some bad habits. He drank an awful lot, and some of my friends told me some things about how he acted with other girls. So after a while I gave him his ring back.

A little while ago he joined the Army. Yesterday he came home on his first furlough. He seems changed—steadier, sort of, and he doesn't drink anymore. He wants me to be engaged to him again, but I don't know whether I should or not, because my mother says that fellows like that don't really change even if they seem to.

Please answer my letter this week as his leave will be over soon, and it may be a long time before I see him again.

Mary K."

Ralph cleared his throat again and deliberated for a moment before he began to dictate the answer. I could feel Jeff's eyes on my back—somehow like a hand laid gently between my shoulder blades—and I suddenly felt the warm, purry sensation a kitten must have when it is stroked.

After a moment Ralph started his dictating, and my pencil marked the lines of the notebook while I concentrated my mind thankfully on listening to him.

"Well, Mary K., I think your mother is right. A man's real nature shows best in his bad habits, and it is very seldom that his real nature changes. Your future is too important to gamble with. Remember, too, that this man may be away for a long time, that you will have none of the normal happiness that is a young girl's right in her engagement. No, Mary K., though there may be a momentary hurt in refusing this young man, I am sure that you will feel, in the long run, that my advice to you is right. Don't take the young man back."

Ralph thought again for a moment, then, "That's all," he decided.

Now I would have to do it. Now I would have to pick up my notebook and pencils and papers and walk out of the room, walk very close to Jeff, walk by without putting out my hand to touch him as I wanted to. I gathered up my things, took a deep breath, and fled without letting my eyes turn toward him, barely conscious of the fact that he had put out a hand to stay me and let it fall again.

AT my desk I rolled paper hurriedly into the typewriter and began to type tonight's script, numbering the letters and putting corresponding numbers on the answers. I forced my fingers to fly to make the rattling of the machine drown out the sound of Jeff's low, musical voice in the next room.

I wondered how Jeff would say what he had come to say to me—for surely, he must have come to see me. If he hadn't wanted to see me, he would have stayed away from the station entirely. How would he begin? Would there be the same light, flip phrases I knew so well? Or had he new, serious words to go with the new seriousness I felt in him?

But when he did come out it was to stop at my desk only long enough to say, "I've an errand uptown, but I'll be back at the station this afternoon. See you later, Little One."

He went out, then, his footsteps



sounding firmly in the corridor, his voice back to the pum-pumming of "Good-by, My Lover, Good-by."

As I finished the script, the telephone operator came in, and we went down to lunch at the drug store together. But I found that my throat was too closed to let food go past. I tried to choke down a few bites, then gave it up and hurried back to the office. Jeff might already have returned.

He wasn't there. Instead, Ralph was pacing the floor of his office angrily.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

Ralph brought his head up with a jerk, noticing me for the first time. "This!" he exploded, and waved a hand at his desk.

"What?"

**H**E picked up a paper, held it out for me to see. "My questionnaire. From the draft board."

I looked at him blankly. "Yes?"

"It means I'll be called soon," he cried impatiently.

"But didn't you expect it?" I asked.

"After all, you have no dependents—"

"But—" Suddenly he sank down into the chair behind his desk, and I noticed for the first time that his face was white.

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Ralph—Aren't you afraid?"

He waved his hand, brushing the accusation aside. "Afraid? Lord, no—what is there to be afraid of? We'll never get into this war. A lot of foolishness—taking men away from their jobs, and marching them up and down through the mud. Oh, it's all right for some fellows—men without decent jobs, men with no futures."

"A great many men—men with better jobs than yours and finer futures than yours have already gone, and more will go. Gone gladly, most of them, gone without waiting to be called," I told him with a fierceness of feeling that surprised me. And suddenly, I didn't want to hear another word. I didn't want to have to look at him. The ringing of the telephone on my desk rescued me.

I went into my own office and picked up the phone. It was the station manager. "Lila," he said, "tell Ralph it's all set for Jeff to do his show tonight."

"Jeff's going to do Ralph's show?" I repeated hollowly.

"That's right," his voice went on. "You were out to lunch when I got the inspiration. Ralph's cold is playing the devil with his voice, and besides, the listeners would get a big kick out of hearing Jeff again, especially now that he's in the Army. The sponsor thinks it's a swell idea, and Jeff says it's okay with him. Will your department whip up some short announcements saying that Jeff will be on the show tonight?"

"All right," I said, and repeated it, "all right," before I realized that I'd hung up the phone.

The afternoon seemed endless. There was no use in trying to keep Jeff out of my mind. The picture of him as he had looked this morning kept coming back and with it some of the feeling I used to know for him before we were married, when we had worked here together. The feeling when I had wondered if he were going to ask me to marry him—half fear, half hope. I didn't wonder now what he would say when I saw him this afternoon, but how he would say it, and how I would answer, how I would frame the refusal so that it would not hurt him too much—and, oh yes! so that it would not hurt



A portrait by Maria de Kammerer

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by Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

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I'LL WAIT FOR THE SILVERPLATE  
WITH THE TWO BLOCKS  
OF STERLING SILVER INLAID AT  
BACKS OF BOWLS AND HAN-  
DLES OF MOST USED SPOONS  
AND FORKS"



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STERLING INLAID  
SILVERPLATE**

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me too much, either. Suddenly I began to tremble, and my face burned hot, because I knew why I trembled—I remembered what I had taught myself to forget, the feeling of being in Jeff's arms, the wonderful, secret knowledge that I belonged to him.

I lost myself completely in remembering, so that the long, endless afternoon sped, finally, until it was five o'clock and I awoke to the realization that Jeff had not come. I began mechanically to put away the things on my desk, to cover my typewriter, but I knew that I wouldn't go home. I would sit there until he came back, until time for the broadcast, if necessary. And all the while I told myself that I was a fool; I was acting like a woman whose lover had left her—hoping against hope that she will catch a glimpse of him, that he will have a kind word for her when they meet—and yet it was I who had done the leaving. And even now, I had a refusal ready for him when he should ask me to come back.

AT five-twenty the telephone rang, and it was Jeff, saying, "Look, you know I'm doing Ralph's show tonight? I'd better see a script, but if I come up after it, I won't have time for dinner. How about having dinner with me and bringing the script along?"

"Why, I don't—" I began, but he cut in.

"Don't stop to think," he warned. "Just slap on your hat and come along. Tell yourself it's the script I want and not you, Little One, and your conscience won't trouble you a bit. Chop House in fifteen minutes—right?"

There was a definite click at the other end of the line. He hadn't given me a chance to say no.

And it was the script he wanted. Or, at least, it was the script he talked about. And the Army. And the war he was sure we'd be drawn into soon.

Then too soon it was time to go back to the station—and I realized that I had been having a good time, a wonderful time, that my laughter had mingled with Jeff's laughter, that I had found myself answering his foolishness in kind. That I had learned, somehow, in the time that we had been separated, how to talk to Jeff—too late, because it was all over now. Now he'd go to the station, and I would go home, and I would probably never see him again. And suddenly that was tragedy past all bearing.

I slipped into my coat in silence and walked ahead of him out of the restaurant. I knew now, surely, that I still loved Jeff, and that I wanted him back.

Jeff slipped a hand under my arm and steered me in the direction of the bus stop.

"I'll leave you here, if you don't mind," he said, and his voice was tight and formal. "I'd better be getting to

the station. Good-by, Little One."

Oh, Jeff, don't say good-by to me—don't ever say good-by. For a moment I thought I had cried it aloud, but there was only silence between us. And then I did speak. I had to because I couldn't let him go. I tried to make it sound convincing. "Jeff, I'm afraid I have to go back to the station, too. I forgot to put the announcer's copy of the show in the book."

"I could do that for you," he said slowly.

I shook my head. "I can't lose my reputation as a super-secretary, and I really don't mind."

Don't mind! I could no more have left him then than I could have killed myself on the spot.

We crossed the street to catch a bus going in the other direction and sat in silence, like strangers, all the way to the station. Once we reached there, there was no time for any thinking except about the program. I got the script into the announcer's book, listened while the control man checked Jeff's voice. Then there was just five minutes left before he went on the air, and he turned to me to say, "Good-by again, Little One. You'll be gone when I come off." He hesitated a moment, looking down at me, and then he caught me to him and kissed me, and he turned and went into the studio.

I WALKED slowly back to my office. Ralph's speaker was going—I had turned it on when we came in, to check the time. I heard the opening announcement for "A Word to the Wise," and the explanation about Jeff's being on the program tonight.

Putting off the time when I must go, I powdered my nose, touched my lips with lipstick, straightened the already-neat top of my desk, re-stacked the papers in Ralph's file basket, put on my coat and buttoned it slowly up to my throat. I pulled on my gloves, easing them deliberately down on each finger, as if they had never been worn before, and then, feeling sick and lost, I knew that there was nothing more to do. I must go. It was as if I were shutting a door in Jeff's face, as I snapped off the loud speaker.

I walked down the hall to the elevators as an old woman walks, putting one foot down deliberately before picking up the other. I could hear Jeff's voice again now, through the speaker at the far end of the corridor. I put out a finger to ring the elevator bell and let my hand fall again.

I couldn't do it. I couldn't go home. It didn't matter how much my mind told me that I was being a fool. My heart drowned out whatever my mind said with its cry of Jeff, Jeff! It didn't matter that he didn't want me. It didn't matter that I'd be making a fool of myself. I turned and walked

## W-A-R-N-I-N-G

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swiftly toward the other end of the building, through a dark studio, and into the control room. I could watch him from there.

He sat at a desk, the microphone in front of him, his strong, brown hands holding the script, and through the speaker over my head I could hear his voice. No laughter, no flippancy in the voice, now—all quiet seriousness and kindness, so that everyone who listened all over the city must know that he meant what he said.

The program was almost over now. He was beginning to read the last letter—that letter from the girl who wanted to know if she should give the man she loved another chance.

I leaned forward, resting my hands on the sill of the big window that separated the control room and the studio, watching Jeff's face, hearing his voice reading pathos and heartbreak into the simple little letter.

HE paused a moment at the end of the letter before beginning the answer, and in that moment he raised his eyes and saw me standing there. I could hear—and everyone in the city must have heard, and wondered about—the little catch in his breath. He raised his hand to me for just a second, and then turned his eyes back to the paper before him.

"Well, Mary K., I think your mother is—"

He paused for that fraction of a second that seems like years on the air, and then he went on.

"—wrong. A man can change. His nature can change, and his habits can change—but his heart hasn't changed if he really loves you."

Why—that wasn't the answer I had written this morning at all! Of course it wasn't—Jeff had put down the script now, and his eyes caught mine and held them, and his voice held me, too, as if those hands of his had clamped tightly on my shoulders, forcing me to listen to him, to look at him—forcing me to understand.

"It may very well be that the Army has changed this young man of yours. It's a serious matter, getting ready to fight a war, preparing yourself to give up your life, if you have to. No wonder he seems changed. He is changed. No man can look into the future now and not be changed. There is still laughter left in the world—of course there is; there must always be laughter. But there are tears, too. Men will fight, and laugh because they do not dare to cry, but women will weep, and we will discover that laughter and tears are the most real things in the world. Give your young man another chance, Mary. Give him something to live for. Give him something to dream about while he's away. Give him something to come home to. Give him another chance."

I realized that I was crying, not the petty little tears of anger—real tears, the most real thing in the world. And I didn't care that Jeff saw me crying. I put my hand on the knob of the studio door, and as the red light above it flicked off, showing that the microphone in the studio was dead now, I snatched the door open.

I didn't have to cross the studio to him. He had come to me, and his arms were waiting for me. I crept into them, humble and proud at once, laughing and crying at once—knowing, knowing that I was alive, and that being alive, in the same world with Jeff, was all I could ever ask of life, now and forever.

# This week she's a Bride again!



**1** Last week she was only a wife... an unhappy wife... 'cause her man never said pretty things any more... and he wasn't romantic! And guess what? Her face powder was all to blame! It just didn't give her natural youth and beauty a chance... for its color was dead and lifeless... so her skin looked old! And so did she!



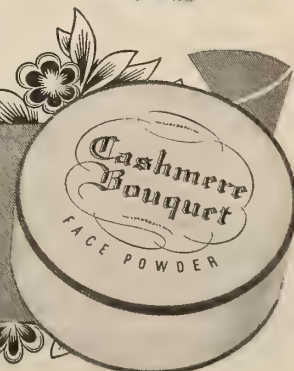
**2** But one day... one lucky day... she tried Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder... in the glamorous new shades that are matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth! What a thrilling discovery for her... and for you, too... because there's a new Cashmere Bouquet shade to enhance all the natural, alluring youthfulness in your complexion, no matter what your age!

**3** So now she's a bride again... a joyful bride... for her mate is attentive as the day they wed... thanks to that smooth, downy, youthful look Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder gives her! And this new Cashmere Bouquet is always color-blended... never never streaky! It's color-smooth... goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly, keeps you lovelier for hours on end!



**4** And now there's a new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet, color-harmonized to suit your skin-type perfectly! So, don't wait to win a lovelier, more glamorous complexion! You'll find Cashmere Bouquet in 10¢ or larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere!

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## Facing the Music

Continued from page 9

the Hotel Waldorf Astoria, but the millions who hear him over CBS and on Decca Records.

Nearly ten years ago this same young musician, then known only as Carmen, was spell-binding dancers as the pianist in Al Kavelin's band. Even in those days the dancers would stop their whirling each time Carmen had a featured piano part, and crowd around the Steinway to watch his fast moving fingers streak across the keyboard.

You didn't have to be a professional talent scout to predict a bright future for Carmen. Those who first heard him knew that as soon as he enriched his style and developed a personality matured by experience, the youngster would be ready for stardom.

"It's just a question of time," Carmen will tell you, "you have to wait your turn and strike when the break comes."

THE break came when Decca Records asked him to make an album of piano solos. The records, revealing his own expressive style of emphasizing the melody and subtly improvising around it, and his careful selection of tunes, were enormously successful. Other albums were rushed to the counters. To date they have sold over 750,000 copies. Band bookers took the cue and helped Carmen organize his own orchestra.

Flushed with this new found success Carmen could have repeated the mistakes of other new band leaders who meet with unexpected reverses because they immediately hire large personnel and use expensive arrangements. Carmen used only nine men and a minimum of special orchestrations and kept it that way when he played in Washington's Hotel Carlton and Radio City's Rainbow Room.

"I decided to build slowly and expand along the way. I saw too many of my over enthusiastic friends go broke because of overhead," he says.

Carmen is a real Latin from Manhattan. He was born twenty-nine years ago in midtown New York, the son of an Italian-American barber. Carmen started to take piano lessons when he was five but he can't explain

how he acquired so early a taste for music.

"I guess it came natural. My mother's not a musician and my father has a tin ear."

Carmen kept up his music lessons right through high school and although his father almost influenced his son to prepare for college and a more learned profession, the boy could not change the course fate had set for him. Before he was sixteen, Carmen was playing in small semi-professional orchestras and it didn't take him long to get jobs with such headliners as Rudy Vallee, Enric Madriguera, and Al Kavelin.

Carmen has been married eight years. He met his wife, a blue eyed Baltimorean, when she came to New York on a vacation and had dinner with her mother in the hotel Carmen was playing in.

The Cavallaros have one child, six year old Dolores. They have a permanent residence in Baltimore and Carmen often goes down there on weekends.

Although Carmen made his reputation playing soft, sentimental music he has a constant fear that brothe musicians will label him corny.

"Don't pin me down as an icky. I can play boogie woogie and swing too. It's just that I believe most people like to hear the kind of music I feature and don't want a constant diet of noisy stuff."

Carmen says no one influenced his piano style. He attributes the distinctiveness to his early classical training.

"I have a simple philosophy about music. Things that are good can't die. I only want to play good things."

That's why when Carmen is on the bandstand, playing publicly, the brand of music that floats through the air waves is soft and appealing. But once he's off the bandstand, it isn't unusual for the slim pianist to rush off to some smoke filled swing sanctum, join in a frenzied jam session and cut more rug than Herr Hitler can chew on.

"I do that for two reasons. I like the change of pace. I like to prove to myself that I can play that stuff too."

## ANOTHER WAY TO DO YOUR BIT

THE SIGNAL CORPS SEEKS TO PURCHASE

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Radio amateurs have been requested to sell their short-wave communication equipment to the Signal Corps, Army Services of Supply. This equipment is needed both for training purposes and operational use.

The radio communication equipment needed consists of transmitters, and receivers and such radio components as capacitors, resistors, and installation material. Especially desired are audio-frequency and radio-frequency signal generators and oscilloscopes, precision AC and DC Voltmeters, ammeters and milliammeters, and other equipment for testing.

Used equipment will be purchased if it is in perfect operating condition or if it can readily be restored to such condition. The price paid for each item will be set by a Signal Corps inspector.

Persons in possession of the desired equipment who wish to sell it for the use of the Army are invited to send a brief description, including name of manufacturer and model type, to Captain James C. Short at the Philadelphia Signal Corps Procurement District, 5000 Wissahickon Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.



## Love Is Not for Me

Continued from page 28

ink on the latest attempt at a letter. In a flash, I thought that if it were anyone I knew, Mrs. Mecinski would know them, too, and would have told me the name. It must be Barrett Morgan, then—it must be! I went to the mirror and peered into its rippled reflection, smoothing out my hair with trembling fingers. Going downstairs, I had to force myself to walk slowly.

It wasn't Barrett Morgan, of course. I should have known, I reminded the dagger-edged disappointment I felt, when a man I'd never seen before got up from Mrs. Mecinski's most comfortable chair and came toward me.

"Hello, Miss Rae. My name's Kenward, Tom Kenward. I'm your brother's lawyer."

"My brother's... I don't think I understand," I said. "I saw him this morning and he didn't have any lawyer then. He said he didn't want one—he's going to plead guilty."

THAT'S what he still says. Just the same, I'm his lawyer and he mustn't plead guilty."

He smiled, perfectly at ease under my puzzled and suspicious inspection. He was a very neat young man, and very sure of himself. There was something almost theatrical about his neatness and self-assurance. His tan shoes were brightly polished, his trousers had sharp creases, the collar points of his blue shirt were smartly clipped together underneath a darker blue tie, and a white handkerchief peeped just far enough out of his breast pocket. When he smiled, his right eyebrow traveled up on his forehead in a quizzical way, as if at a private joke. He was very good-looking—and, I was sure, knew it.

I said guardedly, "Why did you come to see me?"

He waved toward the sofa. "Sit down, won't you, and let's talk." I hesitated, but there didn't seem to be any point in sending him away. Probably when he found out we didn't have any money for lawyers he'd leave fast enough, of his own accord.

"I heard the Mayor's fire-eating speech last night," he said, "and I decided right then your brother needed a friend. So I went over to see him, but he wasn't very—well, co-operative. That's why I came to you."

It sounded plausible enough, but for some reason I was still suspicious. Perhaps it was because this Tom Kenward was so clearly anything but an idealist. Everything about him cried aloud that he wasn't really interested in anything but getting ahead in the world, as fast as possible. His good clothes couldn't hide the fact that he wasn't like Barrett Morgan, who had been born to success.

"We haven't any money to hire a lawyer," I said bluntly. "I don't see how we could ever pay you."

Instead of being offended, he nodded. "I know that, but it doesn't bother me. You see, I haven't been practicing very long, so my time isn't worth anything. But I need publicity and a chance to get up in front of a jury. Your brother's case will give me both. So the money doesn't matter."

This time I really believed him. He was the sort of person who didn't overlook any opportunity. But he didn't bring me any hope for Mike.

"Having a lawyer won't do my

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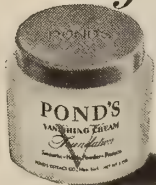
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brother any good," I said wearily. "He's already admitted he broke into the store—he couldn't do anything else, since they caught him. You'd only lose your case."

"Maybe," he said, his dark blue eyes narrowing shrewdly. "And maybe not. The Mayor's making a big hullabaloo about your brother—he wants to make an example of him because there's been a lot of juvenile delinquency around town and people are complaining. But Barrett Morgan's not so smart. I can do a few things with a jury that'll surprise him."

He was so very sure of himself! I didn't think I liked him much, but I wanted to believe him. If only he could help Mike!—if only there was some way he could set him free again!

"Come on," he said. "No harm in trying, is there? If it doesn't work—well, it doesn't work, and your brother's no worse off than he was to begin with."

**A**LL right," I said with a sudden, buoyant feeling of hope. "All right, Mr. Kenward."

"Swell!" he said, laughing. "Now how about going out somewhere for a sandwich and a dance or two, and you can tell me all about yourself and Mike?"

My vague distrust of him came back, then, enough to make me say, "No—I'm sorry, but I can't. It's getting late, and I have a letter to write."

"Tomorrow night, then." It wasn't a question; it was a smiling statement. "It's got to be sometime soon, you know—there are a lot of questions I've got to ask to prepare the case."

He was right, of course. I would have to tell him things, and I should have appreciated his offer to make the conference more pleasant by holding it outside this drab and rather public rooming-house living room. I said, a good deal more pleasantly, "All right—tomorrow."

"See you then, about eight. And—you aren't going to be sorry you let me take the case." He flipped his hand at me in mock salute and was gone.

And I wasn't sorry, I realized as I went back upstairs. I wouldn't let myself hope that he could really set Mike free—but he was someone to talk to, someone who would understand. It was queer, how certain I was that he'd known real poverty. I even knew that in him there was the same anger that Mike and I had felt. Only in him the anger was controlled. It would never force him to do anything as foolish as Mike's daredevil attempt at robbery. It would make him fight, and go on fighting, until he had everything he wanted.

I sat down and wrote my letter to Pop without even stopping to think. It was easy to write now.

When I went to bed I fell into an exhausted sleep. Toward morning I dreamed, but not of Mike, nor even of Tom Kenward. I dreamed of Barrett Morgan, and of a summer night that had been nothing more than a dream itself.

In the next week, I saw a great deal of Tom. He came around every night, and usually we went out, away from the depressing atmosphere of Mrs. Mecinski's. We never went anywhere very expensive—"A budding lawyer's pocketbook doesn't run to nightclubs," Tom remarked—but at least we were out.

I told him about myself, and about Mike, and in return he told me about his own life. I didn't have to be told, really. I'd known that he was born in a slum, and I could almost have guessed that he'd once robbed a store, when he was a boy—just like Mike, with the difference that he hadn't been caught and had decided there were better and less dangerous ways of getting what you wanted.

"You aren't shocked," he said when he told me that story. "That's good. You've found out what I did. It's take or be taken, in this world. Or, as the boys in the Solomons say, git or git got."

**I** HAD wondered, and this was a good chance to ask. "Why haven't you been drafted, Tom?"

For a moment, his eyes darkened, and then he forced a laugh. "Because my country didn't see to it when I was a kid that I had enough to eat and enough to wear. I had rheumatic fever and it got my heart. Not too much, but enough."

"Oh," I said. "I'm sorry, Tom." He shrugged. "Well—it has its advantages. I'm here, building up a practice, while other fellows my age are in fox-holes."

I wasn't repelled by his frankness because I had a feeling it wasn't frankness at all. He was trying to be hard-boiled, but it had hurt him to be rejected by the Army. As casually as I could, I said:

"How about Barrett Morgan? Do you know why he isn't drafted?"

"Sure—they haven't called him yet because he's got a lot of dependents, a mother and a couple of kid sisters."

I opened my eyes wide. "But I thought he was rich!"

"Not a dime," Tom said, and he sounded pleased. "The family used to have plenty, but they lost it all when old Mr. Morgan died ten years or so ago." He leaned forward over the

## JULY RADIO MIRROR On Sale Wednesday, June 9th

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort we are scheduling coming issues of RADIO MIRROR to appear upon the newsstands at slightly later dates than heretofore. RADIO MIRROR for July will go on sale Wednesday, June 9. On that date your newsdealer will be glad to supply you with your copy. The same circumstances apply also to subscriptions. While all subscription copies are mailed on time, they may reach you a little later than usual. Please be patient. They will be delivered just as soon as prevailing conditions permit.





table at which we were sitting. "What makes you so interested in Morgan, Jennie?"

"I'm not," I lied. "I just happened to remember he wasn't very old, and wondered why he wasn't in the Army, that's all."

"I don't like him," Tom said shortly. "I don't like his holier-than-thou attitude and the way he talks about The Law. So—" he grinned suddenly—"let's not talk any more about him." His hand reached over and captured mine. "Let's talk about us. Don't you know I'm crazy about you?"

It wasn't the first time he'd made such an extravagant remark—and, as usual, I didn't believe he meant it at all. I laughed, but inwardly I felt a little, sharp twinge of pain. If Barrett Morgan had ever said that to me, I'd have known he meant it. If! . . .

"No," I said, "let's talk about Mike." "All right," Tom agreed. "And I've got some news for you. I've decided I want you to testify."

**I** SANK back in my seat, feeling already as if the eyes of hundreds of people were on me. "Oh, no, Tom!" I breathed. "I couldn't! I'd make mistakes and say the wrong things."

"No you won't." He shook his head firmly. "I want you to tell exactly what you've told me, about your life and Mike's since your mother died. Tell about Mike's friends, the kids he ran around with, and how they always used to hang around on street corners because they didn't have any place else to go. You've got to do it, if you want to help Mike. I can't put him on the stand, because you know how he is—completely licked, sure he'll be convicted no matter what he says. The jury wouldn't like that—they'd think he was just sullen . . . It's you or nobody, Jennie."

I took a deep breath, to quiet the terror inside me. "Then it's me, of course," I said.

Even then, mixed up with the dread, there was in me a kind of fierce delight. Barrett Morgan would be there in the courtroom, listening. He was so anxious to convict Mike—to do as the Mayor said, make an example of him. Well, maybe it wouldn't work out that way, and if it didn't, I would have done my share in defeating Barrett.

I wonder, now, if I should have sensed something strange about Mike's trial. But I knew nothing of what goes on in courtrooms—only what I had seen in the movies, and they aren't much like the real thing. Besides, I was so intent on making a good impression when the time came for me to take the stand that there must have been a lot I missed.

It came to me in snatches—bits of pictures. Mike sitting next to me at the long oak table, keeping his head down and his eyes on his clasped hands. The judge, looking frighteningly high up in the air on his bench. Twelve people with white blurs for faces in the jury box. A buzz from the partly-filled space for spectators behind me. And Barrett Morgan, remote and strange, on the other side of the room.

Our eyes met, just once, with an impact that sent a tremor through my whole body. But whether it was a shock of love or hatred I didn't know.

Mr. Corelli, the owner of the candy store, testified, and so did the policeman who had arrested Mike. And then it seemed that the City Attorney had called all his witnesses, and from a great distance I heard my own name

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being called. Mechanically I got up. That part of the trial was like a dream. I heard my own voice, giving answers to Tom's questions, and by doing as he'd said, keeping my eyes on him and forgetting the rest of the courtroom, it wasn't so bad. But it was like a dash of cold water when Tom stepped aside and said, "Your witness, Mr. Morgan."

It hadn't occurred to me that Barrett Morgan would cross-examine me. I wanted to jump from the chair and run. I had told the truth, nothing but the truth, but if he stood in front of me and questioned me as I knew lawyers could, I'd break down, I'd contradict myself, I'd do Mike more harm than good...

Morgan said quietly, "No cross-examination."

Trembling, I left the witness chair and went back to my seat.

**E**VEN to me, it seemed momentarily strange that Morgan's speech to the jury was so brief—so almost indifferent. He talked about Mike's crime, and about the wave of petty offenses which had been committed in the city by boys and girls of Mike's age, and he ended, "We, as citizens of Weston, owe a duty to ourselves and each other. It is to face these crimes and end them by bringing to bear upon the offenders the punishment of the law."

Then, when he sat down, Tom got up to speak in his turn—and I saw and heard an utterly new Tom Kenward.

All the cocky self-confidence was gone. He leaned over the railing and talked to the jury, sometimes simply and quietly, sometimes with an intense, vibrant conviction that rang out through the courtroom. He wove a fabric of truth that no one could deny.

I can't give you his words, and perhaps they wouldn't mean enough without the tones of his voice. But the real criminal in Mike's case, he said, wasn't Mike himself. It was the neglect that had let Mike and his friends run wild, without proper playgrounds, without things they could do that would interest them, without hope for the future. He made us see the slums and he made us feel the helpless boredom of an energetic boy when there is nowhere for him to go, nothing to do except stand about on the streets with other boys as idle as himself. He made us know the terrible waste.

He told the jury that they might not find Mike innocent, but that if he was guilty, so was everyone in Weston.

And then he stopped, and everything was jumble and anti-climax, after the clearness and simplicity of what he had said. The judge talked for a while, and all at once the jury was filing out, and Tom put his hand on mine. "You mustn't be disappointed," he said, "when they bring in a verdict of guilty. We've got to expect that. I'm counting on the jury's recommendation."

I hardly heard him. His speech had done something that all the unhappiness of Mike's arrest hadn't—it had made me cry.

We were still sitting at the long table when the jury returned. I heard the rustle of the courtroom, then someone saying, "Guilty... recommend that sentence be suspended..." and then Tom stood up and slapped Mike on the back. People moved around and the judge disappeared, and Tom was smiling at me, and I only had time to kiss Mike before someone led him away.

"I don't understand—is everything all right?" I managed to ask Tom.

"I hope so," he said. "It ought to be. The jury recommended a suspended sentence—that means letting Mike go free unless he pulls another fool trick. Now it's up to the judge—he's in his chambers and he just sent word he wanted to talk to Mike there. I'll be back in a minute."

He hurried away, and I looked around, things beginning to fall into their proper places again. People were leaving the courtroom, the doors swinging back and forth as they passed through. I saw Barrett Morgan standing near a little door at the side of the room, near the judge's bench. He looked tired and discouraged, and I had my little moment of triumph—but somehow it didn't mean anything.

Tom came back. "Mike's with the judge," he said. "No telling how long they'll be. We'd better go—I gave the bailiff your number to call as soon as there's any news." He took my arm and led me toward the door. "But it's in the bag," he said. "The judge can't ignore the jury's recommendation."

"Free!" I said it aloud. It was a beautiful word, so beautiful that it unlocked the emotions I had had inside me, unable to express. "Oh, Tom," I said, "you were wonderful!"

"Not bad, if I do say so," he said with a laugh that was just unsteady enough to tell me that it wasn't easy for him to appear nonchalant. "It does something for you, to get up in front of a jury and—well, know you're making them think the way you want them to."

**A**LL the way home, he talked as if he couldn't stop, as if all the taut stress of the trial was finding its release in a rush of words. I was content to walk beside him, savoring my happiness, only half listening.

"Let's wait for the call in your room," Tom suggested. "Don't tell me that ogre of a landlady would have any objections in broad daylight."

"All right," I agreed. "Though it isn't much prettier than this, to tell the truth." I took him up to the room and then went into Mrs. Mecinski's kitchen to tell her that I was home and expecting an important telephone call. She wanted to know all about the trial, and it was long minutes before I could escape from her. When I got back, finally, Tom was standing looking out of my window, whistling softly, his hands thrust into his pockets. He turned, smiling.

"Boy!" he said. "I feel wonderful. Don't you?"

"Yes," I told him. "More than wonderful—so happy I—I don't know what to do."

He came over to me swiftly and took my hands. "Poor little kid," he said tenderly. "It's been tough on you. You didn't really think we could pull it off, did you?"

"I—only hoped you would. And of course we can't be quite sure yet. How long," I worried, "will it be before we hear?"

"Oh, I don't know—maybe a few minutes, maybe an hour or so," Tom said carelessly.

I tried to free my hands from his grasp, but he still held them strongly. "What's the matter?" he asked softly, an undercurrent of laughter running through his voice. "Don't you think we've earned the right to forget about Mike for a while?"

I didn't answer. I looked into his face, and back of its gaiety I saw determination, the same ruthless will I had sensed in him so often before. It



frightened me, but it fascinated me. "You know, you're very sweet," he whispered. "I've wanted to kiss you ever since I first met you." Suddenly he let my hands go and caught me close to him, bending to meet my lips. "Tom! Please don't!" I said, but he only laughed again.

I didn't want him to kiss me—I felt no emotion toward him at all, just gratitude for the help he'd given me. And gratitude isn't a good enough basis for what I saw in Tom's eyes, then. His eyes were blazing, hungry—and I remembered that this was the man who always got what he wanted.

I forced my hands up against his shoulders. "No, Tom, no!"

He laughed at me a little, and then his face grew grim when he found that I meant it, when he found that my trying to escape him wasn't just a flirtatious trick, but a real desire to be free of his arms.

He caught my wrists then and held them tightly behind my back with one hand, and with the other under my chin he forced my face up and turned my lips to his. And his voice was ugly, when he said, "Don't you think I deserve a little thanks for all that I've done for you today, Jennie? Don't—"

I'D believed him when he'd said that I wouldn't have to worry about paying him for taking Mike's case. Oh, it didn't matter how much he'd helped me when I needed help most, I couldn't pay him this way—not this way! I threw all my strength against him, trying to escape his seeking mouth, his questing hands.

From far away, I heard Mrs. Mecinski calling, "Jennie! Jennie!"

Her voice broke the spell. Tom's arms relaxed, and I twisted out of their clasp, threw myself at the door. "It must be the court-house calling," I gasped, and ran to the stairs. But halfway down them I stopped. Barrett Morgan stood in the hall.

He had been smiling at first, but then his eyes went past me to Tom, standing at the head of the stair well, and his face went blank.

"Hello, Miss Rae," he said. "I came to see you about Mike."

Mechanically putting one foot in front of the other, I came the rest of the way down and went into the living room. He followed me, and so did Tom. I wished Tom would go—I would never see Barrett Morgan again, and I longed to have this last, unimportant moment with him alone—but I couldn't tell Tom to leave. He stopped just inside the door, leaning against the frame, watching Barry with a cool sort of triumph.

"I'll only keep you a minute," Barry said impersonally. "The judge suspended Mike's sentence, but he doesn't think he should come back here to live. They talked things over, and the judge suggested that Mike join the Navy. He didn't like the idea much, at first, but the judge explained that in the Navy he'd have a chance to learn a trade and really make something of himself. Then he got really enthusiastic."

"The Navy?" I said aghast. "But Mike's so young—"

"Of course, he'll need your father's consent. But you can talk it over with him this evening when he gets home. I think when you see how anxious he is to go you'll agree that it's best."

"Where is Mike now?" I asked.

"At the recruiting station. He couldn't wait to go through the preliminaries, so he asked me to stop in

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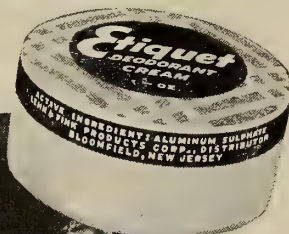
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and tell you about it, and say he'd be home in a few hours."

"I see," I said faintly. "Thank you."

BARRY nodded, and turned away. In another moment he would walk out of that door and out of my life—and there was nothing I could do about it.

But he paused in front of Tom. "You handled the case beautifully, Kenward," he said. "Accept my congratulations."

Tom bowed his head, ever so slightly, ever so mockingly. "Thank you, Mr. City Attorney," he said.

A spasm of pain crossed Barry's face and was gone. "Not Mr. City Attorney," he said. "I'm writing my resignation tonight."

Tom's mouth fell open. "Resigning?" he said stupidly. "But why?"

"I shouldn't think you'd have to ask," Barry said, his voice flicking Tom with scorn, and started to go on into the hall.

I had listened, first in amazement and then in bewilderment at the deeper, hidden meaning I heard in Barry's words. Instinct told me that his resignation had something to do with me—something vitally important.

"Barry!" I called after him, the name rising naturally and thoughtlessly to my lips. "Barry! Don't go—tell me why you are resigning?"

He hesitated, and looked at me over his shoulder, his face ashen. "It's nothing," he said. "Just—it's nothing you'd understand."

I flung myself in his way, so he couldn't reach the front door without pushing me aside. "I would understand!" I cried. "You know I would—and that's why you won't tell me! You've got to, Barry—you've got to!"

Tom's hand was on my arm, his voice growling angrily in my ears, "Don't be silly, Jennie. I know what he means, and it's—"

I paid no attention to him. "Barry!" I said tensely to that white, still face.

"All right," he said suddenly. "I'll tell you. After begging Tom Kenward to take Mike's case, after helping him prepare it, after letting him win it in court without lifting a finger to stop him—what else can I do but resign?"

I fell back. "Barry!" I said. "You did—all that?"

"Yes," he said furiously. "I did it all because I knew you were right. Mike and hundreds of kids like him never had a chance. But that doesn't make any difference to the City Attorney. The City Attorney has to prosecute the Mikes of the world whether he wants to or not. Well, then, I'm not the man for the job!"

Into the throbbing silence, Tom said, "You damn fool, Morgan! I'd never have told."

Barry laughed shortly. "No—I wasn't afraid you'd tell. I was sure you wouldn't want anyone to know—least of all, Jennie."

But for me, Tom Kenward no longer existed. That Barry had been big enough to help Mike—and so much bigger than that, in accepting the consequences... oh, I knew now why I had loved him so helplessly, so hopelessly, from the very first.

He saw all I was thinking in my face. I didn't care if he knew I loved him—didn't care if he laughed at me.

Barry didn't laugh. Forgetting Tom, too, he said softly, "Jennie! Jennie dear! We never had a chance to know each other very well, did we? Can't we make up for lost time?"

"Oh, yes!" I cried. "Yes."



# If Love Were All

Continued from page 40

cotton shirt and black bow tie he wore at the station. It was a warm evening, so after he'd said hello to Dad and Mother I suggested that we might take a little ride—and was made unreasonably happy when Gene said solicitously, "Are you sure you're strong enough?"

"Of course," I laughed, and we drove in the old car along Lee Street, to where old frame houses gave way to new, single-story bungalows and then to rolling farm-land. There was a side lane a few miles out, a narrow dirt road with oak trees dotted along its length, where we used to go before we were married, and without asking me Gene turned into it and stopped in one of the well-remembered spots. The country silence rushed in on us as soon as he switched off the rickety motor. I guessed that he'd brought me here hoping to remind me of how eagerly we had planned our marriage, hoping to soften me, and the thought brought me a new tenderness I hadn't felt toward him in weeks.

**G**ENE," I said softly, "I think I'd bet-come home tomorrow."

He let his breath out in a long sigh of relief, and then laughed a little shakily. "Well, honey, I'm glad to hear you say that. You had me worried."

"I had myself worried, Gene . . ."

"I know. Things've been tough." He leaned over, and one arm in its thin cotton sleeve went around my shoulder, drawing me near . . . There was still magic in his kiss. I'd thought that never again could it send the blood racing through my body in the old way, but I'd been wrong, so wrong. I might be disillusioned with him, I might know he was selfish and thoughtless, but that made no difference to my body. It still quickened to his touch, it still bound me to him.

Minutes later he said confidently, "But things are going to be different from now on, Arda. I've learned my lesson. You've been a swell little sport, and I never realized it until I began to be afraid I'd lost you. No more trotting around in slacks, waiting on customers, for you—never again."

"Oh, it wasn't that I minded taking care of the station so much—" But I didn't have to explain. With his old trick of reading my thoughts, he said:

"I know—you were sore because I didn't take enough interest in the place, and because I left you there while I went uptown and took things easy. Sure, I don't blame you."

Neither of us mentioned the baby. We didn't have to.

He went on, "Well, that's all over. From now on—" He broke off and smiled, a secret, utterly charming smile. "You'll see."

Filled with relief and gladness, I snuggled down into the crook of his arm. Mother had been right, so blessedly right! "There's nothing so important as giving marriage another try."

I whispered, "I think I'd like to come home with you tonight—not wait until tomorrow."

His arm tightened around me, and he laughed, deep in his throat. Perhaps there was exultation in that laughter, but if there was, I was too lost in contentment to hear it.

Why can't we be grateful for our moments of happiness?—simply grateful, without regretting the fact that

"Like he said...

Gee, Monkey-face, you're the first welder whose hands I've ever kissed!"



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they didn't last longer? That evening, and part of the day that followed, were filled with a shining kind of loveliness for me. I was back in the little home I had created, and Gene was sweet and thoughtful. The future stretched away into an infinity of perfection. We had come safely through the first great test of our life together, and we had come through unharmed.

The next morning, at breakfast, Gene announced that he was going uptown for an hour or so—"Don't throw anything!" he added, laughing. "It's business, and I've got a kid coming in to mind the station while I'm gone."

I laughed too. For the loneliness of the times when Gene had left me to care for the station, the tragic afternoon when I lost our child, the dull agony of the days since then, when I had come so near to leaving Gene—all these seemed like parts of a bad dream now. Oh, I was so blissfully sure of myself, and of Gene!

**J**UST before he left Gene said mysteriously, "And if you're very good, I may bring back a surprise for you. A really big surprise, so don't try to guess."

But I did try, while I went about the work of cleaning up the breakfast dishes. Flowers, candy, maybe something to wear—a new dress or some underthings. Not that it really mattered, my heart sang. The wonderful thing was that Gene loved me so much that he wanted to bring me a gift, a surprise.

It was nearly noon when Gene returned. He came up the stairs whistling and burst open the door. I came out of the kitchen to meet him, expecting to find him with a big box of some sort in his arms. But instead he was holding out a little booklet to me, saying, "Here's the surprise!"

"What in the world—" I said, but he wiggled his hand impatiently.

"Look at it!"

It was our bank-book, and when I looked inside I saw that the last entry, round and neat, was for one thousand dollars.

"But what—how—" I looked uncomprehendingly from the book to Gene's beaming face.

"I've sold the station!" he announced. "Signed the papers this morning, and that's the first payment you've got in your hand. There'll be more coming in every month."

"You've—" This couldn't be true. He wouldn't have taken a step like this without talking it over with me!

But he had.

I sank down onto the nearest chair, but he didn't even notice. Pacing the room excitedly, he talked as if he could never find words enough to express his glee. "I just thought things over and I made up my mind to get out of this back-breaking business. Slave all day long and where does it get you? So I went up and saw Velten at the bank and it was lucky I did because just the day before he'd been talking to an oil firm that wanted to buy a station in a good spot here. We got down to business—and well, there's the money."

I sat there listening, saying nothing, just looking around the little room. Everything was going to be different, Gene had promised the night before.

I managed to ask, "How much did you sell it for?"—and at once Gene was on the defensive.

"Well—we had to take a little loss, it figures out to about eight hundred dollars, but I decided it was worth it

to get rid of the place. It was driving me nuts, Arda!" he insisted vehemently. "I'm just not cut out for this kind of work. It may be all right for some guys, but not for me. Never a minute you can call your own, and you have to get down on your hands and knees to everybody that drives in to make a nickel—"

I hardly knew what he was saying, because I was terribly afraid I might cry. These three little rooms—they weren't much, maybe, but they'd been mine, mine! He had no right to take them away from me, without even a word.

I choked back the lump in my throat. "But what are we going to do now?" I asked. "Where are we even going to live?"

"I don't see that we have to do anything right away," Gene said sulkily. "We've got money in the bank and more coming in, and we can afford to look around until I find a job that looks good to me. And as for a place to live, we can move back into the old house."

"The old house?" It took me a moment to realize that he meant the Gorman house, where he and his brother Tim had lived. "But that's rented."

"Not any longer. I told the Petersons this morning that we'd want the place ourselves, so they'll be getting out the first of the month. Until then, I guess we can stay with your family, unless—" with heavy sarcasm—"you think they'd object?"

Suddenly, rage swept through me, drying up the threatened tears. How dared he ride rough-shod over me, over Tim, his brother, over the Petersons and over anyone who stood in his way?

"You can't do that," I said in a voice I couldn't control. "The rental from that house is the only income Tim has besides his Army salary."

"Well, we can go on paying him the same rent, can't we?" he demanded.

**H**E was glowering down on me now, but my anger gave me strength to fling his stare back at him. I knew, deep within me, that he had no intention of paying Tim the same rent, or any rent at all—just as he had never had any intention of paying back the money Tim had given us to help buy the service station in the first place. He had sold the station as if it were all his own to dispose of, morally as well as legally. Now he would take the house in the same way. And Tim—dear, easy-going Tim—wouldn't object. He'd say it didn't matter, he didn't need the money anyway.

Gene fished a package of cigarettes from his pocket, lit one, and flipped the match, with a childish petulance, onto the floor. "Good Lord!" he said, "the main reason I got rid of the station was so we could have a decent life. I thought you'd be pleased. And now you're acting as if—as if I'd just robbed a bank or something."

I wanted to say, "You're lying." He had always known I would not want him to sell the station. That was why he had built the news up as a surprise, as something delightful and gay. He'd pretended to think he was doing something I would like, and now he was pretending to be hurt and angry because I didn't.

I had thought he would change. But he never would, never—never. He would not grow up. He would forever do as he pleased, without re-



gard for what was right—not breaking promises so much as evading them, refusing to admit that he had ever made them.

But he was my husband.

The night before, when I had quickened to his touch, had showed me that, no matter what he was, I was bound to him. Where he went, I would follow. That was the weapon he held over me.

I stood up. "It's all right," I said in a quiet, dead voice. "It's done now, anyway."

In the kitchen, I stood for a minute, looking at the window where I'd hung the little red-and-white curtains. They'd cost only a few cents, yet they were gay and gallant and young. Probably I would hang other curtains in the kitchen of the Gorman house, but these were a symbol. I knew that no other home I would ever have would mean quite as much to my heart as this one.

AS IF fate wanted to prove to me that Gene had been right to dispose of the service station, luck was with him in the next few months. Ironically, we prospered.

France had fallen, months before, and England was, it seemed, being beaten to her knees by daily, nightly attacks from the air. America's factories were humming, smoking. Things were booming—and Gene was picked up on the wave of new activity and landed in just the kind of job he had always wanted.

A small electric-instrument plant at Belden, fifteen miles from our town, suddenly came to life. It was hiring men, preparing to make radio equipment for airplanes. New money was being spent for more buildings, more equipment.

It was Mrs. Chandler who told us about it, even before the news was in the papers—Mrs. Chandler, the eccentric old lady who had been one of our most loyal customers at the station. Gene had never liked her much, and she didn't care a great deal for him, but I was fond of her and went on seeing her now and then after we gave up the station. She was always full of gossip, and when she told me about the Belden factory's plans—I gathered that she was investing her own money in the expansion—I repeated the news to Gene.

I told him simply as a matter of interest. He'd never done any radio work, and it didn't occur to me that he'd think of getting a job there. But he caught fire at once, and before I knew it he'd driven to Belden and been hired.

He was laughing, elated, when he told me about it. "Old Marconi himself—that's me," he said. "The interviewer said they were looking for experienced radio men, so I looked wise and tossed him a few cracks I remembered from my high school physics course. He swallowed it like it was candy."

I felt sick. It was so easy to see that it wasn't having a job that pleased him so much, as that he'd got the job under false pretenses.

Then he added thoughtfully, "Besides, I guess they want married men, with this fool draft law coming up."

This fool draft law. I shuddered. Everything about the war raging in Europe was, to Gene, a subject for scornful laughter. The dopes in Washington wanted to drag America into it, but they couldn't fool Gene. He knew that wars were just money-making schemes anyway.



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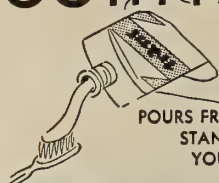
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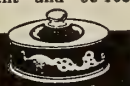
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I said, "So the war has given you a job, hasn't it?"

He grinned blithely. "Yep, I'm a defense worker now, and if all they say about defense workers' pay is true we'll really start making money."

Money. It seemed to me that I had heard too much about money since Gene and I were married. We had never had much, Mother and Father and I, but we'd never worried much about it, or envied people who had more. But money had run like a dingy, coarse thread through the fabric of my life with Gene from the very first.

He wasn't stingy. On the contrary, he was extravagant, to an extent that shocked me. He insisted on having the Gorman house redecorated from top to bottom. It was true that it was rather shabby and gloomy, but I could have brightened it up with new drapes and rugs and a little paint. Instead, it got new wall-paper and hardwood floors in every room, a sunporch on the side, a shiny modern sink and a huge electric refrigerator in the kitchen. And a royal-blue two-door sedan took the place of Gene's old runabout in the shed in back.

THE place looked lovely when it was done. But I would have been happier if we had been paying rent for it to Tim. As I'd expected, Tim had written from camp to say he wouldn't take money from his brother.

More and more, in those months, I learned what it meant to have my eyes opened to Gene's character. I had wondered if the time would ever come when I would see clearly through all of his pretenses. Well, it had come, and I was sick at heart with the glimpses it brought me of his shabby little soul.

Oh, I tried to blind myself again, and sometimes I succeeded. When everything was going as he wished it, Gene could be a gay lover, a perfect companion for hours of pleasure. But love was not enough, and pleasure was not enough. I hungered for something more, something that Gene would never give me—because, perhaps, he could not.

Once I had wished for a child. Now I was glad when the months passed and I did not again become pregnant.

Tim had been transferred to a training camp in the West, but early in the fall of 1941 he had a short leave and came home. This time he didn't walk in unannounced, so I had an opportunity to clean his old room, dust his books and high-school athletic trophies, and have it all ready for him when he arrived.

Soldiers were no novelty in our town any longer, but still I was proud and thrilled all over again to see Tim in

his uniform—embellished now, it was, with the three stripes of a sergeant. Gene laughed at the stripes, and called Tim a "brass-hat," and Tim took the kidding good-naturedly. But somehow, I didn't think it was so funny.

It wasn't very pleasant, anyhow, to watch Gene and Tim together. On Tim's first leave, when we were still at the service station, Gene had deferred to his older brother, but now he was surer of himself, and it seemed to me he managed to be rather patronizing. He was affectionate enough, but it was an affection tinged with contempt. Obviously, Gene appeared to be hinting in his manner, Tim hadn't been quite bright to be taken in by all this talk of war. He was wasting his time wearing a uniform and drawing a sergeant's pay when all the while—as Gene's own job proved!—it was possible to take real advantage of the silly war hysteria.

I thought that Tim's affection for Gene blinded him to all this, but I was wrong—as I seemed to be wrong about so many things where Tim was concerned! One afternoon, before Gene was home from the plant, Tim and I were talking about the war, and he startled me by remarking:

"Gene thinks I'm a dope, but that's because he's so sure nobody'd ever have the nerve to attack this country. I hope he's right, but I'd hate to bet on it."

His matter-of-factness carried more conviction than the most dramatic prophecy, and I shivered as I answered: "You really think we'll be in the war, don't you, Tim?"

HE looked at me over the pipe he was puffing so contentedly. "Yes," he said, "I think so."

It was a warm autumn day, and we were sitting on the front porch. As if to give ironic punctuation to his simple words, an airplane roared overhead. Tim's gray eyes looked calmly out past the wisteria vine to the tree-shaded street. Just so, I thought, would he look into the face of battle—bravely, with his head up, ready to do the job that had to be done.

The sunlight glinted on the fine golden hair sprinkled over the backs of his strong hands—and suddenly I knew that I wanted terribly to lay my cheek against those hands, to feel their skin with mine.

It came as simply and clearly as that—the knowledge that I loved Gene's brother.

He brought me back to reality. "I'm glad of one thing," he said. "When it comes, you and Gene will be all set. They probably wouldn't take married men doing Gene's kind of work."

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**BLUE NETWORK PRESENTATION**



Hot shame flooded my body. If Tim knew what I had been thinking! How he would hate me! Yes, hate me, because Tim loved his brother more than himself.

But he could hardly have hated me more than I hated myself. Why had it taken me until now to see that Tim wasn't the dull, uninteresting person I had thought him in the days before Gene and I were married? Why hadn't I seen then that he had everything Gene lacked—kindness, generosity, a sense of honor? Why—why—why?

I stood up and hurried into the house, murmuring something about getting dinner ready. Somehow, I must keep Tim from guessing. I must not let myself be alone with him, must not let my eyes linger on his face, must not let my voice caress his name when I speak it.

The few days before he went back to camp were torture—made the worse because every moment could have been so precious. But somehow I managed. Somehow I even managed to make my good-by kiss sisterly and cool, even though my arms ached with the longing to throw them about him.

**E**VEN when he was gone, Tim still seemed to be with us. He was there when Gene held me in his arms at night. He was there when Gene decided he wanted to join the golf club, and bought an expensive set of clubs which he used every Saturday for exactly one month—until he decided golf was a silly game anyway and left the clubs to gather dust in the hall closet. Most of all, he was there when the news of Pearl Harbor crashed about us, and when Gene, after an hour of stunned disbelief, shouted boastfully that "we'll chop up those dirty little monkeys and send them back where they came from."

"Gene—don't!" I couldn't help saying, and he stared at me, a frown gathering between his eyes.

"Don't what?" he asked. "Sorry, but I don't seem to get it."

"Don't talk that way. As if—as if it were a game of some sort, and you had your money on one of the teams." It was the best I could do. I didn't have the words to tell him that once more he was being helped by Tim—by Tim and thousands of others—and that he should be humble, not vainglorious.

"Well, that's swell," he said angrily. "Maybe you think I ought to chew my fingernails and make up my mind we're licked?"

"You know I don't think that, Gene. I just—" Oh, what was the use? I could never make him understand. I summoned a smile and finished, "I guess I'm just shocked and upset by the news."

"Sure," he agreed, serious now and as grave as if he too had been expecting war instead of laughing at the idea. "Yes, I guess that's it. I know how you feel."

But the vengeful mood of that tragic December Sunday didn't last in Gene. The war was far away, and his imagination couldn't envision its horrors. In another week or two, it was almost as if we weren't at war at all. Our life went on just the same.

I tried to get hold of myself. I thrust the thought of Tim out of my mind, and I tried to believe that I could be happy with Gene. After all, weren't there many good things about him?—he didn't drink, he didn't go with other women, he nearly always came straight home from work. But always I came back to the dead-stop of the truth.

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Long before I had realized I was in love with Tim, I'd known of Gene's two faults that I could never forgive: he had never in his life loved anyone, not even me, more than himself; and he was totally unscrupulous when it came to a question of getting what he wanted.

I tried not to let him see that I had grown away from him, but with that so-exact intuition of his he guessed, and I was touched by the blundering efforts he made to do things that would please me.

There was the night he brought home a huge cardboard box and unpacked it in the living room, proudly displaying the dress he'd bought for me. It was a terribly expensive dress; I'd seen it in a shop window downtown. I tried to be grateful, but I was ashamed to wear it. Gene had complained furiously, only a few days before, because they had asked him at the plant to set aside ten per cent of his wages for war bonds. And on Bataan men were dying...

**G**ENE made a quick movement, sweeping the dress out of my hands. "You don't like it," he said in a harsh, accusing voice. "I'm beginning to think you don't like anything any more."

His hands were on my shoulders, pressing bruises into the soft flesh.

"Gene, you're hurting me," I said confusedly. "Of course I like it—it's a beautiful dress—only—"

"Only the trouble is, I gave it to you!" he finished. "And nothing I do is any good!" He did not release me. Instead, he twisted me so that I was forced to look into his eyes. "Once I knew you loved me," he said. "But now—By God, if there's some other man, I—"

He broke off, watching me narrowly. Tim! I thought wildly. He can't have guessed about Tim—not possibly! I've never said or done anything that would show him how I felt—

I made myself say evenly, "Don't be silly, Gene. You know very well I never even see anyone else. Please let me go."

He took his hands away then, slowly, still holding me with his eyes. And I realized, suddenly, that for the first time—no, the second—in our married life I had power over him. Until now he had been so sure of me that he had been the ruler. Now he was doubtful, uncertain, afraid of losing me. Once before, when I had thought of leaving him after I lost my baby, I could have had this power over him, but I hadn't known it then. Now I knew it—but I got little joy from the knowledge, for no power of mine could ever really change him.

The telephone bell broke our deadlock, and Gene turned away to answer it.

"Hello? . . . This is Gorman . . . Oh, hello, Miller . . . Yes. All right, I'll meet you downtown in about fifteen minutes."

The brief conversation meant nothing to me then, but later I was to remember it with a sickening sense of regret. If I had asked Gene not to go out that night . . . But who can tell? Perhaps everything that happens is written in the stars.

What hope of happiness is there for Arda now? Can she find a way to lock Tim out of her heart, to make the best of her marriage to Gene? Don't miss the dramatic concluding installment of "If Love Were All," in the July RADIO MIRROR, on sale June 9.

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## I'll Love You Again

Continued from page 18

you'd done it for years."

These were the words I'd been secretly dreading, trying to postpone by chattering of anything besides the dance and David Agnew. I had to tell him. "As a matter of fact," I said, and my voice sounded too casual, "I knew David years ago—in college. We were—even engaged for a little while—"

"Engaged!"

"Oh, it was over long ago," I hurried on. "We quarrelled—I don't even remember what about. And I never saw him again—until tonight."

Until tonight. Tonight when you denied knowing him. Tonight when you recaptured your youth in a moment for all the world to witness.

"I see," Carl said.

I rushed on, answering what had never been asked. "Of course, he means nothing to me now. I was just so surprised—"

With an odd, protesting smile, he stopped me. "Don't explain, my dear. I understand."

"But do you?" I wanted to tell him exactly what seeing David had meant—just how much and how little. But I couldn't. "Carl," I came close to him. "You know I love you and only you. You know how much you are to me—"

Oh, if only he had taken me in his arms at that moment! If only he had held me passionately, and said, "I love you and I'd want to kill the man who tried to take you!"

He patted my shoulder, his hand big and clumsy against the filmy lace of my negligee. "I hope you love me, Laura..." For a moment his eyes held mine, but they told me nothing. It was as if they looked inward, not at me. "Well—I'll do a little work before turning in."

AND he left me standing there. He went into the little study that adjoined our bedroom, where he spent hours with his private books and papers, and he closed the door. I was outside, baffled and uneasy. Was he hurt? Was he angry? Had he believed me?

I got into bed. And lying there, in the lonely dark, I felt unhappier than I had in years. Remembrance came. Remembrance of David, how he'd looked, how he'd held me as we danced—and guiltily I pushed it back. Just because once we'd been in love and now, unexpectedly, he was back with all the old charm I'd remembered, that was no reason he should so disturb me now. Resolutely, I tried to think of something else. But that night I dreamed of David...

"I invited Agnew to dinner tonight," Carl said the next morning at breakfast. "Afterwards, I'll go over the production plans with him. As a matter of fact, Laura, he'll have to be here a good deal during the next few weeks. I hope you don't mind."

"Mind? Why should I?" I tried to say it easily, but it sounded false.

And so did my greeting to David when he came that evening, bringing me flowers—the yellow roses I've always loved.

Yellow roses I'd worn to the Junior Prom. A moonlight picnic by the river. A kiss in the soft, lilac dusk... All the old days came back again when I was with David, the old things, half-forgotten but never quite gone.

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He came to the house a lot, as Carl had said, and I found myself waiting for him, looking for him. When I put on a new dress, it was for David who would notice, instead of for Carl who wouldn't. I reproached myself for it, for the sweet stirring I felt when I knew he was coming—but I couldn't help it.

Carl seemed to withdraw more and more from me. The door he had closed between us the night of the dance seemed now to stay closed, as if he'd shut himself off. He was working very hard but that didn't explain it.

One evening when David came, Carl was upstairs in the study. "He's working on a speech for the board meeting dinner," I explained. "It's a funny thing—Carl can never say anything if it really means something to him. He just fumbles around like a tongue-tied kid. But if he writes it, he can be as eloquent as a poet. On paper he can forget himself."

David grinned. "His love letters must be something."  
"I wouldn't know," I laughed. "I've never had a letter from Carl. We've always been together, you see. But if I had, I'm sure it wouldn't have been a love letter. He's just not that kind of person."

I SUPPOSE my tone must have said more than I meant. Suddenly David stopped laughing. "Lord," he said softly, "how could he help it—with you? How could any man help making love to someone meant for it as much as you? Why—I can hardly help it myself."

My heart seemed to stop beating. "Don't," I cried. "Don't say such things."

"But why? After all, my sweet, you and I were in love once. Are you going to deny me even my memories?"

"That was a long time ago. You've no right to make me remember even as much as you have. Oh, David, why did you come back? Why couldn't you have let me go on as I was, in my own little groove with Carl, never knowing the things I was missing? I—I wish you'd go away. Now!"

It was as if the strain I'd been living under the last few weeks had broken, and the words rushed out, released as a river is when the ice breaks in the spring. David seemed as startled by them as I was myself. For a moment he stared at me. Then something flickered in his face. He took the one long step that separated us.

"You feel it, too?" he whispered. "What we've always felt for each other, should have had—long ago?" His arms slipped around me. "Laura. Come to the hotel at noon tomorrow. I'll get away from the plant. I've got to talk to you—to see you alone."

"I can't. Carl—"  
"Carl won't know. You've got to, now that I know how you feel..." Then his head bent and his lips were on mine, and the flame I'd once known flared up again, coursing through me.

I heard a door open upstairs, footsteps come into the upper hall. I pulled away from him. "Tomorrow," I whispered. "At one."

And then Carl was saying, "Sorry to keep you waiting, David. Well—shall we start?" And David was answering pleasantly and calmly as if nothing had happened. And the two of them were gone, and I was alone, facing tomorrow.

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me. He couldn't stay on here. He was going away, and he would ask me to leave Carl and marry him. I could hear his voice saying it, see his dark, intense eyes as he told me. And what would I say?

I searched my heart truthfully and honestly. I was married to Carl, and I loved and respected him. And he, for all his inarticulate strength, was a deeply sensitive man. I couldn't hurt him. And yet—did he really love me? In his way—yes. But was his way mine? Perhaps he wasn't capable of love as I knew it. . . . Over and over, the thoughts and images went through my mind.

By morning, I knew the answer. I had weighed everything, considered everything. It hadn't been easy to decide. But I knew what I would say.

I dressed for that secret appointment as carefully as a bride, and on the lapel of my spring suit I wore a single yellow rose.

I knew the number of David's room, so I didn't have to ask at the desk. In a small city like Carleton, you have to be terribly careful. Outside his door I paused a moment to compose myself; I felt guilty and excited and half-afraid. Then I knocked.

**T**HERE was a bowl of yellow roses in the room, and the phonograph was playing softly, "I'll see you again." David took me in his arms without a word. "My lovely," he murmured. "My sweet . . ."

For a time I let myself savor the full sweetness of his caress, gave myself up to it completely. Then, gently, I withdrew.

"I've come to tell you, David, that I know what you're going to say. I know it here—" I put my hand on my heart. "But we can't do it. It would hurt Carl too much."

I braced myself for the look of hurt bewilderment that David would turn on me, formed in my mind the words I would say to comfort him. But he only lifted his eyebrows, and laughter, the tender, sweet laughter that belongs to lovers, filled his eyes.

"Little silly! Carl won't be hurt, darling. He'll never know—he need never find out."

I didn't answer for a moment, and when I did, the voice that spoke didn't sound like my own. "Carl will never know—? David, what do you mean? If I leave—"

David pulled me back into his arms and stilled his laughter against my lips. "My dear, I've thought it all out so carefully. You must never come here again, of course. I've made arrangements to get away from the plant several afternoons a week. We'll find some place where no one will ever know—perhaps a cottage out by the lake, or—"

I've never been slapped in the face. But I knew then how it must feel. In those few words David had wrung all the beauty out of what there was between us, leaving a dry, ugly husk that could never be anything but a bitter memory. As if that slap had been literal instead of figurative, I stepped back. My voice sounded dull and heavy in my own ears.

"You mean—then, all along you didn't intend to marry me at all? You intended to have—to make me your—oh, David!" The little, incoherent speech trailed away into nothing, and I felt laughter rising in my throat, wild, hysterical laughter. "Oh, what



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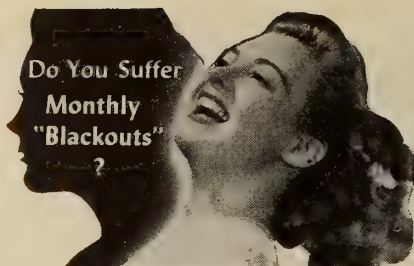
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a fool I've been! What a gullible fool!"

David's hard hands imprisoned my shoulders. "Laura, stop it! Now listen to me. Why shouldn't we be sensible? You have a pleasant life, and you don't want to throw it away. I have an important job, and I don't want to throw that away either. Let's look at this sensibly—"

I jerked away from his grasp and whirled to shut off the phonograph. That music, which I once had thought to be the sweetest tune in the world, was suddenly tinny, theatrical and cheap in my ears. "Yes, I'll be sensible," I cried. "I'll be sensible enough, at least, to get out of here. There aren't any words to tell you what I think of you, David. You're—"

His sharp anger cut my words short. "Look here, Laura," he said, hotly, "before you make any speeches, let me tell you a few things. When I came here I was glad to see you—sure, I was. From the very first time we met we had something for each other, you and I. But it didn't mean any more to me than just seeing an old sweetheart I'd never quite forgotten—someone I remembered pleasantly, and wondered about once in a while.

"It was you who put on the act of pretending we'd never met—I didn't. And if I made you a few pretty speeches—well, why not? You're a pretty girl. I never had any intention of letting it go farther than that—until you made it plain that you were willing. Oh, you did it very subtly, but a man can always tell. And you'll have to admit, Laura, that if a lovely woman makes up to a man, that man's a fool not to—"

A great wave of actual physical sickness rose up to engulf me, and I turned to stumble blindly for the door, shaking off David's staying hands.

"Don't touch me," I heard myself saying, and, "Don't touch me!" over and over again, long after I had wrenched open the door and stumbled down the hall, long after David was far out of hearing.

I DON'T remember how I got home. I found myself huddled on my bed, crying as if my heart would break. Wave after wave of humiliation and shame rushed over me, and David's words went round and round in my thoughts. He'd made a fool of me—but, worse, I'd made one of myself. And now what did I have left? He'd shown me what was missing in my life—the sense of being truly and deeply loved that every woman needs. He'd shown me in a way I couldn't ever forget—because he'd shown I could mistake the tawdry for the real.

I thought of Carl. He would never know, in so many words, what had happened. And yet, he'd sensed it, all these weeks. Instead of fighting it, instead of telling me he loved me, he'd just withdrawn more and more. Again, the thoughts that had tortured me the night before raced through my mind. Maybe he didn't really love me, after all. And if that were true—then what, indeed, did I have but a sham of the true marriage I'd once dreamed of, and the knowledge I'd let another man hold me cheaply.

Unable to stand it any longer, I got up and paced the floor. The door to Carl's study was open. Perhaps in there, in the room I seldom entered, I'd find some kind of sanctuary that would

give me solace and the key to what to do. Blindly, I went in and slumped down in the chair at his desk.

A leather-bound notebook lay open on the desk. Carl's writing covered the pages in a bold, black script. Unseeing I stared at it—until a word, a phrase, focussed my mind—and I was reading it, reading breathlessly, unconscious of anything except the message those pages gave me.

"Last night she wore the black dress again. Today, wherever I look, I see her in it, her hair gold, and her white face that 'was not white but was the color of love.' Always, for me, she wears the color of love and yet I can never tell her."

It was me Carl was writing of! I recognized the poetry. It was from the loveliest of all love stories, *Tristan and Isolde*, that I had read a thousand times and never realized Carl even knew existed. I turned the page.

"David here again," I read. "I will not be a drag on her happiness. If she really loves him, she will tell me and then I will know what to do. If she doesn't—then surely she understands that, underneath my silence, she is the essence of life to me. She is the moon, the sun, the stars when they all sing together..." Could this be Carl?

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Without any of the guilt of eaves-dropping or of reading the private papers of another person, I read on and on. At the back of the desk were four other leather-backed books, standing neatly in a row, one for every year of our marriage. As I turned their pages, I read the story of my marriage. But how different a story than I had ever pictured it! A beautiful poetic account of our life together and what I meant to him. There were snapshots of me, taken at odd times; here were things we'd laughed over together, things we'd said and done that I'd forgotten. All the emotion Carl was capable of was here—poured out into these books, what he longed to say and couldn't.

For two hours I read, absorbed. And humbled. For here was revealed a depth of feeling that only a real man could know, and that made all my little dreams of romance seem like the vaporings of a silly schoolgirl. Here, in my hands, was the passion and the tenderness of maturity; while I had longed for the tinsel of a popular song!

It was all down in black and white—how he sensed my growing restlessness, yet could do nothing to satisfy it. "I can't say the things that women love to hear," he'd written, "especially to her. The feeling puts too heavy a burden on my poor words. I can only show her—not tell her." And then David's coming. The fear he'd felt, the night I told him that we'd once been sweethearts and the way I'd tried to pretend it meant nothing, and his determination to fight for me in his own way—by being himself and never changing.

My eyes were wet when I finally closed the books and put them back, neatly, as if they'd never been disturbed. How blind I'd been! So pre-occupied with my own little petty desires, that I'd never recognized the richness of the treasure that was mine for the taking.

And then I wondered—had Carl left that book there for me to read? Had he, perhaps unconsciously, hoped I'd come in and find it and know, in the only way he could ever tell me, what he felt? I couldn't be sure. I'd never tell him.

When he came home, I was waiting before the fire as I always used to wait for him before David came. He paused for a moment in the doorway before he came in, as if not quite believing it.

"I've been thinking, Carl," I said casually before he could speak, "you've been working so hard lately. Couldn't we take a little trip together—just you and I? Surely you can leave the factory for a while in David's hands. He's so capable. And it's been so long since we two could be really alone—to enjoy each other."

The room was very still. "You're sure, my dear," he said slowly, "that you really want to leave—now?"

"Very sure." I reached up and took his big, warm hand that was so strong, so protective. "You see, darling, I love you very much and I never seem to have a chance to tell you so. Maybe a trip together—" my voice trailed off unsteadily.

His hand tightened on mine. Looking up, I saw the deep happiness in his eyes that were no longer veiled or looking inward. They were embracing me.

"That," he said, "would be very nice."

And I took the simple words and hugged them to my heart. They were all I would ever need again.



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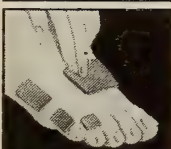
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Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames. They tell us that their hand colored enlargements have living beauty, sparkle and life.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Look over your pictures now and send us your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture to be enlarged. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today, as supplies are limited.

**DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 657,  
118 No. 15th St., Omaha, Nebr.**

**SEND COUPON TODAY**



## New FOOT RELIEF!

**Relieves Pain Quick, Prevents Pinching, Pressing and Rubbing of Shoes**

Try Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX—the new velvety-soft, flesh color, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster. When used on feet or toes, it quickly relieves corns, callouses on bottom of feet, bunions and tender spots caused by shoe friction or pressure. Helps ease new or tight shoes and "breaking-in" discomfort. Prevents corns, sore toes and blisters if applied at first sign of irritation.

Cut Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX to any size or shape and apply it. Ever so economical. Splendid for preventing blisters on the hands of Golfers, Tennis Players, etc.

Sold at Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. For **FREE** Sample and Dr. Scholl's Foot Booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. K, Chicago.



**Easily cut to  
any size or  
shape**

**Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX** Soothing - Cushioning FOOT PLASTER

## WHY GOD PERMITS WAR!

Why does God permit war? Why does He permit cruelty, injustice, pain, starvation, sickness and death?

Thirty years ago, in Forbidden Tibet, behind the highest mountains in the world, a young Englishman named Edwin J. Dingle found the answers to these questions. A great mystic opened his eyes. A great change came over him. He realized the strange Power that Knowledge gives.

That Power, he says, can transform the life of anyone. Questions, whatever they are, can be answered. The problems of health, death, poverty and wrong, can be solved.

In his own case, he was brought back to splendid health. He acquired wealth, too, as well as world-wide professional recognition. Thirty years ago, he was sick as a man could be and live. Once his coffin was bought. Years of almost continuous tropical fevers, broken bones, near blindness, privation and danger had made a human wreck of him, physically and mentally.

He was about to be sent back to England to die, when a strange message came—"They are waiting for you in Tibet." He wants to tell the whole world what he learned there, under the guidance of the greatest mystic he ever encountered during his twenty-one years in the Far East. He wants everyone to experience the greater

health and the Power, which there came to him.

Within ten years, he was able to retire to this country with a fortune. He had been honored by fellowships in the World's leading Geographical Societies, for his work as a geographer. And today, 30 years later, he is still so athletic, capable of so much work, so young in appearance, it is hard to believe he has lived so long.

As a first step in their progress toward the Power that Knowledge gives, Mr. Dingle wants to send the readers of this notice a 9,000-word treatise. It is free. For your free copy, send your name and address to the Institute of Mental-physicists, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. F-246, Los Angeles, Calif. Write promptly.





# Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

**She's as Lively as a Youngster—  
Now her Backache is better**

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

## High School Course at Home

**Many Finish in 2 Years**

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects completed. Single subjects if desired. Ask for Free Bulletin.

American School, Dpt. HA92, Drexel at 58th, Chicago



## WONDERFUL FOR DRY SKIN

**Make This 25c Cosmetic Test!**

If your skin is too dry, tender, sensitive or irritated, switch to **AR-EX COSMETICS**. They are made specially to meet these conditions, and may help you too. Prescribed by physicians because 51 known irritants and allergens are omitted in making them. At cosmetic counters or send 25c for kit of 6 **AR-EX COSMETICS** for week's test.

AR-EX COSMETICS, Dept. MC-E, 8 N. Michigan, Chicago, Illinois



## GIVEN! Hollywood Locket

We will send this Hollywood Locket to the first 650 ladies or girls who answer this ad promptly and agree to sell only 4 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover at 25c each to friends or neighbors. Send no money. Just name and address. Your smart, new, yellow gold finish Hollywood Mystery Locket and order of Gold Crown Spot Remover sent C.O.D. for \$1.00 plus few cents mailing costs. You get your \$1.00 back by selling the 4 boxes of Spot Remover. Rush your order. Be first to wear beautiful Hollywood Locket.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. 26-K, JEFFERSON, IOWA



## LOSE WEIGHT QUICKLY—EAT PLENTY

**Get Your FREE Help-Kit**

**Latest Scientific Help... Safe... Different**

No book! No dangerous reducing drugs! No strenuous exercise! No rigid diet! You can lose **POUNDS AND INCHES** AT ONCE safely and easily from thighs, tummy, hips, legs, ankles, arms, waist, neck, bust (in the privacy of your own home).

User writes: "I lost a pound a day using your latest reducing method! I haven't felt or looked so well in years."

**MANY LOSE A POUND A DAY** START TODAY! Slenderizing the same, safe, proven way. Surprise everyone with your **NEW SLENDER FIGURE** and **YOUTHFUL FEEL**.

**FREE!** Get FREE COPY of "A NEW SLENDER YOU" with full details of the **FIGURE RE-DO HOME SLENDERIZING SYSTEM**. No obligation.

Write: **BETTY BATES, Figure Specialist** PERSONAL SLENDERIZING SERVICE, Dept. MC-E, 220 Fifth Avenue, New York City



**BRUSH AWAY**

## GRAY HAIR

**... AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER**

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—of your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and \$1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get **BROWNATONE** today.

# What We Used to Waste

Continued from page 44

the drippings and remove garlic, then brown chicken in flavored fat. Place chicken in pot with tight fitting lid, add minced onion and boiling water and simmer, closely covered, for one hour. Add chopped green peppers and tomatoes and continue cooking until chicken is tender (total cooking time 1½ to 3 hours, depending on whether chicken is young or old). Add mushrooms and rosemary for the last 15 minutes of cooking, and additional water and seasonings if required.

Now for chicken macaroni—the leftover dish.

## Chicken Macaroni

- 1 lb. macaroni
- 1 cup diced chicken (from neck, backs, etc.)
- ½ cup cheese
- ½ cup chicken gravy
- 1 cup milk

Cook macaroni until tender in boiling salted water. Drain, add remaining ingredients and stir until cheese begins to melt. Add salt and pepper to taste. Turn into buttered casserole or individual baking dishes and bake in 375 degree oven until nicely browned. If you have more than half a cup of gravy, reduce the quantity of milk.

Save the carcass of roast duck to make pea soup. Cover carcass with cold water (put in any left over stuffing and gravy), add seasonings to taste (the type and quantity depend upon how highly the duck was seasoned before roasting) and simmer until meat falls away from the bones. Remove bones, puree liquid through sieve, add one package of quick cooking dried peas (they are low in points, thus a help to your ration book as well as to your purse) and simmer until you have a rich, creamy soup. Using roast pork or pork chop bones, follow this same method to make lentil soup and simmer bones and trimmings from veal, lamb and beef roasts to make vegetable soup or to substitute in recipes calling for bouillon cubes. And while we are on the subject of soups, don't forget to save the liquid in which vegetables are cooked to season soups, gravies and sauces.

I know you are keeping in mind the government's suggestion to use fresh fruits and vegetables whenever possible to relieve the demand on canned and frozen products, but have you thought of using the fresh varieties in combination with rationed ones to keep your ration points down? Dried prunes, for example, have a high point value and oranges are unrationed, so instead of cooking a pound of prunes why not use half that quantity in a prune and orange compote?

## Prune and Orange Compote

- ½ lb. prunes
- 4 oranges
- 1 lemon

Simmer prunes for 15 minutes in just enough water to keep them from sticking. Slice oranges and lemon thin, remove seeds but do not peel, and cut slices into quarters. Add to prunes and continue cooking for 15 minutes more.

Mexican corn and corn and tomatoes are good ways of extending your canned corn.

## Mexican Corn

- 1 medium can kernel corn
- 1 onion
- 2 green peppers
- 2 sweet red peppers
- 2 tbs. drippings or margarine

Mince onion and dice peppers and sautee in drippings. Add corn and simmer together for 5 minutes. This recipe also provides a different and flavorful basis for corn pudding.

## Corn with Tomatoes

- 1 medium can kernel corn
- 4 ripe tomatoes
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 tps. sugar
- Pinch pepper
- ½ tsp. basil (optional)

Peel and chop tomatoes, add with other ingredients to corn and simmer until tomatoes are done (about 10 minutes). If the dish is too liquid, thicken with 1 tbl. flour rubbed into 2 tps. butter or margarine.

Fresh peas are delicious cooked with lettuce and the same recipe may be used to make canned peas go farther.

## Peas and Lettuce

- 2 cups shelled peas
- 6 scallions or 1 onion
- 1 small head lettuce
- 1 cup boiling water
- ½ tsp. salt
- Pinch pepper

Slice scallions thin (or mince onion) and cook with peas in boiling salted water for 5 minutes. Add lettuce, which has been shredded, and continue cooking until peas are tender. Add pepper and if desired thicken liquid with butter and flour.

## How's and Whys of Kitchen Fat Conservation and Salvage

Conserve fats (bacon drippings and drippings from roaster and broiler), strain them and use for later cooking. Conserve raw fats (beef, pork, chicken, etc.) by melting over low flame and using for later cooking. Conserve deep fats by straining after each using. Do all this because fats are needed as food both here and abroad and by conserving our home fats we will help relieve the demand on commercial varieties. . . . Salvage waste fats—those which can no longer be used for cooking, fats skimmed from gravies, soups and stews, fat from fish and in which fish has been fried—in fact all fats which ordinarily you throw away. Salvage waste fat by straining it into clean tin containers and when you have a pound, take it to your butcher who will send it on its way to help the war effort. . . . Salvage waste fat because of the glycerine which can be extracted from it—and put yourself on the shoulder every time you turn in a pound of it, because it will go into making one of the following products, all of which are vital to our winning of the war: Synthetic resins, coatings for shells, tanks and battleship turrets; drug and medical supplies; textiles and adhesives, compass floats, mechanisms for field and naval gun recoils and depth charge releases and explosives.



# DOWN

(and I don't mean maybe)



REMEMBER how glorious it all was . . . landing your job the very day school ended? It was *your* way of enlisting . . . doing a man's work while he's away fighting for freedom!

You can still see Mom . . . her face beaming when you brought home your first week's pay, safely salted away in War Stamps. And Dad, proud as punch . . . with his glasses all misted up . . . remember?

But today it's different . . . you wish you'd never even started! And you wonder how other girls *always* manage? Sally and Bess and all the rest *never* seem to feel down in the dumps. They'll sail through their full eight hours and their dates, too . . . without a care in the world!

Maybe you were thinking out loud! Because Sally, the starter, takes you under her wing—tells you how girls-in-the-know keep going, keep smiling *every* day. "It's not just luck," she explains. "It's because we've learned by experience that Kotex sanitary napkins are made to stay soft while wearing!"

## Hit a New High!

How right she was (and you're glad you didn't break your date)! For Kotex is lots different from pads that just feel soft at first touch. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. Kotex gives you *more comfort* and (joy of joys!) no wrong side to cause accidents.

All this—and *confidence*, too! Because there's no ceiling to a girl's confidence, with the superb protection only Kotex can promise. No need to forfeit a moment's poise, thanks to that 4-ply safety center . . . and you can depend on those flat, pressed ends to keep your secret safe!

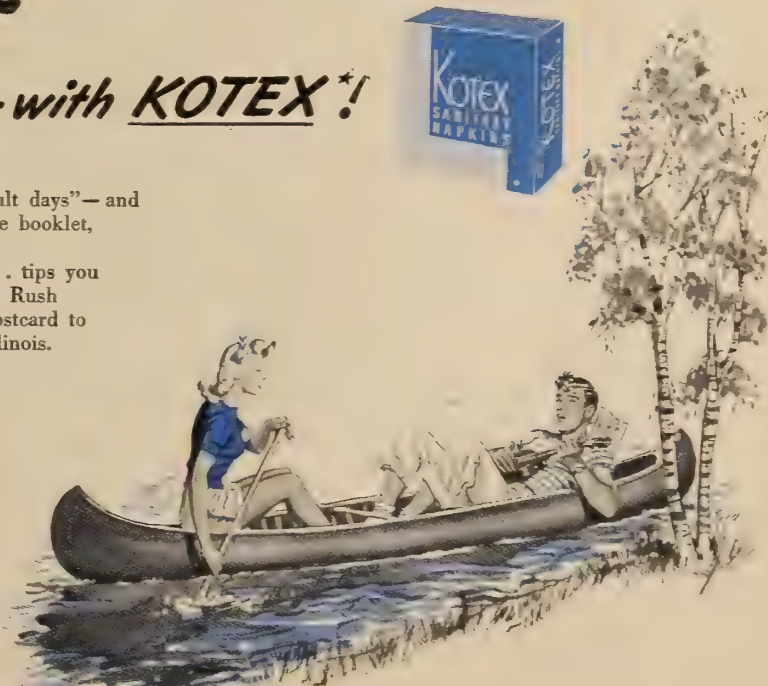
With all these advantages, you'd naturally expect more girls to choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together . . . wouldn't you? *And they do!*



*Keep going in comfort—with **KOTEX**!*

THUMBS UP? THUMBS DOWN? "Difficult days"—and what to do about them! The new free booklet, "As One Girl To Another" solves the mysteries of a girl's intimate life . . . tips you off on grooming, activities, social contacts. Rush your name and address on a penny postcard to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-6, Chicago, Illinois. Remember — it's FREE!

For Certain Days . . . if you suffer from cramps, try KURB tablets, a Kotex product compounded expressly for relief of periodic discomfort. It merits your confidence. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!



★ U.S. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



# Dear Miss "Puzzled":

Ask your baby sister  
how to look lovelier !



HAVE A LOOK AT BABY. She's a heart-breaker already with her pink, perfect complexion. You can use *her* beauty secret, Sis! Baby's beauty boss is Doctor, and *he* says, "Ivory Soap for you, beautiful." You see, baby's sensitive skin needs *gentle* care. And pure, mild Ivory contains no coloring matter, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating.



HAVE A CHAT WITH DOCTOR . . . and you won't puzzle any longer. He'll advise you to change from improper cleansing methods. There is no *milder*, *safer* care than regular cleansing with "Velvet-suds" Ivory Soap. No wonder more doctors advise pure, mild Ivory for your skin *and* baby's than all other brands of soap together!



SEE WHAT IT DOES FOR YOUR COMPLEXION. When baby isn't looking, try *her* Ivory beauty treatment. Just borrow her white cake of Ivory. Use *plenty* of that luxurious Ivory lather. You'll soon know how much lovelier your complexion is. That adoring look in *his* eyes will tell you!

99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % pure . . . It floats

Look lovelier . . . with pure, mild  
**IVORY** . . . the soap more Doctors advise  
than all other brands together!

























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